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STARS
WHO
HAVE
VANISHED

EXTRA!

CLARA BOW
MAKES HER
COMEBACK!!

PN1993
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the 1932 B.V.D. SURF SUITS WITH *Evening Gown Backs*

LE TOUQUET: Smart by virtue of simple lines that sculpture the figure. With simulated crocheted edgings in contrast.

SAN REMO: Two-piece suit with simulated crocheted edges on the shirt to carry out the contrasting color of the trunks.

DEAUVILLE: The moulded waistline and evening gown back follow the design of the season's loveliest formal things.

MALIBU: This dramatically daring swim suit invites the maximum sun tan. Brassiere top and separate trunks.

MONTAUK: With bodice top and separate belt—in such delightful colors as Barbaric Red, Exotique Blue and Desert Green.

SAN TROPEZ: Backless, in a manner very Rue de la Paix. Contrasting shoulder straps cross and tie in sash effect.

YOU'VE read about them, seen them reported in the editorial pages of the smartest magazines! Now see them in person. Step, today, into your favorite shop and choose your new B. V. D. Surf Suit for the new season.

For it's going to be a far, far saner thing this summer, to risk an appearance in last year's evening gown than to brave the brilliance of the beach in anything less flattering, less smart, less "1932" than one of these new Surf Suits by B. V. D.

These are the suits that were the sensation of the Southlands; the suits with the graceful backs of the newest evening gowns; the suits with the high silhouetting waistlines; the smooth moulding lines around the hips; the shoulder straps that "stay put."

Do see them . . . do! See them in the new B. V. D. triumphs; the new weaves that have the air of the finest handknitting of France . . . in Perl-Knit and that newest of the new, Ripple-Knit.

The unforgivable sin this summer will be to greet the sea and the sands in an old-fashioned bathing suit. Why be found guilty, when with so little expense you can be so very smart with B. V. D.?

Some smart shop in your vicinity has these new 1932 B. V. D. Surf Suits! Send us your name and we'll be happy to tell you just how near it is. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.

B·V·D
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Wears $10 shoes
Ignores her tender gums
and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

CAN'T BLAME HER for decking out that neat little foot in a good-looking shoe! But people always have considered and always *will* consider a *face* more important than a *foot!*

If she doesn't do something to get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to *smile!*

Think this over: gums need stimulation—they need work. But the foods of this day and age allow them to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. (Sometimes even to the dread but far less frequent pyorrhea!) And it can threaten the *soundness* of your teeth.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. (Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and cleans the teeth thoroughly and brightens them.)

Each time you clean your teeth, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. For there's ziratol in Ipana, and this splendid toning agent aids the massage in bringing the gums back to healthy hardness.

Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush." You'll be through with it. And your smile will still be attractive *years* from now!

IPANA

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name...

Street...

City....................*State*....................

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

Here's your GOOD-TIME-TABLE for 1932-3!

PARAMOUNT SPECIALS

HAROLD LLOYD Prod.
"MOVIE CRAZY"

•

MARLENE DIETRICH
in **"BLONDE VENUS"**
with Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

•

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"
with HELEN HAYES and FREDRIC MARCH
By Ernest Hemingway

•

GEORGE M. COHAN *in*
"THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT"

•

"THE BIG BROADCAST"
with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Lyda Roberti, Burns & Allen, Mills Brothers, Street Singer, Donald Novis, Cab Calloway
and other stars.

•

"SINGLE NIGHT"
(tentative title)
with Nancy Carroll, George Raft, Wynne Gibson
By LOUIS BROMFIELD

•

"IF I HAD A MILLION"
All Star Cast

•

"THE SONG of the EAGLE"
by George M. Cohan

THE 4 MARX BROTHERS
in **"HORSE FEATHERS"**

•

MAURICE CHEVALIER
in
"LOVE ME TONIGHT"
with Jeanette MacDonald.
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

•

"THE SONG OF SONGS"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS
Richard Bennett, Alison Skipworth

•

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

•

ERNST LUBITSCH Prod.
"NOT MARRIED"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS

•

"BLOOD AND SAND"
with
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
and CARY GRANT

•

"R. U. R."
with Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March *Directed by* Rouben Mamoulian

•

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"
with Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper

And 50 More Surprise Hits with the Greatest Stars of the Screen!

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow
"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

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Motion Picture

AUGUST
1932

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIV, No. 1

CHEASLEY SUMS UP *BARBARA STANWYCK!*

What are the stars' real secrets of success—and how long is their success likely to last? Clifford W. Cheasley, world-famous Numerologist, is the man who can tell you!

In this issue, he analyzes the character and predicts the future of Barbara Stanwyck, who wasn't handed stardom on a silver tray—but had to fight for it. And kept her marriage intact while doing it.

Numerology indicates that Barbara—the eighth star to be "summed up" by Mr. Cheasley—will not leave the screen for five years. And that's a long time in Hollywood!

FEATURES

Women Love Gable—But They Adore Bruce Cabot! . . Hale Horton 27
Stars Who Have Vanished . . . . Jack Grant 28
Al Jolson Gives Up Two Million Dollars! . . . . . . Sonia Lee 31
Barbara Stanwyck Due for Big Breaks, Her Numberscope Says . . . . Clifford W. Cheasley 32
Okay, Hollywood!—Walter Winchell . . . . . Edward Churchill 34
EXTRA! Clara Bow Makes Her Comeback! . . . Cedric Belfrage 40
We Nominate For Stardom—Your Future Favorites 42
Are Women Stars the Home Wreckers of Hollywood? . Gladys Hall 44
The Real Reasons Why Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster Live Apart . . . . Faith Service 47
The New "Lady of Mystery"—Gwili Andre . . Dorothy Manners 51
The Women Who Made Them Famous . . . . . . Betty Ames 52
Contented—*And How!*—Ruth Chatterton . . . . . Nancy Pryor 56
Where You'll Find the Stars at Play—The Ambassador Hotel . . . . Dorothy Calhoun 58
John Miljan Becomes a Daddy—and Almost Loses His Son. Gladys Hall 60
Life Is Just a Bowl of Hard Knocks, Says Minna Gombell . Faith Service 64

DEPARTMENTS

Letters From Our Readers 6
What The Stars Are Doing . . . . Marion Martone 8
Tabloid Reviews . . . . J. E. R. 11
The Movie Circus . . . . Terrence Costello 12
Your Gossip Test . . . . Marion Martone 14
Featured Shorts . . . . James Edwin Reid 15
That's Hollywood . . . . . . Mark Dowling and Lynn Norris 16
News and Gossip 36
The Picture Parade 54

Cover Design of Marian Marsh Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill. by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1932 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 15c. Subscriptions for U.S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.80 a year, Canada $3.30, Foreign Countries $3.30. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President-Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.*

LETTERS
FROM OUR
READERS

Marian Nixon has stopped being the lady of leisure, and is back in pictures. You will soon see her in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," the picture which Mary Pickford made famous in the silent days of 1917

$20.00 Letter
The Unpopular Censors

FORT STANTON, N. M.—Before you finish reading this epistle you will perhaps gather that I dislike movie censors and wish them all exiled to the island of Yap. You will be right.

The latest stupidity of these self-appointed guardians of public morals was the barring of Howard Hughes's crime picture "Scarface," later renamed "The Shame of a Nation." Had the picture been permitted a showing with its original title and scenes, it would have done more to help us rid ourselves of gangsters than ten thousand Crime and Law-Enforcement Commissions. But the stupid censors made Howard Hughes change the title, cut the picture, and dress it up in lace drawers, so that it would be dainty enough for an old women's sewing circle, or lukewarm enough for a fourth-rate policeman. Even then after the picture was emasculated, it was barred in a number of states.

Here was a chance for the censors to help their country and honestly earn their pay. But those boys and girls seem incapable of doing anything intelligent or decent. They have a racket and they are making suckers out of all of us. They tell us one hundred twenty million Americans what we can and cannot see at the cinema. They degrade pictures and insult our intelligence. But no matter how stupid the censors are, we, the theatregoers, are ten times more stupid for tolerating them.

J. W. Smith.

$10.00 Letter
More All-Star Casts

EVANSVILLE, IND.—Let's stop all this talk about individuals "stealing" pictures! When a picture boasts a splendid cast, why try to decide who comes in for leading honors? Isn't it enough to enjoy the privilege of viewing a picture in which every scene is a masterpiece of artistry?

It seems only reasonable to suppose that if one artist's work is to be compared in every detail with that of another, soon all the best players will have an aversion to all-star casts.

Rumor says that none of the principals in "Grand Hotel" wanted the rôles assigned them for this very reason. Yet what a picture that was! But—change that cast by one member and the picture as a whole would have suffered.

With a group of players all enacting widely differing parts, it is hardly fair to say one excels the other—perhaps the difference lies in the strength of the character depicted.

Tastes differ! Some will always prefer chow mein to mush and milk, but when will an agreement ever be reached as to which is most delicious? And after all what does it matter so long as each individual finds what suits his own taste?

Yours for more all-star casts and greater harmony. *Barbara Allen.*

$5.00 Letter
Why Personal Appearances?

LONG BEACH, CAL.—Why are we being engulfed by the wave of "personal appearances" of picture stars? It used to be that a vaudeville engagement was the swan-song of a has-been film celebrity, but now players in the heyday of success are treading the boards in increasing numbers. Even little Jackie Cooper is doing it!

Old Man Depression, I suppose is, behind the scenes of these "personal appearances." You can't blame the stars for wanting to pick up a few dollars in their spare time.

I'm not suggesting that the stars do not *earn* the money for their "personal appearances." It must be a considerable strain for a Kleig-light performer to master stage routine and technique, leave the comforts of home in Hollywood, and face his fans in person.

But nevertheless I mourn the passing of celluloid inviolability. To me a player, whose shadow lives and moves in the world of screen illusion, is more genuinely appealing than when he is hastily trained to appear in person and imitate the antics of the old-time vaudeville trouper.

I am glad that two of my favorites at least will probably never appear in person. I refer to Greta Garbo and Mickey Mouse. *Hazel Kuno.*

Taste in Fan Favorites Changing

SALEM, MASS.—The enormous and sudden popularity of Clark Gable is the outward manifestation of the state of mind of 1932 audiences which the gods of moviedom would do well to heed if they would fill their none too crowded theatres.

Gable's sudden popularity—strictly fan made—is due to the craving of the public for masculine men as their screen heroes. And by the same token, Marlene Dietrich won her quick success not by her undeniable acting ability but through her womanly allure and graciousness. This popular approval of masculine men and feminine women is an old American custom, lost for a while in the upside down days of the pre-depression era, with its faintly pansyish boys and boyish girls.

We seem to be slowly and, God knows, painfully, swinging back to a more normal and healthy point of view in all departments of American life. The changing taste in fan favorites mirrors the trend of the times. Modern audiences want modern pictures, smooth, swift, slightly hard boiled, expertly presented, no more rehashing of the successes of another and more naïve day, and no more endless variations of one theme. *Mary Stanton.*

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

JANET
GAYNOR

CHARLES
FARRELL

PARTNERS IN LOVE AND ROMANCE
The screen's most popular sweethearts in a tender story of youth during THE FIRST YEAR of married life...Janet and Charlie have never been more captivating than in this, their happiest and sweetest romance.

The FIRST YEAR

Adapted from Frank Craven's stage success produced by... JOHN GOLDEN

Directed by William K. Howard .... A FOX PICTURE

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Albertson, Frank—playing in *Air Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Alvarado, Don—recently completed *Bachelor's Affairs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Andre, Gwili—recently completed *The Roar of the Dragon*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Tiger Shark*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Arliss, George—latest release *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Is My Face Red?* —Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils — playing in *Washington Whirlpool*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—latest release *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ayers Lew — latest release *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bancroft, George — recently completed *The Challenger*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *The Devil and the Deep*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barnett, Vincent—playing in *Tiger Shark*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Barrymore, John—recently completed *State's Attorney* — Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Washington Whirlpool* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Cabin In the Cotton*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner — recently completed *Man About Town*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—latest release *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *Air Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Two Against the World*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—recently completed *Week Ends Only*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Richard—playing in *Madame Racketeer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Birell, Tala—recently completed *The Doomed Battalion*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *Three On a Match*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—recently completed *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bond, Lilian—playing in *Air Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Brent, George—playing in *They Call It Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *The Man From Yesterday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—playing in *You Said A Mouthful*—First National Studios, Burbank Cal.

Brown, Tom—recently completed *Tom Brown at Culver*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Last month, Dolores Del Rio told you that she'd like to go native in Hawaii. And from the exuberance with which she did the hula, while preparing for "Bird of Paradise," it almost looks as if she has, already

Bruce, Virginia—playing in *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Byron, Walter—recently completed *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—recently completed *Winner Take All*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cavanaugh, Paul—recently completed *Children of Pleasure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *Children of Pleasure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Clyde, June—recently completed *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *The Man From Yesterday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Devil and the Deep*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—latest release *When A Feller Needs A Friend*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—recently completed *Is My Face Red?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *Rain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—recently completed *Tom Brown at Culver*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Cummings, Constance—playing in *Bitter Tea of General Yen*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Davies, Marion—playing in *Good Time Girl*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *Silver Dollar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—recently completed *Bird of Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Blonde Venus*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—recently completed *The Roar of the Dragon*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Douglas, Melvyn—recently completed *The Old Dark House*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in *Good Time Girl*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—latest release *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Walking Down Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Thirteen Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood,Cal.

Durante,Jimmy—playing in *Speak Easily*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann — playing in *Three On A Match*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Walking Down Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Revolt*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *The First Year*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fenton, Leslie—playing in *Air Mail* — Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Foxe, Earle—playing in *Undesirable Lady*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—recently completed *One Way Passage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Francis, Noel—playing in *Kings Up*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *No Bed of Her Own*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gallagher, Skeets—recently completed *Merrily We Go To Hell*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—latest release *As You Desire Me*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *The First Year*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gombell, Minna—playing in *The First Year*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Wynne—recently completed *The Challenger*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gleason, James—playing in *Good Time Girl*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant, Laurence—playing in *Speak Easily*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 10*)

◆ Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here ◆

COUNT THE HITS

Number 1 "CAUGHT SHORT"

Number 2 "REDUCING"

Number 3 "POLITICS"

AND NOW *those furiously funny females*

Marie DRESSLER

Polly MORAN

in (what this country needs)

PROSPERITY

Just around the corner, at your favorite movie theatre, the laugh riot of the year! Instead of moping around the house worrying about the Depression—see Marie and Polly tackle the money problem in the funniest picture they've ever made. All the world's been waiting for PROSPERITY. Here it is!

A
METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER
SCREAMIE!

with
Anita Page
Wallace Ford
Directed by Leo McCarey

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Graves, Ralph—playing in *War Correspondent*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hall, Ruth—playing in *Ride Him, Cowboy*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Halliday, John—recently completed *Week Ends Only*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—recently completed *What Price Hollywood*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—latest release *Westward Passage*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Red-Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *War Correspondent*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *No Bed of Her Own*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Horton, Edward Everett—recently completed *The Roar of the Dragon*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—recently completed *American Madness*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Red Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Johann, Zita—playing in *Tiger Shark*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jones, Buck—playing in *McKenna of the Mounted*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *The Cabin In the Cotton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Judge, Arline—playing in *Fraternity House*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Karloff, Boris—recently completed *The Old Dark House*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—playing in *Speak Easily*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—recently completed *Crooner*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—playing in *Kings Up*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *Madame Racketeer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *Undesirable Lady*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Lila—playing in *War Correspondent*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Leonard, Barbara—recently completed *Children of Pleasure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Linden, Eric—playing in *Fraternity House*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *Hot Saturday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—latest release *Attorney for the Defense*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *Zeppelin*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Murder In a Pullman*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, J. Farrell—latest release *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Manners, David—playing in *They Call It Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Maritza, Sari—latest release *Forgotten Commandments*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Joan—latest release *Fancy Free*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Mae—recently completed *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

McCoy, Tim—playing in *Two Fisted Law*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kit Wain (right) is admired by the most famous moviegoer in the world—and here's the proof: an autographed photo from the Prince of Wales. The English child star returns to the screen as a juvenile in "Tom Brown at Culver"

McCrea, Joel—playing in *The Most Dangerous Game*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolph—playing in *The Murder of the Night Club Lady*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *They Call It Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *Kings Up*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—latest release *Letty Lynton*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Polly—latest release *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morley, Karen—playing in *Washington Whirlpool*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Red-Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Nixon, Marian—recently completed *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—recently completed *Huddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Eddie—recently completed *Crooner*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Million Dollar Legs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—recently completed *Death Valley*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Air Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Oland, Warner—playing in *Undesirable Lady*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Olivier, Laurence—latest release *Westward Passage*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pichel, Irving—latest release *Forgotten Commandments*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—recently completed *Is My Face Red?*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Powell, William—recently completed *One-Way Passage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Hot Saturday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—latest release *Forgotten Commandments*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rich, Irene—recently completed *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Tiger Shark*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Will—recently completed *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roland, Gilbert—latest release *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—recently completed *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—recently completed *What Price Hollywood*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—latest release *Merrily We Go To Hell*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Simpson, Ivan—playing in *Undesirable Lady*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—recently completed *The Night Flower*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Red-Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Hollywood Speaks*—Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—recently completed *Blessed Event*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—recently completed *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *Is My Face Red?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Von Stroheim, Erich—latest release *As You Desire Me*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry, B.—playing in *Ride Him, Cowboy*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Warner, H. B.—recently completed *Tom Brown at Culver*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Washburn, Bryant—recently completed *What Price Hollywood*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—playing in *Three On a Match*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *The Most Dangerous Game*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *They Call It Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

◆ Consult this handy list when you want to know what a player is doing ◆

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

By J. E. R.

Attorney for the Defense—One of the best of the current crop of exposé pictures about criminal lawyers. Edmund Lowe turns in a fine performance as a lawyer who's shrewd except where women are concerned (Col.).

Congress Dances—This sparkling foreign-made musical romance has nothing to do with our native tax-makers, but concerns the romance of a czar and a flower girl in the Vienna of 1814. You'll like Lilian Harvey, the music, and the gaiety (U. A.).

The Crowd Roars—James Cagney, again hard-boiled, is an auto race driver this time. The story, as usual with racing pictures, isn't much—but Cagney is excellent and the racing is spectacular. Noisy, though, I warn you (W. B.).

Destry Rides Again—Tom Mix's comeback picture is not sensational, but it's a first-class Western, showing Tom at his old business of righting wrongs with hard riding and hard fighting (Univ.).

The Doomed Battalion—A memorable picture of the warfare between the Austrians and the Italians in the Alps. Startling photography. Features two unusual newcomers, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell (Univ.).

The Famous Ferguson Case—City newspaper men take another sock, when a small-town reporter solves a big murder and proves they have faked evidence against an innocent party. So-so melodrama, with Tom Brown and Joan Blondell (F. N.).

Grand Hotel—Except for the fact that the famous dancer is young, the movies have improved upon Vicki Baum's ironic melodrama of hotel life. You can argue till daylight as to which star steals the picture—Garbo or Joan Crawford or John Barrymore or Lionel Barrymore or Wallace Beery (M-G-M.).

The Information Kid—Another of those pictures about racetrack gamblers, little different from the rest except that it boasts more humor than most. James Gleason, Tom Brown and Maureen O'Sullivan are featured (Univ.).

Letty Lynton—Again a soiled lady, Joan Crawford again ends up happily. The man in her past is Nils Asther; the true lover is Robert Montgomery. But Joan needs a new rôle (M-G-M.).

The Miracle Man—The talkie version of the silents' most famous crook melodrama—and almost up to the original. The story, you remember, concerns the efforts of some racketeers to cash in on a faith-healer. Sylvia Sidney, Chester Morris, Irving Pichel and Robert Coogan are all excellent (Par.).

Miss Pinkerton—That's the name that detective George Brent gives Joan Blondell when she helps him solve one of the talkies' best murder mysteries (F. N.).

The Mouthpiece—Warren William won stardom for his work in the title rôle of this potent drama about a criminal lawyer who knew all the tricks of the trade—knew too much, in fact, for his own good health (W. B.).

Imagine Joe E. Brown as a cowboy in New York, making love to Ginger Rogers —and you have "The Tenderfoot"

Night Court—Again a murky melodrama of corrupt judges and of innocent girls who are "framed" by vice squads, with Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Phillips Holmes, Anita Page and company working hard to make it interesting (M-G-M.).

With Evelyn Brent and Constance Cummings assisting, Edmund Lowe scores a big hit in "Attorney for the Defense"

Night World—A disillusioned youth (Lew Ayres), who is throwing away his life in cabarets, meets Mae Clarke, also disillusioned—and love works another miracle. A tense final scene almost makes it Grade A night-club melodrama (Univ.).

No Greater Love—A frank sob-story (which gets across) about a crippled orphan who has to go to an institution, and cannot remain with the poor people who love her. Alexander Carr, Richard Bennett, Beryl Mercer and little Betty Jane Oliver make the propaganda effective (Col.).

Reserved for Ladies—The talkie version of Adolphe Menjou's silent hit, "Service for Ladies," with Leslie Howard as the headwaiter who can't prevent women from loving him. Smooth English-made comedy (Par.).

The Rich Are Always with Us—Ruth Chatterton, again moving in high society, has a husband who is a habit, but tries to resist new romance in the form of George Brent. Good acting in a story that has long, gray whiskers (F. N.).

The Roadhouse Murder—A reporter, who has proof he did not commit a certain murder, takes the blame for the crime to get publicity—and then loses his proof. Novel plot, with young Eric Linden the perspiring reporter (RKO).

Scandal for Sale—Another slap at the scandal sheets and their methods, with Charles Bickford, Pat O'Brien and Rose Hobart on hand. If it were less melodramatic, it would be more effective (Univ.).

Scarface—The last word in gangster pictures, with every scene a slice of real life. Paul Muni enters the movies' Hall of Fame as the cheap killer who becomes lord of the underworld. You will also remember George Raft, Ann Dvorak and Vince Barnett (U. A.).

Sinners in the Sun—Carole Lombard, a dress model, and Chester Morris, a mechanic, are in love—but she weds a millionaire, and he weds a million-heiress, just for spite. Carole's acting is not on a par with her dress-wearing ability. Or is the story to blame? (Par.).

Sky Bride—Richard Arlen, a young stunt flier whose air-clowning has caused the death of a fellow-acrobat, is saved from going to the dogs by Jack Oakie, Robert Coogan and Virginia Bruce. A simple little story, well done from every angle (Par.).

So Big—The talkie version of Edna Ferber's famous novel of mother-love, with Barbara Stanwyck memorable as the mother whose whole life is given over to devotion to her son. Sentimental and slow-moving, however (W. B.).

State's Attorney—Reversing Warren William's procedure, John Barrymore changes from a shrewd criminal lawyer into a shrewd prosecutor—but can't shake off his old associations. His best talkie. Helen Twelvetrees is a considerable help (RKO).

The Strange Case of Clara Deane—An echo of "Madelon Claudet," with Wynne Gibson forlornly trying to locate her daughter after fifteen years in prison. A mother-love sob-story, well acted (Par.).

The Strange Love of Molly Louvain—Ann Dvorak, nearing stardom, does the most that can be done with the rôle of a passionate creature who seems to like the wrong men. More sensational than believable (F. N.).

Street of Women—A drama of the women who make a business of playing up to "misunderstood" men. Kay Francis, with the aid of the dependable Roland Young, injects some new life into a familiar story (W. B.).

Symphony of Six Million—The saga of the rise of a young Jewish doctor (Ricardo Cortez), who discovers that all that he loves (including Irène Dunne) is to be found in the Ghetto, not Park Avenue. Sentimental, but powerful (RKO).

The Tenderfoot—Joe E. Brown, hieing to New York from Texas, saves a chorus-girl (Ginger Rogers) from some racketeers. Joe takes care of them in his own inimitable fashion (F. N.).

Trapeze—A talkie thriller that is reminiscent of the silent German circus melodrama, "Variety." Made in Germany, with Anna Sten—who will be Ronald Colman's next leading lady—as the heroine (Protex).

The Trial of Vivienne Ware—A picturization of the well-known radio serial, with Joan Bennett as the society girl who is suspected of murdering a wealthy architect. Dull in spots, despite exciting photography (Fox).

Two Seconds—In the two seconds before the electric chair carries him into oblivion, Edward G. Robinson relives the events that brought him there. Sordid, but tense melodrama (F. N.).

The Wet Parade—Lewis Stone shows you what drink did to fine old Southern colonels before Prohibition, and Walter Huston, shows you what drink has done to the working man since. Jimmy Durante, as a dry agent, saves the picture when it begins to sag (M-G-M).

When a Feller Needs a Friend—As a little cripple (who never does walk right, by the way), Jackie Cooper is shunned by other youngsters, and his only pal is Chic Sale, who needs his friendship by and by. Two samples of fine acting in a sentimental story (M-G-M).

Phillips Holmes and his young wife, Anita Page, suffer and suffer in "Night Court"—another corruption exposé

While Paris Sleeps—Victor McLaglen, who has been almost everything else, now becomes an Apache in Paris—and it's refreshing to see another kind of underworld, for a change (Fox).

The Woman in Room 13—Because Elissa Landi divorced her husband in the middle of a political campaign, costing him the governorship, he vows revenge on her—and almost gets it. Only Elissa makes it interesting (Fox).

The World and the Flesh—The title doesn't mean a thing. It's about the Russian Revolution, with George Bancroft a Red chieftain, who captures Miriam Hopkins, whose sympathies are elsewhere at first. Colorful melodrama, with some trenchant acting by the principals (Par.).

Young America—Another tear-jerker, intended to convince you that delinquent youngsters need only understanding, not reformatory sentences. Well done by Doris Kenyon, Spencer Tracy, Ralph Bellamy and young Tommy Conlon (Fox).

Young Bride—After Helen Twelvetrees marries Eric Linden, love's young dream flies out the window—until a smash climax. Down-to-earth study of young married life. (RKO-Pathé).

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By TERRENCE COSTELLO

Longet

After feasting your eyes on Phyllis Clare, RKO newcomer from Broadway, note the portrait on her chest. It's a new fad, wearing a "sun-tan" profile of your favorite star

The MOVIE CIRCUS

WE are thrilled to lead off, this month, with the information that the Shaws, *père* and *fils*, who used to operate one of the most charming places on New York's 52nd Street, have come West, young man, and now are running Hollywood's sole stay-up jernt—B.B.B.'s Cellar.

Jimmy Dunn appears to be all through palpitating over June Knight, the dancer. He is seen a great deal at the Frolics (the new night-club) with a girl who generally turns out to be Maureen O'Sullivan. And the other night he is reported not to have come to the 'phone to answer one of June's many long-distance calls.

THE entertainment at B. B. B.'s is a revue, "Boys Will Be Girls," with a chorus of female impersonators. It is not very successful—probably because any day on the Boulevard one may encounter a great many screen juveniles who look a great deal more girlish than the horse-faced swishes in the show.

DON'T you watch for movie advertisements? Especially those like: "'Young America,' with Spencer Tracy, Doris Kenyon, Ralph Bellamy and Beryl Mercer." A fine, bouncing lot of kiddies.

BUT the har-har palm still goes to "'TWO KINDS OF WOMEN,' with Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes."

AMONG the Things We Are Happy to Report is that Betty Arlen (no relation to Richard) is once more decorating the Hollywood scene. Betty will be remembered as the only living girl who, elected a Wampas Baby Star, didn't appear for the coronation party, or whatever they call it. Betty had got married and left town. Now the marriage is one of those things, and she is back—with the ladder to climb all over again. Which sort of proves that whenever anyone throws a party for you, you'd better show up.

PERSONAL to W. Winchell: We wonder if the people you seek to interview in New York are as hard to get to as you were during your local stay, ole pal, ole pal?

SPEAKING of Winchell, we are reminded of the marquee which advertised his pal as SNOZ DURANTE. Howsat for an example of word-compression?

Walter first knew Schnozzle back in their mutual vaudeville days. George Raft is another pal of Walter's from those days.

One of those Best Stories of the Month emanates from M. Chevalier, who, after seeing "One Hour with You," rushed in to B. P. Schulberg with cries that now he was ver-ee, ver-ee hap-pee. "You see how I steal that scene from Roland Young, one of the best picture actors? Very well, now I am good for the screen, and I can go on and be a beeg star forever—because, after all, Arliss can't sing!"

A CHAP who delights us is that amiable Mick, James Dunn. The other evening Jimmy informed a friend that he was considering a visit to Paris with Al Santell, the director.

"But Jimmy," the friend protested, "you don't want to go with Santell! He's too well-read for you—you know, educated. He'll be wanting to spend all the time in the Louvre, and studying architecture and things."

For a moment the clouds gathered on Jimmy's face. Then it resumed its usual brightness.

"I'll meet him later," he said.

Did you know that newcomer George Raft's flat ears are that way because of Molly O'Day? A couple or three years ago, George's ears caught every passing breeze. Molly, knowing his picture ambitions, told him he'd never make the first grade unless he had them pinned back. George did—and see what happened. Now, if someone would only whisper to Gable—as someone did to Lawrence Tibbett.

BLYTHE as Jimmy is, though, he has a very close gaiety runner-up in William Bakewell. Billy's greatest fault is bad puns. He told an expectant mother, for instance, "If you want a boy, call Western Union."

It may be an old crack now, but Billy pulled it when it was young.

STANDING with Billy in front of a bookstore (one of the few unfolded ones left in Hollywood), we were approached by

(*Continued on page 71*)

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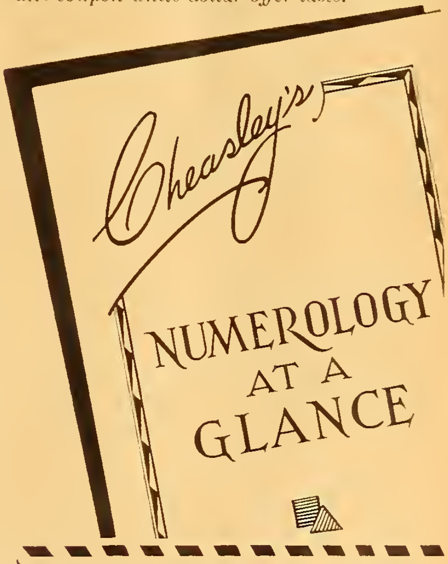

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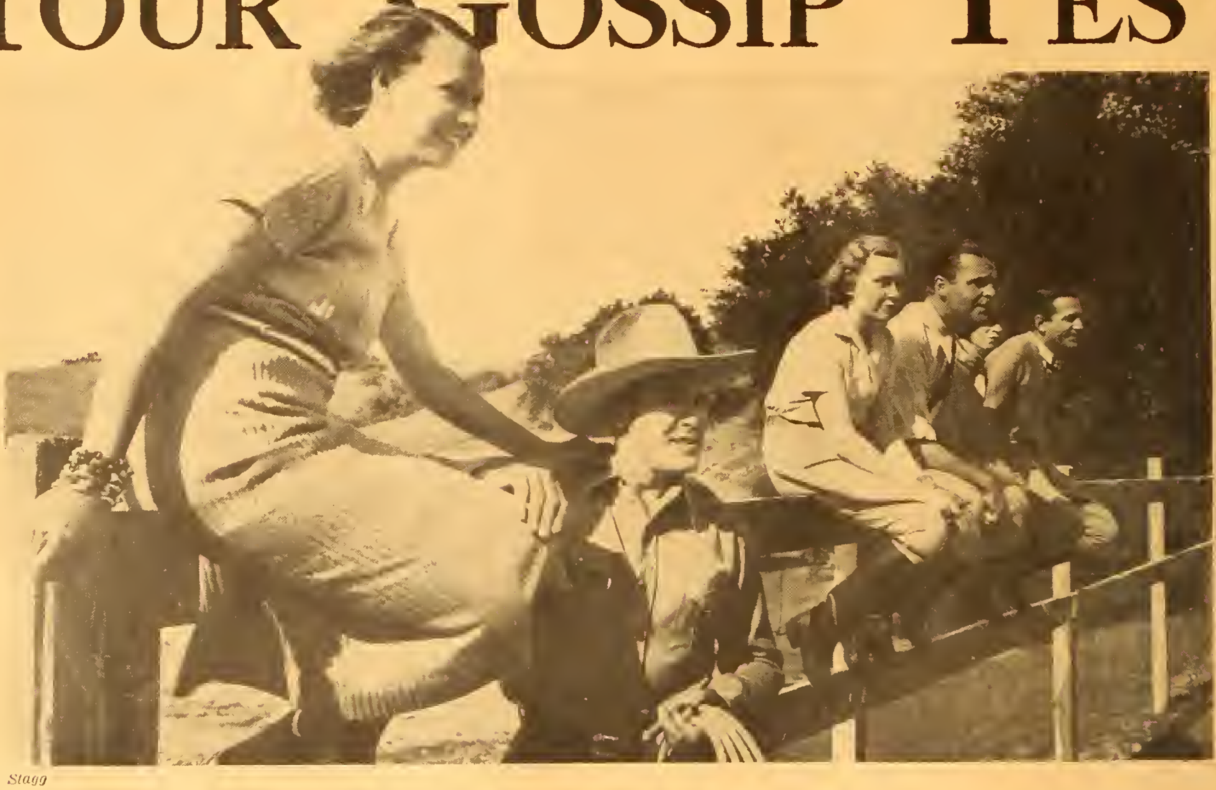

Stagg

By MARION MARTONE

1. Do you know the names of the fence-sitters and the man in the ten-gallon hat in the picture above?

2. Who is the much-married film star who is planning to marry for the fourth time when his decree from his third wife becomes final?

3. The proceedings of which recent divorce case caused quite a sensation in Hollywood?

4. Why did a pretty newcomer to the screen do a disappearing act recently?

5. Do you know the latest screen player to file a petition in bankruptcy?

6. Which movie actress became a mother recently by giving birth to a big boy?

7. What rumors have flown around about the ex-husband of Estelle Taylor, other than that he would remarry Estelle?

8. Who is the stage and screen star who was married in Vienna recently?

9. On which movie star is Norma Talmadge's former boy-friend showering attentions during Norma's absence?

10. Why did Julie Carter withdraw her breach-of-promise suit against Leslie Fenton?

11. Will the injuries received in an automobile accident keep Sally Eilers from appearing on the screen?

12. Who is suing Constance Bennett for $16,000 and what is the suit based on?

13. Can you name the two movie personalities who, although they are still happily married, live apart?

14. What player possesses a cigarette lighter presented to him by the Prince of Wales and why did the Prince give it to him?

15. Why did Helen Kane file suit against the producers and the cartoonist of a certain animated cartoon?

16. Who is the most recent motion picture player to register a complaint about her salary?

17. Do you know the comedian who can now talk about his operations?

18. Are you familiar with the name of the screen player whose husband has reduced his weight 100 lbs.?

19. Why are a popular movie star and her child being carefully guarded these days?

(Answers to these Questions on Page 95)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By James Edwin Reid

MURDER IN THE PULLMAN

As I have reported once before, the S. S. Van Dine mystery shorts seem to be speeding up, as more of them are made. The latest is one of the most suspenseful of the series. For one thing, the setting is unusual—being a Pullman (in which comedy producers would have you believe only humorous things can happen). The victim is a gold-digger, who had thrown over a former suitor (a district attorney) to marry a richer chap, and had plotted to run away with still another suitor after blackmailing her husband. Van Dine's detective (Donald Meek) traps the guilty party in a novel way. Dramatic and well-acted. (Vitaphone)

THE NAGGERS GO RITZY

Like the Van Dine series, the "Naggers" series apparently will go on forever. For just as there will always be mysteries to solve, there will always be quarreling wives and husbands. And you couldn't ask for a more quarrelsome, amusing pair than *Mr. and Mrs. Nagger*, played to the hilt by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Norworth, well-known vaudeville team. This time they're having money and mother-in-law trouble—neither of which is new, certainly—but the proceedings manage to be hilarious. Moving into a big apartment, they have no money, but throw a party anyway. The guests pay for it, without knowing it. (Vitaphone)

GIGGLE WATER

Edgar Kennedy has made such a reputation for himself in his "Average Man" comedies—of which this is the latest—that RKO is about to star him in feature-length comedies, as well. He's as bald as an eagle, blustery and Irish, and always on the point of exploding, thanks to the fact that he has a wife, a flapper daughter, a mother-in-law and a brother-in-law who spend most of their time thinking up things for him to do. But he can take it, can Edgar. He proves it when his relatives find a bottle of champagne, and persuade him to build a motor launch, so that they can break the bottle on the bow of a boat. First-grade insanity. (RKO-Pathé)

OLYMPIC EVENTS

With the 1932 Olympic Games next on the schedule, you'd better get set to have sports headlines, sports pictures, sports newsreels and sports shorts hurled at you. And here is an excellent way to get an idea of what is coming—presented more amusingly than either headlines, pictures, newsreels or most shorts will show you. Just for fun, you first see how the boys engaged in athletic competition back in the days of side whiskers, caps and plenty of clothes. Then, for speed, you are shown how the unburdened lads of to-day go through their paces—particularly in foot-racing. When it isn't amusing, it's snappy. And that's unusual. (M-G-M)

DIVORCE A LA MODE

Even some of Hollywood's recent divorce cases aren't any funnier than this nifty little Mack Sennett number. In good old Hollywood slang, "It's a wow." This is largely due to the presence of Raymond Hatton and Harry Myers. Also, they have a mad yarn to work with. Hatton, thinking his wife wants a divorce, goes to Myers, a lawyer, to find out how to give her one. Myers says there must be Another Woman, says he'll have his new stenog play the part. Hatton mistakes Myers' wife for the girl, and Myers doesn't know that his new secretary is really Hatton's wife. Imagine the possibilities, if you will. One of the year's merriest mix-ups. (Educational)

MICKEY'S SIDELINES

If you know the "Toonerville Folks" of Fontaine Fox, the cartoonist, you don't need any introduction to *Mickey McGuire*, the youngster who lives on t'other side of the tracks. RKO has built a series of talkie comedies around him, and the youngsters who play in them are beginning to offer big-time competition to "Our Gang." Their latest effort moves fast and is packed with laughs. *Mickey's* gang gathers for a peace pow-wow, which turns into a riot, ending in a boxing bout between *Mickey* and a hard-boiled sissy named *Percy*. Jim Jeffries, once heavyweight champion, shows *Mickey* how to handle the gloves—an unusual sequence. (RKO)

TORCHY'S TWO TOOTS

One of the most contagious personalities in short comedies is the freckle-faced young Irishman named Ray Cooke. He has been in a few features, but the best rôle he plays is that of *Torchy*, the perennial office boy. That's enough to make him famous, if he keeps up his present pace. And pace is the word for it. He's on the hop every minute—either embarrassing the office manager, or trying to keep his boss from firing him. There's mischief in everybody; and there's also that fear of losing the meal-ticket. Cooke puts them both across. In this one, the grouchy boss goes genial, which is a new one on *Torchy*, but doesn't floor him. (Educational)

THE SPOT ON THE RUG

It's about time somebody kidded the hokum that goes under the name of serials, and here Mack Sennett does it. Does it up brown, I might add. The plot is not only as dizzy as a serial plot; it's dizzier. Billy Bevan, a serial writer, is hammering his typewriter in mid-ocean when events crazier than any he had imagined befall him. For one thing, Edgar Kennedy is on board; and Edgar, who is a crook and is being shadowed by detectives, forces Bevan to swallow a ruby for safekeeping. Then watches over him to make sure he keeps it. But allows him to go to a masquerade ball dressed as a flirty old maid. It couldn't be much sillier. (Educational)

That's Hollywood!

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

That's Hollywood that Jean Harlow is gazing at from her hilltop home—the town she'll startle as a red-head in "Red-Headed Woman"

C. S. Bull

PREVIEW audiences, made up of alert fans who catch the pictures before they're regularly released, are full of caustic and amusing critics. Overheard in the preview crowds the past month were the following opinions—"Why can't Evelyn Brent find a new vocabulary? She's been using *lousy, swell,* and *yeah* for years, and it's getting tiresome!" . . . "Joan Crawford has advanced more than any actress in Hollywood the past year. She's certainly outstripped her former rival, Norma Shearer."

A woman said vehemently, "Jimmy Cagney has slapped a woman once too often, as far as I am concerned!" . . . And another self-appointed critic muttered, "If Helen Twelvetrees would think less about posing her piquant profile to the camera she'd be a better actress!"

MONTHLY complaint department: Probably the most gratuitous statement of the month came from Gloria Swanson, who informed the world that her baby will not enter motion pictures . . . The little girl is only a month or two old, and *can't* have had many offers from producers!

And we find fault with Lowell Sherman, because he criticized his wife for being unable to live on $1,250 a month. That's only fifteen thousand a year, and when you consider paying servants, buying liquor, and giving parties in a Beverly Hills house, the sum could vanish in the first six months.

And little Sidney Fox wishes us to state that she is tired of being called little Sidney Fox. The next time she's interviewed, she threatens, she will appear on stilts. And Gene Raymond, who can't help it if his hair is light, is tearing said hair because writers call him a Platinum Blond.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, we are promised, will *not* take up residence in Paris, rumor to the contrary. She's just going over for a two-months' trip. It was an interviewer from MOTION PICTURE, by the way, who waited in the office of a studio employee at RKO. Came the sound of a woman's voice raised in loud wrangling, down the hall. "Ah, there's Connie now," said the employee rather bitterly.—It was.

BEFORE Sally Eilers told reporters, shortly before her quarrel with Hoot Gibson, that there was no trouble and no chance of divorce in her household, she should have remembered the story of the boy who cried "Wolf!"

Now, even though a temporary reconciliation has been effected, and friends of the couple are saying that it was just such a squabble as will happen in the best of families, and they're really very much in love, you can't blame Hollywood for being a bit skeptical.

Marian Nixon is another Hollywood wife who has been busy denying divorce rumors ever since a radio broadcaster stated that she was separating from her husband, Edward Hillman, who was so angry when he heard the report that he telephoned the broadcaster, in New York, and forced him to retract.

LYLE TALBOT, a Warner Brothers newcomer slated for feature rôles, got his contract through an interesting fluke. For his test, he played a scene from a stage play in which he appeared on Broadway. It happens the play is a take-off on motion picture studios, and the scene he chose is one in which an actor tells a producer where to get off. The producer, by the way, was a

(*Continued on page 79*)

By MARK DOWLING and LYNN NORRIS

After a hot, dirty train ride

TAKE A BATH FROM THE BOTTLE

REFRESHES . . COOLS . . DEODORIZES

Tuck a bottle of Listerine in your hand bag when you travel. You'll be glad you did before the trip is over. With no other aid than Listerine, you can be fresh, dainty, and clean. Here are a few of Listerine's good points.

When you are hot and dusty, and a bath isn't convenient on the train, or can't be had at a crowded hotel, a rub-down with Listerine is the next best thing. It cleanses the skin, relaxes tired muscles, and refreshes you surprisingly. And, best of all, removes perspiration and other body odors. Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

Other toilet uses

Diluted three to one with water, Listerine makes an excellent eye wash.

A little of it used in connection with the shampoo cools and cleanses the scalp, and "sets" the hair.

Makes breath sweet

Employed as a mouth wash, Listerine cleanses the mouth, gets rid of unpleasant taste, and leaves your breath sweet and wholesome. It is the sure remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Lastly, should an accident occur while traveling, Listerine used full strength will combat infection until you can get medical attention. Because Listerine, while safe and pleasant to use, kills germs in the fastest time.

Send for our **FREE BOOKLET OF ETIQUETTE** — tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. M. P. 8, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE CHECKS BODY ODORS ENDS HALITOSIS

Mrs. Carnegie beginning her beauty treatment—"I apply Cold Cream generously over face and neck. Sinking deep into the pores it floats out all grime—wipe away with these *softer* tissues."

"Saturating a pad of cotton with Skin Freshener I pat, pat, pat until my skin glows—this, you see, refines the pores, tones and firms and also brings up one's natural color."

"Always before I powder, I smooth a dainty film of Vanishing Cream over face and neck—arms and shoulders, too, for evening. This both protects my skin and holds the powder."

"I'VE FOUND THE WAY TO KEEP MY SKIN LOVELY AT HOME..."

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

Young society favorite shows how she gives herself her Home Beauty Treatment

Young Mrs. Carnegie is blessed with that exquisitely clear pale skin usually possessed by only the Parisienne.

"What do I do for it—why that's very simple," says Mrs. Carnegie. "I have found the perfect way to keep my skin lovely at home.

"What I do is—but wouldn't you actually like to see me do it?

"First, thorough *cleansing*—I always have a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream. There's nothing like it for cleansing. The cream melts almost instantly—I wait a few minutes to let the fine oils float every speck of dust and dirt out of the pores. Then I wipe it all away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—I like them best because they're so much *softer* and *more absorbent*.

"Now my skin is absolutely clean and ready for the second step—*stimulating*. You have to stimulate the skin if you want it to stay young looking. Wet a pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener, and pat, pat, pat like this till the skin glows.

"The next step is to *protect* the skin—to keep it smooth and fine. Smoothing on Pond's Vanishing Cream takes just a second. I'm devoted to it because it doesn't dry the skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a marvelous powder foundation.

"Isn't that a simple home treatment? And it works. I do it every day and always after exposure.

"*At bedtime*, after cleansing with Cold Cream and Tissues I always put on a bit more of the rich Cold Cream and leave it on overnight to *lubricate* my skin. You know, scientifically, the skin does need just four things to keep it lovely—cleansing, lubricating, stimulating and protecting. And my Pond's method supplies every one of these."

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmed for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra — WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

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Photographs by Nickolas Muray

MRS. CARNEGIE . . . AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

C. S. Bull

GARBO

It looks like hail and farewell with the serene Scandinavian. Everyone hails her as the lonely woman of fame in "Grand Hotel" and as the exotic platinum blonde of "As You Desire Me"—and Greta turns quietly away and looks toward Sweden. But Hollywood's puzzled prophets are hazarding the prediction that all she wants is a well-deserved vacation. For how could the movies get along without the one and only Garbo?

Fryer

Sheila looks as if she hears someone paging her—and it's very likely someone is. For this little blonde newcomer—who was born in Minnesota, educated in Canada, and "discovered" on Broadway—is the busiest girl in seven studios. She is already at work on her fifth picture—even before you've had a chance to hear of her. The picture is "Revolt," starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

SHEILA TERRY

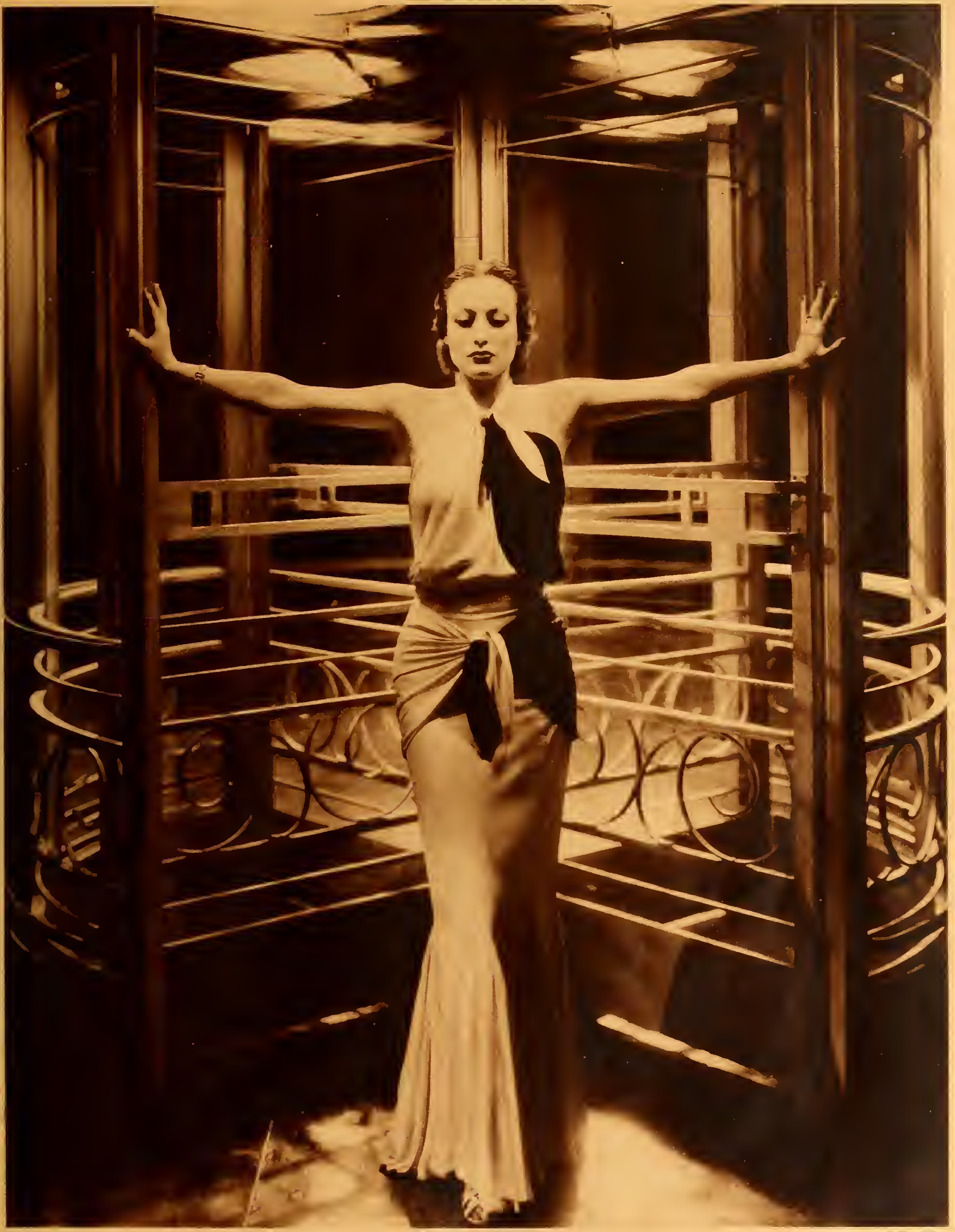
MIRIAM HOPKINS

Miriam "stole" her way to stardom—and, just for good measure, she stole a march on the reporters, too. Just when they had it all figured out that she had "eloped" with her long-separated husband, Austin Parker, she turned up in Chicago to adopt a baby boy and announced they had been divorced. The title of her next picture is "Not Married"—as a final humorous touch

Hurrell

Few women could wear gowns so severe, but NO actress on the screen, except Norma, could have played the severe rôle of Nina in "Strange Interlude"—which is Eugene O'Neill's name for Life, that brief spell between birth and the hereafter. It is the year's biggest rôle—and you will see Norma (who does seem to get the breaks, somehow!) go up and down the whole scale of emotions

NORMA SHEARER



Hurrell

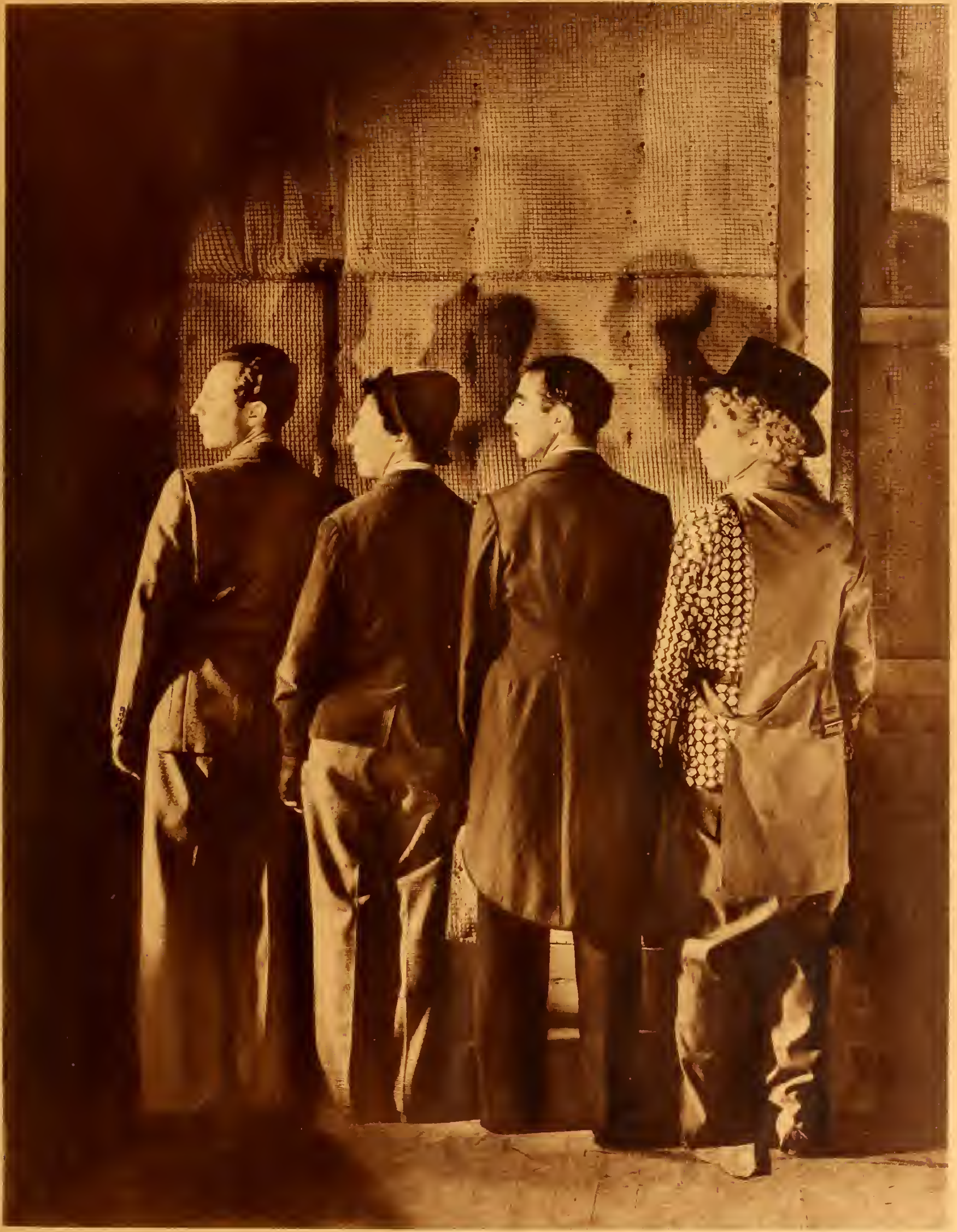
JOAN CRAWFORD

A modernistic charmer in a modernistic gown deserves a modernistic setting—and what could be more so than the entrance to "Grand Hotel"? So Joan visits the scene of her next-to-last triumph—before changing into the flashy garb of Sadie Thompson, the tortured heroine of "Rain," who is no better and no worse than the reformer who tries to change her. Another big rôle!

Ray Jones

On the screen, up to now, Sidney has always been a little lady (just five feet tall)—while off the screen she's a pert little tomboy. But in "Once in a Lifetime" her roguish sense of humor gets a chance. For in that satire of the talkies she'll be the Broadway bluffer who almost convinces beautiful, but dumb stars that she can teach them how to talk. It will be a big change for li'l Sidney!

SIDNEY FOX



Cecil Beaton

ZEPPO,
CHICO,
GROUCHO
AND HARPO

In other words, the Four Mad, Mad Marxes—whose real names, left to right, are Herbert, Leonard, Julius and Arthur. They'd never think of turning their backs on a camera. That was the idea of Cecil Beaton, who photographs the famous in the unconventional manner. Note the padded cell background. Their new nonsense is collegiate, and is called "Horse Feathers"

Longet

They call him "another Gable"—and the title makes Bruce nervous. For, after all, he's only twenty-two and has made just two pictures. But he has seen even more he-man adventure than Gable, and Someone Who Ought To Know says he will go farther than Clark. Maybe yes, and maybe no—but, anyway, you can't afford to miss learning the news about him in the story opposite

BRUCE CABOT

Women Love Gable —But they *ADORE* Bruce Cabot!

That's the opinion of Josephine Dillon, who has taught both young he-men how to act. She predicts a great future for this 22-year-old soldier of fortune, who once "knocked out" his boss!

Last month, MOTION PICTURE nominated Bruce Cabot for stardom—though he had then made only one picture, "The Roadhouse Murder." The fact that he has been called "another Gable" did not influence us. But the facts revealed in this story did persuade us that here is a chap who is going places and will do big things. You'll think so, too, after you read it.—Editor.

HOLLYWOOD calls Bruce Cabot a gentleman soldier of fortune. RKO Studios call him "another Gable." While Gable's ex-wife, Josephine Dillon, calls him the most talented student ever to enter her dramatic school. She tells you that Cabot's future is far greater than Gable's—and Josephine should know. For during the six years that she was married to Gable, she taught him pretty nearly everything he knows about acting.

"Both Cabot and Gable arouse passion in women," she explains, "but Cabot alone elicits adoration. Women consider him a sweet boy, as well as a ruthless lover. They want to be loved by him, yes, but they yearn to mother him also. And since mother's love outlasts passion, and since the combination of sweetness and brute attraction is absolutely irresistible, Cabot, if given one good picture, will shoot up to stardom and outlast Gable by years."

Hence Hollywood wonders if Josephine Dillon intends to train Cabot into so polished an actor that he will literally push her ex-husband from the screen . . .

Cabot, himself, takes this Gable comparison rather nervously. He'd prefer to be just himself, which should be intriguing enough, for Bruce Cabot happens to be one of the most interesting lads ever to crack into pictures.

He had no previous experience before appearing in "The Roadhouse Murder." And while he's not "one of the Cabots who speak only to God," he's a de Bujac, which is almost as snooty. His father was the wealthiest attorney in New Mexico, the home town being Carlsbad. Two of his uncles, Andrew and Leon Graves, are New York bankers; and yet another uncle, Herman Harges, was a J. P. Morgan partner and then partner of Morgan-Harges Bank in Paris. Cabot's relatives had one thing in common: their success was due to individual effort.

Refused to Write Home

AND Cabot, who is something of an individualist, himself, determined not so long ago to emulate them by discontinuing his yen for hurling merry-go-rounds the world over, and getting down to some serious work. So sincere was he in his desire to find himself and make a success of his own that, for the two years prior to his success in "The Roadhouse Murder," he had refused to communicate with his family, preferring to wait until he had good news to report.

During his twenty-two years he has done everything from swabbing decks with fish oil to promoting night-clubs in Hollywood. And not least among his accomplishments is the fact that he has flamed such potent charmers as Hope Williams, Marilyn Miller and Estelle Taylor. While working in the oil fields, he was dubbed "TNT," his real name being Étienne de Bujac, and Étienne being pronounced A-T-N, which, when added to his pugilistic efficiency, brought about the TNT business—and that only half expresses it! For let it be set down that Bruce Cabot is an explosive, hard-hitting, hard-playing, hard-working he-man, handy with his dukes, quick on the trigger, and death to the ladies. Furthermore, he can absorb all the blows life has to offer without batting an eye or wailing out futile regret.

This dynamo's active career had its inception back in the aforementioned Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he was born with his left ear nearly twice the size of his right. As a child, he was entered in the New Mexico Military Institute and he managed to stay there for

By HALE HORTON

(*Continued on page 90*)

Sergis Alberts

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©Evans

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Stars who have VANISHED

What has become of your old-time favorites—the stars who were thrilling you just a few years ago? Have they really disappeared? This story accounts for them—each and every one of them. Some have retired, wealthy; some have run into hard luck; many are still in the movies, playing obscure parts; others are planning comebacks; some have changed their professions; others have taken the last curtain call. But here they all are—reassembled for the first time in any story anywhere!

By JACK GRANT

THIS *is* The Truth about Hollywood! Heartbreak Town, they call it—but generally they are referring to the heartbreaks of ambitious youngsters trying to crash the gates to fame. What about the oldsters who crashed those gates, achieved the heights and crashed in a different way—disastrously?

Hollywood is quick to acclaim and just as quickly forgets. Famous names walk the boulevards they once sped along in imported cars. A new generation speeds by unknowingly, heedlessly. The oldsters sadly shake their heads. They know where the paths of fame often lead in Hollywood.

Among the moviegoers, however, there are many who remember. MOTION PICTURE answers frequent inquiries about actors who have not been seen on the screen for ten years—fifteen years. People write the editor, asking where their former favorites are—what they are doing—how they are getting along. There is loyalty in fandom.

The editor gave your correspondent one of the most interesting assignments he has ever received—that of tracing these old-timers. Some were found living in obscurity, near-poverty. Some have made advantageous marriages for love, money or marbles. Many are still playing on stage or screen with varying success. Too many have answered the final curtain, several of them tragically.

Do You Know Where They Are?

Study the sixteen faces on the page opposite—faces of sixteen former stars. Do you recognize all of them? Do you know what has happened to each and every one of them? Do you know why you don't see them so often to-day?

All these sixteen are listed below. In the accompanying story—in which more than 300 former stars are listed alphabetically—you will learn what they are doing to-day, and where you may find them.

1. Elliott Dexter
2. May McAvoy
3. Jacqueline Logan
4. J. Warren Kerrigan
5. Marguerite Clark
6. Theda Bara
7. Charles Ray
8. Anita Stewart
9. Gertrude Olmsted
10. Bryant Washburn
11. Agnes Ayres
12. Vilma Banky
13. Wesley Barry
14. Dorothy Gish
15. Lillian Gish
16. Antonio Moreno

It has taken weeks to complete the roll call. Your correspondent has talked to scores of people who have known them—whenever possible to the former stars he was endeavoring to trace. In these cases, he always found eager cooperation—sometimes pitifully eager. They were so happy to learn that someone had been interested enough to inquire about them.

So to the roll call and how it was answered:

ART ACORD—A hard-ridin' cowboy star, he left the screen when it found its voice, went to Mexico, became a soldier of fortune. Died by his own hand, January 4, 1931.

RENÉE ADORÉE—The heroine of "The Big Parade" will return at an early date from the Arizona sanitarium where she has been a patient for almost two years. She has completely recovered her health. Every studio in Hollywood has offered her a contract. One of the rare cases when Hollywood didn't forget.

ROBERT AGNEW—This former popular juvenile is now leading a dance orchestra in Boston.

SPOTTISWOOD AIKEN—Famous old character actor, remembered for his work in "Birth of a Nation," died several years ago.

MARY ALDEN—Also in "Birth of a Nation" and famous for mother rôles since "The Old Nest." Still plays occasional small rôles.

ROBERT AMES—Died suddenly and mysteriously in New York hotel, November 27, 1931. Autopsy revealed death due to hemorrhage of bladder. Was rumored "engaged" to Ina Claire at time of death.

G. M. (BRONCHO BILLY) ANDERSON—Once-famous Western star and founder of an early film company is now living in San Francisco. Last known professional activity was the revival of a Western play in New York last winter. Has been badly crippled for several years. Has a stable of race horses as a hobby.

MACLYN ARBUCKLE—Older brother of Roscoe, famous in early pictures such as "The County Chairman" and "The Prodigal Judge," died April 1, 1931.

ROSCOE (FATTY) ARBUCKLE—Once the king of comedians, he is now on a vaudeville tour, attempting a comeback. Since his enforced retirement ten years ago, he has made a living as a director of short comedies under the name of William Goodrich. As readers of this magazine know, Fatty received enthusiastic support last year from the public, when producer-friends made a plea that he be allowed to return to the screen. The present tour is for the purpose of further feeling out public opinion.

GEORGE K. ARTHUR—Famous before talkies for feature comedies with Karl Dane. He and Karl have recently been appearing in vaudeville and in short talkie comedies. Has lost much of his Scotch burr.

AGNES AYRES—Retired. Said to own a sizeable chain of markets in Hollywood. Divorced; her Mexican husband, Manuel Reachi, retaining custody of their small daughter, now aged seven.

KING BAGGOT—Formerly a great star and later a director, Baggot now plays occasional rôles in independent productions. Lives comfortably and inexpensively in a small local hotel.

LEAH BAIRD—Married Arthur Beck, an independent film producer, and retired.

MABEL BALLIN—Now retired. Still the wife of Hugo Ballin, formerly an ace director and now a successful mural artist. They live in Santa Monica.

VILMA BANKY—Hungarian star, who became famous opposite Ronald Colman, left screen soon after talkies arrived. Appeared with her husband, Rod La Rocque, on the stage last season. Now trying out a vaudeville act with him.

THEDA BARA—The first screen "vamp." Now married to Charles Brabin, the director. A popular Hollywood hostess since her retirement several years ago.

BESSIE BARRISCALE—Famous blonde star of silent era is seen now and then on the stage and in vaudeville with her husband, Howard Hickman.

T. ROY BARNES—Light comedian, who starred in homey, humorous silents, is still in pictures, with frequent minor rôles coming his way. Rumored wealthy and acting only for a hobby.

Abbe

Louise Glaum

Louise Huff

Viola Dana

Madge Bellamy

WESLEY BARRY—Freckle-faced youngster of silent days is now 25, and leads jazz bands and serves as master of ceremonies in film houses throughout the country.

LOUIS JOHN BARTELS—Vaudeville headliner, who became famous in "The Show-Off," died suddenly in Hollywood March 4, 1932.

MIRIAM BATTISTA—The former child star, now in her early twenties, has just been glorified by Ziegfeld in "Hot-Cha," in which she is one of the principals.

BEVERLY BAYNE—Remarried following her divorce from Francis X. Bushman, and is said to be living in Chicago. Makes a vaudeville tour occasionally.

GEORGE BEBAN—Top-notch character actor, whose specialty was Italian rôles, died October 5, 1928, from injuries received in a fall from a horse.

BARBARA BEDFORD—On October 10, 1930, she remarried her divorced husband, Albert Roscoe, with whom she became famous in "The Last of the Mohicans." Occasionally plays minor rôles.

MADGE BELLAMY—Wide-eyed ingénue of silents recently returned to Hollywood from New York, where she has been writing about art, and appeared in "The White Zombie," an independent production. Married Logan Metcalf in January, 1928; divorced him in April, 1928.

BARBARA BENNETT—Has made few pictures since becoming wife of Morton Downey, radio tenor.

BELLE BENNETT—The memorable mother of "Stella Dallas," finding screen rôles scarce, opened a roadhouse called "Grandma's Farm," near Hollywood last year. It closed after a few months, and she is now in vaudeville.

ENID BENNETT—Accepts a rôle every so often, if it appeals to her. Last appearances as *Skippy's* mother. Married to Fred Niblo, the director, and is the real mother of three children.

CONSTANCE and FAIRE BINNEY—Both married well and make periodic appearances on the New York stage.

SIDNEY BLACKMER—Went back to Broadway last year to play with wife, Lenore Ulric, on stage. May be expected back any time.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL—One of the most popular of silent screen heroes, he married into the fabulously wealthy Barnato family, discoverers of the African diamond mines. Has lived in England for a number of years and is now said to be planning a screen return.

HOLBROOK BLINN—As famous for his Mexican-Spanish characterizations a few years ago as Leo Carrillo is to-day. Died suddenly June 10, 1928.

(*Continued on page 70*)

AL JOLSON Gives Up *Two Million Dollars!*

Famous comedian tears up two-million-dollar contract, and insists on new one for only one picture—just to give his producer-friend, Joseph Schenck, a break. Such a thing has never been done before—and it means that Jolson is staking his whole future on one picture!

By SONIA LEE

During the depression, many stars have taken salary cuts—when asked to do so. But Jolson is the first and only one to tear up a contract to help out a producer—and has given up a fortune. But friendship means more to Al than money!

Having collected in advance for his first United Artists picture and lost the money in the market, Jolson is working gratis. He thinks United Artists should allow him five dollars a day for room rent.

THE tenth wonder of the world—a famous actor who is making a picture for "nothing"—has been discovered in Hollywood, the Mecca for money-worshipers from the four corners of the globe! The man is Al Jolson—the man who first put over talkies—the sentimental comedian whose throbbing, warming MAMMY songs have held the world in their spell.

Under contract to Joseph Schenck and United Artists to make four pictures at more than a half-million each, Jolson has seen the start of the first picture continually delayed until a proper story could be found. In turn, original screen stories and stage successes (among which was the expensively-acquired "Sons o' Guns") have been discarded as not quite suitable. And he has seen the advances made to him on his contract begin to run into important money.

Legally, Jolson need not have made the picture. The time within which it was to have completed had long since passed. But morally—he had been paid for the picture—he was bound. And Jolson, who defines living as "playing straight," swept aside the hard stipulations of a legal paper when his friend Schenck called him.

A theme for the Jolson picture had finally been found. It was the tender tale of the human driftwood in Central Park, New York. It was to be titled "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum"—after the famous "wobbly" song.

His musical show, "Wunder Bar," was netting him more than seven thousand dollars a week—and from all indications, would continue to bring that for at least twenty weeks more. But he closed the show without question—and reported for duty to the studio! Jolson did more than that!

Gave Up a Fortune

EVEN in Hollywood two million dollars is a lot of money. And yet Jolson, not fully convinced that Joe Schenck—in the face of the present depression—would receive a fair return on the investment which the four-picture contract represented, insisted that it be torn up—and replaced by one calling for only one production.

It means in effect that the man whose first talkie, "The Singin' Fool," launched a new industry and a new art, is relinquishing cheerfully an assured two million dollars!

Other stars in Hollywood have in various ways helped their employers to meet the problem confronting every studio to-day—shrinking box-office returns. There is Richard Barthelmess, who will make an extra picture on his contract—thus giving First National three Barthelmess pictures a year for the price of two. Maurice Chevalier has likewise offered to make a picture without salary for his bosses at Paramount. George Arliss, Warner star, has accepted by cable from England, where

(Continued on page 94)

Ferenc

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

These will arrive this autumn and early in 1933, according to Clifford W. Cheasley, noted Numerologist. He also reveals Barbara's secrets of success—and says that she will not give up her career to be just Mrs. Frank Fay until 1937

Barbara Stanwyck Due for Big Breaks, Her Numberscope Says

General Forecast for August, 1932

The more definite efforts at adjustment and stabilizing of economic and financial conditions, projected through the various national and international happenings of June, will be reflected in this month of August by a more promising note of optimism, of progress, and even of speculation than has been apparent since July, 1931. The world's financial outlook is definitely improved this month and decidedly important moves to coördinate capital and labor will be encouraged by public opinion.

Individuals must expect this month to have a strong element of the unexpected, but most surprises will be of a beneficial nature and lead to changes that are progressive. The successful psychology for this month will be found in approaching opportunities with expectancy, buoyancy, optimism and a complete forgetfulness of the past nine months. Security markets the world over will feel the benefit of this month.

Cheasley

THE outstanding numbers in the Numberscope of Barbara Stanwyck are 4, 8 and 22—and these three numerals all indicate a personal character and a life that are of a thorough, hard-working, practical nature. This makes her chart a happy contrast with those of many other stars.

The "Ideality" or Inner Motive number of the name Ruby Stevens (which was the birth name of Barbara Stanwyck) is "4". This shows that her outlook upon herself, upon life and other people, is a sincere, earnest, matter-of-fact one.

There is a constant checking-up going on in her mind, an effort to have her ideas and expressions conform to a definite standard, a disinclination to leave things to chance. No matter how hard a task might prove to be, Barbara Stanwyck likes to have all the cards on the table, to reduce uncertainty and mystery to a minimum. For so long as she knows what is expected of her, she will always find enough physical and mental endurance to accomplish it.

(*Continued on page 92*)

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN

For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

Lippman

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDELL

When summer comes, a car needs overhauling to show some pep. But happy-go-lucky Joan Blondell doesn't need overalling to register the fact that she's ready for a good time, any time, any place—no matter what she's wearing. That's what men like about her. She's a good sport. No bench could ever be a mourners' bench with Joan on t'other end. She's now kidding Stuart Erwin in "Merton of the Talkies"

OKAY, HOLLYWOOD!

Walter Winchell, who became famous by telling the "lowdown" about the higher-ups, visits the movie town and comes away smiling. And Hollywood likes Walter, too, after meeting him. In case you've never met him, yourself, here's your opportunity. And you'll also learn what he really thinks about Hollywood!

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

This is Walter Winchell's first Hollywood interview, granted exclusively to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Walter, who tells the world everything there is to tell about everyone in Hollywood and out of it, is very careful that no one tells on him. He demanded the right to read and edit this story. And here it is, personally "okayed" by America's best known "okay" man—W. W., himself.—Editor.

In circle, Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event." At microphone, Ricardo Cortez in "Is My Face Red?" Both feature a Winchell-like columnist

WALTER WINCHELL—to Mr. and Mrs. America, the wisecracking, fast-talking newspaper and radio broadcaster of the gossip that emanates from Hollywood boudoirs, parlors, and executive offices—has just visited for the first time, the community which he has made famous—and notorious. He is piling up impressions to give to you, and you, and you.

The man who makes more money than the President of these United States, by turning inside out the intimate pasts and presents and predicting the futures of our great, near-great and ingrates, has dared to meet face to face the victims of his sharp wit and prodding pen. Something the victims once said he never *would* dare to do.

He has held out his sincere right hand to them and said:

"No matter what I've said about you, I like you. You're *okay, Hollywood!*"

And those who have been fortunate enough to clasp that hand have replied:

"No matter what you say about us, we like you. *Okay, Walter Winchell!*"

It is ironic that Walter, who has been telling tales on Hollywood, for eight years, has just investigated it for the first time, except for one night spent here ten years ago on an errand of mercy. While he knows at least a third of filmdom's greatest through Broadway contacts, he was going behind the scenes for the first time, when he visited the Metro studios with his pal, Jimmy Durante, whom he knew in his own vaudeville days.

Walter has been in Hollywood and environs actually to recuperate from a nervous breakdown, caused by trying to write with four hands and talk with two mouths at once. Accidentally, he has also been negotiating with studios about contracts, offered him quite unexpectedly. Under one of these he may agree to star in a story of a columnist which he characterizes as "not so silly as most" for the tidy sum of $50,000—if the picture could be completed within four weeks without interfering with his present contracts.

While Hollywood shivered, he has NOT been actively gathering gossip. He has not been within our gates to meet people, to pry, to peep, to go to parties, to get snatches of Hollywood's night life.

Whether or not he makes a picture, the dapper, thinnish, thirty-five-year-old Croesus of the tell-tale columns has become a figure in motion picture life, just as he has become a legend on Broadway. Not only does he discuss with devastating frankness and no evasive qualifications the inside stories of the stars with you and me, but at this writing Hollywood is making a feeble gesture of "getting even" by trying to put his life and his character into the theatres of the nation.

His sensational career has inspired "Blessed Event," seen on both stage and screen, and "Is My Face Red?" (Both of these phrases were coined by Winchell) "Beau Peep" (planned by Universal). And several scenario writers, who know Walter far less well than he knows his Hollywood, are working overtime on other columnist scripts.

I have known Walter seven years. He and I worked on the same newspaper in the days of Daddy Browning. When I first met him, he was making one hundred dollars a week. He had a charming wife, the former June Aster, dancer, and an adorable baby girl, Gloria.

STUDIOS ARE AFTER WINCHELL

Two months ago, our own news-and-gossip sleuths told you that studios were after Walter Winchell—not for anything he had written about Hollywood, but to star in a columnist picture. Since that time, "Mrs. W.'s boy, W." has had a breakdown, and has been recuperating in Santa Barbara and Hollywood. Studios have offered him handsome contracts. But just when he appeared on the verge of signing with Universal to star in "Okay, America," he suddenly left for the East (presumably because of newspaper and radio contracts)—and the studio announced that Lew Ayres would play the rôle of the columnist. Broadcasting folk turned down a bright press-agent idea to have Lee Tracy, the columnist of "Blessed Event," double for Winchell on the air after he had his breakdown.

His Own Private Life

TO-DAY he is devoted, as always, to the same attractive wife. Gloria is eight; the second "blessed event," Walda, is five. While in Hollywood, he has lived, in what seems to be a half-floor at the Hotel Ambassador, has had several cars at his service; film executives from every big studio are bidding for him; and he is internationally famous—a byword.

Yet he is the same Walter. He is a maze of nerves, of nervous energy. He is filled with peculiar complexes. He is not the man you think he is at all. He has no self-confidence.

Five years ago, when he was first starting to hit, he said to me, "Gosh, Ed—I seem to be getting famous!"

Not twenty-four hours ago, he said to me, still wide-eyed, "You know, Ed—eight years ago I bought a block of stock in Winchell, Preferred. What dividends! It's amazing!"

Since coming to Hollywood, the seemingly confident, yet actually shy and self-deprecating oldish-young man has actually avoided meeting people when his business would seem to be to meet them.

"I'm afraid to make new friends," he explained. "It's tough enough trying to hold the old ones!" Walter has declined invitations to scores of parties given him by movie stars. He accepted one bid, found out a number of guests were going to be there, and changed his mind.

"Too many people," he told me. "The exertion of being pleasant would make me muscle-bound."

Instead, he and Mrs. Winchell detoured over to the Cocoanut Grove ("It's much finer than any New York night-club," he says) and spent the evening alone, happy in each other's company. He declined a second social evening and went traipsing off to Venice (Cal.) amusement piers to play games happily at the booths and ride the scenic railway.

"It's great to have been ill," he says. "I'm getting a chance to become acquainted with my wife and family."

How Hollywood Amazes Him

IT seemed possible to me that, upon his arrival in Hollywood, Walter might have been rebuked or snubbed or slapped or poked as a result of his startling revelations. Nothing could be more erroneous.

"If anyone has been rude, I have," he contends. "I became ill because I needed, among other things, sleep. In Santa Barbara,

(*Continued on page 80*)

Walter Winchell—"whose gossip of to-day is the news of tomorrow"—started out as a tap dancer in vaudeville, then switched to newspaper work, doing reporting. As a reporter, he was a good columnist—so he became a columnist, and the world became Winchell-conscious. No one was more surprised than Walter, himself

COAST FLASHES News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

Wide World

PLAYFUL Joan Marsh leads them all a chase—whether they're old sea dogs or gay young blades of Hollywood. Joan denies all romance rumors—even the Jimmy Dunn one

AFTER two weeks of "rebellion," because they objected to changes in the script of "The Blonde Venus," Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg called off hostilities with Paramount. Von Sternberg announced that he cut short the battle when he learned from lawyers that their case might not be settled for a year—and that Marlene might be off the screen that long. The day they came back, all the high studio moguls gave them the glad hand.

James Cagney is still insurging, and it looks as if the movies were going to get along without him for awhile. He's considering a medical course at Columbia, and a personal appearance tour in England—far beyond reach of process-servers.

IF the Dietrich-von Sternberg controversy with Paramount was over the "right" of a star and director to pick their own stories, they apparently lost. But if the controversy was over whether or not they would continue as a star-director team (as many believe it was), Marlene and von Sternberg won. The lowdown seems to be that in order to retreat gracefully from their positions, both sides would like to hint that the whole thing was a publicity stunt.

Whether intentional or not, the "rebellion" brought thousands of dollars of publicity to "The Blonde Venus," in which, by the way, Marlene's leading man will be Herbert Marshall. He is the husband of Edna Best, the English beauty who "ran away" from Hollywood last summer after being cast as John Gilbert's leading lady in "West of Broadway." She said she was lonesome for her hubby. She has returned with him, and will resume her contract at M-G-M.

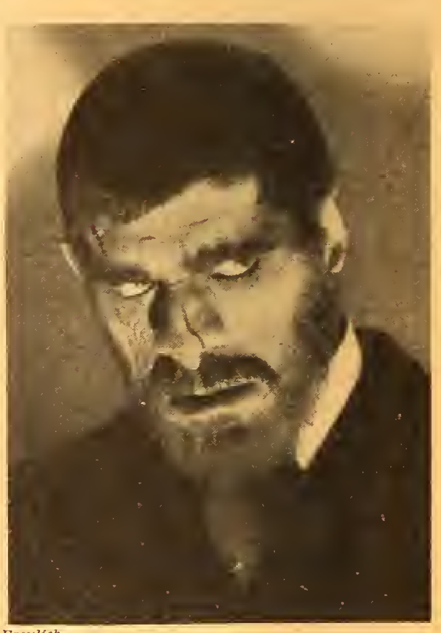
MARLENE and her husband, Rudolph Sieber (who thoroughly approved of her "revolt"), and little Maria are living at Malibu Beach in one of Bebe Daniels' houses. They moved from Beverly Hills after a newspaper printed a picture of their home, and pests began calling. Little Maria is great friends with Barbara Bebe Lyon, and Marlene says ruefully, "Now Maria prays every night for a baby."

HARRY BANNISTER has set up bachelor quarters at Malibu, and is about to set out to prove that it was the "Mr. Ann Harding" influence that kept him from being a big screen success. "It was the civilized thing to do," said Ann of the divorce, as she returned from Reno, where she had kissed Harry a tearful farewell. When Ann left, little Jane, the Bannisters' daughter, said, "I want to go to Weno, too."

Phillips Holmes seems to have fallen head over heels in love at last—with Florence Rice, daughter of Grantland (sports editor) Rice and former wife of Peter (cartoonist) Arno. It was about Florence, you remember, that Arno and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., had their comedy "duel" last year.

THE famous "Lord Fauntleroy bed," the largest bed ever constructed for a movie and used by Mary Pickford several years ago, will appear again in Universal's "Old Dark House," the new mystery thriller starring Boris Karloff. His make-up for this picture out-Chaneys Lon Chaney (as you can see below). As when "Frankenstein" was being made, his appearance has been kept a dark secret—and all those working on the picture were pledged to secrecy about how he looked.

KARLOFF'S NEW FACE



Freulich

Boris Karloff, after looking human for some time, looks thus in "The Old Dark House." Just to give you the shudders

# of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

JEAN HARLOW took Hollywood by surprise when she swept into the "Grand Hotel" opening with flaming red hair—thus telling the world she was going to play "Red-Headed Woman." But it was only a wig—and Jean, at home, is still platinum.

"ENGAGED" OR NOT?

If Madge Evans plans to wed Tom Gallery, just divorced by Zasu Pitts, she isn't saying so. Or denying it, either

WHEN Paramount closed its Eastern studio and Claudette Colbert came to Hollywood, everyone expected that at last she and her long-distance husband, Norman Foster, would start their delayed housekeeping. To the amazement of the town, however, after Claudette had stayed at Norman's house for a few days, she rented a house of her own—and at some distance, too. Then the secret was out. They live apart because they prefer living that way.

The Clark Gables are apparently planning to build a house in Benedict Canyon. Almost every day they drive thither, Clark at the wheel. That doesn't look much like a divorce! The rumors grew so annoying that Clark finally telegraphed his wife to cut short her visit in New York. They are seen everywhere together—but the rumors still persist. That's Hollywood!

THE movie colony is preparing for a busy social summer, with the Olympic Games tempting all sorts of celebrities to come to Los Angeles. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks (who is back from his trip to the South Seas) expect to entertain all summer—having remodeled Pickfair for that purpose. Marion Davies, who usually goes to Europe, will stay here and keep open house.

ON her recent return from the East Mary Pickford brought back as house guest Countess Denice di Frasso (the former Dorothy Taylor), who was hostess to Gary Cooper when he was in Rome. Gary came back with about twenty extra pounds, which make him look healthier, but not so romantic. He also brought back a pet chimpanzee—which does *not* bite his ears, as Lupe did.

The team of Wheeler and Woolsey is no more. Like all other teams of screen comedians, except Laurel and Hardy, the partners have split—with Bert Wheeler heading for the East and a Broadway musical comedy. Woolsey is staying on the West Coast, waiting for studios to get used to the idea that he's ready to clown alone.

AT last Sari Maritza has appeared before the camera, and Hollywood breathes more freely. The natives were afraid this snappy little pocket Dietrich was going to do it. She is emoting in "Forgotten Commandments," the talkie version of "The Ten Commandments." Sari, by the way, began her English-speaking screen career by assuming a foreign accent and giving a reception in London. She convinced producers she was a Continental movie queen!

SARI MARITZA FINALLY APPEARS BEFORE CAMERA

She was "discovered" by Chaplin in London a year ago, and was signed by Paramount soon afterward. She has been waiting for her chance ever since. It's here in "Forgotten Commandments"—and Dietrich and Clara Bow had better watch Sari!

JIMMY HOLDS THE BAG

Training for the prize-fighter rôle in "Society Girl," James Dunn was kayoed by a sparring partner—but he kept on

NOW that Jack Dempsey is back and has opened his Barbara Hotel at Westlake Park, Estelle Taylor is selling their home on Los Feliz at auction. "It's too full of memories," she says, with a sigh. She and the ex-world's champion continue to go about together, and Estelle continues to deny any possibility of their remarrying, though friends say Jack is urging it—just as M-G-M is urging Jack to make a sports film.

NANCY CARROLL seems to be in hiding these days. She hurried out to Hollywood when her contract threatened to be cancelled. To the luckless studio wight who broke the news of this danger to her, she said, "Oh, well, don't worry about me. I guess that life is just a bowl of cancellations!" They say—those few who have seen her—that red-headed Nancy is a blonde these days.

Her contract was renewed, after some suspense, and she was loaned to Warners to play opposite Doug, Jr., in "Revolt."

Mary Astor and her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, have headed for the South Seas in their yacht, *Hurricane*—after announcing that they will anchor in Honolulu in August to await Ol' Mistah Stork. If their baby decides to arrive before then, it will be all right, for the doctor is an obstetrician. It's an adventure, steering for the Southern Cross with a baby on the way, but these Hollywood mothers are moderns!

THOMASINA MIX is a Mix fan hard to please. She went to one of her Dad's previews recently, and then wrote Universal a letter of criticism, complaining that Tom didn't do enough fighting in the picture, and moved about too much while he talked. The studio turned Thomasina's letter over to Tom, who insisted on retakes, making the changes his small daughter suggested. The little girl is also credited with playing the rôle of Cupid in Tom's recent walk to the altar with Mabel Ward, pretty circus star.

PRETTY NEWCOMER "DISAPPEARS" AFTER DEBUT

C. S. Bull

Margaret Perry, daughter of Antoinette Perry, famous stage actress, was reported "missing" after the preview of her first picture, "New Morals for Old." One reviewer had criticized her severely—and friends were worried. She later turned up in Denver

WITH real estate so low-priced in California now, many stars are getting new houses. Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woody (who are expecting an heir in October) bought their house when their landlord came down to what Helen's realtor-husband thought was a pre-prosperity price. Then Elissa Landi (who apparently isn't planning to go back to England, as rumored) has bought a house on the side of a mountain, with a terrace. And Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have just rented the huge John McCormick estate (which doesn't look as if the divorce rumors in that family mean anything). And Marie Dressler (whose health is improving) has bought the Beverly Hills mansion of King C. Gillette.

LILA LEE "COMES BACK"

Duncan

This new portrait of Lila Lee shows how completely she has recovered her health. You'll see, also, in "Radio Patrol"

SURPRISES from the studios: Colleen Moore has signed up with M-G-M for a reported $90,000 a year. Billie Dove may have the second feminine lead in Marion Davies' new picture—but this won't be any come-down for Billie, because she will still receive that big salary, and the title of the picture is likely to be "Two Blondes." Richard Dix and Ann Harding are scheduled to do a picture together. Evalyn Knapp, out at Warners, is in at Paramount. George M. Cohan, Broadway's famous actor-song writer-producer, is going to make a talkie comedy, "The Phantom President." Bing Crosby will be starred by Paramount in "The Big Broadcast." Janet Gaynor, who just rebelled against doing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a former Pickford rôle, is scheduled to make "Tess of the Storm Country," which Our Mary once did. Gloria Swanson is staying abroad.

NEWEST LOVE TEAM

Van Pelt

They are blonde David Manners and brunette Ann Dvorak, who make Young Love memorable in "Without Consent"

MARY NOLAN and her young husband, Wallace Macrery, Jr., lost their appeal from their thirty-day jail sentences for violation of California labor laws—but failed to appear before the judge to be remanded to jail. He ordered their bail bonds ($200 apiece) forfeited, and called for their arrest. Where were they? Hollywood heard that they were in Omaha and that Mary desperate for funds, was doing a dancing act. Through their attorney, they applied for probation.

Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello battled to the end. Both filed suits for divorce. Lowell said Helene had collected risqué books, and brought some of them to court. (Two of them were stolen under the judge's very nose.) He said Helene had called him names, had thrown things at him. Helene said Lowell had belittled her housekeeping and her mental attainments. The judge gave the decree to Helene.

WE recounted here last month the New York headline-story of a Mrs. Spector, of Buffalo, turning up to claim that she, too, was the wife of Theodore Spector, husband of Olive Borden. A New York evening newspaper quoted Spector as saying he had been married to the lady, but that she had told him, after several years' separation, that she had divorced him. Later, the Buffalo Mrs. Spector told her story to a Westchester County (N. Y.) grand jury. and the jurymen refused to indict Olive's husband.

The assistant district attorney present said that there was no documentary evidence to prove that the same Theodore Spector had married both women. The plaintiff testified that she married Spector on March 19, 1919, but could not produce photos of the man she had married, and the assistant prosecutor noted that the data on her marriage certificate and on Olive's did not agree. But a few days later the lady did produce photos of her "husband"-and the jury did indict.

WHEN Donald Cook, tired after tryouts for the rôle of leading man to Billie Burke in her new stage play, crashed while driving home, his injuries were much more serious than at first reported. He suffered internal injuries, and a facial surgeon was called in to mend his cut face without leaving scars. The same surgeon performed a similar delicate operation on Evalyn Knapp last summer, after *her* accident. And Evalyn's frantic grief when she heard of Donald's mishap convinced Hollywood that the romance between these two is more than a passing one. "Donald Cook," by the way, is reported to be a stage name, replacing a foreign one difficult to pronounce.

Nils Asther had no sooner finished "Letty Lynton" than he was compelled to leave the United States, because of expiration of his visitor's permit. He went down to Mexico to live, while his difficulties with immigration authorities were ironed out. After due consideration, they decided to let him back in to rival Mr. Gable and company—and to rejoin his wife Vivian Duncan.

THE parting of Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers was a public one—for the scene was the Mayfair. They say that Hoot objected to her dancing with someone. However it was, Sally bumped into a telephone pole on the way home, and found herself recuperating in Bebe Daniels' house. She announced that she and Hoot were parting "just to see how that will work." Three days later, they kissed and made up. And a few days after that, Hoot won complete custody of his eight-year-old daughter on the grounds, strangely enough, that his former wife was about to marry again.

THE MISSUS IS BAKING AGAIN FOR HOOT GIBSON

Sally Eilers is still happily bending over the stove in the Gibson-Eilers kitchen—and maybe you think Sally can't bake a light biscuit! She and her cowboy-husband "separated," following a love spat, but reunited after three days

LAST month, it was denied that Marian Marsh was one of the salary rebels, 'Twas said that Marian had been idle lately only because she had been ill. But now it turns out that Marian has been "let out" by Warners, and is now hanging up her beret at Fox. And isn't this nice weather we're having?

THERE'S no use trying to pass off Virginia ("Sky Bride") Bruce as a newcomer. Wasn't she the "glad hand" girl at Paramount for a year? By that term, Hollywood means a girl who is photographed meeting visiting celebrities, presenting keys to the city and wearing

(*Continued on page 92*)

EXTRA!

Clara Bow

MAKES HER COMEBACK!

Adolphe Menjou calls Clara "the smartest girl in the movies"—and there's reason to believe she is, as you'll see in this story. After a year away from the screen, forgetting the movies, she comes back with one of Hollywood's biggest and best contracts!

Remember Clara in "It" (left), with Antonio Moreno? No more rôles like that for her, Clara says!

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

THE one and only Clara Bow, despite all rumors, reports and guesses to the contrary, is coming back to the screen. More than that. She is coming back at a bigger salary than when she left in June, 1931!

When she had the last of her famous breakdowns a year ago, during rehearsals for "City Streets" (in which she was scheduled to co-star with Gary Cooper, who had once been one of her suitors), and asked for her release from her contract, she said that what she intended to do was to regain her health. Hollywood said, "She's through. Headlines and the talkies have been too much for her. She'll never come back."

When Clara signed the contract, she asked for three provisions to be inserted in it. One, that she should be allowed two months in which to get back to her former weight; (2) that she should have a share in writing her rôle; and (3) that she should be guaranteed freedom from all interruptions while actually at work on the picture. She is now at the Bow-Bell ranch, getting "fit" for her comeback.

Keystone

Clara gives all the credit for her new-found health and happiness and her comeback to Rex Bell, her cowboy-actor husband

Which only proved that Hollywood didn't know its Clara. But Rex Bell, who did, said that after Clara had had a good rest, had won back her health, and had repaired her shattered nerves, she would be back. With a bang, he implied. Hollywood permitted itself a snicker.

Clara went to Rex's three-hundred-thousand-acre ranch near Searchlight, Nevada. She would have nothing to do with agents who wanted to offer her screen, stage, vaudeville and radio contracts. She stayed out in the air and the sun, put on weight, acquired a leathery tan. There were rumors that she was writing her autobiography. Then, last December, she married Rex Bell. Hollywood smiled, "You can't tell us that Clara's planning a comeback!"

Dyar

Clara Bow is one star who has always had the courage to be herself, off the screen. Now, she says, she hopes to be herself on the screen, as well. Before she signed with Fox—for just one picture—she said: "I can live perfectly well on what Rex earns, and be happy. Until the right rôle turns up, I shall continue to turn down all offers"

But Clara has the last laugh. She has a neat little contract for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for just one picture at Fox. She has a story, for a change, that she is excited about doing. And she will get an additional twenty-five thousand as a bonus if the picture grosses eight hundred thousand dollars. She will then decide when and where—and whether—she will make more pictures. At this rate, she can afford to be choosey!

"Smartest Girl in Movies"

As Adolphe Menjou said to me the other day, "Do you know who's the smartest woman in the movies? Clara Bow—and none other! That girl is dumb like a fox. If Rex Bell is advising her on business matters, I take off my hat to him. Somebody in that Bow-Bell outfit knows more about producer psychology than all the agents in Hollywood together."

And when Adolphe Menjou says you're smart, you're no fool. Adolphe is so smart, himself, that it hurts—and he recognizes smartness in others. He has lately been in England, making a young fortune by starring in a few British films. Twenty-four hours after his return to Hollywood, he was at work at Fox. No more long-term contracts for Adolphe, either. He'll choose his rôles, himself, from now on, and name his own salary. John Barrymore is now doing likewise. It pays, when it works. But you have to be good to make it work.

I happen to know that Adolphe is correct about Clara's smartness. Her comeback "break" is not just an accident. For Clara has been growing up, without anyone giving her credit for it. I'll tell you about it.

The first time I met Clara was in 1928. Nobody, at that time, would have accused her of being smart. She was just the biggest star in the business and, to my way of thinking, the least star-like of them all. Alone among her rivals in those beautiful, crazy days, she knew how to behave like a human being. She lived a pagan, reckless, generous life, giving freely of herself and of everything she possessed. She lived the sort

(*Continued on page 87*)

We Nominate for Stardom

LYDA ROBERTI

PARAMOUNT

THIS long-legged, tow-headed comédienne is a natural. The first sight of her wide mouth and wild mop of platinum-blonde hair is a distinct shock, but she takes the attention from prettier girls and makes their beauty seem colorless, with her exotic sense of humor.

Like other girls (and boys) who have been around Hollywood for years, Lyda had to take a trip to Broadway to break into the movies. Studio executives heard her put over songs in Sid Grauman prologues, but did not recognize her peculiar talent until she became a sensation along Mazda Lane. Lyda came to Hollywood to play a blues singer in "Dancers in the Dark," but so unusual a type was she that Paramount let her go back to New York after the preview. The public demanded "more of that Roberti girl"—and here she is.

She is devastatingly frank and speaks with a Polish accent. We venture to predict that if she isn't the heroine type, the type will soon change!

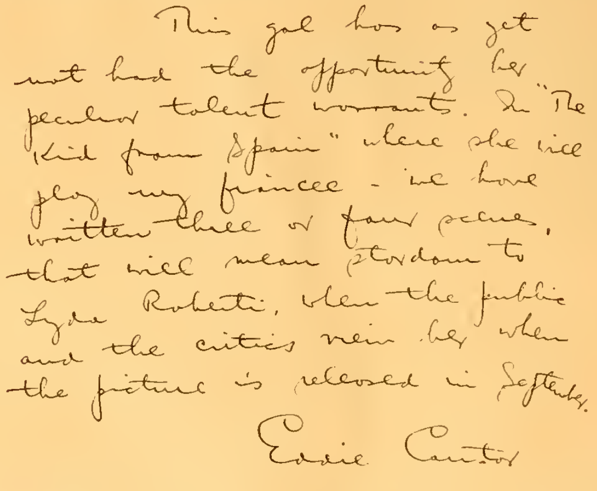
We Believe in Her

Because she doesn't care how she looks or what faces she makes, so long as she gets her songs across right. *Because* she has lived, and life has given her color and charm. *Because* she is "good copy" and tells amazing tales for you. *Because* she is original, and the screen needs originality. *Because* Eddie Cantor is all excited about her (note his letter herewith). Watch for Lyda in "The Kid from Spain," "Million-Dollar Legs" and "The Big Broadcast."

SERIES NUMBER 4

As the leading magazine of the motion picture industry, we are here not only to write of stars already established—but to try to answer that big question: "Who will be the next stars?"

On this page, each month, we tell you of the newcomers who are the likeliest candidates, and inform you why.—Editor.



This gal has as yet not had the opportunity her peculiar talent warrants. In "The Kid from Spain" where she will play my fiancee - we have written three or four scenes, that will mean stardom to Lyda Roberti, when the public and the critics view her when the picture is released in September.

Eddie Cantor

ROBERT YOUNG

M-G-M

ROBERT GEORGE Young has been on his way to fame ever since the first audience to see "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" came out of the theatre, asking, "Who is that boy who played the son?" Still, for all his instantaneous hit in his first picture and his follow-up in "The Wet Parade," he still is a trifle suspicious, when he opens his pay envelope, that someone is playing a joke on him. A short time ago, it used to contain $7.50 a day—the pay of an "extra."

This newest gentleman-Cinderella, besides being an "extra," has been a bank teller, a drug clerk, a reporter, and a salesman—and in between times he played forty different rôles in a little art theatre in Carmel.

Young, six feet tall and weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, has a smile all his own, as well as acting ability. The smile will get him farther than the acting in this world of susceptible women. M-G-M executives, agreeing with us, call him "a find."

We Believe in Him

Because he is good-looking, rather than handsome, and wears clothes well—but not like a tailor's dummy. *Because* he is only twenty-five—and has his richest years ahead of him. *Because*, even in playing with the gifted Helen Hayes in his first picture, he stood out sharply. *Because* we have received many warm letters of praise about him from our readers. *Because* he is a local Los Angeles boy, and not an imported lover. Watch for him in "New Morals for Old."

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming

LYDA ROBERTI

She's Polish, platinum, original and gay—an almost unbeatable combination. She's so unusual that she'll have rôles made to order for her!

ROBERT YOUNG

He's 25, six feet tall, and a local boy (who made good in his first picture). He learned how to act in his spare time — and became a hit overnight!

Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites

Are *Women* HOME WRECKERS

When the husband alone is a star, the marriage
When husband and wife are both stars, there is
(Look at Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks,
danger ahead. (Consider the case of Constance

In the case of Constance Bennett (above) and Philip Plant (right), Connie alone was the star—and despite Plant's millions the marriage did not last

By GLADYS HALL

THE home-wreckers of Hollywood are—the wives of Hollywood. The home-wreckers of Hollywood are—the wives who are stars.

There have been dozens of stories written about the marital crack-ups of Hollywood. I have written a dozen or two, myself. All kinds of reasons and explanations and theories have been aired. Movie marriages do not last, we have said, because too much money ruins loyalty. "Too much fame breaks marriages" is another favorite axiom. Too much flattery, too much adulation, too much feverish excitement, too many other men, too many other women.

But none of the popular reasons is the real down-to-earth one when you consider Hollywood's most famous divorces; when you get right down to actual cases, not theories. Fame and wealth may often play a part in the divorce drama. But it is not the other men—or the other women—who shatter the Hollywood hearthstones. Those who break up the Hollywood homes, throng the divorce courts, help to give the tabloids their livings, are the wives themselves—when they are stars.

We are prepared to prove it:

There's more than a fifty-fifty chance that Norma Shearer (above) and Irving Thalberg (right) will never be divorced—especially now that there is an Irving, Jr. Norma may be a great star, but Irving is equally famous as a young executive

When Wives Alone Are Stars

CAST an eye over the following list and as you read these stellar names think them over, recall what has happened in the past, the husbands and homes that have come and gone—because they were stars: Gloria Swanson. Ann Harding. Constance Bennett. Pola Negri. Miriam Hopkins. Irene Rich. Jean Harlow. Loretta Young. Dolores Del Rio. Estelle Taylor. Helen Twelvetrees. Ina Claire.

All of these women have been stars, among the most luminous and prominent in the whole industry. Their faces are known and loved the world over. All of them have been married—some of them from two to four times—and not one of them is still married to the husband she started with.

Gloria is now embarked upon her fourth matrimonial venture.

Stars the
# of HOLLYWOOD?

usually lasts. (Look at the Chester Morrises.)
a fifty-fifty chance that they'll stay married.
Jr.) But when the wife alone is a star—there's
Bennett.) Here is the evidence to prove it!

When Suzanne Kilborn (left) married Chester Morris (above), she gave up her acting career and became just Mrs. Morris. And their marriage is lasting!

Rumor's red tongue says that this fourth wedlock, too, is headed for some kind of rock—because she is resuming her career. Gloria is a star before she is anything else. Wifehood and motherhood are important to her—but her stardom is more important. Only recently Wallace Beery (her first) told me that the only thing he had ever wanted was a *home*. When he married his present wife he saw to it that this was understood. The Marquis, now thought of as "the husband of Connie Bennett," frequently declared that he could not stand being "Mr. Gloria Swanson." No man can stand being an appendage to any woman. No man can endure to be an *incident*.

Ann Harding—but this new and sensational example is fresh in the minds of you all. They had happiness when they came out here, when Harry Bannister was the chief breadwinner and the more famous of the two. And then the case reversed itself—and then divorce.

The marriage of Joan Crawford (above) and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., (left) has a good chance to endure, since both are top-flight stars, with their fame about equal. But what if Joan fulfills the tremendous prophecies about her future—what then?

Reflected Fame Not Pleasant

POLA NEGRI'S Prince has long since returned to the comparative obscurity of royalty. Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker are no more twain. Miriam admits that two careers would blow the roof off any house, especially when the wife's career is predominant. Dolores Del Rio and her Jaime were content when she was Mrs. Jaime Del Rio. When he became "the husband of Dolores Del Rio," he—well, he died of a broken heart complicated, no doubt, by broken pride. Irene Rich's husband, Estelle Taylor's Jack Dempsey, Connie Bennett's Phil Plant, Helen Twelvetrees' Clarke Twelvetrees, Loretta Young's Grant Withers, Jean Harlow's Charles McGrew—they all wanted wives, not stars. They all wanted homes, not movie sets. And on top of all this, these men have been known as "the husbands of This Star or That Star." All except John Gilbert.

A man cannot stand a woman's success. Least of all, when that woman is his wife. A man cannot stand it unless he, too, has some equivalent success of his own. Unless the name he bears is as widely known, as widely publicized as the name borne by his wife. Unless she is known as his wife—instead of his being

(*Continued on page 96*)

Longworth

The smilingest team in the movies—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald—are ver-ee, ver-ee hap-pee these days. Not only because "One Hour with You" has been a universal hit (even the censors like it). But because they have just about finished "Love Me Tonight," their latest excuse to laugh and love. And because, when Maurice gets back from his summer vacation in sunny France, it seems all set that they will again be teamed together under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. Meanwhile, Fox hopes to have Jeanette for that novel musical comedy, "Bitter Sweet"

The Real Reasons Why Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster *Live Apart*

They have been married for five years—and in all that time they have seldom lived under the same roof. Why? And how does it work out? They've never told before—but now both of them speak out! Moreover, each is as frank as the other

By Faith Service

YOU all know that Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster lead a separation marriage. They live and always have lived in separate houses. A minister said over them, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But something has put them asunder—in their daily living, if not in their love and sympathy. The words of the marriage service have not meant to them what they mean to the average man and wife the world over.

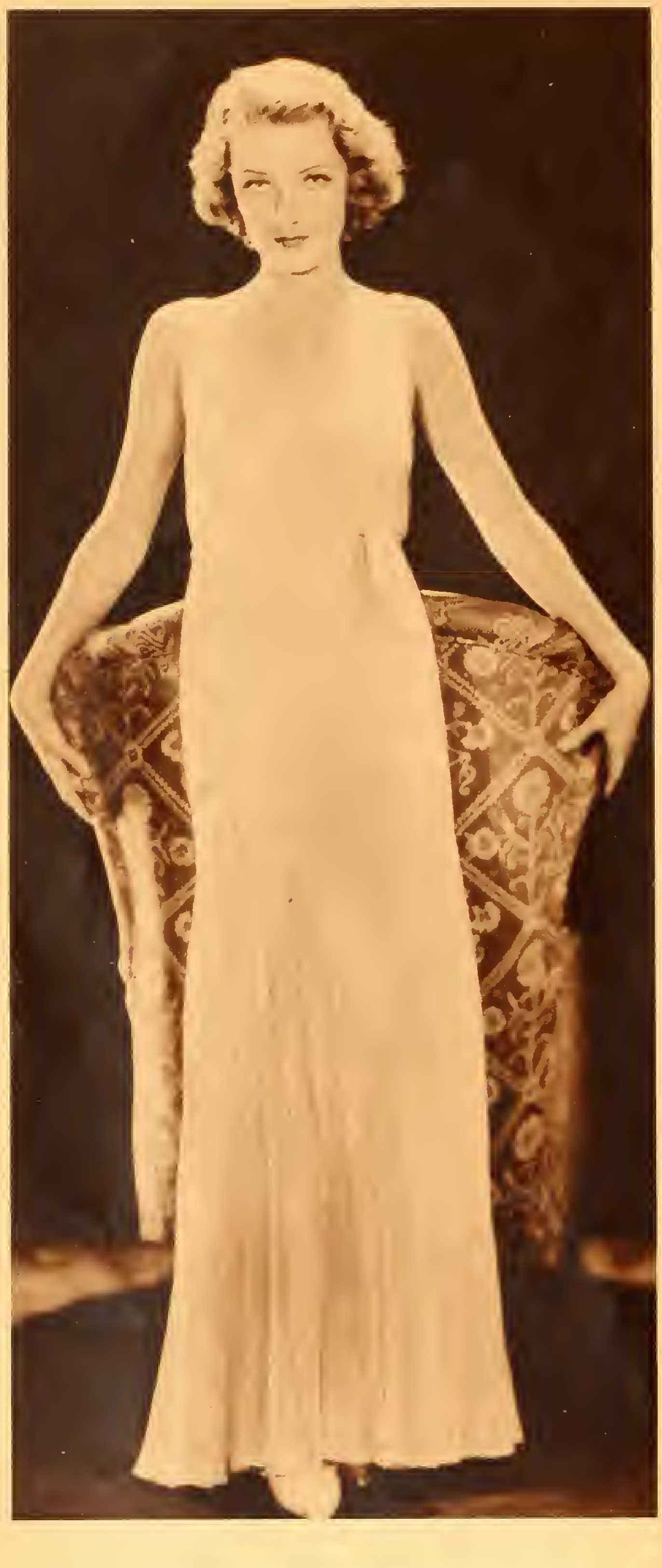
They remain individuals. They have the pleasures of marriage, and none of the pains. The delights without the duties. The cake without the bread. They never have to see one another at a disadvantage. Claudette is spared the sight of Norman needing a shave and taking one. Norman is spared the sight of Claudette cold-creaming. If they feel squeezy with the world, they indulge their doldrums in isolated privacy.

Well, *what about it?* Where is it taking them? Where will it end? The majority of stories written about them are glowing and optimistic. It works great, they say. Claudette and Norman are happy about it, happier than most married folk. They are being successful where others fail. They get more out of living than the Little Women and the Tired Business Men who share one bed and one board and take the bitter along with the sweet.

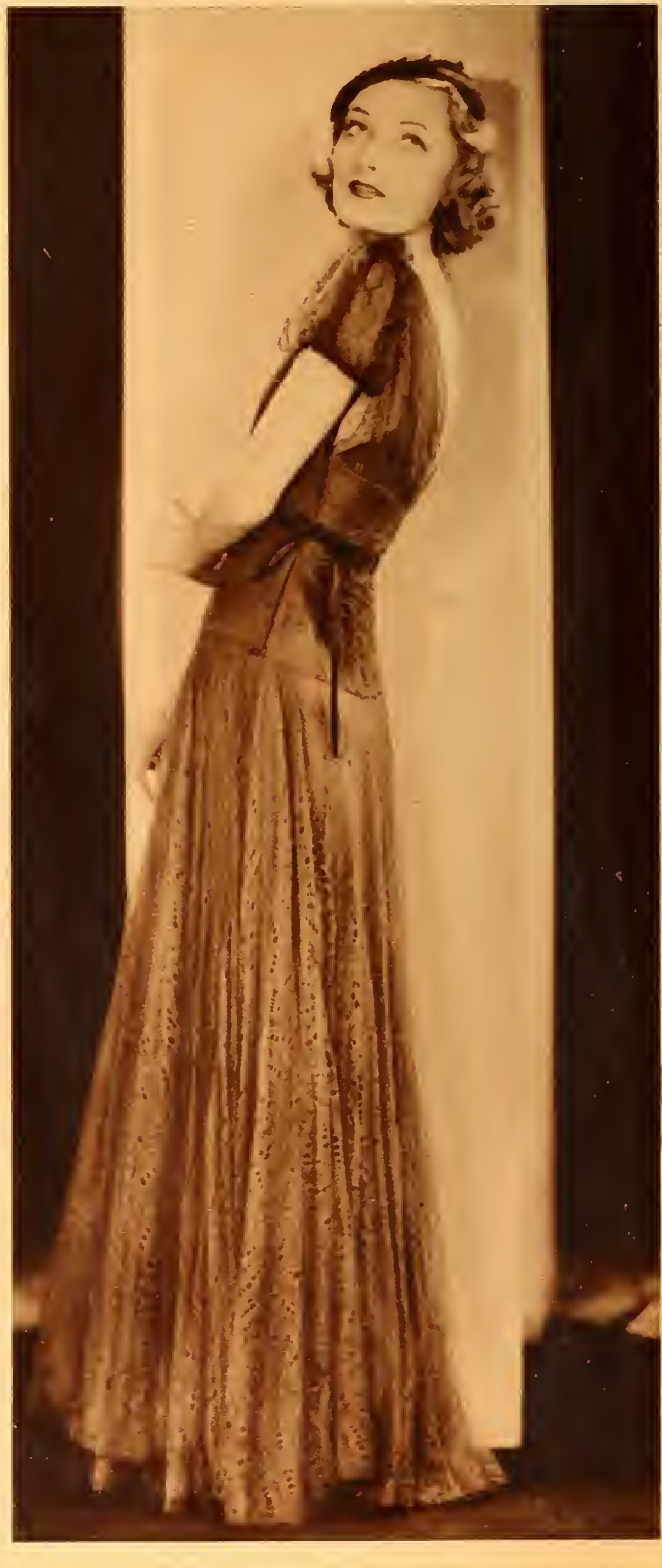
But I am not so sure about the optimism. I am not so sure about the success. I feel that most of the

(*Continued on page 84*)

THE SCREEN'S NEWEST BEAUTY
—GWILI ANDRE—
WEARS THE NEW GOWNS LIKE A MODEL

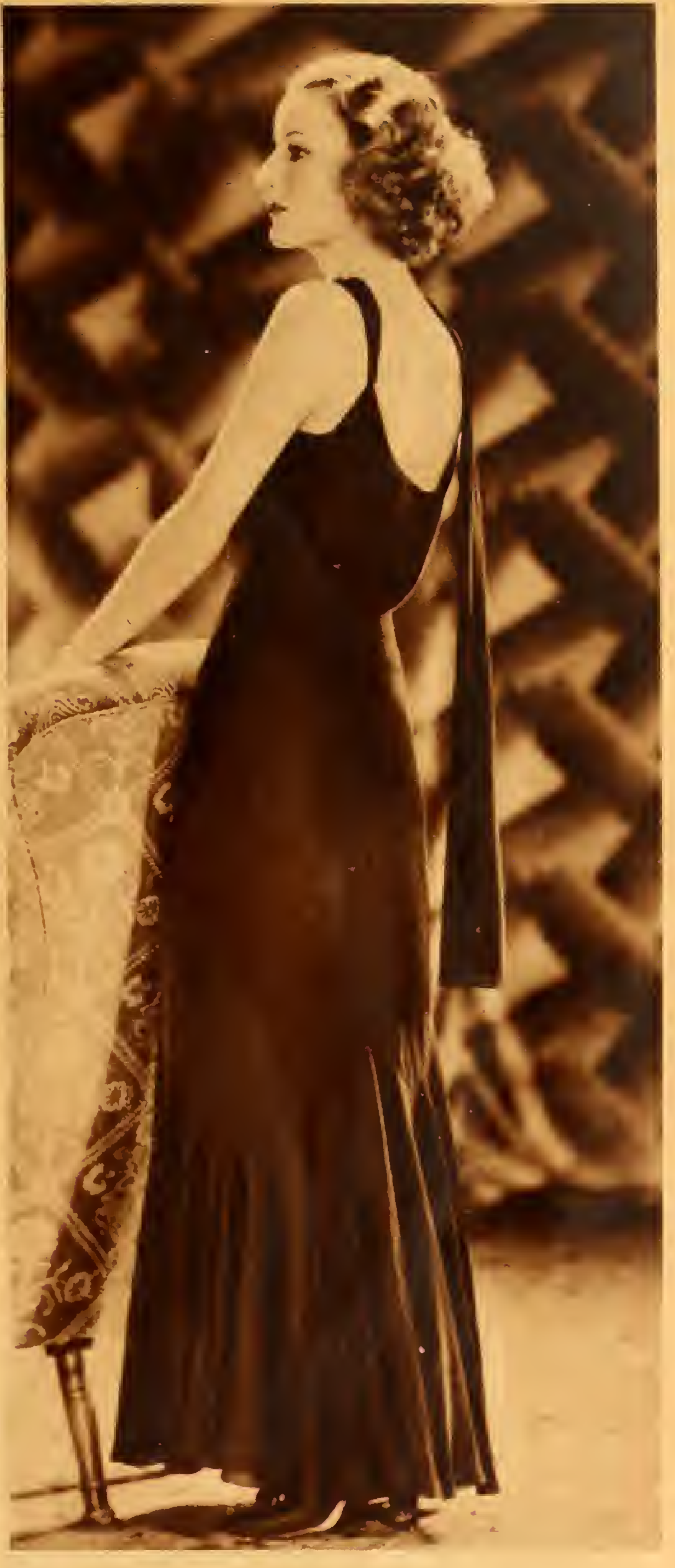


The simple evening gown above is more detailed than it would seem at first. Knife pleats are set on an arched hip yoke, giving an extremely full skirt. It is slightly fitted at the waistline, and has a rolled belt of the same material

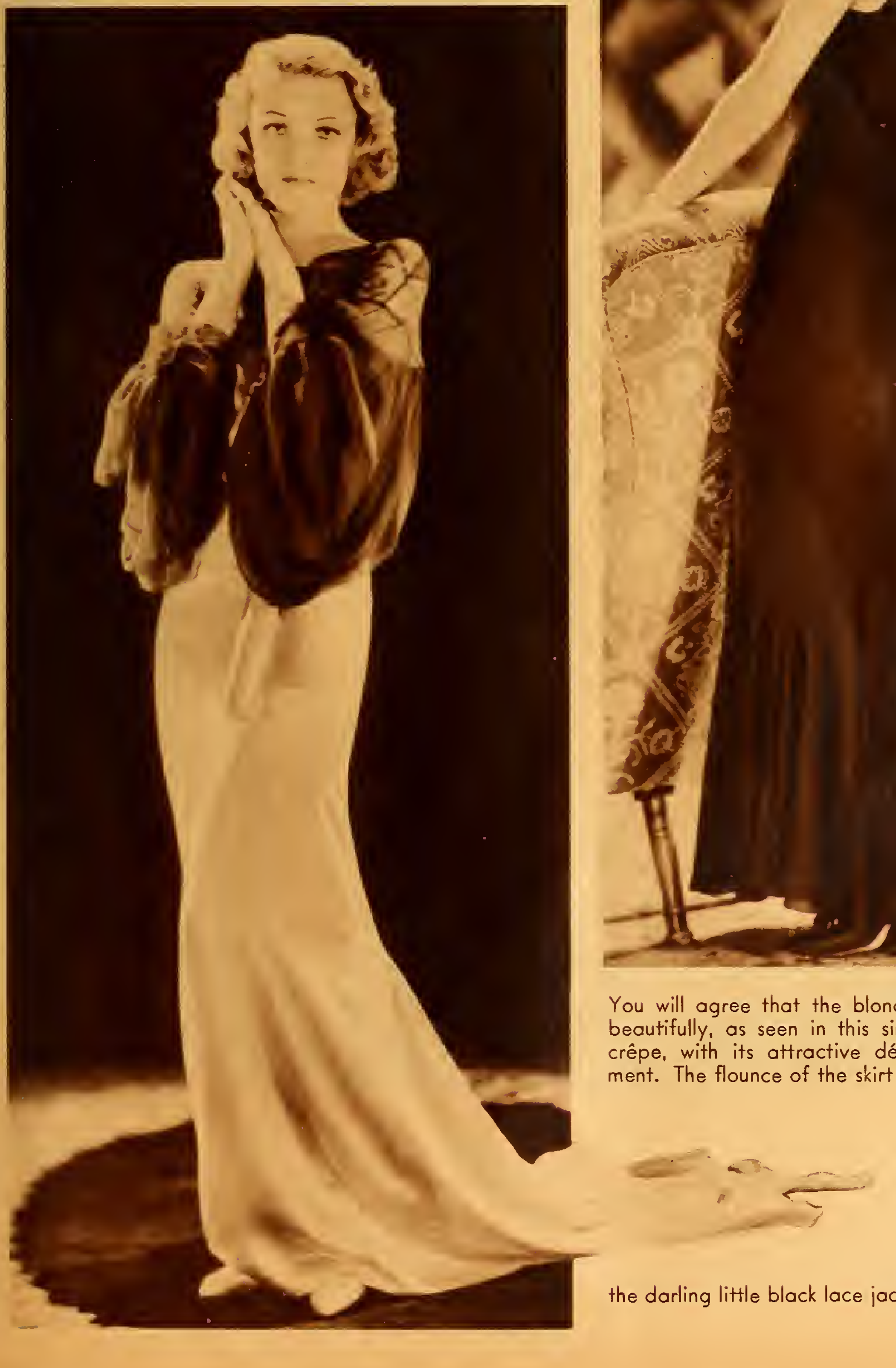


The very lovely gown at the right, with the cute little puffed sleeves and simple ribbon tied at the waist, is of gold-colored lace. It has a fitted hip-yoke on which the very full skirt, which falls in such graceful lines, is gathered

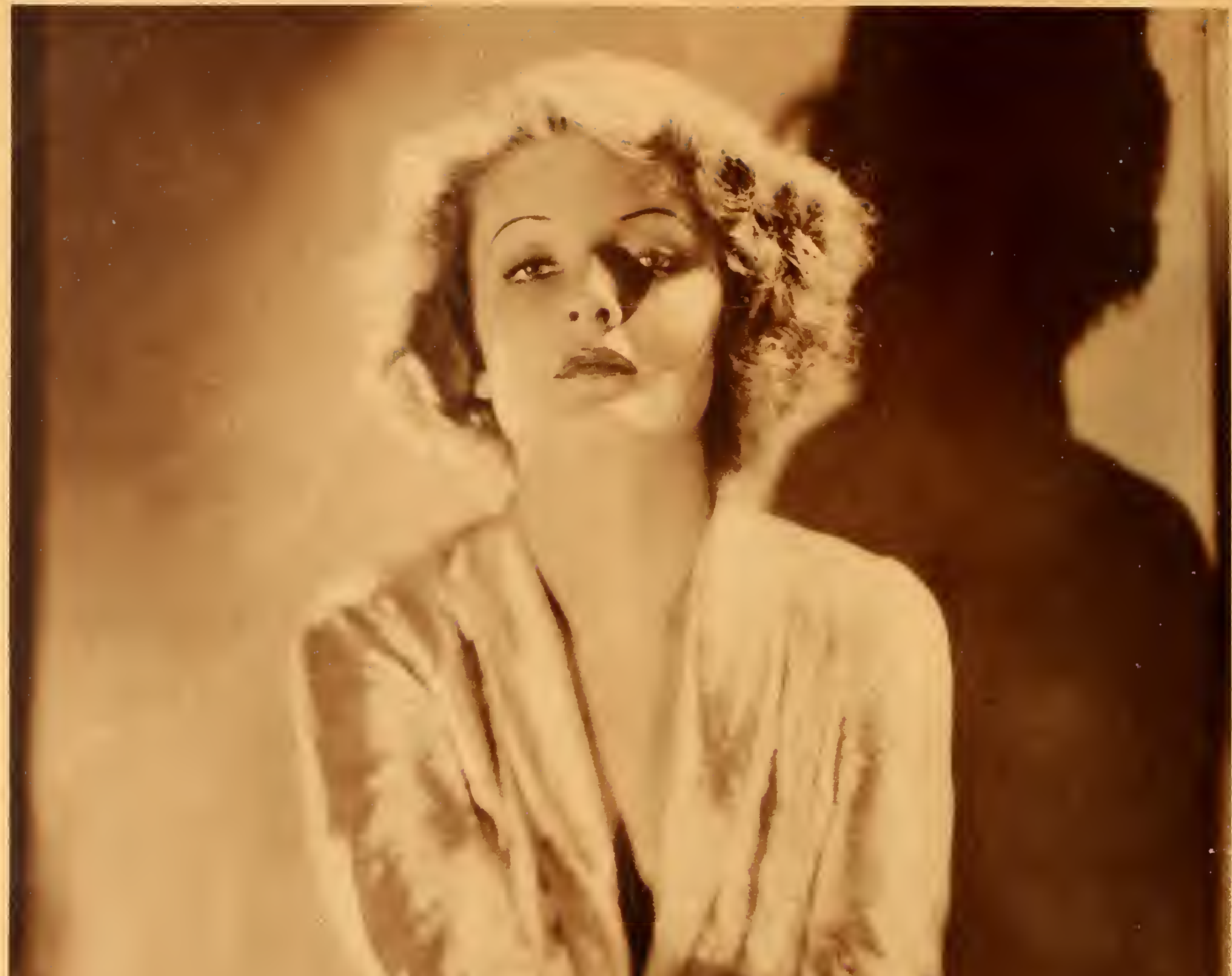
When RKO "discovered" her, Gwili was the highest-paid fashion model in New York—and you can safely bet that the stars are stealing glances at her gowns, and noting the way she wears them. Exclusive photos by Ernest A. Bachrach



You will agree that the blonde Miss Andre wears black beautifully, as seen in this simple, but elegant gown of crêpe, with its attractive décolletage and scarf treatment. The flounce of the skirt is intricately cut for fullness



At the left, our former New York model is displaying an ivory satin negligée with a long train. The big feature of this ensemble is the darling little black lace jacket with the very full sleeves



Bachrach

There MUST have been something wrong in Denmark, when the Danes let Gwili Andre slip away from them. For this girl has Hollywood guessing as no one has since Garbo first went mysterious. Where has such a beauty been hiding? Where did such a young girl acquire so much poise? How come she didn't have screen ambitions until RKO suddenly "discovered" her? And will she do the Garbo and Dietrich type of rôle? After you get through looking at her, you'll discover that all these "mysteries" about newcomer Gwili are solved on the opposite page

The beautiful newcomer who has Hollywood guessing is blonde, Danish, and about twenty-four years old. Her name is pronounced as it is spelled. She is not an ex-Countess or ex-Duchess, as rumored. She has never been on the stage, and "Roar of the Dragon" is her first picture. RKO believes she is "another Garbo"—but all the "mystery" amuses Gwili!

The New "*Lady of Mystery*" —GWILI ANDRE

MOTION PICTURE nominated Gwili Andre for stardom last month for two reasons. First, because of her startling beauty; and secondly, because we happen to know of RKO's big plans for its "mystery" discovery. Like Garbo, she has Hollywood guessing. Everyone wants to know what she is like, and wants to know about her background. This story, gleaned from her close friends, clears up the mystery surrounding this girl who may soon dazzle the world.—Editor.

By DOROTHY MANNERS

A GREAT many people consider newcomer Gwili Andre the most beautiful woman in Hollywood with her blonde hair and her startling blue eyes. Even before they knew what her name was or that she was RKO's private experiment in "another Garbo," people would gather at photographer Preston Duncan's display next to the *Brown Derby* and admire the striking portrait of the girl who looked like a cross between Garbo and Joan Crawford. They whispered: "*Who is she?*"

To date there haven't been any official answers to that question. RKO is mum on the subject of Gwili (pronounced just exactly as it is spelled and not *Jee-Lee*, as first announced) —as mum as M-G-M has been about the original "woman of mystery," Garbo. The studio is polite, but firm, in refusing her for the moment to interviewers and writers. There is no information concerning her in the publicity files.

The writing fraternity has been a little "burned" at all the secrecy. What was this business of trying to make a recluse out of an untried, experimental star? Perhaps Garbo could pull the "mystery" stuff and get away with it—but not a new star. For this reason, believing the studio was deliberately pulling "stunt" publicity on them, many columnists indifferently recorded that Gwili's first rôle would be in support of Richard Dix in "Roar of the Dragon." But after glimpsing her, they did not think it any mystery that her first rôle should be such an important one.

Not a Mystery, After All

THE truth is that the mystery of Gwili is not nearly so involved as it is painted.

Studio executives are not trying to make a "Sphinx" of the beautiful, blonde girl with the alluring mouth. Because they honestly and sincerely believe they have a great "find" in Gwili, they are wary of "overselling" her to the public. They want the public—not the press-agents—to have the last word on the future of their new star. Perhaps, too, RKO has learned a bitter lesson from a rival organization, which, to its sorrow, launched a publicity-flung "star" who did not make the grade.

Who, then, is Gwili, the beautiful blonde who has no biography in the studio files, who shies from reporters because she is requested to do so, who relates such humorous stories of studio events

(*Continued on page 88*)

Top
Maurice Chevalier

Circle
Mlle. Mistinguette

Acme

Top
John Boles

Circle
Gloria Swanson

The WOMEN Who Made them FAMOUS

Chevalier and Boles and Brent and Gable—they are stars to-day because of the women who helped them yesterday. And that applies to every man star!

Last month, we told you that behind every woman star there is a man who has been responsible for her success—a man who recognized her talent, encouraged her, started her on her career. This is a companion story, telling you that behind every man star there has been a woman, who fought for him, would not let him give up hope, sensed a great future for him.—Editor.

FROM Adam straight down through the ages to Valentino and Clark Gable, man has shared the credit for his achievements with woman. He has given due regard to that electric, intuitive, persistent, feminine mind which has directed him down the long road to success!

In Hollywood, the fleeting silhouette of some devoted woman is etched on the accomplishment of the great screen heroes. An extraordinary personality, a peculiar talent, a spark of genius perhaps, is frequently detected first in a man by a woman. And the annals of motion pictures are eloquent testimony that, behind every successful man on the screen, the shadow of a woman is cast.

Consider the newest recruit to Hollywood's army of fame—that lad from Ireland, George Brent. And true to pattern—a woman, playing with him in a small stock company in the East, first recognized his potential ability. She lent an encouraging hand, told him that his destiny was greatness. They married, only to be parted shortly thereafter. But nevertheless, her prophecy remained a spur—to drive him on to Hollywood, to

Top
George
Brent

Circle
Ruth
Chatterton

Sergis Alberts

Top
Clark
Gable

Circle
Josephine
Dillon

BY BETTY AMES

WHO MADE THEM FAMOUS?

MAURICE CHEVALIER doffs his hat to Mlle. Mistinguette, who made him her partner.
JOHN BOLES was taken out of the ranks of theatre ushers by Gloria Swanson.
GEORGE BRENT can thank two women—his former wife and Ruth Chatterton.
CLARK GABLE learned all about acting from Josephine Dillon, his first wife.
ROLAND YOUNG first won attention in plays by Clare Kummer, now his mother-in-law.
RUDOLPH VALENTINO owed his glamour to June Mathis, Jean Acker and Natacha Rambova.
NEIL HAMILTON'S mother and the girl who became his wife staked him to his career.
JACKIE COOPER'S mother and grandmother made Jackie what he is to-day.
BORIS KARLOFF'S former wife saw him through his hardest years.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., got to the top at last because of his mother.
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER tried his first camera test because of his wife, Bobbe Arnst.

carry him through the first bleak years of failure.

Success came but recently. Ruth Chatterton saw screen tests of George Brent in the projection room. She acclaimed him as a discovery, insisted that he should be cast opposite her in "The Rich Are Always With Us." Under her sympathetic guidance, benefitting from her sure sense of drama and vast experience, he delivered a performance which in turn earned him leads opposite Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell and Constance Bennett. Unquestionably, it was Ruth Chatterton's enthusiasm and undoubted popularity that made the Arabian Nights rise of George Brent possible.

She Taught Gable His Acting

DYNAMIC, startling Clark Gable and his instantaneous enslavement of a nation is a monument to the selfless service of one woman—Josephine Dillon. The woman who saw, beneath the unpolished, yearning, frustrated exterior of Gable, that nameless charm which has brought him stardom.

She was the daughter of a California Supreme Court Judge—a cultured, thoughtful woman, who was teaching voice and elocution, when she met him. Into the mold of Gable she poured out all her own desires and ambitions. She taught him stage technique, taught him how to make every word and gesture count. She gave him that assured poise and that remarkable courage which permitted him to continue calling the casting directors daily, to listen to their "nothing to-day." To begin again on the morrow. To be defeated. And to try again.

Gable married Josephine Dillon—and the fact that they were subsequently divorced because of the disparity in their ages and their temperaments in no wise minimizes the fact that she was the determining influence in his career.

Yet another woman may well share in his deserved glory. And she is Lillian Albertson, theatre impresario of Los Angeles. Clark Gable was given the rôle of *Killer Mears* in the Western production of "The Last Mile" through her efforts. All Hollywood, including studio officials, turned out for the first night of

(*Continued on page 82*)

If you were THE platinum blonde and you had just won out over all the other actresses in filmdom for the title rôle of "RED-Headed Woman," wouldn't you be tempted to lie down and have a good chuckle to yourself? And that's just what Jean Harlow (right) is doing, in the study of her home. She leaves her red hair at the studio, you'll notice

C. S. Bull

If you had just been married and had moved into a house overlooking the ocean, would you feel like leaving the little love nest? Right! Greta Nissen doesn't, either. When she isn't daydreaming with hubby Weldon Heyburn, she's silently praying she won't have to go back to work tomorrow

WHAT WOULD YOU DO, EH? WELL, MAURICE (AND THE GIRLS) DID IT!

If you saw five charmers all lolling on divans or couches, you might ask—as Maurice Chevalier (above) did in "One Hour with You"—"What would YOU do, eh?" Maurice found an easy chair and ottoman and did some lolling, himself. But why no smile? That's because his wife, Yvonne Vallée, has gone back to France to get their Riviera home ready for his vacation—and here he is in Hollywood, lonesome, in spite of the beauties all about

Powolny

If you were one of the busiest stars in the business, would you enjoy working when you arrived home? No? Well, Elissa Landi (right) does. She takes to her couch, with an apple in one hand and a pencil in the other, and works on her next novel. And if you don't think it's fun, just look at her! Also, of course, she has a brand-new house

Powolny

Longet

If you played semi-tragic heroines all day, do you suppose you could shake off the mood the moment you got home and into some lounging pajamas, and curled up on the couch? Helen Twelvetrees (left) will tell you that you couldn't. But maybe Helen's present dreaminess has another explanation. For she is temporarily leaving the screen to await the visit of Old Doctor Stork

And if you had a little home at Malibu, with a great big divan, what—if anything—could make you look up from your book? Only the call of the camera? Strange, that's how Leila Hyams feels, too! Her home (which is also Phil Berg's, of course) was furnished throughout by William Haines, whose sideline is interior-decorating

C. S. Bull

Contented —*And How!*

"Acting from a contented actress"—that's the new slogan for Ruth Chatterton's art. But don't let them tell you she isn't looking forward to a good long vacation from work and divorce rumors!

BY NANCY PRYOR

IF Ruth Chatterton thrills you by her performance in "The Rich Are Always with Us"; if you tingle to a new glow over the throbbing throaty Chatterton voice and marvel at the added fervor of her charm, set it down as the result of "acting from a contented actress."

We've Warner Brothers' word for it! We've the entire organization back of the thought that any added polish to the Chatterton glamour is due to plain old-fashioned peace of mind. As the publicity poets so aptly phrased it in a recent advertisement in trade papers, in heralding the approach of "The Rich Are Always with Us":

Ruth Chatterton has found in her alliance with Warner Brothers . . . understanding . . . business acuteness . . . and wholehearted coöperation. For these reasons she has found happiness and contentment in her work at the Warner Brothers Studio and the first result, "The Rich Are Always with Us," we honestly believe presents her in the greatest rôle that she has ever portrayed on the screen. IT IS GREAT ACTING FROM A CONTENTED ACTRESS.

You get mental flashes (hot and cold) of the gently contented Miss Chatterton grazing over the vistas of the Burbank valley studio, basking in the warmth of the bovine publicity tribute, happily chewing over the clauses of her $750,000 contract.

Personally, we liked the old Paramount slogan for Chatterton, "The First Lady of the Screen," much better. It's much more in keeping with that Chatterton brand of aristocratic heart-throb. But, then, maybe the Warner Brothers feel that if Ruth isn't contented it isn't their fault.

If ever a contract was guaranteed to make a star contented, it is that scrap of paper that *la* Chatterton holds in her safe deposit vault, or in her make-up kit, or wherever it is she keeps it. It's all clover in green pastures, and nary a burdock in it. It's such a contract as most stars merely dream about.

Ball

Ruth Chatterton recently directed her husband, Ralph Forbes, in the stage play, "Let Us Divorce"—but the title doesn't mean anything to them. And it didn't mean anything to them when the play collapsed, either

Seventy-five hundred dollars per week (over the Paramount bid of $3500) for a period of two years, only three productions a year, the final say-so on directors and leading men, plus a "mutual agreement" on stories, would lull any number of actresses into a warm glow of contentment. It's a depression-beating figure with sedative terms that is equalled, or topped, by only one or two other Hollywood contracts. (The one offered Garbo, for instance. Or Connie Bennett's.) Like all the other things Hollywood talks about, this contract has had its share of legend stories. You hear: "Chatterton can do anything she likes. She can state the starting day of each production . . . she can quit every afternoon at four o'clock . . . she can refuse interview or publicity sittings . . . she can have green and white peacocks running around her dressing-room if she likes . . . and a dozen servants."

When we, personally, inquired about these gilded legends from none other than the "contented actress," herself, Ruth Chatterton laughed. She was sitting in a yellow-backed chair in her dressing-room, wearing a brilliant blue dress. There was an alertness in her manner that suggested anything but bovine drowsiness. Yet reportorial duty makes it necessary to

Ruth Chatterton now gets $7,500 a week, can pick her own stories, her directors and her leading men

add that every now and then the Chatterton jaw moved rhythmically in an operation commonly known as "chewing gum." It was a little disconcerting at first.

"I have a grand contract, it's true," said the Chatterton, and her jaw moved slowly, probably in contentment. "But it isn't true that I can do anything I want to. That would be foolish. I shouldn't want such a contract. It would mean too much responsibility. Imagine walking into Mr. Zanuck's office and saying: 'I force you to make this story I have selected.' No," she summed it up, "it's a much nicer contract than that. We *agree*, the studio and I!"

If the bungalow we were sitting in was one of the points of agreement, it is a cinch Ruthie didn't come off any the worse on the deal. It's grand. It's scrumptious. It's probably one of the high points of contentment. I'd never thought of a studio dressing-room being romantic before. But Chatterton's is.

The pale green walls are hung with charming pastel prints. Gay-colored linens drape the windows. Two yellow love-seats flank the open fireplace and there is a profusion of fresh flowers, and books, and china cigarette-trays about. Down a narrow corridor, you may glimpse the ruffles of the canopied bed, and on through the bedroom window a begonia-laden patio is being freshly sprinkled by the studio gardner. It looks like an ad for "You Furnish the Girl—We Furnish the Home." Plenty of girls have been furnished—but not to homes like Ruth's studio bungalow.

When she is actually engaged in production, she lives there, journeying home to Beverly Hills and Ralph Forbes (the husband) only over the week-ends. Nor has it disturbed her contentment in any way that her studio residence has unloosed a flock of "they are going to separate" rumors.

According to Mr. Scoop Conlon (ambassador with portfolio), who handles the Chatterton "personal affairs," the contented actress has discovered a splendid philosophy of dealing with phases which might interfere with her much-publicized contentment. She merely ignores whatever-it-is. "There's no back talk when one ignores," says Scoop.

When a writer, whom she had counted as a friend, wrote a story that she was "not giving her all" and was resorting to a "bag of tricks" to hold her public, Mr. Forbes became very upset. But Miss Chatterton remained calm, as advertised. She did not read the offending article. In fact, she would not read it. One can't remain contented when dust blows in your eyes.

When hints became too prevalent to ignore that there was trouble brewing between Ruth and Ralph Forbes, she merely laughed them off without bothering with a denial and went on with her plans of directing her actor-husband in a stage play called "Let Us Divorce," which they had bought together. Thus proving there still is teamwork between them.

(*Continued on page 91*)

George Brent is very much Ruth's idea of a leading man. He plays opposite her for the second time in "Children of Pleasure"

Where You'll Find the STARS at PLAY

SERIES NUMBER 1

The Ambassador Hotel—where the stars do most of their dancing; where newcomers are sometimes "discovered"; where stars sometimes hide; where romances often begin—and where they sometimes end!

This is the first of a new series in MOTION PICTURE, telling you the stories of the places where the stars escape from work, lose their worries, play and romance. These stories are in the nature of tip-offs. If you ever go to California, these are the places where you can rub elbows with your favorites, where you are SURE to find them in gay moods.—Editor.

THE most frequent address given by picture people to their chauffeurs when they start out for a Big Time is "The Ambassador." Though situated geographically between Hollywood and Los Angeles, it is literally the center of the movie colony. Through its doors, evening after evening, pass the great, the near-great and the once-great of the films. And also it is here that the unknowns, wearing their best, come to dine and dance—in the hope of being "discovered."

For those who demand privacy, the hotel has little bungalows situated behind the main building. In these, hired for the week-end, producers gather to discuss the inside plans of the industry—for it has been tested and proved that these walls have no ears, particularly with guards about. If, late at night, the voices drift off into the rustle of cards and the rattle of

Field Newspictures

When stars want to Get Away From It All, they frequently "hide out" in the Ambassador Hotel bungalows, shown above. Stars who have lived here temporarily include Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Jetta Goudal and John Barrymore

By
DOROTHY
CALHOUN

Left, a distant view of the Ambassador Hotel, which is located between Hollywood and Los Angeles, yet is the center of Hollywood night life. Here is where you will usually find the stars dancing between pictures, when they can keep late hours. And you'll also see them all dressed up

Mitzi Green (above) avers that the Ambassador also has its daytime attractions. (She doesn't know much about the night ones yet.) You'll find her swimming in the pool almost every day

Perhaps you recognize the big scene in the center, showing festivities in the Cocoanut Grove in full sway. It is from "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood." Seated at the ringside table at the left are Sidney Fox, Lew Ayres, Boris Karloff and Genevieve Tobin—all apparently gone moody under the spell of Gus Arnheim's jazz

chips while ten thousand dollars change hands on the turn of a card, it is just one more secret for the Ambassador to keep.

And what secrets it does keep! Here come many famous people, hiding from their fame, and many equally famous hiding from other pursuit. Richard Dix, it is whispered, spent the last few hectic days of bachelorhood in one of its bungalows, trying to escape reporters and—more especially—the tears and reproaches of the ladies he wasn't going to marry. Mary Nolan, hounded by creditors, fled to its sanctuary, where she lived in peace under an alias. Recently it protected and sheltered Walter Winchell, warned by his doctors that he must have rest and quiet. With an entire town on the columnist's trail with invitations, movie offers, requests for interviews, only a few intimate friends knew where he was, and any requests for him on the telephone were met with the suave reply, "not staying at the hotel."

Besides being a protector to the shy, the nerve-wracked, and the fugitive from fame, the Ambassador is something of a match-maker.

(*Continued on page 72*)

John Miljan Becomes a *Daddy*—and Almost Loses His Son

The new Hollywood mothers are getting all the attention, but here is a father who deserves some. There is a story behind the birth of his baby, who came into the world more dead than alive—and here it is, told for the first time!

By GLADYS HALL

"GOD, I went screwy!" John Miljan told me. "I went absolutely *screwy!* I kissed the doctor on his head, his eyes, his nose, probably I kissed his hands. I grabbed the nurses and danced them up and down and all around. I kept yelling to my wife, still under the anesthetic, 'You have a son—you have a son—who wants to see you!' I suppose no operating room before ever witnessed such a scene. I guess you'd call it going mad. *I had something of my own, you see—something of my own at last—though he was still in danger.*"

And that mad paragraph, just as John Miljan told it to me, means that, eight days before, John Miljan's first and only son was born. Twice born, in fact.

For weeks before the baby's arrival, things had gone rather more than wrong for Mrs. Miljan. For thirty-eight hours before the baby's birth, the doctor could detect no infant heart-beat. He called in a colleague in consultation. He listened for that tiny tick-tock that means life. There was none. Two internes listened. Two nurses. No evidence of a heart-beat. No evidence of life. *Every evidence, according to all precedent, that life had ceased.*

The doctor told John that this meant death, the baby's death. It was agreed that nothing else could be expected. And then, sharply, it came to John Miljan how much he wanted that baby, how dreadfully he hoped the baby might live, what he stood to lose with the loss of that unborn life. He had never known he wanted the baby so much.

For two days, Mrs. Miljan was in labor. For thirty-eight hours before the birth it was believed that the end of that long travail would be a still birth. A Caesarean operation was discussed. But the baby was dead and why jeopardize the mother?

A nurse came to John and suggested that he have his wife moved to another floor. It would be a still birth, undoubtedly. It would be sad for her to be on the maternity floor, to have to hear the comings and goings of babies who had lived. Arrangements were made. The room was changed.

And then, after thirty-eight hours of living death, there in that tense, dramatic operating room in the Hollywood Hospital, the doctor suspected the faint possibility of life. He used forceps. In two minutes he had brought into the world a nine-pound baby boy—blue, strangled, lungs filled, all but dead. *All but.*

"Alive . . ." The word came, reluctantly, fearfully. And then it was that John went mad. He examined the little, scarcely living body. Perfect. He followed the doctor and the nurses on every single step of their triumphant march toward life. The lungs pumped. Shots of adrenalin. Violet-ray machines flooding the small body. Blood transfusions from the mother to the child. Oxygen. Everything that this skilled and miracle-working German doctor, Dr. Rudolph Marx, had at his command was used. And at the end of twelve hours the word came

(*Continued on page 97*)

BABY NOW OUT OF DANGER

John Miljan's son is now flourishing, despite his desperate fight for life at his birth, related here. "He knows me," John insists. "I drop in at the nursery and talk things over with him before I start for the studio. He has his supper at eight in the evening. I take my friends in, and we all have a drink together to be sociable —baby and all!"

Buy silk stockings with the $3 you save

A hat, a scarf, a good pair of gloves, or several pairs of stockings—these you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

This thrift dentifrice brings new brilliance to women's teeth

You probably have your favorite tooth paste. You think it is helping your teeth. And it undoubtedly is. But if you could expect even better results from a new type of tooth paste, wouldn't you be willing to try it? Especially if the trial would cost you only a quarter?

Many women with dull, lackluster teeth have written to thank us for Listerine Tooth Paste. They say it brings new luster, new brilliance, new beauty to teeth. And why not? Listerine Tooth Paste contains the most modern, gentlest type of polishing agents.

They say that it cleans teeth more thoroughly than any dentifrice they have ever used. That it gets rid of stubborn tartar, unsightly tobacco stains, and other discolorations with a speed that is amazing. They say, too, that Listerine Tooth Paste leaves the mouth with a feeling of freshness and invigoration not produced by any other tooth paste on the market. That seems reasonable; this tooth paste contains some of the very essences that make Listerine itself so delightful.

These are not our statements. They are the statements of women who have tried all sorts of brands, and finally settled on Listerine Tooth Paste as being the best value. Won't you try it? We are perfectly willing to stand or fall on your judgment.

25¢

Get a tube today at your druggist's. He, too, will tell you that the product is as good as the quality name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The makers of
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
recommend

**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC
TOOTH BRUSHES**

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"I'm 20"

Screen stars *keep* *the charm of Youth*

SCREEN STARS know how important it is to *keep* youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so exceptionally *white* that no other soap can rival it!

Begin today to let it care for your skin. You're sure to be delighted with the results, just as the famous stars are!

Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

JEAN HARLOW, favorite of the screen: "I have found the secret of a fresh and youthful complexion — regular care with Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

"I'm 30" "I'm over 40"

Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

VIOLA DANA, beloved screen star: "Like most actresses, I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap has a wonderfully soothing effect on the skin."

Recent photograph by Nickolas Muray, New York

NAZIMOVA, glamorous star of the stage and screen: "I laugh at being over 40—my skin is so soft, so smooth. For years I have been faithful to Lux Toilet Soap!"

Toilet Soap_10¢

Life is just a bowl of hardknocks, says Minna Gombell

If Minna is successful to-day (and she is, girls, she is!), it's because she has thrown overboard all the sweet little thoughts she had drilled into her when she was growing up. Here's a new kind of success story!

By FAITH SERVICE

IF you saw the wisecracking, sturdy-hearted Minna Gombell in "Bad Girl" or "Stepping Sisters" or "Careless Lady," you saw, more or less, the real Minna. She's blunt of speech, seasoned by life and living, ready of laughter, and free of scorn. And she has spent most of her young life un-learning the things she was taught as a child.

Minna was brought up, in Baltimore, Maryland, to be a housewife, a parlor pianist, a Good Woman and other virtuous things. She was taught all the mildewed maxims that were ever invented.

And to-day she says: "The old copy-book maxims—such as Virtue Is Its Own Reward, Honesty Is the Best Policy, Patience Is a Virtue, and so on—are a lot of hooey. They're all right when you're in the nursery, hiding behind your mother's skirts, being Teacher's Pet. When you begin to live on your own, they're scrapple and the sooner you scrap 'em, the better. If you don't, they'll knock you down and drag you out or something of the sort. I know. I've tested 'em."

Minna, as a child, had long golden curls and an angelic smile. She believed in everything—Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the copy-book lessons, teachers' orations and the ministers in their pulpits. Descended on her father's side from a long and rigid line of German Lutheran ministers, she had the fear of God and the Commandments of the ancients in her blood. And Minna's mother was gentle and sweet and beautiful and steeped in the lavender and old lace of mid-Victorian ideas and ideals.

Then She Learned Better

THEN Minna grew up. Her father died of a malignant disease. Her mother died, of the same disease, painfully, later on.

Minna began to think about Life. It didn't seem to be turning out as she had been taught to expect it would. If Virtue is

(*Continued on page 81*)

Radically new

greatest advance in sanitary protection since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Redesigned to end all fear of revealing outlines, no matter how close-fitting your dress is

AT LAST! A radically new design in sanitary protection. Made by Kotex—originators of the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM KOTEX. Why? Because it is so flattened and tapered that it leaves no outlines even under the closest-fitting of evening gowns.

And for those who require extra protection, Super Phantom Kotex is perfect. Despite the extra protective surface, ends are so skilfully flattened and tapered as to be completely inconspicuous.

Kotex features retained

Kotex is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; can be worn, with equal protection, on either side; disposable, easily. More than 24 million pads were used in hospitals alone last year.

Ask for the new PHANTOM KOTEX. Try it. Learn what a difference it makes. Insist upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy it wrapped. Each tapered end of the new pad is stamped "Kotex"—so you can't get inferior substitutes.

Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history. This new improvement comes to you at no increase in price. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom Kotex.*

To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this book—the subject has been covered completely . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation, parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2145
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed..........
Street..........
City.......... *State*..........

Copyright 1932, Kotex Company

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

AS YOU DESIRE ME

Garbo Still Supreme—Don't Miss Her: In her new picture, Garbo is aloof, dynamic, her strange beauty compelling the eyes, her throaty voice with its roughness of accent compelling the ears. Adrian, the designer, has given her some of the most striking costumes seen on the screen, Pirandello has given her some of the most emotional lines heard in the talkies, and Metro has given her an adequate cast and beautiful backgrounds, but Garbo has something apart from all these aids.

Her personality varies from the reckless, tired abandon of the kept woman of a sybarite (Von Stroheim), through the timid, fearful withdrawals of the restored wife, who cannot believe in joy, to the gay, brave self-sufficiency of the end where she discovers that it does not especially matter to her lover (Melvyn Douglas) what she has been, but only what she is.

SOCIETY GIRL

Not Jimmy Dunn's Style: Moviegoers will feel a lack of something in this picture of a young prize-fighter and a society girl who tries to civilize him to Park Avenue standards. Perhaps the lack is Sally Eilers. No matter how charming a substitute Peggy Shannon makes as the heroine, James Dunn has been "teamed" so successfully with Sally that the two seem to go together as inevitably as Scotch and soda.

The plot runs true to form, showing how the effete life of society weakens the boy so that he cannot fight with his old fire, and the struggle between his old friends and his new ones to control his destiny. A slightly different twist at the end still does not save the picture from banality. Jimmy Dunn is miscast as a fighter. It seems a pity to waste such an ebullient personality as this chap, with much the same appeal of the beloved Wallace Reid, on commonplace material.

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY

Arliss' Latest Is Well Named: "A Successful Calamity" is more or less well named. The picture *would* be a mild calamity if it were not for the characteristic charm and finesse of George Arliss and the hard work contributed by Mary Astor, Evalyn Knapp, William Janney, and Randolph Scott. The tale is an old one, and thin.

A very wealthy man finds his family growing away from him. Social activities consume their time. He pretends to be financially ruined. And his family rally 'round him. His daughter attempts to marry the smug and wealthy suitor she had rejected. His son attempts a business career. His wife pawns her jewels. His butler gives him all his savings. In the end, the father, pleased and deeply touched, announces that all is well. And a united family go merrily on their way, a lesson learned. A tepid tale, but charming because of the charming people who act it.

WINNER TAKE ALL

Cagney Is The Whole Show: This is the final picture Jimmy Cagney made for Warners before he "struck" for a salary raise. Because you may not see him again for some time, it is worth viewing. Otherwise it is unimportant.

Jimmy plays a prize-fighter, managed by Guy Kibbee, in love with Marian Nixon, but attracted to Virginia Bruce, a society girl. For Marian he fights. When Virginia comes into his life, he undergoes a plastic surgery operation only to find she has been amusing herself with him. You have seen the whole thing before even to the kick Cagney administers to the girl.

Performances are all first-rate and dialogue is ofttimes adept. But the story is unimpressive. It becomes downright absurd when Jimmy races through New York in his fighting trunks to chase the girl aboard an ocean liner that he may deliver the kick in person.

THE DARK HORSE

Snappy Entertainment All the Way: As jolly a way of spending an evening as you could wish, providing you are politics-minded. All the tunes and the banners and the red light transparencies and the stunts of campaigning are here, plus Warren Williams' suavity, Bette Davis' ingenuity and a fast-moving and cleverly planned plot. But it is to Guy Kibbee in the title rôle to whom the honors of the picture belong. His bland ignorance of all issues, his beaming smile and senatorial appearance make his characterization a telling bit of satire on public officials.

A simpleton is chosen as a candidate for governor and the harassed campaign committee gets a clever press-agent out of jail to manage his campaign. How he steers his blundering client through the exigencies of speech-making, dodging blackmailers, posing for publicity pictures, is constantly amusing.

WESTWARD PASSAGE

Ann Harding Changed in Divorce Drama: This picture, curiously enough, parallels Ann Harding's own marital experience which came to a crisis during its filming. The heroine has a husband who wants a divorce because he believes himself a genius as a writer. But when he gets it, Life, itself, proves that one cannot erase so much of youthful passion and happiness by a few words spoken in a courtroom. The star's personal troubles are no doubt responsible for a change in her screen personality, which at times is so marked that she is scarcely recognizable, though always competent and charming.

Some of the dialogue is witty, some is wearisome; the action is slow. The picture is billed as a starring vehicle for Ann Harding, but the public will undoubtedly give it to Laurence Olivier, who stands out unmistakably as a coming lover of the screen. He has personality and ability.

(*More Reviews on Page 68*)

THIS HALF·FACE BEAUTY TEST CONVINCED THE SCIENTISTS . . . IT SHOULD CONVINCE YOU

612 women, under observation of 15 dermatologists, use usual beauty methods on one side of their faces . . . Woodbury's Facial Soap on other side . . . for 30 days. Contrast astonishing!

By **DR.** (______________________)
(Nationally known dermatologist)

"The ethics of my profession forbid publication of my name. But I can tell women these actual facts:—

"For 30 days a group of women under my observation cleansed one side of their faces with their usual methods . . . soaps, creams, lotions—whatever they liked . . . The other side of their faces they washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"At the end of 30 days, the contrast on those faces was startling! Not only through the microscope or magnifying glass, but to the naked eye. The cheek which had been washed with Woodbury's, was clear, bright, firm. Smooth and fine as silk. Glowing with life. The other cheek was sallow, dingy, coarse-pored, in comparison.

"The results of that experiment convinced me, as they would any scientist. If I were a woman I couldn't ask for better *proof* of what to use to keep my skin nice, or to make it clearer and finer.

"Any woman, seeing the right and left sides of my patients' faces after the 30-day Half-face Test, would quickly forget that old myth you hear so often . . . 'I can't use soap on my face' . . . and quickly abandon the idea that one must pay a fabulous price for beauty aids."

• • •

Your skin needs creams, too. But first of all, it needs zestful cleansing with Woodbury's for the extra tonic effect it has on the skin glands, pores, circulation.

Woodbury's is not just a soap. It is a scientific beauty treatment in cake form. Numerous foreign countries, including many remote spots in the Orient, are combed to procure its costly ingredients. The fine, rare oils in Woodbury's are not to be found in mere toilet soaps.

Would you like to see YOUR complexion clear and fine in 30 days . . . perhaps less? Fresh, firm, velvety soft? Would you like to correct dry skin, oily skin, blackheads, coarse pores, pimples?

Then try Woodbury's Facial Soap as the directions advise. Make the Half-face Test yourself, if you wish . . . but 612 women have already done it for you. Profit by their experience and begin at once to use Woodbury's on your skin. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters (25¢). Or mail coupon for sample.

NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time . . . Leon Belasco and his orchestra . . . WABC and Columbia Network.

Von Horn

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 920 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.

Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

*Name*____________________ *Street*____________________
*City*____________________ *State*____________________

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 66*)

LOVE IS A RACKET

Doug, Jr., in Trivial Melodrama: In a big city, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—a columnist—falls in love in the old-fashioned way with a thoroughly modern young actress (Frances Dee), who deliberately wins his love in order to get publicity in his paper.

Young Doug is very likable as the wisecracking, hard-boiled newspaper chap, who is willing to fight gangdom, itself, in his idealistic belief in the innocent-looking little love racketeer. Ann Dvorak, as The Other Girl, to whom he turns cynically when he discovers that he has been played for a sucker, is so good that it seems a pity there is so little of her in the picture. Timed to jazz swiftness, crackling with the slang of the moment, packed with action, the picture holds the interest—though you may not be able to remember what it was all about when you get home.

MYSTERY RANCH

Grand Scenery in This Thriller: In an inaccessible mountain-walled valley in the Sioux country of Arizona stands a sinister and mysterious ranch-house ruled over by a maniac. Terrible sights are seen here, terrible sounds heard. A voiceless Indian guards the locked door of a luxurious series of chambers in which a beautiful blonde girl is a prisoner. To this unpleasant spot fate brings George O'Brien.

At the first sight of George one breathes more easily, knowing that whatever needs to be done he will do. He starts with the rescue of the blonde (Cecelia Parker) and eventually cleans up the whole gang.

Melodramatic as it is we urge you to see this picture for one reason—though George's virility and Cecelia's blondness might be two more—and that is the gorgeous scenery in almost every shot.

IS MY FACE RED?

Interesting Talkie of Gossip Columnist: The first of several pictures dealing with the modern phenomenon of the male newspaper gossiper and columnist presents us with a conceited cad for a hero and by clever handling of an unsavory plot leaves us liking him. Much of the credit for this picture is due to Ben Markson for the stream of flip patter and smart cracks he wrote for the hero.

However, no one less clever than Ricardo Cortez or with a less ingenuous grin could have got away with a hero who kisses and then tells—indeed, broadcasts it to the world. The tell-tale columnist is finally overtaken by one victim of his gossiping bent on vengeance and proves himself a man enough to "take it as well as dish it," as he puts what is evidently a modern commandment.

WEEK-END MARRIAGE

Thin Story, But Acting Is Okay: Here is your old "office wife" plot dressed up in none-too-new clothing. Even some topnotch acting by Loretta Young, Norman Foster, Aline MacMahon and George Brent—lost in a brief bit—fails to save the day. The story is a bit too thin. It purports to deal with the solution of the problem two young people face when they want to marry and lack the wherewithal. It recounts their unpleasant experiences while attempting to hold their individual office jobs and at the same time make a home. It causes them to treat one another in a manner that robs them of your sympathy. It ends with a conventional sick-bed reunion and solves nothing.

Loretta Young has never been more charming or looked more beautiful. She contributes a great deal finer talent to the picture than it deserves.

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS

Strong Stuff, With Sari Maritza: A distinct novelty, in which a story of modern Russia is interlarded with several reels from the old De Mille spectacle, "The Ten Commandments." In Godless Soviet Russia, an old priest tells a group of waifs the story of the Ten Commandments; then he is interrupted by a Communist leader, who mocks the old beliefs and proclaims the commandments of the new Russia. Following these, two groups of lovers find sorrow and disaster and in the end the hero (Gene Raymond) and his wife (Marguerite Churchill) turn toward religion.

Trite as the story is, the background of Soviet life is breathlessly enthralling. Also, the debut of the new exotic, Sari Maritza, makes the picture worth seeing. One amazing thing about the picture is the way the old silent sequences stand up.

THE JEWEL ROBBERY

Lively and Smart—Well Acted: Audiences will be a bit bewildered by the first scenes as just how to take this curiously-timed picture. It is written, directed, and acted in a playful vein, somewhat like the tempo of a musical comedy without the music. Once having decided it is not intended to be believed everyone settles down to have a grand time watching William Powell as the debonair jewel thief, and Kay Francis as the naughty wife of the doddering old count who thinks thieves romantic.

It is fortunate that the picture is not intended seriously, for the lady's morals, as well as the gentleman's, are extremely reprehensible. As it is, audiences will, unashamedly, take sides with them against the forces of law and convention and be delighted to share the heroine's secret of her coming rendezvous at Nice as she begs them to do in the last close-up.

(*More Reviews on Page 78*)

Why *Throw away* what you Save?

This year's smartest frocks come in washable linens and cottons and silks. Lux keeps them fresh, unfaded, lovely as new all season through.

It's a bargain...but only if you keep it like new...

This charming evening dress is of flowered organdy—delightfully crisp and fresh when it's new! To *keep* your pretty frocks new, give them safe Lux care.

"We find we're dressing on just about *half* what we used to spend," women tell us. "That's partly because we're shopping for 'bargains.'

"But it's also because we're actually keeping everything like *new* so much longer.

"In the old days, a charming sweater blouse or a silk dress spoiled in washing didn't matter so much. But now we can't *afford* washing failures. They would wipe out what we save on low prices!

"So nowadays we're not taking chances with the ordinary soaps.* We wash *everything* nice the *safe* way—with gentle, mild Lux suds."

LUX is the first item on *any* woman's economy budget! Because these tiny diamonds are *made* to preserve colors, to keep silks and woolens soft and lovely. Made to float out the perspiration acids that discolor and weaken fabrics. Remove all odor that might offend!

Thanks to Lux all your bargains can be *real* ones! That enticing sweater, your charming printed silks will last this summer and next winter, too. Even dresses you used to have cleaned, your gloves, your pocketbooks, can be kept fresh and new for ages with *safe* Lux. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX
INEXPENSIVE for dishes, too! The big box does 6 weeks' dishes, gives your *hands* beauty care!

In times like these save nice things with safe LUX

---

*Such soaps, whether cakes, powders or chips, often contain harmful alkali which fades colors and weakens fibres. Even one washing with such a soap may do damage nothing can repair.

Stars Who Have Vanished

(Continued from page 30)

Monte Blue—Supposed to be well-to-do, he works only when in the mood. Recently signed for a series of four independent releases.

Betty Blythe—Frequently dons overalls to help her husband, Paul Scardon, in their little California orange orchard. Sometimes the fruit yield is not so good, but Betty is happier than when she was "Queen of Sheba."

Eleanor Boardman—After a sally into talkies a year or so ago, looking younger than ever, Eleanor seems to have gone back to private-life rôle of Mrs. King Vidor. Has two children.

Olive Borden—Retired when she married Theodore Spector on March 28, 1931. Announced recently that she was giving up "a happy home life" to return to stage and screen.

John Bowers—Plays mostly in independent pictures. Lost a good deal of money a short time ago in an airplane-school venture. The school had plenty of students, but getting them to pay was another thing.

Alice Brady—Recently starred on the New York stage in Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra." One of Broadway's greatest favorites.

Sylvia Breamer—Australian actress now married to Edmund Bohan, wealthy Los Angeles business man, and retired.

Gladys Brockwell—Tragic character actress was killed in Los Angeles auto accident on July 2, 1929.

Betty Bronson—"Peter Pan" girl married Ludwig Lauerhaus, wealthy young Asheville (N. C.) man, on March 16, 1932, but plans to make pictures now and then.

Louise Brooks—"Most famous chorus girl," who left Hollywood soon after talkies came in, went abroad to make pictures. Returned briefly last year. Now reported in New York. Recently filed petition in bankruptcy.

Fritzi Brunette—Unable to obtain work, she became a player's agent and in attempting to place her first client, was offered the job, herself. Now alternates acting with agenting with pleasing success.

John Bunny—Big and jovial, one of the first and most famous of the screen's funny men. Died many years ago.

Mae Busch—After retiring for a considerable time, she has recently returned to the screen. Maybe you've spotted her in Laurel and Hardy comedies. She's also in "Rider of Death Valley" with Tom Mix.

Francis X. Bushman—Now in vaudeville. Recently injured in auto accident in England, he sued for $10,000 damages. Last year he got a big amount of publicity by sayinghewasin the market for a wealthy wife.

Alice Calhoun—Married to Mendel B. Silverberg and lives in Beverly Hills. A leader in the movements of local women's clubs.

Catherine Calvert—Widow of Paul Armstrong, the playwright. Was badly injured some years ago in an auto accident and now is a semi-invalid. Her son is preparing to make a screen début.

June Caprice—Widow of Harry Millard. Has a young daughter and is prominent in local society.

Ora Carew—Plays small rôles occasionally on stage and screen.

Jewel Carmen—Married Roland West, the director-producer, and retired.

Mary Carr—Famous as the mother of the silent version of "Over the Hill," she finds parts few and far between these days. And there are so many children in the Carr family!

Irene Castle—Famous dancer and style-setter married the Chicago McLaughlin millions and became a crusader against cruelty to animals. An argument with a farmer about the cleanliness of his pig pens recently put her in the headlines. The farmer won the debate by proving pigs is really pigs.

Helene Chadwick—Plays in independent pictures now and then.

Helen Chandler—Seems to have deserted the screen for Broadway, where she has scored a hit in one of the season's few successes, "Springtime for Henry." Reported not to have liked screen rôles she had been getting.

Lon Chaney—"The Man of a Thousand Faces" died on August 26, 1930, after a tragic, lingering illness (supposed to have been induced by his torturous make-up). His son, Creighton, has just entered the movies.

Lita Grey Chaplin—Charlie's second ex-wife and mother of his two sons, Charles, Jr., and Sydney, is now in vaudeville. Periodically rumored "engaged" to Georges Carpentier, the French boxer.

Agnes Ayres

Mildred Harris Chaplin—In vaudeville of late years, Charlie's first ex-wife was recently reported to have signed a $300-a-week contract to star in Minsky Burlesque in New York.

Sydney Chaplin—Charlie's brother, best-remembered in the silent version of "Charley's Aunt," has been working in England for several years. Now returning from abroad with Charlie—and may clown again in Hollywood.

Edythe Chapman—Widow of James Neill, stage and screen star, to whom she was married thirty-four years. Lives in Glendale and occasionally plays an old lady on the screen.

Marguerite Clark—Married and living on a plantation near New Orleans as Mrs. Harry Palmerston Williams. Her husband was lately a nominee for Governor of Louisiana.

Charles Clary—Character actor, best-known for playing big business men or "heavies," died March 25, 1931.

Ethel Clayton—Emotional actress divorced Ian Keith February 26, 1932, and is returning to pictures. Appeared recently in "Hotel Continental."

Kathleen Clifford—Now runs a chain of florist establishments in Hollywood.

Ruth Clifford—Now Mrs. James Cornelius and mother of one son. Her husband is a well-to-do Los Angeles and San Diego realtor.

Colin Clive—Previous contracts took this fine young actor back to England after playing title rôle of "Frankenstein." Is leading man in Corinne Griffith's "comeback" picture, just made in England.

Betty Compson—Currently on a year's tour with a Fanchon and Marco act, with engagement rumors pursuing her.

Chester Conklin—Famous as one of the original Keystone Kops, he now divides his time between vaudeville and pictures.

Edward Connelly—Veteran character actor, who was in every Rex Ingram picture, because director thought he brought good luck. Died November 22, 1928.

Guy Coombs—When last heard of, this romantic "heavy" was working as a clerk in a Florida hotel.

Miriam Cooper—Divorced from Raoul Walsh, the director, and present whereabouts unknown.

Virginia Lee Corbin—Ingénue with the famous curls married Theodore Krohl, August, 1929. Still makes an occasional picture. Only twenty now.

Dolores Costello—Has retired to family life as Mrs. John Barrymore.

Helene Costello—Off the screen for about two years, she may soon return, now that she is no longer Mrs. Lowell Sherman.

Maurice Costello—The first great movie matinée idol and father of Dolores and Helene. Now retired and living in Beverly Hills to be near his daughters. When he recently suffered a paralytic stroke, he was reunited with them after a five-year separation.

Marguerite Courtot—"The Mutual Girl" is now Mrs. Raymond McKee. With her husband, she operates a Culver City roadhouse, the Zulu Hut.

Ward Crane—Popular lover of silent era died July, 1928.

Irving Cummings—Has turned director and a very good one, too.

Grace Cunard—Old-time serial queen, who married Francis Ford, also an early serial favorite, still plays occasional bits in pictures.

Frank Currier—Veteran gray-haired character actor of silents (famous for playing whimsical grouches) died April 23, 1928.

Dorothy Dalton—Once-famous in society dramas, she is now retired as the wife of Arthur Hammerstein, the stage producer. Living on a Long Island estate.

Viola Dana—Pretty little brunette star married Jimmie Thompson, a golf pro, on March 14, 1930, and is living in Colorado Springs, Col.

Karl Dane—His heavy accent took the big comedian off the screen when talkies came in, but vaudeville tours with George K. Arthur have helped his English. Now making two-reel comedies and playing small rôles in features.

Roy D'Arcy—Once a much-sought-after villain, because of his toothsome leer, he now divides his time between stock companies, vaudeville, and occasional independent pictures.

Grace Darmond—William Desmond's former leading lady married Randolph Jennings, who owns a chain of theatres in Mexico. Living in Beverly Hills and plays an occasional rôle.

Dorothy Davenport—Widow of Wallace Reid. Active as an independent film producer. Is hoping 14-year-old son, William Wallace Reid, will follow his father's career.

Mildred Davis—Retired when she wed Harold Lloyd. Has three children.

Marjorie Daw—Married Myron Selznick, the millionaire actors' agent, on January 23, 1929, and retired from the screen. They have one child, a girl.

Hazel Dawn—Now appearing in European musical shows.

(Continued on page 74)

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

a young man who introduced himself with the insistence that people often remarked on his resemblance to Bakewell. "I'm mistaken for you all the time," the stranger testified.

For a minute there was a dead silence as Billy merely continued to look at him. Then he put out his hand. "Why, yes!" he exclaimed. "You *are* a good-looking guy!"

BIRTHDAY gifts we don't think will get delivered: Jimmy Cagney's to Darryl Zanuck (production manager of Warner Brothers), John Barrymore's to Warren William, the Warner Brothers' to Selznick and Joyce (Marian Marsh's agents), Garbo's to Will Rogers, and the entire film colony's to Old Man Depression.

WE are puzzled by that Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello divorce. With a verdict apparently his on the grounds of a liking for highballs and a fondness for risqué books on the part of the Mrs., what forced Sherman abruptly to drop his suit and give Helene the divorce?

WE agree with little, big-eyed Bette Davis' disgust with women who get themselves rigged up in masculine clothes. The practice doesn't disgust Watson the tailor, however. He is very much cashing in on the fad that Garbo and Dietrich started.

GARBO'S latest apparel is a turtle-necked sweater of the type made popular by Clark Gable, and corduroy trousers. I hope that my Aunt Emma (who comes home from matinees with murmurs of Greta's being "too divine—just simply too divine!") doesn't see her thus attired. For an illusion, in these days, is something.

BUT lest Garbo and Dietrich should be too harshly blamed for the increasing masculinization of women's clothes, remember that the trend started as far back as 1851, when Amelia Jenks Bloomer began to advocate the trouserette as a reform attire for women. So there, you critical meanies!

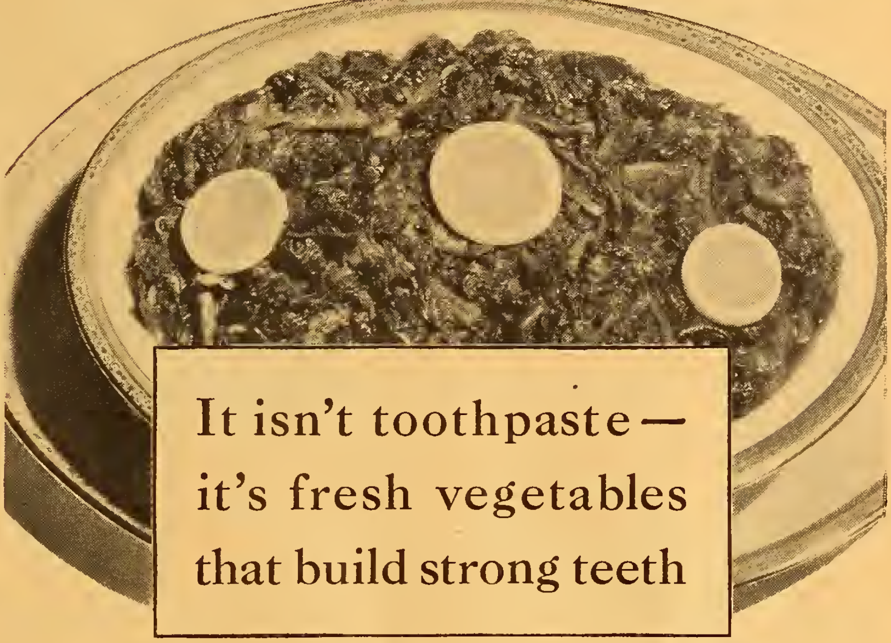
MENTIONING Garbo (and won't she be glad!) recalls the enthusiasm expressed for the Swede *Circe* by Tallulah Bankhead in New York. We ventured to point out that perhaps Talloo's regard might be dampened somewhat when she saw Garbo as Garbo, and not a motion picture—an often disappointing sight.

But Tallulah refused to hedge. "A woman whose face photographs like that just can't be anything but beautiful!" she cried. "I look forward to meeting her." We wonder if she still does—for, so far as known, they haven't yet met!

WE also wonder, in that wondering way of ours, just what Joe Von Sternberg, Marlene Dietrich and her husband, Rudolph Sieber, are trying to prove by dressing up in the same kind of clothes and parading around as a threesome? Honestly, there are times when—

BUT our faith in humankind comes back with a rush when we hear of another of Marion Davies' innumerable charities. So closely guarded are her kindly actions, that it was only the other day that we learned it was she who founded and is the support of that haven for the unfortunate at Palms. Marion's act—her three rings of humor, modesty and generosity—is one of the brightest features of the local circus. We hope she goes on forever.

We say it's Spinach!



It isn't toothpaste—
it's fresh vegetables
that build strong teeth

. . . but Pepsodent helps *preserve* them with this modern safety factor

TO build strong, hard teeth is the purpose of right diet. You must eat foods rich in essential minerals and in vitamins. But building teeth is only half! You must *preserve* teeth too. That is done by removing destructive film each day. To *preserve* teeth Pepsodent Toothpaste was especially developed.

Remove film from teeth

Film is the greatest single enemy of teeth. Film covers teeth with a gelatin-like coating. In it are germs glued against enamel . . . producing acids that dissolve the enamel, penetrate the tooth and finally reach the nerve.

Film absorbs the stain from food and smoking—and ruins the most charming smile. Film clings stubbornly to teeth—sticks so defiantly that toothpaste manufacturers have spent years in seeking the ideal material to remove it. Now Pepsodent has found it! A revolutionary cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different.

New safety for teeth

This new material removes film quickly and effectively. As it removes film-coats it polishes enamel to high brilliance. Above all, this cleansing and polishing material is *safe* — absolutely safe — and twice as *soft* as those in common use.

Eat the right foods. Use Pepsodent Toothpaste. And one thing more: See your dentist periodically. For no toothpaste can truthfully guarantee immunity against diseases which only your dentist knows how to treat and overcome.

These are the 3 rules modern science lays down for lovely, healthy teeth. Observe them faithfully.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 59*)

Under its acres of red-tiled roof Claire Windsor, then a radiant star, first met young Buddy Rogers and started that romance which was the talk of the town for a year.

In the glittering midnight of the Cocoanut Grove, that part of the hotel where the stars dine and dance, a dark little Irish schoolgirl named Virginia Noonan, wide-eyed with her first sight of so many famous movie stars, attracted the attention of director Marshall Neilan—and fell head over heels in love with his Irish charm, a romance which was to result in fame and heartbreak for the little Irish girl—who became Sally O'Neil.

At a tea dance in the Cocoanut Grove, a Kansas City dancer named Lucille La Sueur was introduced to the youthful millionaire, Michael Cudahy, and the two of them proceeded to give Hollywood a picture of young love at its warmest. At the same place, she met Paul Bern, studio executive, whose devotion was to start her on the road to fame as Joan Crawford.

Years later, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was to bring Joan Crawford there as his bride to await the completion of their home. And now, whenever they need a temporary residence, the younger Fairbankses take their favorite suite at the Ambassador. They are habitués of the Cocoanut Grove and dance there under the palm fronds and swinging monkeys, without apparent thought of the ghosts of Joan's former suitors that haunt the place.

They Even Marry Here

IN the Fiesta Ballroom, turned into a bower of blossoms, Bessie Love and William Hawks—and many other movie couples—were married. The biggest wedding ever held in the Fiesta Room was that of John Considine, Jr., and Carmen Pantages, the culmination of a long and troubled engagement during which, rumor said, the bride-to-be bought—and laid aside—several trousseaux; and during which Grove attendants had watched Johnny Considine dancing devotedly with pretty Joan Bennett.

The pictures of the Considine-Pantages wedding party were incorporated in one of the booklets of the Ambassador, and many months later Gene Markey was looking at the booklet. "Come here, honey!" he called to his new wife, who came to his side and bent above the page the piquant profile which the world worships in Joan Bennett. They looked at the wedding pictures and then into each other's eyes—and smiled. The Ambassador is filled with memories for all the stars. Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbe Arnst recently celebrated their first wedding anniversary in the Cocoanut Grove.

While there are many who do not register their world-famous names on the hotel books because they seek peace or sanctuary there, there are others who write their names boldly on the register, hoping that some reporter will print their presence in the newspapers. These are the young hopefuls from Broadway, vaudeville, society. They invest money needed for food and carfare in a swank address, knowing shrewdly that it will help their chances of a career.

Lyda Roberti, of the amazing shock of corn-tassle hair (now that she's famous, it's called platinum) and the gorgeous awkwardness that set Broadway wild, lived there a few days when she first came West, seeking a movie contract. With her was her married sister, Manya, who got a part in "Delicious" with Janet Gaynor, and soon afterward headed back to Broadway. Lyda followed suit, after "Sinners in the Sun," but Hollywood reclaimed her.

The happy, but self-conscious couple are Bobbe Arnst and Johnny Weissmuller, who recently celebrated their first wedding anniversary at the Cocoanut Grove. Bobbe was right at home, for she used to be Broadway's best-known night-club dancer

Gambling on Success

KITTY KELLY, working in "White Shoulders" on the stage in Los Angeles, lived at the Ambassador with an eye on Hollywood. Stanley Smith played his first rôle—that of a wealthy and successful young actor—as he waited for a movie contract. Hundreds of others like these, young and ardent, gambling their small savings on the desperate chance of success against the odds of discouragement and starvation, have alighted at this great hotel, birds of passage for a few days or weeks. Others, without the money to hire a room there, live in cheap boarding houses nearby, and eat in cheap lunchrooms to save the money to come to the Grove night after night, in their one good gown or tuxedo. There they dance hopefully by the tables of movie producers, trying to attract their gaze.

Sometimes—not often—they succeed. A young actor from Broadway, hungry and heartsick, was dancing there one night seven years ago when the wife of the head of a great studio, glancing idly out at the dance floor, was attracted by his dark good looks and grace. It was the day of the Latin lovers and Paramount was desperate to find a successor to Valentino, with whom the studio had quarreled.

"Why not have that boy there come to the studio tomorrow?" Mrs. Jesse Lasky suggested to her husband. He followed her glance, scribbled a few words on a card and sent them out on the dance floor by a waiter. And so Ricardo Cortez, Jewish-born, but made a Spaniard by the power of publicity, found his chance at fame.

Sue Carol "Discovered" Here

HERE, only the other day, comedy-producer Hal Roach saw a pretty girl dancing and offered her a contract on the spot. Now Pauline Garford will soon be seen on the screen. Here Loretta Young and Sally Blane made their charming faces and slim figures familiar in gowns their harassed mother somehow found the money for in her Hollywood boarding house. Here a director, lunching, saw a cute little Chicago visitor lunching with her hostess and raced for her table.

"Would you like to go into the movies?" he gasped.

The pretty girl laughed and shook her head, "No, indeed!" she said. "I'm going home to morrow." But Sue Carol didn't go home, and presently tourists in the Cocoanut Grove were pointing her out as she danced by in the arms of Nick Stuart.

The wry-faced monkey, swinging by one paw from the palm nearest the entrance door, has watched the progress of Loretta Young up the road of fame, through the Grant Withers period, to the romantic weeks lately when she danced with the unknown "singing boy" who crooned the songs Gus Arnheim's orchestra was playing as they whirled about the floor. Baron Rothschild's nephew, he was said to be, but Loretta won't give his name or explain the new diamond on her engagement finger.

The same monkey (which may be stuffed, but knows his movies) has seen Anita Page lunching here with director Edmund Goulding after a morning of tennis; dining in the Grove, with one parent on each side; later escorted by Carl Laemmle, Jr., shorter than Anita, who often wore heel-less sandals to equalize their height. Now the monkey watches Anita dancing with her handsome young doctor-friend and stifles a painted yawn.

Whiteman Fiddled Here

MR. A. FRANK, and his son, Ben Frank, managers of the Ambassador, have done some "discovering," themselves, in the musical line. It was in the orchestra of the Ambassador hotel that Mr. Frank discovered a fat violinist with a genius for leadership. Now Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz, is staying in a handsome suite at the hotel where he used to play, thinner by a hundred pounds, richer by a hundred thousand or two, but the same Paul.

When Whiteman's orchestra was idle some years ago, the Three Rhythm Boys tried for a fill-in job at the Ambassador. One of them caught Mr. Frank's attention by the quality of his curiously caressing voice in love songs. He hired Bing Crosby to croon in the Cocoanut Grove, from which he stalked long afterward, after a tiff, straight into fame and fortune. The national hook-up which puts the Cocoanut Grove orchestra and specialty singers on the air brought Russ Columbo, Harry Barris and Donald Novis into notice. Almost before Novis had stopped singing on his first night, a telegram was brought to him from a broadcasting company, offering him a contract. He bids fair to be one of the most popular singers on the air before another year. Columbo is already in New York on a big contract.

Jack Holland was a specialty dancer in the Grove, where he had for a partner a charming blonde named Marie de Vallequette, who had been an unknown chorus-girl with Fanchon and Marco. The name was difficult, so he christened her "June Knight." Now June Knight is dancing in the Ziegfeld Follies, while Jack Holland has a new partner, whom he also calls "June Knight." The original June was seen at the Grove by inflammable Jimmy Dunn, and for a few weeks romance raged and June hinted at an "engagement." Now Jimmy is steering Joan Marsh about the floor of the Grove.

She Danced for Garbo

THE first June Knight, before setting out for New York, revealed the secret that she had doubled for Greta Garbo in the exotic Eastern dances of "Mata Hari."

When staying at the hotel, the movie stars favor the bungalows, instead of rooms, as being more private. In one of these home-suite-homes, Gloria Swanson lived at the time of her second marriage. Pola Negri had the bungalow opposite and kept the bellboys busy bringing boxes of passionate crimson roses from Rod La Rocque, Charlie Chaplin and Valentino. Jetta Goudal once lived in the next bungalow, and John Barrymore occupied the opposite one on the night he and Myron Selznick, the millionaire actors' agent, staged their fist fight on the lawn.

The *Louis Seize* Room and the Fiesta Ballroom have seen the most gorgeous and extravagant of the movie parties which have surrounded the word "Hollywood" with so much glamour. Here, forty stars and directors gave a famous Welcome Home party to Marion Davies, when that popular star returned from a European trip—an event which made Hollywood history. Ever since then Marion sends for Ambassador waiters and chauffeurs when she gives one of her amazing beach parties. Her pastries and ices come from the Ambassador kitchens and the great ship carved from solid ice, which bore a cargo of ice cream at the party Marion gave Norma Shearer last year, was carved by Ambassador "sculptors."

Not only is the Ambassador Hotel as familiar to the movie colony as their own homes, but movie fans the world over have seen it in motion pictures. Warner Brothers used the hotel barber shop in a recent Barbara Stanwyck picture, Universal featured the Grove in "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," and the swimming-pool and patio have been the scenes of many a picture millionaire's entertainments on the screen.

But it remained for Walter Winchell, who recently visited the Cocoanut Grove, strictly incognito, to express it. "The Grove," said Walter, "is finer and more brilliant than any New York night-club." And Walter knows his night-clubs.

Did You Know That—

Marlene Dietrich now has a bodyguard, since receiving kidnap threats—and that they weren't a publicity gag, either?

The picture that John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore are about to make together will be based on the life of "the mad monk," Rasputin?

Lilian Harvey, the English girl who made such a hit in the German picture, "Congress Dances," has signed up with Fox?

WHY DID SHE CHANGE HER MIND?.. by Timmins

AFTER THE SHOW WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE FOR SUPPER AND A LITTLE DANCING
OH, GOOD, I LOVE TO DANCE!
TWO HOURS LATER
YOU SAY YOU WANT TO GO STRAIGHT HOME? IS ANYTHING WRONG?
THE THEATRE WAS SO STUFFY IT'S MADE MY HEAD ACHE. I HAVEN'T ANY PEP LEFT FOR DANCING NOW. AND IT'S TOO HOT!
NEXT DAY
A HEADACHE! WAS THAT HER REAL REASON? OR DID I OFFEND HER SOMEHOW? SURELY IT COULDN'T BE THIS..."B.O."... BODY ODOR? STILL I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE
to stop Body Odor use
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
for face-hands-bath
"B.O."—YOU'RE LICKED, ALL RIGHT! LIFEBUOY MAKES ME FEEL CLEAN AS A WHISTLE. SUCH LATHER—AND HOW IT COOLS YOU OFF ON A HOT DAY

A MONTH LATER — NO MORE TURN-DOWNS!
HOW ABOUT GOING SOMEWHERE TO DANCE TONIGHT?
I'D LOVE TO! I ENJOYED IT SO MUCH LAST TIME

Beware of "B.O."
(body odor)
these hot summer days

IT'S natural to perspire more in summer. But make *sure* that "B.O." (*body odor*) doesn't offend. Keep pores thoroughly cleansed and deodorized—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies*—stops "B.O." Guards health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Great for complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather *deep-cleanses* face pores—freshens the skin to glowing health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Stars Who Have Vanished

(*Continued from page 70*)

Alice Day—Married Jack Cohn, July 6, 1930, and retired. Has a year-old daughter.

Dinky Dean—Son of Charles Reisner, the director, and a protégé of Charlie Chaplin. Now in school in Hollywood, busily growing up.

Priscilla Dean—Once one of the daredevil women stars, she now plays occasionally in independent pictures.

Pedro de Cordoba—Romantic "heavy" returned to the stage years ago. One of Broadway's ace actors.

Carter de Haven—Famous comedian of silent days now plays mainly in vaudeville.

Marguerite de la Motte—This heroine of silent films married John Bowers, from whom she was once divorced and with whom she is now reunited. Living in Hollywood. Not so active on the screen now.

Carol Dempster—Famous Griffith heroine married Edwin S. Larsen, New York banker, on August 15, 1929. Now retired and living in New York.

Lya de Putti—Hungarian actress, who was a sensation in the German silent, "Variety," and came to America only to have talkies interrupt her film career, died tragically of blood poisoning November 27, 1931.

Rubye de Remer—Married the wealthy New Yorker, Ben Throop, and retired.

William Desmond—He-man hero of many a silent, he now plays anything that comes along—when it does. Alternates between stage and screen.

Dorothy Devore—Popular leading lady of silent films retired when she married A. W. Mather. Said to be living on an estate in Oregon.

Elliott Dexter—Famous for the 1918 version of "The Squaw Man." Rumored to have died several years ago. Exaggerated. What really happened was that he suffered a stroke of paralysis that forced his retirement. He had a "miraculous" healing and now walks with only a slight limp. He is frequently seen around the Lambs' Club in New York and is said to be a practitioner in the Christian Science Church.

Marie Doro—Divorced from Elliott Dexter and went to Europe to live. Last heard of in Italy, where she had a villa.

Kent Douglass—Sensationally popular newcomer left screen last Fall to return to Broadway and to resume his real name of Douglass Montgomery. Felt there was more opportunity, if less money, on the stage.

Joseph Dowling—The patriarch of the original "Miracle Man." Died July 10, 1928, aged 78.

Sidney Drew—He, with his late wife, made a series of marriage comedies that people still remember. (Some are about to be revived with sound effects.) Both died between seven and eight years ago.

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan—Sisters of "Topsy and Eva" fame recently went bankrupt, and have set out to recoup their lost fortune by stage appearances. Vivian now the wife of Nils Asther, and has a small daughter.

Miss Dupont—Now living in Germany. Said to have married Sylvester Stokes, who was in the headlines a few years ago because his wife paid him alimony. Report unconfirmed.

Dorothy Dwan—Widow of Larry Semon, whose leading lady she was. Now the wife of Paul Boggs, Jr., an oil company executive. Recently a proud mother.

Jeanne Eagels—Famous for "Rain" on the stage and for "The Letter" on the screen. Died tragically, from an overdose of a sleeping potion, October 3, 1929.

Edward Earle—High in the ranks of the local Masquers Club. Plays in an occasional picture.

Helen Jerome Eddy—Sad-faced actress plays rôles of varying importance every so often on stage and screen. Was recently *Sooky's* mother.

Robert Edeson—A patriarch of the films and one of the first screen actors. Died of heart trouble, March 25, 1931.

Snitz Edwards—Comedian said to be fatally ill at this writing.

June Elvidge—Last heard of professionally when she went on tour to Australia with a stage company. Said to have married a wealthy Australian and retired to live in Sydney. Report unconfirmed.

Mary Philbin

Elinor Fair—Divorced from Bill Boyd and staging a comeback in independent pictures.

Virginia Brown Faire—Former screen ingénue plays in independents, mostly Westerns.

Dustin Farnum—Hero of early Westerns died July 4, 1929, aged 55.

Franklyn Farnum—Also a cowboy actor, but not a brother of Dustin and William. Now playing small rôles.

William Farnum—Ill health forced Bill, once one of the highest stars, to remain idle for several years. He recently returned to the screen, and has just been on location with the Douglas Fairbanks company in Tahiti.

Geraldine Farrar—Has been very active on the concert stage and in grand opera since she left silent pictures. Refuses a talkie comeback.

Casson Ferguson—Famous for playing "the weakling brother." Died February 12, 1929, of influenza. His wife died two days later.

Elsie Ferguson—Returned to the stage and is playing leading rôles.

Helen Ferguson—Widow of William Russell. On December 23, 1930, she married Richard Hargreaves, Beverly Hills banker. She was a founder of the theatre guild movement in Beverly. Can be coaxed back on the stage, but not on the screen.

Flora Finch—Famous as John Bunny's leading woman in numerous comedies. She plays infrequently these days.

Marguerita Fisher—Retired as the wife of Harry Pollard, the director.

Maurice (Lefty) Flynn—After he and Viola Dana were divorced, Lefty left the screen. Now said to be a stock broker. Is married again.

Francis Ford—Playing bits here and there. Last seen as a doorman in a Universal release. He was once a great serial star.

Harrison Ford—Ex-smiling hero now devotes most of his time to playwriting and to the community theatre in Pasadena, where he lives. He has a comfortable income from his investments.

Tom Forman—Played in early Westerns. Died November 7, 1926, as a result of a shooting accident.

Ann Forrest—Playing on the stage in the East with great success.

Pauline Frederick—After several years away from the screen, the actress famous for problem dramas has come back. Divides time between Broadway and Hollywood.

Mary Fuller—Star of the first motion picture serial, "What Happened to Mary?" And what did? She is known to have invested her money wisely and to have a tidy fortune salted away. There is no record of her having married. She comes to Hollywood for a reunion with her old friends every few years, but her present whereabouts are unknown.

Gene Gautier—Back in the early days, Gene would write a script one day and play it the next. She directed when occasion demanded, and even turned the camera crank if necessary. Some years ago, when her sister was wooed and won by one of the wealthiest men in Sweden—a man who refused thirty million dollars for a patent he held—Gene went to Sweden to live. She recently finished a book of memoirs.

Claude Gillingwater—Now "the grand old man of the movies." Still playing, but less frequently.

Dorothy and Lillian Gish—Appear in New York stage productions,, Dorothy more frequently than Lillian, who still hasn't said "Yes" to George Jean Nathan.

Gaston Glass—Former popular juvenile has been doing French interpreting in the foreign department at M-G-M.

Louise Glaum—With her husband, Zack Harris, the once-famous screen siren is operating a small picture theatre at National City, just this side of the Mexican border, near Tia Juana. In good weeks, they are said to clear fifty dollars or so. Louise is reported to be looking extremely well and happy.

Huntly Gordon—Famous for his kindly man-of-wealth rôles, he is now playing small supporting rôles. His hosiery factory failed, you remember, but he is still comfortably well off.

Kitty Gordon—Retired, and said to be living in England, where she married and divorced a title.

Jetta Goudal—Now almost too busy helping her husband, Harold Grieve, with his interior-decorating business, to care much about acting. Still as exotic-looking as ever.

Gilda Gray—Famous "shimmy" girl is now touring in vaudeville.

Evelyn Greeley—Former leading lady of Carlyle Blackwell. Now retired, and said to carry the name of Mrs. John B. Smiley.

Corinne Griffith—Now in London, with her husband, Walter Morosco, and making features for British Paramount. Has been tangoing with the Prince of Wales.

Raymond Griffith—After a throat ailment, his voice was affected, thus keeping the clever, top-hatted comedian out of talkies. Now a highly-regarded writer and producer at Warners.

Texas Guinan—Perhaps you've heard. The former Western heroine has something to do with a night-club.

George Hackathorne—Recently opened a photographic studio in Hollywood.

Creighton Hale—Most famous, perhaps, for his work in "The Million-Dollar

Mystery," one of the memorable early serials. Playing more or less consistently, mainly in independent pictures.

Ella Hall—Divorced from Emory Johnson, the director. To support her three children, she is selling handbags behind a counter in a Hollywood Boulevard women's shop, and taking small parts in pictures.

Elaine Hammerstein—One of the big silent stars. Married a well-to-do insurance man and retired. Living in Hollywood.

Kay Hammond—Retired. Married H. V. Wetherby. Son born February 5, 1931.

Hope Hampton—Still as beautiful as ever, occasionally sings with independent opera companies. Married the wealthy Jules Brulatour.

Einar Hansen—Swedish leading man was killed in an auto accident, June, 1927.

Juanita Hansen—Having received damages for the disfiguring burns she received several years ago in a New York hotel, she has announced she will attempt to stage a comeback in films.

Lars Hanson—Former Garbo leading man returned to Sweden when talkies came in. Is acting for European film companies.

Kenneth Harlan—More frequently in the newspapers than in the movies. Failed about a year ago as owner of the Pom Pom, a local night-club.

Robert Harron—Popular young hero of silent romances. Died several years ago.

William S. Hart—Strong, silent man of early Westerns remains in retirement and solitude on his mountain top for obscure reasons, best known to himself.

Raymond Hatton—Once co-starred in feature comedies with Wallace Beery. Now stars in two-reel comedies, and plays bits in features.

Ullrich Haupt—Well-known German character actor. Killed in hunting accident, August 5, 1931.

Phyllis Haver—Definitely retired and living in New York with her husband, William Seeman, of the White Rose millions, and close personal friend of Mayor Jimmy Walker.

Wanda Hawley—Out of pictures, but occasionally seen on the streets of Los Angeles by her old friends. She seems to be in none-too-affluent circumstances.

Walter Hiers—Still around. Not very active, but hasn't lost a pound.

Johnny Hines—Also still around. Comedian has been making a comeback in two-reelers. Comfortably fixed, it is said.

Alice Hollister—A daredevil queen of the serials in Kalem days. Married a former cameraman, now a "still" photographer, and lives in Hollywood.

Helen Holmes—Ace stunt woman of serials. Retired after she married J. P. McGowan, Western director.

Stuart Holmes—Former smiling "heavy" has turned a former hobby into a very good thing. Is now wood-carving art objects and holds a showing of his work every so often, with high praise from art critics.

Sigrid Holmquist—First of the blonde Swedish glamour girls. Retired and went back to Sweden to live.

Camilla Horn—German girl who was brought to America after hit with Jannings in "Faust" overdieted and lost her health. Now has it back, and is making films abroad.

Louise Huff—Married a New York broker named Stillman and now living in the East.

Lloyd Hughes—Plays rather consistently in independent productions. Recently a proud father.

Gladys Hulette—Believed to be living in retirement in Long Beach, Cal.

Glenn Hunter—Best remembered on the screen for his work in "Merton of the Movies," he devotes most of his time to starring on the stage. Seen very infrequently in the movies.

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Stop Pain at Once!

Your doctor wouldn't think of treating a burn with a toilet lotion or cream. Neither should *you!* Take no chances with sunburn—apply Unguentine, the standard burn remedy used by hospitals and doctors all over the world.

Unguentine stops the pain of a burn the moment you spread it on. You heal quickly—tan beautifully. *Only 50c. at druggists.*

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Norwich

goes as deep as the burn!

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YEAR OPENS SEPTEMBER 15, 1932

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Madeline Hurlock—Former Sennett bathing beauty now Mrs. Marc Connelly, wife of the famous Broadway dramatist and author of "Green Pastures."

Lloyd Ingraham—Once a top-notch director. Now plays small rôles.

Peaches Jackson—Thomas Meighan's littlest sweetheart is grown up now and recently married a young chap named Joe Grasse. Lives in Long Beach, Cal.

Emil Jannings—Famous German star, one of the best actors in the business, went back to the Fatherland when talkies cramped his style. Still a great success in German pictures, most of which are shown in American cities boasting foreign-language theatres. Constant rumors that some day he will come back to Hollywood, since he now speaks English.

Thomas Jefferson—Devoted his lifetime to playing "Rip Van Winkle," and was a famous character actor. Died recently in California.

Betty Jewel—Retired and believed to be living in New York.

Arthur Johnson—One of the big heroes of the John Bunny-Maurice Costello era. Now dead.

Julanne Johnston—Returned to her first love, dancing. Recent engagement in a Hollywood hotel.

Leatrice Joy—Former daredevil star announced her retirement when she married wealthy William S. Hook on October 22, 1931.

Alice Joyce—Lately in vaudeville in an act with Tom Moore, her ex-husband.

Frank Keenan—One of the best and most famous of the old character actors. Died in March, 1929, of pneumonia, aged 70.

Madge Kennedy—For several years has been kept busy starring on the New York stage.

Doris Kenyon—Divides her attention three ways—between the concert stage, films, and her four-year-old son, Kenyon Sills. Returned to screen after death of her husband, Milton Sills.

J. Warren Kerrigan—Retired to live on a Hollywood hilltop with his invalid mother and says he won't come down for all the pictures ever made.

Norman Kerry—Swashbuckling hero of silents still plays occasionally in independent pictures.

Joseph Kilgour—One of the pioneer actors of the movies. Now in a home for aged actors in New York City.

Mollie King—Married a wealthy horseman named Kenneth Alexander and lives in the East.

Theodore Kosloff—Famous Russian dancer now spends all of his time teaching and creating dances to Hollywood hopefuls.

Florence La Badie—One of the best-known heroines of the teens of the Century. Killed in an auto accident in Ossining, N. Y., in 1918.

Alice Lake—Former popular heroine is married and living in moderate circumstances. Plays bits when available.

Barbara La Marr—The most glamourous of all the American sirens. Died tragically and at height of her fame on January 20, 1926, as a result of overdieting.

Cullen Landis—In vaudeville with his orchestra.

Harry Langdon—Has been in vaudeville most of the time since talkies came in. Recently has had a bit of alimony trouble, and has just made an independent comedy in the East. So well-received at a preview that Al Jolson signed Harry to support him in his new picture.

Laura La Plante—Not so active as she once was in pictures, Laura fills in her time being Mrs. William Seiter (wife of the director) and acting on the stage. Now on tour in "Springtime for Henry" with Edward Everett Horton.

Rod La Rocque—When not on the stage with his wife, Vilma Banky, he works happily in the elaborate machine shop he built for his experiments and inventions. Holds patents on a number of marketable devices.

Florence Lawrence—A leading lady of the John Bunny era. At one time had a beauty shop. Lately has been playing bits.

Jane and Katherine Lee—The child stars, now grown, have been in vaudeville for several years.

Lila Lee—Is now staging a comeback after a long illness. Recuperated in the same sanitarium as Renée Adorée, and completed recovery in South Seas. Has not remarried since divorce from James Kirkwood a few years ago.

E. K. Lincoln—Married a wealthy widow and is living in the East. Has become noted in dog circles as a breeder of champion Chows.

Elmo Lincoln—The original "Tarzan." It might be a warning to Johnny Weissmuller to know that the first Ape Man turned hermit. Elmo is now living in a mountain lodge near Hollywood. He lets it be known that he greets the elements bareheaded and bare-chested and when it rains (whisper) entirely bare. He also says that he gets gold from them thar hills.

Max Linder—One of the first and funniest movie comedians. Committed suicide several years ago.

Ann Little—Now the manager of a Los Angeles apartment house—a swanky one, too.

Harold Lockwood—Was high-ranking star with old Metro company. Died on October 19, 1918, at top of his fame.

Jacqueline Logan—Has been playing in English films—also directing. Recently opened in a stage play in New York.

Frank Losee—Character actor who played big business men. Died several years ago.

Willard Louis—Best remembered in "Babbitt." Died July 22, 1926, of pneumonia.

Bessie Love—Recently a proud mother, Mrs. William Hawks has not had time as yet to plan her own future.

Louise Lovely—She came to Hollywood from Australia and is said to have returned to her native land.

Wilfred Lucas—Playing bits, mostly in short comedies.

Anne Luther—Widow of Gallagher (of Gallagher and Shean). Living in New York.

Bert Lytell—Starring on the New York stage, usually with his wife, Helen Menken, and doing well at it.

Katherine MacDonald—President Wilson's favorite star is now retired. Divorced her wealthy husband, C. H. Holmes, last year. Heads a beauty preparations business these days.

Charles Emmett Mack—After years of playing young weaklings, he was just getting his chance in hero rôles when he was killed in an auto accident on March 17, 1927.

Mary MacLaren—Dramatic favorite married an army officer and went with him to live in India. Left her husband several years ago, claiming Indian life was unbearable. Returned to Hollywood and at one time had a decorating shop here.

Douglas MacLean—Just completed a writing-supervising contract at RKO. Said to be planning to make talkie versions of some of his silent comedy hits.

Louis Mann—Famous for his genial father rôles. Died February 15, 1931.

Mary McAllister—Married well and is living in Hollywood. Her name is now Brigham. A blessed event impends.

May McAvoy—Fragile heroine of "Ben-Hur" married Maurice Cleary, film promoter and financier, and is a popular young matron in film circles. A new mother, she has not announced future plans for the screen.

Gladys McConnell—Recently remarried and plays in independent films.

Marc McDermott—This veteran character actor, one of the best, died in 1928.

Malcolm McGregor—This young hero of silents inherited money and married. Occasionally plays in independent productions.

Kathryn McGuire—Now the popular young wife of George Landy, demon publicity man, and very active in Hollywood society.

Robert McKim—One of the best "bad men" of silent pictures. Died June 4, 1927, of cerebral hemorrhage.

Martha Mansfield—This pretty young actress was on her way to great fame when, on a location trip, her costume caught fire and she was burned to death. The date was November 30, 1923.

Enid Markey—Returned to stage, and was recently seen in "Sisters of the Chorus."

Percy Marmont—Famous for playing English heroes, he went back to England and his estate in Surrey with a neat bank account. Makes a picture (in England) only when he feels like working.

Mae Marsh—Former great Griffith heroine emerged from her retirement as Mrs. Louis Arms to play the mother in "Over the Hill." Reason was that her children wanted to see her on the screen. May do an encore.

Vivian Martin—Returned to the stage with great success.

Shirley Mason—Star-sister of Viola Dana married Sidney Lanfield, the director, and has a young daughter named Sheila. Future screen plans indefinite.

Cyril Maude—Famous old English actor came out of retirement in England long enough to make a talkie version of "Grumpy," which he also made in the silent long ago. Now retired again.

Doris May—Married Wallace MacDonald, Hollywood sales manager, and retired.

Frank Mayo—Once-famous star, now separated from Dagmar Godowsky, is playing in independent pictures.

Violet Mersereau—Married well and believed to be living in the East.

Patsy Ruth Miller—Occasionally plays a rôle on stage or screen, but prefers being just Mrs. Tay Garnett, wife of the director. Recently in a Chicago show.

Mary Miles Minter—Famous blonde star has been retired since the unsolved murder of director William Desmond Taylor, her sponsor. Never married, and weighs considerably more now than in the old days.

Bull Montana—Still around town, doing a little wrestling, a little athletic training work, and an occasional screen rôle. Is best known, however, for his periodic appearances in local law courts, seeking to restrain his wife from beating him.

Colleen Moore—With a very becoming bob (but without the famous "bangs"), she has just returned to Hollywood and has just signed a long-term contract with M-G-M. Now Mrs. Alfred Scott.

Antonio Moreno—Famous Spanish hero has done most of his work in recent years in Spanish versions. Married Daisy Danziger, a wealthy widow, and has been financially interested in some business ventures in Mexico.

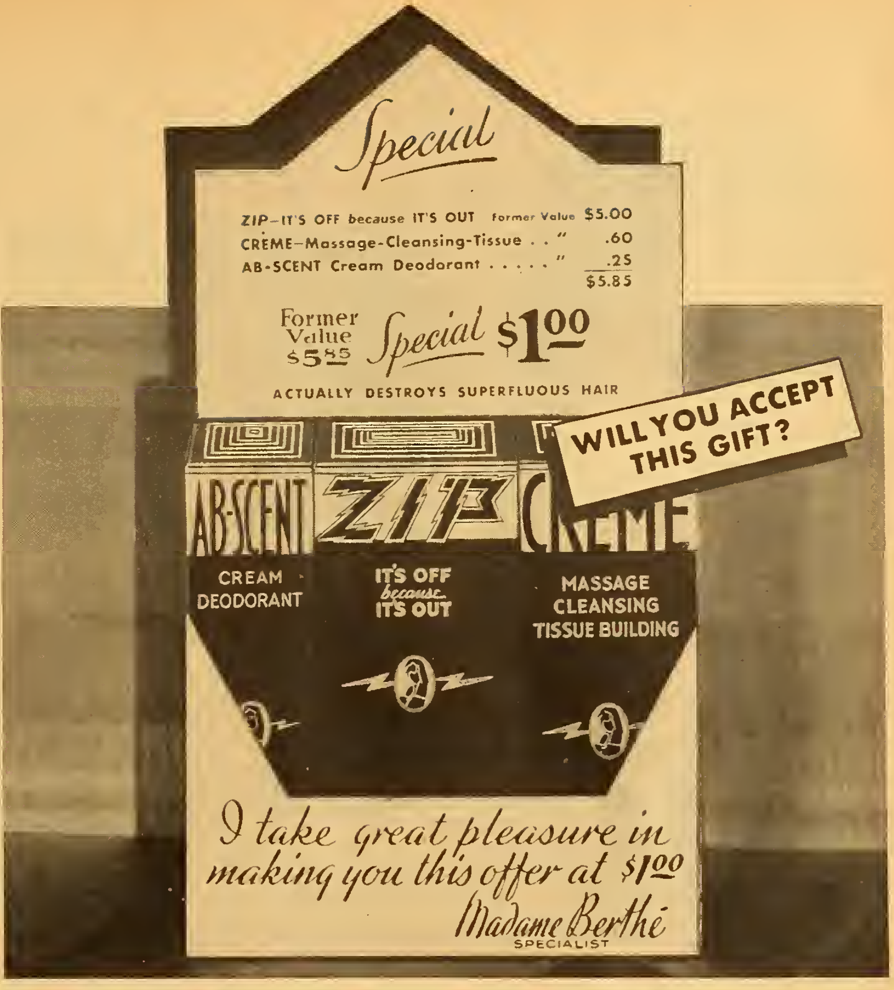
Harry T. Morey—Living in New York. Not very active professionally.

Jack Mulhall—Smiling Irishman keeps busy in independent features and in vaudeville.

Nita Naldi—One of the most famous of all the screen "vamps," particularly after appearing opposite Valentino. Retired and married a wealthy business man. Seems to have given up dieting.

Alla Nazimova—Great tragedienne of silent days has been starring with great success on the New York stage in "Mourning Becomes Electra." Her triumph is doubly gratifying, as studios that once scorned her

(*Continued on page 89*)



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The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 68*)

MAN ABOUT TOWN

Average Audience Should Like It: What started out to be a different hero and a novel locale for a motion picture got lost about the second reel in a conventional movie plot of stolen treaties and murder clues. A beautiful old Georgian mansion, turned into a private gambling house, intrigues the interest at once, and a handsome hero politely kicked out of an embassy ball promises well.

Warner Baxter, as this *déclassé* gentleman, goes to the ball, with a lifelong friend (Conway Tearle). Due to meeting Karen Morley at the ball, the two men become estranged and when Karen gets mixed up in a murder, one tries to save her and the other tries to entrap her.

The picture is probably good audience entertainment with the ladies going away impressed with the necessity of wiping their lipstick off before committing murder.

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL

March Peps Up the Picture: Gay, amusing dialogue and another sterling performance by Fredric March keep this from being just another tale of a drunken newspaperman. This fellow's drinking is for more personal reasons than is usual among movie reporters. He is trying to forget a girl of his youth, and his wife knows it. When the affair with his former sweetheart is resumed, the wife attempts to match his tactics in going "merrily to Hell." But her heart isn't in it.

Had they known how to end the picture from this point, we probably would have had a tremendous theme. As it stands, the ending is all too conventional, what with a sick-bed reunion. It's the first four reels that make this worth seeing. Honors are nearly all March's—there being a monotony to Sylvia Sydney's work as the wife.

NEW MORALS FOR OLD

Has Its Drama—Worth Seeing: The theme of the misunderstanding between different generations is by no means new, but is always interesting because of its universal appeal. However, probably no father and mother will admit to seeing themselves in Lewis Stone's bewildered old man and Laura Hope Crews' plaintive old woman. It seems equally probable that no son and daughter will admit that they are like Robert Young's cocky boy and Margaret Perry's rebellious girl.

As a logically developed story this has many faults but is worth seeing for certain isolated bits, such as the scene where the mother with her morals of an older day tries to meet her daughter's illicit lover on a friendly basis, when the unrepentent pair come to make a call.

Margaret Perry, despite unbecoming clothes and a frowsy hairdress, shows promise of a piquant screen personality.

THUNDER BELOW

Realistic and Carries a Punch: Unusually well written dialogue and a cast crowded with favorites supplement Tallulah Bankhead's haggard charms in this tale of violent emotions below the equator. This actress has an electric personality of her own which makes the Garbo haircut and slouch unnecessary. Her portrayal of frustrated passion is so convincing that it is embarrassing to watch.

Paramount gathered several actors to fall in love with her, and so we have Charles Bickford, Ralph Forbes, Paul Lukas, Leslie Fenton and Eugene Pallette, playing boon companions isolated in the tropics for an oil company.

Bickford, as the husband protected by his blindness from watching the love between his best friend and his wife, does an exceptionally fine piece of work and makes his hero convincing. Paul Lukas is a bit monotonous in a thankless rôle.

That's Hollywood

(Continued from page 16)

thinly disguised caricature of a Warner executive.

Not knowing the boy had chosen the bit while innocent of its double meaning, the studio gave him a contract mainly because they admired his nerve. His name was changed first because his real name sounded phoney. His parents had christened him Lyle Hollywood.

WHEN **Walter Winchell, New York** gossip, announced over the air that Janet Gaynor had cut her hair short, seven hundred letters poured in, to ask just how Janet looked. She had a French bob, while abroad, and her hair is two inches shorter all around.

Janet, in case you're interested, always wears tennis clothes when she goes around Hollywood, with white rolled tennis socks. Jimmy Dunn, on the other hand, has grown dressy with fame and never goes about in shirt sleeves, as he used to.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr. wears a green hat with a bullet hole in it—shot through by himself, just for the fun of it. Bette Davis can be recognized by her red cord pajamas, and Joan Blondell hardly ever wears stockings.

And to straighten out the turtle-neck sweater controversy once and for all, Bruce Cabot says it was he who started the fashion, even though he scorns to wear them now for fear people will accuse him of imitating Gable.

TALLULAH **BANKHEAD had four** wisdom teeth pulled out and was sick for two weeks . . . Tom Mix always gives the heroines of his horse dramas a Western sombrero when the picture is finished. . . . The oldest actor on the screen is John Dudgeon, aged 102, and the youngest is Gloria Markley, fourteen days . . . Gloria Stuart has a dog named Karloffornia, and thereby wins our prize for the worse pun of the month.

A **WISECRACKER who saw Warren** William in "The Mouthpiece" and then watched John Barrymore in "State's Attorney" said "John gives rather a bad imitation of his imitator!" . . . And when Marion Davies asked a young man, who rents one of her beach cottages, to an exclusive party, a caustic fellow suggested *that* as a new way of social-climbing, in Hollywood.

Another story they are telling is of M-G-M's attempt to economize by asking the writers to hand in reports at the end of the day, listing the times they left their offices, the purpose, etc. Several painstaking authors spent so much time filling in "Left at 2:15 to wash hands . . . stopped to smoke cigarette at 2:30 . . ." and so forth that practically no scenarios were being written.

SALLY **BLANE was in the hospital** lately with tonsil trouble, and Hale Horton called it a minor operation with a major convalescence . . . Conrad Nagel rides a bicycle 'round Beverly Hills, a type of exercise rapidly gaining in popularity in the colony . . . Neil Hamilton is not getting very much publicity even though *he* is riding a bicycle all the way to San Francisco . . . There's a "bit" player at Warners' who hands in "The Seventh Sin" every time they ask for title suggestions, and has been doing it for years.

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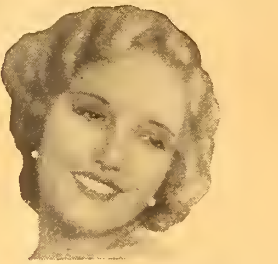

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Okay, Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 35*)

I slept twelve hours a day. As a result, when I arrived here, I found myself yawning in my host's face after twelve o'clock.

"I'm utterly amazed by Hollywood's round of entertainments. Hollywood's parties outdistance those on Broadway or any place else in the world. How the confirmed party-ists stand it, I don't know."

In the East, Walter works about fourteen hours a day, often more. While he smokes cigarettes incessantly, he never takes a drink. He suggests that partying must be a hobby here. He doesn't understand hobbies. He can't hold a golf club properly, doesn't drive a car often, doesn't hike, hunt, fish, swim, or yacht. It's all work.

"I like Hollywood immensely—I like the stars of the industry because they aren't demanding," he asserts. "They're letting me rest. They are considerate enough not to push and prod me into going places merely so they can gratify their curiosity. They have not been hurt when I've declined invitations. In Santa Barbara, I received hundreds of invitations to visit stars. Since I've been here, hundreds more have called me to wish me well and have made no attempts to obligate me socially."

Walter is supposed to wisecrack. He has disappointed Hollywood. He speaks diffidently, cautiously. No well-polished puns, quips, or epigrams leave his lips. And I never can recall having heard him laugh heartily—not even at a joke on his managing editor.

Dumbfounded by His Success

"I HOARD my wisecracks," he explains, "to use in my column. There are so many columnists these days that a man doesn't know whom he's talking to. He may be a rival who'll beat you into print with your own nifty."

Walter is dumbfounded to find that he is in demand as an actor, that people will pay good money to see him.

An incident of a few years ago illustrates the modesty of the man who often speaks and writes like an egotist. He rushed home to Mrs. Winchell with an expression of utter disbelief on his face and gasped, "I've been offered three hundred dollars a week! It can't be true! Nobody makes three hundred a week!"

Mrs. Winchell knows her Walter, his abilities. "Don't sign a long-term contract," she advised. Her advice was correct. In a little more than a year, he was drawing a thousand dollars every seven days.

Motion picture money dazzles him, but he doesn't care particularly about acting. He made a short for Warner Brothers some time ago—reissued recently to coin money as his radio fame rose. And the lights made his head ache. But for fifty thousand dollars and a percentage—what's a headache?

He is always worried about his work. He thinks his stuff is terrible. When anyone likes it enough to tell him so, he doesn't believe it. A long time ago, I told him I thought a column he had written was great.

"It's lousy," he contended, and to-day, if he knew you, he'd beg to know if you thought he was doing all right.

The nation, and the people about whom he tells the nation, puzzle about his news sources.

Calls His Work "a Grind"

"TELL that crowd of tuner-inners," he directs, "that I never reveal where I find my items—but that most of my news comes from people who have promised their best friends to keep it a secret."

You and I consider his work of gathering gossip thrilling. He considers it routine. We'd get a big boot out of telling America three times a week. He hates the hot little box in which he has to sit before the microphone. His task has become particularly arduous since he has accumulated a reputation to uphold. It isn't fun any more.

"My greatest thrill," he avers, "is seeing confirmation of my biggest scoops printed in the newspapers twenty-four hours later. But it's mostly a grind. If the gossip doesn't materialize, people forget. Sometimes I pat myself on the back for being a peacemaker. I've broadcast news, for instance, that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So are going to separate. I've frightened them so that they've buried the hatchet."

There are a great many things that Walter groups under the heading of "legends." These are false rumors about this rumorist.

It was reported, for instance, that Connie Bennett was planning to sue him for a misstatement about her. "That's not true," says Walter. "As is always the case, someone told Miss Bennett I said something I didn't, and she got excited. My lawyer straightened it out."

He never has been involved in a libel trial, has never made a settlement out of court.

"That's a swell record," he contends, "when you consider that Hollywood lawyers listen in on my broadcasts in the hope of hearing me say something on which they can base a suit."

It is reported that he never goes any place without two stalwart bodyguards.

Needs No Bodyguards

"I HAVE none, unless they're my little Walda and Gloria," he asserts. "I state only impersonal facts, gathered impersonally. I have no important enemies. Stars come to me sometimes, much aggrieved, to ask why I have asserted such and such a thing about them. Usually, I've forgotten what I've said."

He is reported to hire a corps of snoopers. He employs none.

In spite of reports, no physical violence to his person has been attempted in Hollywood, or any place else. The worst attack ever made on him was a tongue-lashing "inflicted" by Earl ("Vanities") Carroll—and Earl's administering it amused Broadway.

Since coming to Hollywood, he has enjoyed driving around the city and is mystified to see bungalows with fresh air, sunlight and flowers around them renting for forty dollars a month. But he would not care to make Hollywood a permanent base.

"My writing and broadcasting would suffer. I'd be handicapped by public opinion," he says, "and by censorship. In New York I can say what I want to about Hollywood, and by the time it has soaked in out here, those involved have cooled off."

At present he is at the peak of his career. His writings net him almost two thousand dollars a week. His broadcasts bring him forty-five hundred weekly. The company for which he works recently spent one million dollars placing his endorsement of its product on forty-six thousand billboards throughout the country. He can act at the Palace (America's ace vaudeville house) for seventy-five hundred a week, and motion picture offers total two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

He doesn't know when he'll quit. Clever at predicting things, he asserts that he will die in harness within five years from a combination of overwork and lack of sunlight and fresh air.

Life Is Just a Bowl of Hard Knocks, Says Minna Gombell

(*Continued from page 64*)

indeed its own Reward, then what about her mother? *Why?*

Minna got married. Once. Twice. Both times with a bitter pill for the moral—and the finale. And here she had been living out all the old precepts, remembering her copy-book lessons and Sunday-school leaflets, and the rhymes she had said at her mother's knee!

She knows, now, that she will never teach *her* children, when she has any, the old saws that were taught to her. They are, she says, NO GOOD. They do not work. They simply are not so. They might have been so once, when the world was simple and uncomplicated. But to-day . . . tomorrow . . . *phooey!*

Minna was taught, "Always give the larger half of your apple to the other fellow." Minna says, "The real dope is that Eve should know her Adam before she gives away anything but the core."

When the little neighborhood boys and girls used to come and play with Minna in the Gombell yard, she was instructed to give her young visitors the larger share of everything. Dutifully and invariably, she obeyed this precept. And her first lesson in life came to her when, over a long period of time and people, she observed that they always took the larger share. Blandly. Unquestioningly. It seemed a little bit peculiar. Something was wrong somewhere. They couldn't all be wrong. She couldn't be the only one in the world who must give up the larger share. There was a fool in the woodpile somewhere. Could that fool be—Minna?

She Gave—and Others Took

WHEN she grew up and was married, this was one of the lessons she carried with her. It seemed to Minna that it must apply to everything. Her time, her work, the money she had earned and saved. She gave the larger half. She gave the other half. She gave it *all*. And all of it was taken—and so was she. She found herself without any husband, or any career, or any money or anything at all.

"Silence Is Golden," she was taught.

"Ha," says Minna, "I can rewrite that one, too. Silence IS golden—sometimes. Sometimes it is platinum. Sometimes silence takes on the dull sound of brass. I've tried it out—for years. I'd keep mum and seem *dumb*, no doubt, while the other fellow was doing all the talking and getting away with all the juicy plums. Once in a while it pays to be noisy and impudent.

"I once had the misfortune to work for a director who took great delight in yelling his orders, rather profane ones, at the top of his lungs. The more silent and submissive I became, the harsher and more impossible his instructions became. One day I tossed that old saw overboard and yelled right back at him. I didn't mince words and I didn't wrap my vocal cords in cellophane, either. My impudence swept him off his neck. He became subdued and his tongue dripped honey and roses and I played the part to the satisfaction of all concerned. I kissed that Silence-Is-Golden stuff good-bye forever!

"'What Will People Say?' was another precept driven home to me when I was still in my bib-and-tucker. I was told, in awed tones, not to do this or say that or think the other thing because—WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY? For years the bugaboo of What People Might Say haunted me, made me repressed, actually and definitely nipped in the bud and ruined various plans I had.

(*Continued on page 85*)

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CRYING . . . sobbing . . . laughing! The slightest thing drives her to distraction. Constant headache, backache, and dizzy spells are robbing this woman of youth, beauty and health. How pitiful it is—and how unnecessary.

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The tablet form is so easy to take. Send fifty cents to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, 1161 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass., for a regular $1.50 bottle.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablet Form

The Women Who Made Them Famous

(*Continued from page 53*)

the play. And Gable—a competent, even a splendid actor by the grace of Josephine Dillon's training—now found it an easy step from stage to studio. And then to an almost flamboyant success!

Made Chevalier Her Partner

MAURICE CHEVALIER, that Pride of Paris, found only transient employment in the music halls of Paris and of London. Until that day when Mistinguette, the famous *Folies Bergere* star, discovered him in a minor rôle in one of her reviews, recognized the spontaneous appeal of his flashing, tantalizing smile, and made him her partner. The War intervened—but he returned; and Chevalier, still the unknown, earned attention as the partner of the idolized Mistinguette! From then on his fortunes were assured. His straw hat, his impertinent manner of putting over a song, that overlapping lower lip of his became trade-marks.

Mistinguette—woman first, actress later—found delight in developing, in advising, in guiding the small, not-too-bright Chevalier star into the blinding brilliance of fame. His debt to her he readily professes—as a man and as an artist.

In a world addicted to mother-in-law humor, Roland Young's tribute to Clare Kummer, his wife's mother, becomes classic by reason of its rarity. Up to the time of their meeting, Young was a haphazard actor, one of that horde of young hopefuls who play the English provinces. He came to New York, encountered the regulation streak of ill luck, which continued until this woman—an able dramatist—recognized his flair for whimsical, charming rôles, and set herself to market his personality through a series of splendid comedies which she wrote to his measure.

Later, in accordance with a fourteen-year-long hope, he married Clare Kummer's daughter, Marjorie—a child of ten when he first met her mother.

Valentino's Three Helpers

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S flame illumines three women. There is June Mathis, the scenarist, who first saw in the dancing boy a great and vital personality. It was due to her astuteness, to her unrelenting insistence, that he was given the rôle of *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen." From then on, he was a comet—streaking to undiscovered universes of artistry with his portrayal of the clandestine and adventurous lover, of the man who made women mad with longing. If June Mathis did not anticipate what complete fruition of his talents would mean, she certainly saw beneath his shyness and bewilderment—a great actor!

If Valentino owed his artistic beginnings to June Mathis, then certainly to Jean Acker, his first wife, he owed that peacefulness of mind, that sense of belonging to someone, which contributed so vitally to his poise. Jean Acker was more than a wife to Valentino; she was a stabilizer, a shock-absorber for that sensitive child who was her husband. Their divorce was in no wise a spiritual parting; but he had achieved new mental growth—his paths deviated from hers. She continued to understand him, to give her friendship long afterward.

Natacha Rambova completes the trinity of women whose influence and efforts made Rudolph Valentino—the Italian immigrant boy—into an American legend. He married her at the psychological moment—when he had to choose between the lonely and secluded life of to-day's Garbo, or the flattering inclusion in the social whirl of Hollywood. She chose for him. She knew intuitively that if he did not have seclusion, this man would lose something of that precious sensitiveness, that introspection, which made his characterizations so memorable. So if June Mathis and Jean Acker fostered the nucleus, Natacha Rambova helped preserve the fully-developed career and warded off every distracting influence which might interfere with Valentino.

Two Women Backed Neil

TO a woman whose dreams were realized in her son, Neil Hamilton owes his success to-day. His mother, young in a day when actresses were practically beyond the pale, stifled her longings for the footlights, married—bore a son. As the infant grew into lusty boyhood, she was certain that little Neil would be an actor. It was fated. And as he grew older, she insisted that his diction be precise and correct, that he be versed in good literature.

When he went to New York, it was his mother who found railroad fare for him; it was his mother who went five years without a winter coat so that Neil might have a little money to keep going, to keep on trying. For two years she went without rubbers. She made innumerable sacrifices—and through it all she kept his courage high and unbending. At no time during those difficult first years did his ambition swerve—only because her enthusiasm came to him in a never-ending stream.

A measure of credit for his success must go to his wife. He met her in Toledo; she was a theatrical booking agent and he a clerk in a cigar store, a makeshift until a part in a stage production came along for him. And one morning he was fired. On that day the girl whom he loved marched him into a clothing store, outfitted him completely with suits and shirts and hats and shoes and accessories. He was on a train, bound for New York and a job before he quite realized that he had taken money from a woman. Her shining belief in his future was justified—and to-day, after ten years of marriage, Neil Hamilton still insists that without his mother and his wife, he couldn't possibly have achieved his present place on the screen!

The "Wimmin" in Jackie's Life

EVEN Jackie Cooper has two women in his life who have contributed to his success as the youngest character star of to-day! His mother, Mabel Leonard, was a vaudeville violinist. Jackie was born a stone's throw from a studio. That combination of events destined Jackie for film fame. The other woman in his life is his grandmother, who keeps his spending allowance down to fifty cents a week, and suggests that there is a certain manner of deportment for growing young gentlemen, especially for one who should be an example to other boys.

Jackie—lovable, regular boy—occasionally finds that women complicate a man's life, but are a help—primarily when trouser buttons are missing, and when sugar cookies are in order. But it is inevitable that these two wise women—his mother and his grandmother—will guide this great star to fine manhood and achievement.

When the hideous monster of "Frankenstein" made a nation's mind recoil with horror, the interest in the personality of Boris Karloff was insistent. Who was he? What was he? Where did he come from? And when the story was told, it was the oft-repeated one of a man with one ambition—failing, hoping, and finally getting the one rôle which brought him a world's acclaim. And behind that dogged persistence stands Pauline Karloff, his ex-wife. It has been said of her that she was a drawback to his career; that she danced in cheap cabarets. But both of them had to eat. She worked where she could—when she could. She readily credits Karloff with sinking his pride, with driving a truck, when screen engagements were unavailable. And to a man with the vast confidence in his own ability which Karloff had, other work was not pleasant.

Pauline Karloff played the game. She stood by her man—seeing her husband through a fog, but perceiving his indomitable urge, and helping practically, even though she could not quite understand.

Gloria "Discovered" John

IT was Gloria Swanson—whose first three marriages were stepping stones to her own development as a very great actress—who sponsored the introduction of John Boles to the screen. The former theatre usher made his film début opposite her in "The Loves of Sunya"—a sorry picture—but he learned the technique of the silents, learned those little tricks that spell the difference between ability and mediocrity. And so when the talkies came, he had already mastered the mechanics of the shadows—and with his glorious voice, he was ready for instant celebrity.

Young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., may well thank his mother for that companionship of spirit between them, for that perfect attunement, which took the sting out of his first defeat. Beth Fairbanks had taken her young son to Paris—where for four years he studied art, acquired and developed a cultivated and alert manner of thought. When their money was gone, they agreed that they would not disclose their situation to Douglas Fairbanks—by now married to Mary Pickford.

So Young Doug, with a new responsibility—and an increasing need—finally found himself in a picture which probably to this day holds the record for complete flops. His mother—gay and gallant—packed off to Paris again with her son, where she rebuilt his faith in himself, eradicating his feeling of persecution because he had been unfairly compared with his father as a screen player—and slowly restored his mental equilibrium.

Doug's Mother Saw Him Through

YOUNG Doug came back—to fail again. To appear finally in stage plays with success. That poise, that ease of manner which his mother instilled in him—registered! The talkies were re-making the map of Hollywood—and young Doug, with a voice that was clear and vibrant, at last found himself on the way to the top of the ladder, where he sits to-day, securely perched. His mother, now Mrs. Jack Whiting, was the woman who molded that boy's character and directed his training—and his views on living—to make that success possible!

As for that bronzed new sensation, Johnny Weissmuller, whose "Tarzan" has already staked out a claim for him in the heavens of the stars—the credit for his screen career belongs to pint-sized Bobbe Arnst, his wife. She cajoled the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer casting director into making a test of the swimming champion for the part. And then prevailed on her husband to take that test.

The studio, in testing dozens of established players for the rôle, had found that masculine sex appeal seemed to evaporate when it appeared before the camera in the lion-skin *Tarzan* was to wear for a costume. The sweeping frame of Weissmuller, ungainly in tweeds, was a sculptor's dream when he donned the scant garb.

He was given the rôle—and so a career was started—and a million women have discovered a new divinity to worship.

So the great stars—whether they are of yesterday or of to-day—step aside and disclose the helpful shadow that made success possible.

A Woman's Shadow!

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VICTIMS—
damp handkerchiefs irritate!

Use soft disposable
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HAY FEVER SUFFERERS—don't irritate your nose with a rough, damp handkerchief. Put away your handkerchiefs and use nothing but Kleenex during hay fever season.

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Left, the home of Claudette Colbert, who believes that a woman's home should be her castle. Claudette lives here with her mother, not her husband

Right, the home of Norman Foster, who likes privacy for playwriting. And from the size of his house, it looks as if he has plenty

The Real Reasons Why Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster Live Apart

(*Continued from page 47*)

stories have been written by those who have watched them over the footlights, who have never really been behind the scenes. I feel that in both of them there is a something slightly uneasy, slightly frustrated, slightly puzzled and vaguely bitter. I talked to both of them. I'll report faithfully what they said. I'll let you draw your own conclusions.

Claudette Tells All

I SAID to Claudette, lunching with her in her dressing-room on the Paramount lot, "Tell me, what is the real reason why you and Norman live apart? I mean, don't tell me what has been said a dozen times before—all about two temperaments and two careers needing two separate roofs. That isn't good enough. Because you know and I know that there is something else. Tell me the *real* reason—"

And then, for the first time, Claudette told the reason, the real one.

She said, "*My mother.*"

There is, it develops, a more than usual devotion between Claudette and her young and charming mother. Doubtless psychologists would tag it a mother-complex and a daughter-fixation. And doubtless that is just what it is. A Silver Cord which, however, neither binds nor irks.

Claudette was brought up differently, too, from most of our American girls. She was brought up in the French way. The way of implicit obedience and careful chaperonage of both manners and morals. Plus this—that her mother was her friend, as well as her mother.

When, a few years ago, Claudette's father died and her brother, Charles, married and left home, there was no one for the mother but Claudette, and no one for Claudette but her mother. There was no one who mattered to either of them quite so much as they mattered to one another. There is still no one else.

"I couldn't live without my mother," Claudette told me. "I certainly couldn't work. I just couldn't go on. She is necessary to me—that's the best way I can put it. She soothes me. She stimulates me. She believes in me. She understands me. *I have never found so much in any other person. I wouldn't do anything to hurt my mother for any man alive.*"

Secretly Married a Year

WHEN Claudette first fell in love with young Norman back in New York, dreadful things took place. Claudette feared for her mother's life.

"And so it was because of Mother," Claudette told me, "that Norman and I kept our marriage a secret for a year. Outside of the pain and guilt I felt at deceiving Mother, it was rather fun. Stolen meetings. Stolen kisses in taxicabs and hotel lobbies, in the wings of theatres . . .

"Then we went to England to play together in 'The Barker' as we had been doing on Broadway. Mother went, too, and then, of course, she had to know. It was pretty bad. It was pretty awful for a year or two. Mother couldn't see Norman for dust. She hated him with a deadly hatred. She would have hated almost anyone I'd married. She certainly hated *him*. Then, when I agreed to live with Mother as I'd always done, she felt differently about it. She has ended up by being extremely fond of Norman and he of her . . ."

"Even so," I said, rather helplessly, "I still don't quite understand. If you are in love with him, I mean . . . no mother, however devoted you may be to her . . ."

"I *am* in love with him," Claudette told me. "I am very much in love with him. I'm not so sure that I *like* him. The two things are different. I know many cases where a man and wife love one another emotionally and really do not like each other at all. Almost every single thing that Norman does annoys me. If I were not in love with him I don't suppose I'd have him for a friend on a bet. Nor he me.

"We would commit murder if we shared the same house for a steady diet. We have some tastes in common, of course. We like

(*Continued on page 86*)

Life Is Just a Bowl of Hard Knocks, Says Minna Gombell

(*Continued from page 81*)

There came a time when people said—plenty. I couldn't help it, but I had to take it.

"I found out that one copy-book maxim is true—'Sticks and stones may break your bones, but names will never hurt you.' I quit thinking about what people might say. I quit caring. The modern version of that cliché is 'What WON'T People Say?' And also and furthermore—WHAT OF IT?

Not So Sure About Virtue

"I WAS taught, of course, that 'Virtue Is Its Own Reward.' When my mother died as she did, I knew that that line was a lie. If ever a woman was virtuous in every one of the possible meanings of that word, my mother was that woman. And her reward . . .?

"I once knew a girl . . . she was four years younger than I, and I sort of mothered her. I felt responsible for her. She seemed to be one of life's misfits, for no good reason. She was Sunday-school good. She was pretty. Somehow, she was meaningless and cold. She went South for a visit. She fell in love with a married man. She had an 'affaire' with him. The whole adventure sounds sordid and 'sinful' and a bad business for all concerned. I don't know what became of the man. But the girl came home—and she was a changed person. She was warm, she was human, she was kindly and generous. She married and is one of the finest, most faithful and devoted wives and mothers I know. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I don't really care What People Say about this—*I* say that to stick too closely to those adages is a false and also a very dangerous business.

"'Honesty Is the Best Policy' is another blessed favorite of parents, school-teachers, ministers and dusty copy-books. I write it this way—'Honesty with *Yourself* is the Best Policy.' It works. If people are honest with themselves and don't kid themselves, they won't kid other people. They won't be bags of wind.

"And there is another angle to it—I know people who pride themselves on sticking so closely to the letter of this fusty little law that they will needlessly hurt the feelings of other people by being brutally honest with them, when a little white baby lie would have given them an 'out.' I *hope* I wouldn't find honesty the best policy if it came to a question of hurting someone so that I might hug my sterile righteousness to my chest.

"I've found Dishonesty the Best Policy on more than one occasion. I admit it. I brag about it. I've had poor girls ask me whether I liked their new gowns. I've thought they were atrocious. I've said, 'I think they're *dar*-ling!' I've had men propose to me—now and then—and I've felt like telling them I wouldn't have them in my soup and to get up and stop being damned fools. I've known they were being sincere and I've been sweet and made up stories. God will forgive me. I may even go to the head of the class.

Can't Afford to Be Modest

"I WAS taught, at my mother's knee, never to talk about myself. All the old proverbs about Modesty being a lovely thing in Woman, or something of the sort. That's all right, too, when you're not out in the world, on your own. When you are—well, I've had to learn and learn hard to look on myself as some kind of commodity, like a good pure brand of soap or some usable, non-fadable wash goods, and to sell myself accordingly. It has taken me years. I've not learned it yet. I have to force myself to it and I feel like forty kinds of a fool the whole time I'm parrotting it. Recently, I happened to walk in on a conference where the casting of 'Bachelor's Affairs' was taking place. I shot out my cuffs, said a few good, strong words about Minna and—got the part. My poor parents, my teachers, my very copy books would have shrivelled up at the things I said. And so another little byword joined the other epitaphs in the cemetery.

"I was taught to honor my elders, no matter who they might be. An old gray head and an old gray beard were oracles of wisdom, so it seemed. More hooey. When I grew up, I went astray on more than one occasion because of that one. I listened to people advising me. Venerable men and women in point of years—fools and adolescents in point of wisdom. I would certainly advise all young people to be courteous to all old people because they are, after all, near to the journey's end and should have a kindly farewell. But to teach youngsters that every word that falls from a graybeard is a word of wisdom is treason.

"'Early to Bed and Early to Rise' is fair enough. It is physiologically sound, if nothing else. But many of the men and a fair percentage of the girls I know are night-birds. And when opportunity comes knocking, he does not knock on their own doors because they are, usually, not behind them. More often than not, they are disporting themselves at Texas Guinan's or somewhere else where the white lights shine the brightest. Late to Bed and Late to Rise is what has made my pals unhealthy and wealthy and wise!

She Wants to Be Shown

"I WAS taught not only to be absolutely honest, myself, but also to believe that everyone else is one hundred per cent honest, too. In this best of all possible worlds. I went about over the earth for years, taking every man at his face value and every woman at her 'facial' value. I thought every word said to me was gospel truth and every contract and promise waved in my face meant what the ink said it meant. Well, I'm not a cynic. There's too much fun in the world for anything like that. But I do believe—like the French law, isn't it?—that *every man is guilty until he proves himself to be innocent.*

"I could go on and on. . . . I was taught that Woman's Place Is in the Home. I should say that Woman's Place Is in the Home until she finds a hotel safer for her skin and bones and bank account and peace of mind.

"Variety may be the Spice of Life—but it can also be the price of life.

"Money Talks—I should say that it screams, yodels, sings, carols, hollers and drowns out all other voices, save one.

"Still Water Runs Deep—but it must leak somewhere along the course. I've found some of the 'stillest' people I know to be the dumbest people I know. They never say anything because they never have anything to say. Every Man Has His Price—perhaps—but try to pay it! I won't continue. I just wish to state that some years ago I bought myself a large, yawning and capacious scrap-basket. And into this receptacle I dumped, lock and stock and barrel, those little mottoes like Handsome Is as Handsome Does and Beauty Is Only Skin Deep and all the other little maxims that worked like a charm at my mother's knee and worked nothing but harm on Broadway and all points West."

LORETTA YOUNG, First National Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Rouge.

MAKE-UP

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	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Medium ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
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The Real Reasons Why Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster Live Apart

(*Continued from page 84*)

the same books and the same music. We both like to travel. We're interested in the theatre. But we do not like the same people, ever. Which would make it totally impossible for us to share a home. I simply could not entertain the kind of people Norman likes and my friends would be equally unbearable to him.

"Not One Bit Domestic"

"I AM not one bit domestic. I don't know anything about housekeeping and I don't want to. Norman is not domestic, either—except now and then.

"As a matter of fact, I think he has an ideal time of it. I can't imagine what he could find to complain about. Not that he does—*often*. But, really, he is getting what every husband is forever kicking over the traces to get—freedom. He has absolute freedom, financially and personally. He can come and go as he pleases and where he pleases. There are no questions asked—and none answered. And he can always be with me whenever he wants to be. What more could a man want?

"Besides, there are the small things. He doesn't have to see me with my face smeared with cold cream. He doesn't have to put up with me when I come home from the studio late, or tired, or discouraged. None of the trivial things that drive most husbands and wives into undignified quarrels come up.

"There is the question of children, of course. I've thought of that, too. I'd like to have a baby. And I once told Norman that I would have one, providing he would sign a paper swearing that the child would be completely mine in the event of any separation or divorce between us. *He wouldn't sign it.*

"*I* don't know, of course, how this separation marriage will work out—eventually. I'm positive it is working out better this way than it would in the more usual way. That's all I do know. We've been separated pretty steadily for this past year and a half. That has changed us both, I know. It's bound to. You get more used than ever to having your own way, to choosing your own friends—

"I know that nothing emotional ever stands still. It goes on or it goes back. Something of that sort is bound to happen to us. We will come to the place where we will have to compromise or—*we will break*."

Not the Marriage They Planned

I LEFT Claudette and went over to Norman Foster's womanless house on top of a high Hollywood hill. Norman usually lives there, alone. At present, however, another chap is with him and they are collaborating on a play.

Norman laughed when I told him I wanted to talk about his marriage. I didn't quite like his laughter.

"I want the real reason why you and Claudette live apart," I told him. "Not the usual story about two temperaments . . ."

"Well," Norman said, "I can leave the cap off the toothpaste—that's an advantage! But you want me to be serious, to be profound. Let's see . . .

"Of course it was Claudette's mother, in the beginning. Because, in the very beginning, that first year we were married and were keeping our marriage a secret, *we didn't plan it like this*. We used to say, then, 'After a while it will be different. As soon as this period is over, we'll have a house together, we'll be together all the time, we'll have babies and live like other people . . .'

"We never did. We just got started differently. I think it's all in the way you begin. You get used to anything. We've got used to this way. I hated it at first. I like it now. I've learned to like it. After the marriage was announced, after Claudette's mother was told about it, it was pretty bad. It was a mother-complex, of course. We had that all out, many times. But I understand it now where I didn't then.

"Then after that situation was settled, the two of us were getting along pretty well. Everything was fine until—the movies came along. I knew, when Claudette went into pictures, that I would have to try for them, too. No man can long stand being married to a woman who is more famous than he is and who is making considerably more money. 'Mr. Claudette Colbert' . . . I've met too many of those!

I said, "But it's *fun*, isn't it, being married this way? I mean, you have a sweetheart and a wife. You have the perpetual chase dear to the hearts of men. You make dates to meet and go places . . ."

Norman said, "No, it isn't any fun. It's just the usual thing with us. We don't make dates. I just go over there for dinner. It has one or two advantages, I suppose. For instance, take the case of Joan and Doug. They never seem to make a picture at the same time. The result is that, when Doug is working, Joan has to sit home alone, sometimes whole nights through. When Joan is working, Doug has to do the same. They won't go places with other people.

"With Claudette and me, that's different. When she is working, I never have to sit up and wait for her. I can go places or I can go to bed, as I choose. We have been separated pretty steadily for this past year and a half. That is well known. Nobody expects us to live like hermits. We go where we please and with whom we please. Still, we *are* married—there is a certain self-consciousness.

"Inclined to Be Domestic"

"I BELIEVE, too, that I am inclined to be domestic. I've built my mother and Dad a home out in Sunland. I go out there a lot, week-ends and things. I like to putter around the garden. It's a *home*, you see . . .

"I'd like to have youngsters. Claudette wanted them, too, a while ago. But like all the French, she would be intensely possessive about a child of her own. She wanted me to promise that I'd sign away all rights to the child in the event that we should decide to divorce. I couldn't do that.

"I can only say, honestly, that I suppose it's working out better for us—being us—this way than it would in any other way. We never like the same people. Especially since Claudette has been in the East. She has gone about with, so to speak, the social set on Long Island and elsewhere. They think I'm a mutt. I couldn't go them. Claudette, in another way, feels the same way about people I like. We could never have the same friends. Then, I'm interested in writing. And for writing you have to have quiet and privacy and a certain sense of importance in your own household. You may imagine how *that* would work out!

"I can't make any prophecies as to how this will end. It has gone on for five years. It may go on for another five, or ten, or longer. We certainly have no idea of changing anything at the present moment. We're in love with each other. Whether love without home or children or mutual friends can hold together, I don't know. I believe that a thing like this is bound to climax sometime for some reason. Then we will either have to change our lives by uniting them more closely or—*by severing them entirely* . . ."

Have you drawn your own conclusions?

Extra! Clara Bow Makes Her Comeback

(*Continued from page 41*)

of life that any poor Brooklyn girl would like to picture herself living, if she became a great star—and which so few would have the courage to live when they came down to it. In a whirlpool of fake personalities, she stood out as a woman of reality, of honest-to-goodness flesh and blood.

Didn't Live Like a Star

HER little bungalow, tucked away on a Beverly Hills drive, with its rather tawdry, but "homey" furniture; its signed photograph of Elinor Glyn on the piano; its half-dozen dogs, ranging from blue-ribbon thoroughbreds to mongrels of the worst description, which wandered aimlessly in and out from the garden; its pair of careless, but companionable German servant-girls, its Australian honey-bear perched, for no apparent reason, on the kitchen sink—this was one of the real places of Hollywood. In it, you had no sensation of proximity to a famous movie star. You did not get all hot under the collar. You seemed to be at home; you wanted to kick off your walking-shoes, turn on the radio and bawl out the chorus of whatever they happened to be playing—you wanted to eat, drink and be merry.

That was B.D.—Before DeVoe.

Daisy DeVoe, the girl with the straight blonde hair whom we all knew as Clara's secretary, arrived on the scene just before the Harry Richman affair began. Clara was utterly un-business-like, recklessly good-hearted. Everybody and anybody who told her a sob-story got money from her. She had to have somebody to look after her household and financial affairs.

Of all the people in the world, she had to pick on Daisy DeVoe—and what happened belongs to history.

I doubt if anyone was ever more cruelly hurt, more revoltingly pilloried, than was Clara during and after the DeVoe trial. Any girl with less spunk in her, with a weaker philosophy of life, would have been knocked out.

Clara, like the wise little person she was becoming, lay low and said nothing.

Then, too, she had lately met Rex Bell. He it was who had opened her eyes, who had been at her side through all these hideous experiences. I remember her telling me about it at the time of the trial.

Love for Rex Came Later

"I've met a man," she said, "whom I don't love. I respect him and like him enormously. I have a conviction inside me that he is good for me—that none of all this mess would have happened if I had met him sooner."

When I heard that, I felt that a new chapter had started in Clara's amazing life story. Every other man she had ever gone with had inspired in her a mad, unthinking love, only to fail lamentably, in each case, to live up to her idea of him. Here was a man of a different sort, for whom her first feeling was one of respect and admiration.

Just as I expected, Clara and Rex fell properly in love—and this time it was the real thing. Without offering the slightest opposition, Clara Bow—the girl at whose feet scores of men had grovelled and for the unrequited love of whom several admirers had attempted suicide—meekly became the wife of Rex Bell.

The world heard of the marriage and said with a snigger: "Huh! Another Harry Richman affair, I suppose!"

Well, they just didn't know Clara. If they *had* known her, they would have realized instantly that this was something different.

For some months Mr. and Mrs. Rex Bell lived in near-obscurity. Clara had a lot to live down; both of them had a life to build up. The two jobs were done jointly at Rex's ranch. Occasionally they dropped back into Hollywood, unknown to anybody, for a few days at Clara's beach bungalow.

Remembering the awful results of the Arbuckle and similar cases, people said: "Clara Bow is finished."

Clara continued to lie low and say nothing—and the notorious shortness of public memory began to manifest itself.

Knew Patience Would Pay

IF she had at that time agitated for film work, she could have got it—but it would have been the beginning of the end for her. Lately a victim of weak scenarios and of headline-hunters, she knew that her market price would have come down from its previous level—and would have continued to come down. In a year she would probably have been working for small, independent companies, and a great actress would have been lost to the serious screen.

Instead, she just waited . . . and let the producers come back to her. She knew that great screen personalities were becoming more and more the life-blood of the industry, and that they did not grow on trees. And she never lost confidence in herself.

Sure enough, her plan worked—as that sort of plan always does work, in Hollywood.

Producers, intrigued by the way she had buried herself away, began to ring up to ask after her health and suggest that she should come down to the studio some day for a friendly chat.

Clara and Rex recently asked me to dinner. It was just at the period when both were beginning to get a real kick out of snubbing the studios and the Press. It was one of the most amusing games they had ever played.

The telephone rang five minutes after I walked into the Bow-Bell sitting-room. Rex answered it. It was one of the executives of M-G-M in person, not a secretary—angling for Clara for the title rôle of "Red-Headed Woman."

"I'd like Miss Bow over here to see me at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning," said he, crisply. (Five other people in the studio had already said this sentence in five different ways, none of them with any success. For Clara didn't want the rôle.)

Rex smiled. "I'm sorry," he said. "Miss Bow is not here. In any case, she is not seeking work at present."

Clara, dressed in an old sweat-shirt and white linen beach pants, led the way into the kitchen where, aided by no one, she cooked the dinner. It consisted of roast lamb, vegetables and Brown Betty pudding, and it was excellent.

How She Dodged Contracts

OVER dinner Clara and Rex explained their position to me in detail. I got plenty of laughs from their descriptions of how they had cold-shouldered some of the producers angling for Clara's services, and how, the more curtly they turned jobs down, the more frequent offers became.

It was just one more proof of what I have always contended—that the only way to impress the studios is to treat them as though they were of no importance.

The cream of the jest is that Clara was living on the two hundred dollars a week earned by her husband in "Westerns"—and living just as comfortably as she could want to live. Turning down one flattering offer after another meant nothing to her, for she had everything she wanted out of life—a ranch where she could run wild, a good

(*Continued on page 89*)

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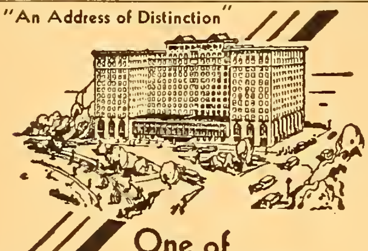

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The New "Lady of Mystery" —Gwili Andre

(*Continued from page 51*)

to her intimate friends and chuckles behind her mask of compulsory "mystery"?

She was born in Denmark about twenty-four years ago and the first twenty years of her life were no more unusual or exciting than yours spent in Brooklyn, or mine in Texas. She was not an "unusual" child of moods or exotic artistic ability. Gwili grew up in an atmosphere of schools, roller-skating and arithmetic tests that was almost American in its lack of sensational "color."

At twenty, Gwili came to America, because, like the average European girl of her age, she was intrigued by the Cinderella stories of youthful success in this country. She had vague, but not burning, ambitions about the stage. Hollywood did not enter her mind.

A New Yorker Four Years

THAT was four years ago. In all that time she has never set foot on an American stage. Not that New York didn't notice Gwili. Even that busy metropolis took note of the beautiful blonde seen so frequently "about town" at the smart gathering places and the "first nights."

The first year of Gwili's New York life, she gave up any ideas she may have had about the stage. When she replied to the questions of eager producers of musicals that she could neither sing nor dance, they thanked her for the interview, and engaged more gifted, if less beautiful, performers for their hits. Her lack of success did not particularly worry Gwili. A calm, easygoing, humorous temperament is one of her dominant characteristics.

At the end of her first American year, she was put onto the ropes of commercial modeling by a friend. Gwili did not have to sing or dance to intrigue the commercial artists who planned advertising for smart New York shops and jewelry stores. If Gwili's face seems vaguely familiar to you, it is because you have probably seen it many times in smart magazines modeling So-and-So's silks and satins and other well-advertised feminine luxuries.

By the time she had been in New York about a year and a half, she was an even better known figure about town. There are stories that smart shops, with a weather eye to Gwili's beauty of face and figure, "loaned" her gowns to wear to popular gathering places, for which, in return, she was to mention casually the name of the designer and the shop.

New York Rumors About Her

THERE are many stories of Gwili in New York. One is that she usually attended "first nights" alone. People who did not know Gwili to be the town's highest-paid model started colorful fiction about her: She was a "countess," whose husband had been killed in the war. She was a dethroned member of some royal court. Once she walked into a beauty parlor and the whisper went around: "The Duchess is here!" Gwili, who did nothing to foster this fiction, was amused and went on about the job of modeling.

It was at about this stage of her career that Gwili met and married a young American, said to be attached to some official bureau in Washington, D. C. The real details of that marriage are known only to Gwili, and the man, of course—and so far neither one of them has done any talking about it. From a good friend of hers it is reported that her marriage, like nearly everything else that has ever happened to Gwili, was a most casual event. And so was its sequel. Without any definite break or quarrel, so the story goes, her husband found his business interests centered in Washington—and Gwili remained in New York. To the best of her friends' knowledge, they have never been divorced. The polite separation it is reported, has lasted between two and three years.

There are conflicting reports about how Gwili was "discovered" by the movies. The most frequent one is that she was first appreciated by Steichen, the famous photographer, and that he showed his studies of Gwili to Hollywood executive-friends. However, her friends relate that this was the real (and more romantic) way in which she was "discovered":

Couldn't Believe His Eyes

ABOUT six months ago David Selznick, head of RKO, went to New York on a talent hunt. He attended the theatre one night with a business associate. Just before curtain time, Gwili swept down the aisle, and as usual, the ripple of interest that always greeted her appearance fluttered the audience. "Who is that girl?" asked Selznick. His companion did not know—but he did know the man who was escorting her. At intermission, an introduction took place. Selznick asked her if she would be interested in making a test for the movies. "Why not?" smiled Gwili.

The following morning, a very hurried test was made in a New York studio. When Selznick saw that test of this girl who is a born photographic "natural," he drew up a contract to bring Gwili to Hollywood.

For two weeks she made tests. Selznick wanted to be sure he had believed his eyes that first time. Also, he studied Steichen's portraits of her.

It was a comparatively unknown director who put the lovely Andre through her camera paces. His idea was to make her alluring and Garboish.

"My gol'," breathed Gwili over a cigarette to a friend (yes, Gwili knows most of the American slang words and her accent is slight). "You know what he make me do? All day long I got to act like a tree. This director, he tell me, 'Miss Andre, act like a tree, very willowy. Very graceful'."

Didn't Like to Be Wooden

AFTER fourteen days of this, Gwili stalked into Selznick's office. "Mr. Selznick," she said, "I do not think I will go over in pictures."

Selznick wanted to know why.

"Because," said Gwili, "I cannot act like a tree. I do not know how a tree act. I have never seen a tree act."

With people who have been lucky enough to strike up a friendship with Gwili, she is natural, free and unaffected. She likes to use slang and she likes to hear stories about the doings of Hollywood stars. Six months ago, she had no interest at all in pictures. Now she is vitally concerned with them, and with the people who make them.

She has not escaped her quota of "romance rumors" in spite of the almost mythical husband in the background who apparently hasn't been divorced. A young scenario writer has been very attentive to Gwili, and there is persistent talk that she is "engaged" to a rich New Yorker.

But the best news of all about Gwili, "the new screen sensation," is that she does not play a lady of easy virtue in her first picture, *a la* Garbo and Dietrich—though the title of her second, "The Mistress of Moscow," sounds as if she might.

But *all* the other feminine stars had better look to their laurels—for Gwili will do very human rôles before the camera, and then, too, she's so gosh-darn beautiful!

Extra! Clara Bow Makes Her Comeback

(*Continued from page 87*)

husband, a sense of humor and a Rolls-Royce. (The latter luxury she bought, a few weeks ago, with some of the money saved from her Paramount salary.)

Clara has reached very definite conclusions as to the value of money to her.

"I like to make all I can, of course," she told me. "And I want to save all I can, so that I'll still have something to throw away after I'm through as an actress. But it is worth just so much to me, and no more. I can live perfectly well on what Rex earns, and be happy. Until the right rôle turns up, I shall continue to turn down all offers. I won't ever again play the sort of stereotyped part I used to have to play. If all producers want me to do is to register 'It' and show my underwear, they can keep their parts.

What Clara Has Learned

"I'VE had offers from every company in Hollywood and from two English companies in the past six months. Generally, when they ring up, Rex answers the 'phone and says I'm not at home. The more he does that, the more they call up. I never realized before how easy it is to get the studios all steamed up about you.

"All you have to do is to lie low for a few months, and marry a husband who knows how to be tough in a nice way."

Well, the magic formula has worked . . . and Clara has one of Hollywood's biggest contracts. The picture she will do is "Call Her Savage," by Tiffany Thayer—in which she will play a girl of mixed blood who affects no two men the same way. She has a part she likes and a salary higher than she used to earn at Paramount.

She returns to pictures a more alluring, more popular figure than ever, with already a slight Garbo-esque mystery, due to her nun-like seclusion of late months.

For the first time in her career, she knows what independence is. For the first time in her life she knows what love is.

She has learned, in the interim, to make the world's most tasty Brown Betty . . . and if she is on the plump side, isn't that how we Bow fans like her?

There are too few Bows in Hollywood, say I, and when there is one . . . why, the more of her the better.

Good luck to her!

Stars Who Have Vanished

(*Continued from page 77*)

are now competing for her services.

George Nichols—Famous old man of the films. Died suddenly a few years ago.

Anna Q. Nilsson—Fractured her hip a few years ago, and was forced to retire. Recently returned to Hollywood from Sweden with her hip mended. Will resume career.

Mabel Normand—Ill health forced her retirement from the screen, soon after the murder of director William Desmond Taylor. She had been the last person to see him alive. Married Lew Cody September 17, 1926. Died after a lingering illness, February 23, 1930.

Barry Norton—Popular juvenile from the Argentine was forced into Spanish versions when talkies came along, except for an occasional small rôle in features. About a year ago, he "disappeared." Recently returned, revealing he had been in the South Seas, reducing and getting fit for another try at big rôles in American movies.

Eva Novak—Married William Reed, brother-in-law of director Alfred Green. With her husband, is now operating the director's ranch at Saugus, Cal.

Jane Novak—Bill Hart's former leading lady is now married to Chester Bennett, owner of a Hollywood film laboratory.

Eugene O'Brien—Norma Talmadge's former co-star lives quietly in Hollywood. Not very active professionally.

Charles Ogle—Fine character actor retired to live in Long Beach, Cal. Due to judicious investments, his fortune is reputed to be in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million.

George O'Hara—Young star of H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Blood" series is now writing at Mack Sennett studio.

Gertrude Olmsted—Former young M-G-M star. Retired as Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard, wife of the director. Socially prominent in Hollywood.

Pat O'Malley—Irish leading man is now playing in independent pictures.

Muriel Ostriche—Married a well-to-do New Yorker and, when last heard of, was living in Great Neck, Long Island.

Virginia Pearson—Once a high favorite in filmdom and noted for her beautiful back, she and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, are reported to have lost a great deal of money. Virginia is now making a comeback in minor rôles. Lewis is now said to be stone-deaf, but works in independents occasionally.

Baby Peggy—Now aged thirteen and living on a ranch in Wyoming.

Ann Pennington—Famous little swimming and diving girl is now a star dancer in Broadway revues. As peppy as ever.

Eileen Percy—Now a successful columnist for a newspaper syndicate, and as pretty as always. Has just resumed her screen career.

House Peters—Former he-man hero retired and lives in Beverly Hills. Recently crashed into print through his objections to neighbors' pianos, radios and dogs.

Olga Petrova—Retired, but said to be writing plays. Now single again.

Mary Philbin—The curly-haired heroine of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" still believes that a fairy godmother will come along some day and transform her into a great moom pitcher star. Has been playing for independent companies.

Dorothy Phillips—Widow of Allen Holubar, the director. Plays in independent pictures.

Norma Phillips—The original "Mutual Girl" died penniless a few years ago and was buried by the Actors' Fund.

Sally Phipps—After leaving the screen for the stage a couple of years ago, Sally married money and retired.

Jack Pickford—The brother of Mary, and the most famous of juvenile stars in the old days, has been living in retirement for years. About a year ago, he suffered a breakdown but now is recovered. Was recently divorced by Mary Mulhern, former Follies girl, his third wife. Now thirty-six.

Eddie Polo—Now making pictures in Germany.

David Powell—Famous for playing romantic Continentals. Died April 16, 1925, of pneumonia.

Arlene Pretty—Does radio work occasionally on the West Coast.

Aileen Pringle—One of the stars who belongs to the intelligentsia. Plays in an occasional independent picture when in the mood. Her fame as a hostess, however, is unimpaired. Recently asked for divorce from English husband, Charles Pringle,

(*Continued on page 93*)

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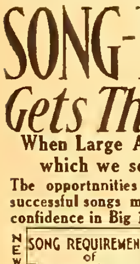

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As with Clark Gable, Josephine Dillon has taught Bruce Cabot how to put across his lines with maximum effect and minimum effort. Here she is rehearsing him for his second picture, "What Price Hollywood?"

Women Love Gable—But They Adore Bruce Cabot!

(*Continued from page 27*)

three weeks before running away to a ranch.

"But there didn't seem to be any great future in ranching," he now relates. "So at the age of fifteen I seconded a prize-fighter, only to get in an argument and inadvertently knock him out, making it necessary for me to seek other employment. So I caught a job with the State Highway Commission, swinging a sledge hammer. Finally I returned to high school in an attempt to secure sufficient credits for the University, but ended up by entering Sewanee Military Academy, down in Tenten-tennessee, and then the University of the South—only to return to the State Highway Commission again."

Itching feet finally carried Cabot to Texas where he took a surveying job with the Houston Port Commission. After a month or so of this he slogged over to France on a tramp steamer.

"It was a twenty-seven-day trip," he recalls, "and I was one of the three English-speaking men on board. Just an ordinary seaman, deck hand, doing dirty jobs. On the way across, I got into a fight with a German sailor who was so tough he'd have knifed his own mother for a dime. I'll admit my nerves went haywire when he started to throw me overboard, but I ended up by doing all right.

"The sailors took rather a liking to me—they didn't know about my three-month college career—so when we arrived at Havre they invited me to join them on a bender that had all the earmarks of a riot. After a night with these sailor mugs, I went on up to Paris to visit my uncle, Herman Harges, partner of the banking house of Morgan-Harges. He got a deuce of a kick out of my working my way across, so he sort of took care of my expenses around France, and, as I recall, they were *all* around France."

"Roughed It" Through France

CABOT'S uncle arranged for him to visit the battlefields with the famous one-armed General of France, Gorot, and to study French by walking an hour a day with a French soldier. His uncle then entered him in a school at Tours, where he met Lucien ("Duke") Estey.

"'Duke' was writing his book, 'Ask Me Another'," Cabot explains, "and since I'd been studying for nearly a month, we decided we could do with some relaxation. So we went on a twelve-day bicycle trip through Brittany. We started out at Chartres and made the rounds up through San Michel and into Rouen and back, taking along nothing but toothbrushes and combs and slept in the fields until we pulled into Saumur, where the French have their Cavalry School.

"That night we had some cognac, and, as usual, 'Duke' started reciting Shakespeare. Everything was going along fine until two fellows across the court began complaining bitterly about the quality of 'Duke's' voice. And since they persisted in their complaints, even after we had warned them to stop, we invited them over. . . .

"When I woke up the next morning, I noticed the room had been torn into shreds. Nevertheless, we went out to watch the Cavalcade—the annual show of the Cavalry School, racing, trick riding and such—and upon returning to our hotel, we found a bill for five thousand francs, upon which was written one word: *Degradation*—which is French for a devil of a lot of damage. That's how I learned the meaning of the word, and I'll never forget it. . . .

"What's that?" he inquired in surprise, when I asked him how he had paid the bill. "Oh, we had the money in our pockets. I always try to carry along plenty of funds, even while roughing it."

One imagines that uncle Herman breathed a sigh of relief when, at the age of eighteen and after turning France upside down, Cabot once again set sail for the U. S. A. "I gambled on the boat," he relates with a wry grin, "and landed in New York with a French franc in my pocket. At that point I figured there might be a future in the oil business. And since father was drilling a well out in Artesia, New Mexico, I went to work for him, starting as a roughneck and tool-dresser. When his well failed to come in, I joined another company as a sort of right-hand man—running wells, making daily field reports, and so on."

Lost the Girl He Loved

AT about this time Cabot met a girl, who, with her family, was visiting in New Mexico. With characteristic action, he rushed her, followed her back to Florida, and married her.

"In a month or so," he admits, "we had a disagreement in which I was at fault and were temporarily separated. I wrote a twenty-page letter from French Lick, apologizing. But the only answer I received was from her attorney, stating that she had started divorce proceedings.

"Upon arriving in Chicago some six months later, I dropped in on her attorney, who happened to be a friend of both our families. He said that if I'd written telling her I was sorry, she would have forgiven me. 'But I did write her!' I exclaimed. 'A twenty-page letter—and got no answer.' He insisted that she had never received it. That night I looked through my trunk and discovered the letter, stamped and ready to be mailed."

Cabot's mistake cost him the love of the girl he adored, a blow if there ever was one. But he took it on the chin and went to New York, determined to make good before ever again corresponding with his family. And while selling bonds in New York, he met Bernie Fineman, the Hollywood movie producer. Fineman gave him letters to influential Hollywood directors and told him to go West. Cabot went West, but decided against using the letters. A few months later, Fineman returned to Hollywood and gave him a test out at M-G-M.

"But it wasn't any good," says Cabot, "so I tried to forget the movie business and started out as a sort of promoter."

Indeed, during Cabot's amazing pre-movie career in Hollywood, he made bitter enemies and fast friends, he sold cars and real estate, rented houses and handled personal accounts, traveled around with the town's choice beauties and last, but not least, promoted the famous Embassy Club.

How He Got His Chance

FINALLY one night at a dinner party, Cabot met David Selznick, potent boss of RKO, who gave him a screen test that resulted in a five-year contract.

"There has been a lot of bunk printed about my previous experience in films and stock," Cabot wants you to know. "But the truth is that I'd never had any experience whatsoever when Mr. Selznick gave me that test."

The studio hailed him as "another Gable" (it's a habit with new male "discoveries") and gave him a good part in "The Roadhouse Murder." And so excellent was his acting—a good share of credit for which must go to Josephine Dillon—that after the preview the studio decided to reshoot the picture, writing in for Cabot some bigger and better scenes.

This, no doubt, caused his elation on the day he dropped into my apartment, announcing that at last he was going to get in touch with his father.

"I haven't talked with him for over two years," he said. "He doesn't even know where I am. Now that I'm actually getting somewhere, I'm going to 'phone him long-distance. I think he'll be proud of me at last. . . . "

An hour later, Cabot was back and showed me a telegram from his stepmother: "JUST SUCCEEDED IN LOCATING YOU THROUGH NEWSPAPER STOP YOUR FATHER DIED THREE DAYS AGO STOP BURIED TO-DAY."

Unquestionably the toughest blow possible. But, as usual, Cabot took it on the chin. "Perhaps," he mused stoically, "father knows all about it, even now. . . "

So there you have Bruce Cabot. A man with passionate friends and equally passionate enemies. A man who wears his clothes like a gentleman and makes love like an efficiency expert. A man whose handsome irregularity of features, whose ability to elicit adoration from women, and whose inherent talent for acting may crown him with stardom. A man of whom Josephine Dillon says: "He is far greater than Gable!" A man who is Hollywood's Gentleman Soldier of Fortune.

And MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE stands behind you, Cabot, old boy, even if you're not "one of the Cabots who speak only to God!"

Contented—And How!

(*Continued from page 57*)

When the show opened in Los Angeles and drew "cold," or at the best, indifferent notices from the local critics, Miss Chatterton blamed it on the climate, the domestic relationship between the critic and his wife, the war in China, the ravages of the Japanese beetle, the Lindbergh kidnaping case, the new oil scandal—anything but the play. She still thought it was good.

"But too jolly English . . . too jolly English for Hollywood. I should have known better," she aptly put it. When it died a slow and painful death after two weeks, she lifted it. But did she become annoyed? Not so you could notice it. We have Mr. Conlon's word for that.

On To Europe To Forget

WE couldn't help wondering then why it was with such a frown-proof contract all tucked away, with this doll-house of a dressing-room at her disposal, with picture stories much to her liking, and with Mr. George Brent as a leading man (and Mr. Brent is certainly the Chatterton choice as a leading man, as witness "The Rich Are Always with Us" and "Children of Pleasure," the second "contented" production)—that Ruth Chatterton talked almost exclusively about her approaching European vacation from Hollywood?

"I can hardly wait," remarked the Lady of Contentment (it must have been a very small piece of gum, for her jaw barely moved). "It's the first real vacation I've had in so long. Just think—three whole months away from Hollywood. Not to hear any shop-talk. Never to hear anyone ask me about it. Thank heavens, I have friends who don't care a snap of their fingers about the movies! I'll just rest and play and forget anything that ever happened in Hollywood."

Can it be (in spite of the good-hearted Warner Brothers) that Ruth Chatterton is just a little weary from the lack of success of her play, a little tired of dodging divorce rumors that just won't quite die away, and of having kind friends hide publications which contain criticisms to be "ignored"?

I wonder if sometimes there might not be just a shade of irony to Ruth Chatterton in that slogan, "the contented actress"?

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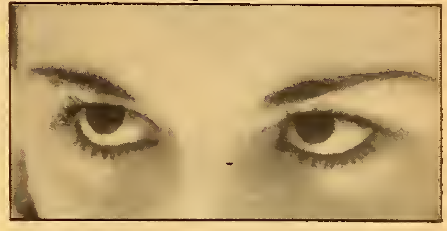

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Barbara Stanwyck Due for Big Breaks, Her Numberscope Says

(Continued from page 32)

Organization is a great feature of her Numberscope—both the organization of ideas and abilities and the organization of actual methods of self-expression. The indicator to this is an "Expression" or Method number of "8" which is gained from the addition of every number of every letter of her name. The number "8" is the symbol of will power, organization, management.

Barbara Stanwyck is never lazy and would not prove an easy taskmaster. However, she is most severe upon herself, putting herself through the smallest detail of a part that she is to portray until the smallest facial expression, movement or pose is correctly planned and rehearsed to perfection. This is why, in the enthusiasm of doing a memorable bit of acting, she always forgets she is a star and feels it much more important to work hard in preparation so that chance is eliminated when the cameras begin to grind. Like others of this "4" and "8" type, she has imagination and creative talent, but these are always kept subservient to an inner serious intent and an outer efficiency of action. She does not let her imagination "run away with her."

Her Marriage vs. Her Career

IN the more personal phases of her emotions, she is still found applying common sense, and letting her singleness of purpose, her sincerity and her capacity for service control her love interest to a degree that Hollywood must judge as more than a trifle old-fashioned. She would readily admit that she believes that every normal woman should be married and have a home-life, even if there might be the importance of a career in the foreground. Her own marriage—to Frank Fay—is just as important to her as her career, if not more important.

But so far as the numbers of Barbara Stanwyck's birth date (July 16, 1907) indicate her life and future, these ideas of domestic happiness and an absorbing home-life that could be made as much of a success as her public career are not likely to be realized until after her thirty-second birthday. With her natural determination, however, she will do her best to realize them much earlier.

In this she may be successful to a certain degree, but there will be times when her self-sacrificing loyalty and service, which she can never dissociate from affection, will draw the very publicity she dislikes.

Another Numerological aspect to this pull between her domestic and public careers is that she was born in July, which is the 7th month in any year and also on the 16th which totals 7. Readers will recall, from previous analyses, that "7" is a lucky number for stage and screen and always present in either the name or birth date of successful stars.

Barbara Gets the Breaks

NUMEROLOGY indicates that the first thirty-two years of her life will have a strong undercurrent of theatrical, creative, professional opportunity—and everyone knows that in a search for success, opportunity is as important as talent and ability. Barbara Stanwyck, under these numerical influences, is a star as the result of environment, as well as of her own talents.

With her serious, hard-working nature, she would not know the meaning of failure, so at the beginning of her career she just threw herself into the job placed before her. She gained her success because she made as earnest a business of artistic and dramatic acting as she would have done of keeping house or working in an office. She will stay before the public, and in even more prominent rôles than those of the present, for at least another five years.

A glance at Barbara's present and future prospects indicates that 1931 was the beginning of a very important new cycle of public success which will be reflected in greater rôles that she will play in the latter part of 1932 and during 1933.

These new beginnings, which are not known to her public yet, are proving unsettling to those associations formed prior to 1931, the numbers indicate. The effect of this is to make 1932 a somewhat nervous time, a great test of vision and of patience for her. This condition, becoming aggravated, shows that the events of this year and next are likely to see the development of greater artistry, but under the unfortunate stimulus of a little personal unhappiness.

Barbara Stanwyck will emerge from this difficult time of experience in 1934, with an even greater singleness of thought and effort in the direction of her screen work, ready to enjoy her highest successes until 1937.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 39)

the latest things in bathing togs, but seldom is seen on the screen. Now, however, a "glad hand" girl is getting her chance—particularly since she found time last year to become a "Follies" girl.

Virginia is playing opposite John Gilbert in "Downstairs," which he wrote himself, and about which the studio is enthusiastic. And they do say that Virginia is Ina Claire's successor in John's affections. For a long while, he has remained in monastic seclusion on his hilltop. A fiery romance would do much to bring John back.

MIRIAM HOPKINS' adoption of an orphan baby boy has everybody excited. Whose baby is it? Why won't she give the name of its parents? What's all the mystery about? Even her most intimate friends admit it was a complete surprise to them. Austin Parker, her ex-husband and present devoted suitor ever since a quarrel with Thelma Todd, seems to be in hiding from the telephone calls of the curious, and the gossip now is that he and Miriam are going to re-marry, to give Miriam's adopted son a Daddy.

THE bang is undoubtedly the thing, even though Colleen Moore (who started the fad) has cut off hers. Witness Lilyan Tashman's fringe, spidering out around the edges of those amazing hats she brought back to Hollywood (and muffs, too, for afternoon wear)! Joan Crawford's coiffure at the opening of her triumphant picture, "Grand Hotel," was a peak of bang in front, a beak of bob behind. Joan was tanned to mahogany for the occasion and looked gorgeous in a blue gown the color of her larkspur eyes. Yet she looked nervous, too.

Stars Who Have Vanished

(*Continued from page 89*)

from whom she has been separated eight years.

Edna Purviance—Best remembered as the star of "Woman of Paris," directed by Chaplin. Retired and now resides in Beverly Hills and travels a great deal. Recently very ill.

Esther Ralston—After a long absence in vaudeville, she returned to the screen last year, then retired temporarily to await the stork. Now touring in vaudeville with her husband, George Webb, and the baby—but is expected back soon.

Jobyna Ralston—Harold Lloyd's former leading lady retired on January 27, 1927, to be a simple and gracious Mrs. Richard Arlen.

Marjorie Rambeau—Famous stage star and screen character actress announced her retirement from both stage and screen when she married millionaire Francis A. Gudger on November 10, 1931.

Anders Randolf—One of the best screen villains, right up to the time of his death on July 8, 1930.

Herbert Rawlinson—Well-known character actor now acting around the country on the stage.

Charles Ray—Charlie turned independent producer a few years ago and sank a fortune in his production of "Miles Standish." Soon after that, he gave Hollywood one of its most elaborate parties and the following morning announced his bankruptcy. Has been playing in vaudeville most of the time since then.

Wallace Reid—The most popular of all the American stars of silent pictures, famous for his auto-racing films. Died, after a tragic, lingering illness, on January 18, 1923, aged 31.

Cleo Ridgely—Happily married to James Horne, the director. Lives in Glendale.

Edith Roberts—Former screen heroine is now married and retired. Living in Hollywood.

Theodore Roberts—Famous for his cigar and his gruff character rôles. Also remembered as *Moses* in "The Ten Commandments." Died after a long illness on December 18, 1928.

Earl Rodney—Formerly a light comedian at Christie; now writing at Mack Sennett studio.

Charles (Buddy) Rogers—"The darling of the debs" only recently left the screen, to sign a big long-term contract with a broadcasting company. Has recently been featured in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha," and is leading a dance orchestra at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania. On the air often.

Ruth Roland—Famous serial queen has made more than a healthy fortune in California real estate since her retirement. Now playing in vaudeville with her song-writing husband, Ben Bard.

Alma Rubens—Dark-eyed dramatic star, who usually played foreign heroines, died January 21, 1931 of pneumonia. Some time before, she had married Ricardo Cortez and had retired from the screen.

William Russell—Two-fisted hero of outdoor pictures died on February 18, 1929, of pneumonia.

Monroe Salisbury—Former leading man in silents now working in a Hollywood hotel as night clerk.

Thomas Santschi—One of the pioneers of motion picture acting, expert at playing villains. Famous for his fight with William Farnum in "The Spoilers." Died April 9, 1931, of heart trouble.

Jackie Saunders—One of the early screen blondes, she now does character bits occasionally. Married J. Ward Cohen, beach club promoter, who is now running a small restaurant he owns.

(*Continued on page 98*)

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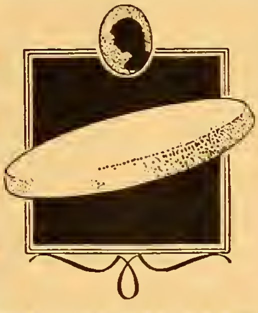

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The traveler explained that he had given The Algonquin as his address for important engagements, telegrams and mail. In spite of his polite requests for shelter the weary novelist had to be refused.

Inquiring for the head man he was ushered in to Frank Case's office.

"It seems I cannot get a room here," he said quietly. Then added, "My name is Hergesheimer."

"Not *the* Hergesheimer?" said Case.

"Well, at least *a* Hergesheimer," replied the tired traveler.

"Did you write "Java Head?" inquired Case.

"Yes."

"You can have any room you want, Mr. Hergesheimer. You can have my room. You can have a whole floor."

And thus began the first of the 4,392 visits that the famous novelist had so far paid to The Algonquin.

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Al Jolson Gives Up Two Million Dollars!

(*Continued from page 31*)

he is at present, a cut from $80,000 to $60,000 a picture, to apply on his productions next year.

Generally speaking, stars in Hollywood have taken cuts gracefully. In some cases even, the suggestion has come from the players themselves.

There are a few insurgents, of course. James Cagney, the New York hoofer whom Warners made into a star and who was raised to a salary of $1,450 a week in a year, recently walked out because the studio refused to meet his demand for another $1,000-a-week boost. But few players to-day are asking increases in the face of the most drastic economy program in the history of the motion picture industry. There is less than a baker's half-dozen of stars—masculine and feminine both—who have held fast to their contracts when the studios have requested some adjustment. One well-known star, whose last three pictures have been unsatisfactory at the box-office and whose salary is colossal, has flatly turned down studio overtures for a scaling-down of her contract price per picture.

However, in all cases where financial concessions have been made, they do not even approach the half-million mark.

Gambled His Whole Future

IT remained for Al Jolson to pay a two-million-dollar tribute to friendship and his conception of what "keeping faith" meant!

In this he did what it takes courage for any man to do. He not only sacrificed an assured two million when he insisted that his four-picture contract be replaced with one calling for a single picture—but he gambled that "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," the production now shooting, would make money for Schenck. If it should be a success—then United Artists could sign him again. If it is not—Al Jolson has no delusions—it will be his Swan song!

"I felt," he explains, "that it wouldn't be fair to hold United Artists to their contract with me. If the first picture went over—then fine! They wouldn't lose any money on me. But if it didn't, I had no right to bind them to paying me two million dollars—and to the possibility of continued losses on Jolson pictures.

"I know 'Hallelujah, I'm a Bum' will be a great picture. It must be! I am staking my entire picture future on it.

"I've been called a little mad—and a fool—because I placed friendship above personal interest. But it's the only philosophy of living I've been able to formulate which stands up under all conditions.

"I remember when I was a child my mother used to say that all of us ought to consult our own hearts and consciences where big issues were involved. I feel sure that she would have approved my decision to turn in my contract."

Behind Those "Mammy" Songs

AL JOLSON grew up when he was nine. Grew up on a dark day when his mother lay dead from childbirth in the bedroom of their two-room flat over a feed store. And the laments for the dead filled his ears.

She was a frail and gentle mother—with dreams in her eyes for this specially favored son who would some day achieve greatness. She wanted him to be a musician. So she would push his small violin into his arms and hopefully urge, "Play, my son. Learn to play." Even in their very modest circumstances—for Jolson's father was a Rabbi in Washington, D.C., where they lived—she managed to save the necessary fifty cents for his music lessons.

It wasn't long after her death that the frightened, bewildered boy ran away from home to begin that wandering cycle which ended with the name "Al Jolson" important in the theatre.

The essential qualites of Al Jolson as a man of quick sympathies, steadfast friendships, of a finely balanced sense of right and wrong, were distilled through years of hunger and loneliness and soul tumult before he reached the top.

Occasionally his code—"if you do right, things happen right"—has been shaken. There is for example this instance of which he tells:

"Three years ago when I was in California, I sang at the consumptive home in Monrovia. The sharp, painful coughs were like terrible little echoes all over that place. When I left, I pledged myself to send them a check for ten thousand dollars. And a little later I sent it on—and the very next day the market broke. Here I had been saving for my old age—and my investments were down to a fraction of their original price. And I thought: 'Now, God, is that right?'

"I felt that there were other people who were trying to be decent; to share their money; to live an upright, self-respecting life. What was belief worth? What was trying to do the right thing worth? My faith was terribly shaken."

Where His Money Goes

JOLSON'S action in returning an assured two million dollars to the studio becomes doubly significant in the light of his many responsibilities, of his varied charities.

There is a dormitory for twelve at the Tubercular Sanitarium at Saranac Lake which Jolson established and which he has maintained for years. The cost runs to more than ten thousand dollars a year.

There are his benefactions to various theatre and song guilds which total close to fifty thousand dollars each year.

His personal obligations include making happy and providing for Ruby Keeler, his wife—a famous beauty of the "Follies."

Al Jolson deprecates the numerous fine things he has done for his father—a pious man, who because of the love he bore his son, found it in his heart to accept his boy's wife—even though she was not of the Jewish faith. The meeting of Ruby Keeler and her husband's father is a tender, exquisite memory to Jolson.

It was on a Friday night—when the ceremonies in the Orthodox Jewish home are full of religious significance. The candles were burning; the bread was blessed; the prayers were said in a soft, devout voice by the Rabbi—his father.

Jolson sat there—with the same awe he felt as a child on each Sabbath night. Near him sat his wife—the girl not of the faith. And the thought came to him: "I wonder—did I do right?" Something in his face must have told the story to the father, for he smiled—kindly, sweetly. And leaned over and softly stroked the hair of his daughter-in-law.

Jolson is sensitive to every human relationship—to every reaction.

Hollywood, which has trained itself to a cold appraisal of facts alone, is frankly perplexed by this man's magnificent gesture in disclaiming two million dollars.

But to those who really know him—the solution is simple.

For Al Jolson's basic code is loyalty!

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. The picture on page fourteen shows the guests at the opening of Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason's new ranch near Hollywood. They are, from left to right: Ruth Weston, Ken Maynard, Dorothy Dix, Neil Hamilton, Mrs. Neil Hamilton and Donald Cook, watching James and Russell Gleason working out on the polo field, which is a feature of the 25-acre ranch.

2. John Gilbert, who has been married to Olivia Burwell, Leatrice Joy and Ina Claire, is engaged to Virginia Bruce and will make her his fourth wife as soon as his divorce from Ina Claire becomes final.

3. The Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello suit started out with plenty of fireworks—Sherman accusing Helene of calling him a ham actor and a fat old man. He also testified his wife drank to excess and that she collected and read naughty books. Helene promised to tell plenty, too, but evidently orders from the movie powers-that-be put a stop to the revelations, with Lowell withdrawing his suit and permitting his wife to sue and win the divorce.

4. When Margaret Perry read one review of her first picture, "New Morals for Old," which is the screen version of her Broadway stage hit, "After All," and saw that the critic called her a woeful disappointment and said she didn't photograph well, she was so heartbroken that she ran away without leaving word as to where she had gone. After a week of anxiety her family located her in Denver.

5. Grant Withers, motion picture and vaudeville actor and ex-husband of Loretta Young, the film actress, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy and listed his liabilities at $18,255 and his assets $350.

6. Carmel Myers, the dark-haired motion picture actress, who is Mrs. Ralph Blum in real life, became the mother of a baby boy weighing ten pounds twelve ounces. Congratulations, Carmel, that's some baby!

7. There seem to be romantic rumors aplenty about Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion and divorced husband of Estelle Taylor. First it was reported that he was being seen so much with Estelle that it looked as though they would remarry. However, since then, Dame Rumor claims that he has become quite fond of Lina Basquette and still other gossips are saying that he has fallen for the beautiful Dorothy Dell (Miss Universe). But Lina seems to be the big favorite.

8. Joseph Schildkraut was married to Lillian Mary McKay of England on May 27th in Vienna. He was formerly the husband of Elise Bartlett, who recently parted with Horace Liveright, the publisher.

9. Gilbert Roland, who has been Norma Talmadge's escort for several years, is being very attentive to Billie Dove in Hollywood while Norma is sojourning in Europe.

10. Julie Carter, known in private life as Gladys Freeman, who was suing Leslie Fenton for $250,000, alleging he promised to marry her and instead married Ann Dvorak, has dropped her breach-of-promise suit. The reason for the called-off suit may be credited to the fact that Julie has a screen career of her own to consider and she has been advised by friends that such a suit would retard her own chances.

11. There is no truth to the report that Sally's face was seriously disfigured in the auto crash and that she would never be able to appear before a camera again. It is true that she was quite shaken up and had some teeth knocked out, but thanks to clever dentistry, you'll see plenty of pretty Sally Eilers on the screen.

12. Joyce and Selznick, agents, are suing Constance Bennett for that much money. Their attorney, Ralph Blum (Carmel Myers' husband) said Connie neglected to pay Joyce and Selznick the commission due them for their part in securing for her the Warner Brothers contract to make three pictures at $30,000 a week.

13. Claudette Colbert and her husband, Norman Foster, are living in two separate houses. In the past, they explained their work separated them, Claudette working in New York and Foster in Hollywood. However, now that they are both in Hollywood and occupying separate houses, they admit it is because they find it a pleasanter and more convenient arrangement for both. And don't think they haven't come in for a good share of divorce rumors due to their living apart. The story on page 47 of this issue will tell you more about their reasons for separate living quarters.

14. George Raft is the proud owner of the cigarette lighter from the Prince of Wales, which was given to him by His Royal Highness because Raft taught him some of the latest dance steps. Before coming to the screen as the menace in "Scarface," "Dancers in the Dark" and several other pictures, George Raft was a professional dancer.

15. Helen Kane claims to be the originator of the boop-oop-a-doop way of singing songs and is suing Paramount and Max Fleischer for $250,000, claiming that Betty of the "Betty Boop" series of animated cartoons not only uses her method of rendering songs, but that the caricatures are likenesses of Helen, herself.

16. Ann Dvorak is the popular screen favorite who has been kicking about the small salary she is receiving. Ann is dissatisfied because she is getting only about $250 per week and feels she is deserving of more.

17. Joe E. Brown now can say a mouthful when he gets talking about his operations because he underwent three operations during his recent trip to the hospital. He had his appendix and tonsils removed and a small operation performed on his leg.

18. To Margaret Livingston, screen siren and wife of Paul Whiteman, the band leader, goes most of the credit for her husband's comedown in weight from 287 to 187 pounds. She kept after him and made him keep his promise to her to get thin. She also helped arrange diets for him.

19. Marlene Dietrich has been receiving letters demanding $20,000 and threatening her little daughter, Marie, with kidnaping and death if Marlene did not meet their demands. The original letter demanded $10,000 but due to the fact that the star notified the police, a second note doubling the amount was received. Both Miss Dietrich and Marie are being carefully guarded.

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Are Women Stars the Home Wreckers of Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 45*)

These wives who are stars—with their success, their glittering fame, the money they make (more, always, than their husbands make), the hours they spend away from home, the absorbingness of their interests—these wives who are stars are the ones who break the marriages of Hollywood with the sharp silver hatchets of their own success.

In some of these cases a second, third or fourth marriage is in process of try-out. Try-out is, we believe, the word. For we do NOT believe that any man can stand, for long, the ignominy of trotting about in the refracted aura of his wife. He simply cannot bear it, that's all. More than mere personal jealousy is aroused. The deep, sub-conscious antagonism of sex for sex is there. The pride of the male is hurt more than the heart. Men can bear to be all or they can bear to be nothing, but they cannot bear to be—*incidental*.

Now, on the other hand, consider this second list—where the men are the stars and the women stay at home:

When Husbands Alone Are Stars

CONSIDER these names and these cases: The John Barrymores. The Warner Baxters. The Clive Brooks. The James Cagneys. The Conrad Nagels. The Charles Farrells. The Harold Lloyds. The Chester Morrises. The Roland Youngs. The Leslie Howards. The George Bancrofts. The Thomas Meighans. The John Boleses. The Pat O'Briens. The Jack Holts. The Maurice Chevaliers. The Antonio Morenos and Jean Hersholts and Richard Arlens and Robert Montgomerys and Paul Lukases and Lew Ayres' and Richard Dixes and Neil Hamiltons and on and on . . .

In each one of these cases the husband is the star. If, in the beginning, the wives had careers, they gave them up at the altar or shortly thereafter. They became what they were biologically intended to be, no doubt—wives and mothers and helpmates, the pillows for weary heads, the admiring audience-of-one when other audiences seem to fail or slacken, the mothers of children, the hirers and firers of help, the counters of laundry, the smiling hostesses, in short, the Little Women.

And it works, you see. There is a great preponderance of successful marriages where the men are the stars. Many of these marriages—like those of the Meighans and the Hersholts and the Bancrofts and others—have been going on serenely for upwards of twenty years. There are children in most of these homes, children either growing up or already grown. There are established homes and groups of friends and all that goes with the normal, American family life. Papa goes to his "office" to work and comes home again, leaving his scenes behind him. And that's just that.

Women never feel, you see, the jealousy of a man's career that a man feels of a woman's. It is a perfectly normal thing for Mrs. Clive Brook to attend the première of some "Shanghai Express" and there to beam with wifely pride. She *expects* to be called Mrs. Clive Brook. Just as her forebears have been called by their husbands' names for generations. It doesn't de-feminize a woman to bask in the glory of the male as it de-masculinizes the man to share in a woman's fame.

Women, as a whole, are not jealous of a man's fame. They expect it of him. It tends to feather their nests, to provide for their children. They have expected it of men ever since the days when they stood in the openings of their caves and leapt up and down and shouted "Uggg-Uggghhh!" when their conquering heroes came home with the bear-steaks.

Joan Crawford, for instance, would never feel like digging her husband's eyes out because his name covers the marquees of innumerable theatres. She probably does experience a twinge or two when the names of Garbo or Shearer occupy the same spots. Dolores Costello, once a full-fledged-star, herself, now is content to be just Mrs. John Barrymore—and you don't hear a rumble of divorce. But her sister, Helene, apparently was not content to be just Mrs. Lowell Sherman—so divorce was the answer. It usually is—when fame seems more important than wifehood and motherhood.

There is one more list to consider. It is:

When Their Fame Is Equal

HERE are the marriages where husband and wife run pretty evenly neck and neck. Such personages as Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes. Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond. Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian. Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. William Powell and Carole Lombard. Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan. Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson.

There may be a rise here or a slump there but, on the whole, they are fairly evenly matched, keeping step professionally, both in the arena listening to the plaudits of the crowd.

There is little chance for those who come under the first heading—those where the wives are the stars. There is every chance, *proved*, too, for those of the second heading—where the husbands are stars. There is a fifty-fifty chance for those under this heading, where both husband and wife are famous.

The danger lies in the wife's superseding the husband. If Joan Crawford, for instance, should rise to the unparalleled heights prophesied for her—if her consuming ambition and burning desire for preeminence should ride her too hard—she and young Doug may ride to a matrimonial split.

For here is a danger even greater than in the first case. There the danger is certain enough. Here it is uncertain, but crashing when it comes. For these husbands have, themselves, tasted great success and the bittersweet of Fame. It is harder to be left behind in a race you have started than to be counted out of a race you have never begun. There are already rumblings of this sort in the Gibson-Eilers home.

There seems to be only one way that is the safe way—the old, old way of the Missus being the Missus and the husband going into the arena to wrestle for the glory and the gold.

When the wives are the stars, they wreck the homes and the marriages. When the husbands are the stars, the homes are built upon a rock that endures. When both are stars, well—write your own ticket! One person's guess is as good as another's.

Did You Know That—

John Gilbert is engaged to marry Virginia Bruce, his new leading lady, sometime after August 15—when his third divorce decree becomes final? M-G-M gave Garbo a traveling bag when she announced her intention to return to Sweden—if only for a visit? Carmel Myers' brand-new heir weighed ten pounds at birth?

John Miljan Becomes a Daddy—and Almost Loses His Son

(*Continued from page 60*)

again: "Alive"—this time with a sound of hope in the tired voice that said it.

For three days and three nights, John Miljan sat in the baby dormitory, his face pressed against the glass that separated him from his son, watching, hoping and—praying. When, for the first time of his own volition, the baby cried—triumph surged through John Miljan. He did, at last, have something of his own . . .

The Story Behind This Story

THERE is a story back of this story and I'm going to tell it to you. It would be a sob-story if it were about anyone less masculine, less real than John Miljan.

He was born in Lead, South Dakota. His parents were Dalmatian farmers, immigrants, peasants. In the bleak and dreary Black Hills, they had settled to wrest a living from the hard soil. When John was two, his mother died, and he was placed in an orphanage. For ten years he lived in that grim place, herded in with scores of other waifs. When twelve, he ran away.

He went back to Lead, but there was no home for him there. He took to hanging around the local Opera House, picking up small jobs as he could get them. When he was thirteen, he joined in with a traveling repertoire company and for years and years he toured the country, the length and the breadth of it. His "home" was a theatrical trunk; his memories, if any, hung around chilly hotel rooms and trains and one-night stands and the transient kindnesses or cruelties of transient acquaintances.

He used to watch the lamps of little homes being lighted when night fell over the land, he tells me. He watched these small homes from the windows of moving trains. Or he would wander about some strange town and hear voices coming from warm houses, get the odors of home cooking, the sound of children's voices, women calling them in from play. He wondered, with a strange ache at his heart, what it might be like to have a home of one's own, a wife, a child . . .

He Fell in Love—Twice

SOME years later, in the East, he fell in love with a girl in the stock company they were both playing with. She used to tell him about her married sister and her sister's two boys. When they got back to New York, this girl took John to meet her sister and the children. Here was a home. It was not a very happy home—it belonged to a man who had no love of home. This woman—"Pink," he calls her—was having a hard time of it.

The lonely actor got to loving those youngsters. They called him John. They looked forward to seeing him. He got into the habit of bringing them little presents, of taking them on little excursions, to the zoo, to a show, on a picnic. He realized, for the first time, that he had a place of his own—a place in their young hearts.

He watched their mother making the best of a bad situation and making the best gallantly, without complaint, without trying, as women so often do, to strike back, to hurt the man who was hurting her. Surely no man ever fell in love with a woman under such strange auspices. The man who was then her husband used to complain to John. He felt sorry for himself because he was married to her. He told John things that might well have warded off another man's interest, sent him away. Not John.

He saw this woman with eyes that could discover their own truth, penetrate lies and malice. Here was a fine woman—here were two fine youngsters—here might have been a fine home. John must have said goodbye, then, to that first thin, sweet love he had known—he must have felt that old ache at his heart when he realized that even the woman he might have cared about was not his own, the two youngsters he had come to love were not his own . . .

So They Were Married

IN due course of time, that marriage was dissolved. It was the way in which "Pink" handled that divorce that added another block to John's fast-mounting devotion to her. And time eventually found all of them in California. John had left his stock company in San Francisco and was having a try at the movies. He had made his first one, "Love Letters," in 1923. "Pink" was living with her father and the boys. Ends were not meeting.

John wanted a home, and "Pink's" father suggested that he take a home and bring "Pink" and the boys to live in it with him. "Pink" would keep house for them. It would be beneficial all around. For one year they lived there like that, "Pink" and her father and the boys making a home for John. And there, under his own roof, with warmth and homelike things about him. John Miljan came to know what it was he wanted. *They were married.*

That was some six years ago. During all that while and the long while before it, John has been a father to his wife's two boys. And chiefly because of those boys John and his wife have been a little bit afraid of having a baby of their own. It might make a difference. John might, without meaning to, show some partiality.

All the while this baby was coming, John hoped that it would be a girl. Girls stay longer with their mothers, he thought. There would be less possibility of rivalry with the boys. He feared its coming a little, didn't quite know whether he was pleased or not, couldn't figure out just what he *did* feel about it. And not until that little life was threatened did he realize how much he had wanted that baby.

Tense Moments He Has Known

JOHN has been, he told me, up against all kinds of tense situations. He was shot by a man one time in the Middle West. The moment when he faced that stranger's gun was child's play, compared to that ordeal in the Hollywood Hospital. He once saw his wife and the two boys overturn in their car. He thought, then, that he knew the pitch of anxiety. It pales into comparative insignificance now. The hundreds and hundreds of scenes he has played on the screen are pale ghosts of unreal things compared to the scene he *lived*, not *acted*, in that operating room, waiting for a thin, small cry—or silence.

He doesn't care what his son, John Miljan, Second (his wife named the boy), becomes. He hasn't thought about his future. He just wants him to *live*. Just to have him there, living, breathing, real and *his* is enough for him.

Except in some secret recess of his heart, John Miljan will make no discriminations between the boy who is the son of his flesh and blood and the two boys who first taught him love of children.

The glory and the ecstasy of motherhood have been celebrated in song and in art and in story down through the ages. The glory and the ecstasy of fatherhood are rarer things. And seldom celebrated. But I saw them in John Miljan's eyes . . .

For no work he has ever done, no tumult of applause, no triumph, no acclaim will ever be to John Miljan what that first cry of his own son was—that thin, fine cry of life!

Now You Can REDUCE SAFELY!

WOULDN'T you like to rid yourself of excess, harmful, unsightly fat around your hips, waist, arms, legs, shoulders, back, bust, or wherever it appears, if you could do it without starving yourself, without "reducing" baths, without violent exercising, without taking thyroid or other dangerous drugs, without dosing yourself with constipation-producing salts, purgatives and physics? . . . Wouldn't you like to acquire a dainty, youthful figure if you could do it SAFELY, and without the slightest fuss, bother or inconvenience?

Here, at last, is the reducing news for which you have waited. In an essay entitled "A Reliable and Harmless Way to Diminish Over-Fatness," the late Dr. William T. Cathell, of Baltimore stated that if any person weighing less than 300 pounds, with simple uncomplicated over-fatness, would drink the waters of two famous springs alternately each day, after every meal, he or she would not only lose fat gradually and SAFELY, but without leaving wrinkles, bagginess, or crows-feet, and without affecting the muscles, nerves, glands or strength. Dr. Cathell cited case after case to prove the remarkable reducing powers of these waters. One patient lost thirty pounds in six months; another reduced 21½ pounds in eleven weeks; others reported losses of 22 pounds in 12 weeks; 22½ pounds in 13 weeks; 9 pounds in 6 weeks.

It is no longer necessary to go to the famous springs in Germany and France to obtain the fat reducing benefits of these waters. A famous chemist has succeeded in producing an exact reproduction in formula of their mineral content in the form of dainty tablets. When dropped into a glass of water, these tablets produce a sparkling drink, pleasant to take, and particularly refreshing. These tablets, appropriately named "SAIF" can be obtained only direct from the exclusive American distributors, by mail. It is not necessary to send any money in advance. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below, and a full week's supply will come to you in a plain wrapper. When the package arrives, pay the postman only $1.00 plus a few cents delivery charge. If you are not convinced that their continued use will gradually and safely cause your excess fat to disappear, return the empty carton and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon NOW or write for the complete story of SAIF tablets. SAIF, Inc., Suite 138, Empire Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Stars Who Have Vanished

(*Continued from page 93*)

Joseph Schildkraut—Went abroad some months ago to make pictures in England and on the Continent. Recently played the rôle of *Clyde Griffiths* in "An American Tragedy" on the Vienna stage.

Rudolph Schildkraut—Father of Joseph, and famous character actor. Died July, 1930.

Mabel Julienne Scott—Former popular leading lady is still around town. Retired and looking very well-to-do.

Larry Semon—One of the better slapstick-comedy stars. Died October 8, 1928, of pneumonia.

Clarine Seymour—A D. W. Griffith protégée. She died several years ago, just when she was about to be starred.

J. Barney Sherry—Well-known character actor, who played men of the world. Died several years ago.

Nell Shipman—Produced a series of outdoor pictures a short time ago in the state of Washington. Wrote, acted and directed the series.

George Siegmann—A big man, he played hulking "villains." One of the first chill men. Died June, 1928.

Milton Sills—One of the most famous of all the two-fisted heroes. Came back to the screen, after a brief retirement, and had made several talkies when he suddenly suffered a heart attack while playing tennis and died on September 15, 1930.

Otis Skinner—Famous stage star, who has twice made "Kismet" for the screen, is now touring in a stage play.

Phillips Smalley—Character actor in silent problem dramas now plays bits.

Marguerite Snow—Divorced director James Cruze and later married Neely Edwards. Retired and living very happily in Hollywood. Her daughter, now a young lady, is about to start a concert tour with her own orchestra, playing many of her own compositions. And is Marguerite proud!

Wyndham Standing—Famous for playing men of wealth, he was last seen on the stage in a minor straight rôle in a West Coast musical.

Forrest Stanley—Former romantic hero is in stage stock companies around the country. Does a picture now and then.

Pauline Starke—Exotic heroine has not been seen on the screen so often since talkies came in. Makes an occasional independent picture, tours in vaudeville, and was recently on the stage in Chicago. Divorced from Jack White, comedy producer.

Vera Steadman—Former Sennett girl is retired and living in Paris.

Myrtle Stedman—Former star of problem dramas is retired and lives in Hollywood with her son, Lincoln, who is active in films.

Anita Stewart—Retired after her marriage on July 24, 1929, to the wealthy George Converse.

Roy Stewart—Interested in a Los Angeles real estate firm. Occasionally appears in pictures.

Ruth Stonehouse—Used to play opposite Henry B. Walthall. Lives quietly in Hollywood as the wife of Felix Hughes, a local vocal teacher.

Edith Storey—Now operates a large chicken ranch on Long Island.

Valeska Suratt—Retired and believed to have become devoutly religious. Lives in the East.

Blanche Sweet—Former blonde star, who was divorced from Marshall Neilan in 1929, now devotes most of her time to vaudeville.

Mabel Taliaferro—Prominent stage and screen actress married Robert Ober and retired. Living in Hollywood.

Constance Talmadge—Retired and lives in Hollywood. Married the wealthy Townsend Netcher of Chicago on May 8, 1929.

Ruth Taylor—Of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame. Married Paul S. Zuckerman on March 18, 1930. Has a small son.

William Desmond Taylor—Famous director of silent films was murdered in February, 1922. The mystery is still unsolved.

Conway Tearle—With his wife, Adele Rowland, is frequently seen about town. Accepts an occasional leading rôle.

Olive Tell—Married Henry Hobart, the director, and became active in the local Four Hundred. Does an important part now and then on the screen or stage.

Lou Tellegen—French romantic hero is playing exclusively on the stage these days. That is, when he isn't writing his memoirs, which recount how "Women Have Been Kind." Just a case of Kiss and Tellegen.

Alice Terry—The heroine of "The Four Horsemen" is now living in France with her husband, director Rex Ingram. Makes an infrequent picture there.

Rosemary Theby—As the wife of Harry Myers, the comedian, she is socially prominent in Hollywood. Retired.

Miss Dupont

Olive Thomas—First wife of Jack Pickford, a former Follies girl, and one of the great beauties of silent pictures. Died tragically in Paris at the height of her fame, on September 11, 1919, from an overdose of a sleeping potion.

Fred Thomson—The hard-ridin' cowboy star crossed the Great Divide on December 24, 1928, after an operation.

Mary Thurman—Most beautiful of all the Sennett girls, she was headed for stardom in feature dramas when she died on location in the South Seas, of tropical fever, on December 23, 1925.

Fay Tincher—The Polly Moran of her day. Reported seen working lately in a local drug store.

Raquel Torres—Fiery Mexican leading lady, protégée of Dolores Del Rio, has appeared little in talkies. Has been in vaudeville lately, and in a Broadway play.

Norman Trevor—Remembered for his portrayals of country gentlemen. Died on October 31, 1929.

Florence Turner—The original "Vitagraph Girl." Now plays bits.

Ben Turpin—The cross-eyed comic's rôles are little more than bits these days. He has recently been severely ill.

Rudolph Valentino—The Great Lover died on August 23, 1926, following an operation. He was thirty-one.

Virginia Valli—Plays mostly in independent pictures. Married Charles Farrell on February 14, 1931.

Victor Varconi—Famous Latin hero of silent days is now playing minor rôles in talkies, mostly for independent companies.

Bobby Vernon—Directed Christie Comedies for a short time. Now playing again in independent productions and in comedies.

Florence Vidor—Retired after her marriage to Jascha Heifetz, the famous violinist, on August 20, 1928. Lives in New York, when not touring with her husband.

Johnny Walker—Former hero in light comedies is now doing producing for the New York stage. Does occasional acting. Now producing a series of shorts called "Looking Back" for Educational.

Lillian Walker—Married a chicken farmer and retired to live in upper New York State.

George Walsh—Former he-man hero now assists his brother, Raoul Walsh, in directing.

Gladys Walton—Married a Universal film exchange man and lives in Chicago.

Bryant Washburn—Former star of light comedies is still playing screen rôles of varying importance.

Linda Watkins—Recent "débutante star" at Fox retired when she married Gabriel Hess, attorney for motion picture interests, on January 28, 1932.

Alice White—Making personal appearances with vaudeville dancing act. Anticipates returning to screen very shortly.

Pearl White—The former queen of the serials is now queen of Paris. She once talked of going into a convent and taking the vows, but all that is seemingly forgotten in the light of her French social success.

Crane Wilbur—Became a playwright of considerable importance. Occasionally acts on the stage, too.

Earle Williams—Popular star of silent problem dramas died on April 25, 1927, leaving his widow a fortune estimated at $300,000. On August 9, 1931, in desperate circumstances, she took the lives of her two children, her mother and herself.

Kathlyn Williams—Retired and living in Hollywood. Can be coaxed into playing a good rôle once in a while.

Robert Williams—This talented newcomer from Broadway was being called "the find of the year" after his performances in "Rebound" and "Platinum Blonde," when he suddenly died on November 3, 1931, of peritonitis, caused by a delayed appendicitis operation.

Ben Wilson—One of the early serial kings. Died in 1930, penniless and an "extra."

Marjorie Wilson—Not long ago, when her husband was ill, Marjorie went from studio to studio, selling a little book she had written and published, called "Personality and Charm." She refused to accept charity and *sold* her books, many to people who had never heard of her.

Claire Windsor—Last seen with Al Jolson in the touring company of "Wunder Bar."

Jane Winton—Retired when she married Horace Gumbal, New York broker. Lives in New York.

Louis Wolheim—Famous for his "tough" rôles (particularly in "Two Arabian Knights" and "All Quiet on the Western Front"), this fine actor died on February 18, 1931, following an operation.

Clara Kimball Young—Works now and then for independent companies, and in vaudeville.

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Wouldn't let her nose shine *But lets her gums get flabby* *and she has* "pink tooth brush"!

LET her powder her nose ten times a day—if she wants to! But it might be well for her to remember that every time she laughs or talks, men look at her teeth, too! *Everybody* looks at them!

Now—if you want to be good-looking when you talk and smile, do something about those flabby, tender gums of yours.

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Know about "pink tooth brush"? Do you know that it not only can dull the teeth, but can lead to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to pyorrhea? Do you know that it may endanger the soundness of your teeth?

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Ipana contains a toning agent called ziratol. This, with the massage, stimulates circulation and firms the gum walls. Within a few days, your teeth will look whiter and brighter. Within a month, your gums will be firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush." And you'll never be afraid to smile!

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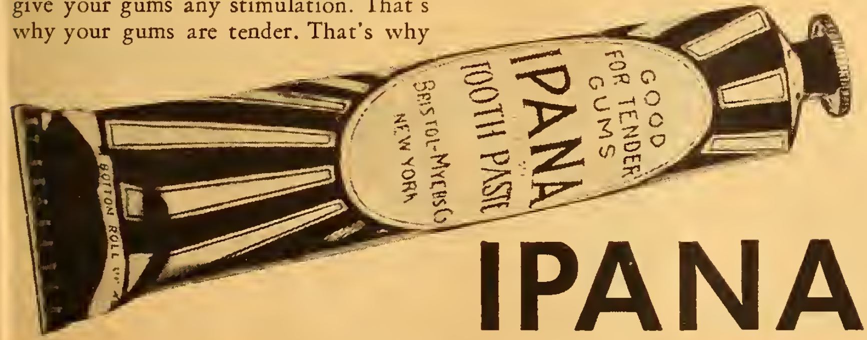

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Motion Picture

SEPTEMBER
1 9 3 2

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIV, No. 2

When Will *Valentino* Rest in Peace?

Alive, Rudolph Valentino was beloved by the world. Dead, he is still mourned by millions. Yet he has no tomb of his own, and rests in a borrowed grave—in a mausoleum crypt loaned his family!

Such a thing seems unbelievable—but the whole amazing story is told in this issue. There is no possibility of doubt that it is tragically true—for it is told by Valentino's own brother, Alberto.

Six years have passed since Rudolph Valentino died—six years of heart-break for his family, because they have been unable to give him the memorial they planned. But they have no intention of giving up these plans!

FEATURES

Madge Evans Confesses About Her Love-Life . . . . Nancy Pryor 27
Will Joan Crawford's Career Wreck Her Marriage? . Dorothy Manners 28
When Will Valentino Have a Tomb of His Own? . . Jack Grant 30
Weissmuller Will Be Unhappy in Hollywood, Numerology Predicts . . . . Clifford W. Cheasley 33
They're "The Royal Family of Hollywood" Now—The Three Barrymores . . . . Elza Schallert 34
The Inside Story of Why Cagney "Quit" . . . . Lee Townsend 40
We Nominate For Stardom—Your Future Favorites 42
Has Hollywood Cold-Shouldered Tallulah? . . . . Gladys Hall 47
Running Away From Divorce—Jill Esmond and Laurence Olivier. . . . . Faith Service 51
Uncle Carl and Junior Laemmle Have Made Movie History . . . . Gladys Hall 52
Where You'll Find the Stars at Play—Santa Barbara Biltmore . . . . .Dorothy Calhoun 54
Harold Lloyd's Wife—The World's Champion Housekeeper. . . . . Franc Dillon 56
Colleen Moore Has Found Herself—And Is Coming Back . . . . Maude Cheatham 58
No Divorce for the Johnny Weissmullers!. . . . . Faith Service 60
Jean Harlow Marries Paul Bern . . . . Dorothy Donnell 64

DEPARTMENTS

Letters From Our Readers 6
What The Stars Are Doing . . . . .Marion Martone 8
Your Gossip Test . . . . Marion Martone 12
The Movie Circus . . . . Frank Morley 14
That's Hollywood . . . . Mark Dowling and Lynn Norris 16
News and Gossip 36
The Picture Parade 66
Tabloid Reviews . . . . J. E. R. 74
Featured Shorts . . . . James Edwin Reid 98

Cover Design of Joan Crawford Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*
DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill. by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1932 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 15c. Subscriptions for U.S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.80 a year, Canada $3.30, Foreign Countries $3.30. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President-Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.*

LETTERS
FROM OUR
READERS

Why doesn't Peggy Shannon go right on up the ladder, instead of hesitating just one or two steps from the top? Certainly Peggy doesn't have to prove that she has dimpled knees? After her hit in "Society Girl," she's scaling new heights in "After the Rain"

$20.00 Letter
Excellent Jungle Film Thrills

GLEN HEAD, N. Y.—High-priced directors, fifteen and twenty thousand-dollar-a-week stars, expensive sets, lavish decorations and costumes—Pooh-Pooh, I've just seen a MOVIE!! A director with vision, stars whose contracts no movie producer can buy, sets that cannot be built by man or money. Yet, it must have been cheaper to produce this picture, than a lot of others not worth the film upon which they are made.

Frank Buck, the explorer, and Clyde E. Elliott, the director, have brought back from the Malay jungle a picture titled "Bring 'Em Back Alive" that leaves one gasping. It is packed full of drama—wild life in the everlasting struggle for existence.

I defy any producer to show me a more dramatic scene, in any picture, than the one in which the tiger and python battle for life in this great vehicle of nature. What courage and sacrifice it must have taken to film it! No gun is used to capture the animals—they are all taken alive.

This film is the best given to us in a long time. Surely others of a similar nature can be made. I hope the producers get wise to themselves. My hat is off to Messrs. Buck and Elliott and all the members of the expedition.

Z. Charles.

$10.00 Letter
Let Us Be Our Own Censors

NEWARK, O.—In your review of that marvelous picture, "Grand Hotel," you state that —"Joan Crawford may surprise you by running a dead heat with the great Garbo for premiére feminine honors. She plays THE BEDROOM SCENE with a sullen futility of which we did not believe her capable."

I saw this truly wonderful picture the other night and the most exciting thing that the scintillating Joan did in said bedroom scene was to WIND THE CLOCK. Why? The answer is State Censorship!!!

As in "Grand Hotel," many a remarkable picture has been woefully slashed and some of its most gripping and well-thought-out and acted scenes spoiled by the censor snips.

What can we do to right such an evil?

Are we yet children who must be "spanked" and told when to cover our eyes by a few "old fogies" whose moral standards are such that they are shocked in this Twentieth Century by a "nightie?"

We are HUMAN and we want our pictures HUMAN.

Our big producers are not going to gamble all their money and their reputations just for the sake of a few "out of line" scenes in any picture. This is evidenced by their instructions to the exhibitors, when certain films with scenes of a more adult nature are shown, to state in their advertisements and billings that "this picture is not suitable for children."

Such films are few, for do not they want the box office to reflect the inflated total of both child and adult attendance? Certainly they do.

Therefore, let us do away with State Censorship, take our pictures "straight" and be our own judge of what our children—and ourselves—should and should not see.

H. D. Van Tassell.

$5.00 Letter
Eliminate the High Pressure

MONTREAL, QUE.,CAN.—We are getting tired of the talkies because of their artificiality and exaggeration. Why must producers insist on everything in capital letters—can't they leave something to the imagination? Why must the heroine be SO BEAUTIFUL and SO WRONGED—the hero SO NOBLE and SO POOR—the villain SO WICKED and SO RICH—the setting SO MAGNIFICENT? All this super-super-glamour is positively stupefying. A little naturalness would be welcome respite from all this "hot air." We want stories about real, human people, with everyday sort of emotions.

For a while, people thought the talkies would rule out the stage, but it now looks as if the stage will conquer the talkies, because it supplies something the movies don't—that is, real life. Most talkies are becoming too absurd for sane people to enjoy.

Why not do away with the overacting, the impossibly fantastic situations, and give us a well-balanced, artistic production—a picture with a living, breathing soul? *E. V. S.*

Be Yourself, Joan

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Well, whatever possessed Joan Crawford to step out of her shoes and try to imitate the great Garbo? In "Letty Lynton" there isn't a characteristic of the Joan Crawford that the public has been crowding theaters for the last few years to see. She has even made herself up to look like Greta. She evidently studied Greta's acting to the tiniest detail. She continually turns her back to the camera and strides across the screen *a la* Garbo.

If I hadn't been told that Joan was to play the leading part, I would never have recognized her. It is a gift to be original, but to copy another's habits, work, or acting seems ridiculous, especially after one has arrived, as Joan most certainly has. If Miss Crawford does this many times, she will lose her identity.

Mrs. Max Barnett.

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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YOU can be the detective in this astounding crime thriller! . . .

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WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING
and win one of the 100 cash prizes!

This is not a guessing contest. Your solution should be original. Prize winning answers will not necessarily be anything like the ending which has already been written for the motion picture by Bartlett Cormack, author . . .

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RKO-Radio Picture featuring

RICARDO CORTEZ
KAREN MORLEY
ANITA LOUISE
ERIC LINDEN

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O. O. McIntyre, Albert Paysan Terhune, Montague Glass, Peter B. Kyne, James Quirk, Julia Peterkin

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Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing contest rules, prize list and complete list of stations broadcasting this story from your local theatre, or from any office of the RKO Distributing Corporation.

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Albertson, Frank—playing in *Air Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Andre, Gwili—latest release *The Roar of the Dragon*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St. Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Riddle Me This*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—latest release *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—playing in *Bitter Tea of General Yen*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *Okay, America*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bancroft, George—recently completed *Lady and Gent*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *The Devil and the Deep*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, John—playing in *Rasputin*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Rasputin*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *The Cabin In the Cotton*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—latest release *Man About Town*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *Air Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Two Against the World*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Pleasure Cruise*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Richard—recently completed *Madame Racketeer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—recently completed *Three On a Match*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Pleasure Cruise*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bond, Lilian—playing in *Air Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *Call Her Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, George—recently completed *They Call It Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *The Night of June 13th*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Tom—playing in *Liberty Road*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bruce, Virginia—playing in *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Cabot, Bruce—playing in *Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—latest release *Winner Take All*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—recently completed *Son of Russia*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *The Crash*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—recently completed *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *The Phantom President*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Devil and the Deep*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—playing in *Father and Sons*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Thirteen Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—recently completed *Rain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Fraternity House*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Davies, Marion—playing in *Blondie of the Follies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—recently completed *Three On a Match*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—recently completed *Bird of Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Blonde Venus*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Liberty Road*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Douglas, Melvyn—recently completed *The Old Dark House*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in *Blondie of the Follies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—latest release *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Walking Down Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Thirteen Women*—Radio Pictures Studios,780 Gower St., Hollywood,Cal.

Durante, Jimmy—playing in *The Phantom President*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—recently completed *Three On a Match*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Hat-Check Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *The New Yorker*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

A diamond-wearer in the rough is Virginia Bruce, who, besides being a golfer, is John Gilbert's fiancée

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Son of Russia*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *The First Year*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fenton, Leslie—playing in *Air Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Francis, Kay—recently completed *One-Way Passage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Francis, Noel—playing in *Riddle Me This*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *No Bed of Her Own*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *The Murder of the Night Club Lady*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—latest release *As You Desire Me*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *The First Year*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gombell, Minna—playing in *Walking Down Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Wynne—recently completed *Lady and Gent*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gleason, James—playing in *Blondie of the Follies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant, Lawrence—recently completed *Speak Easily*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Graves, Ralph—playing in *War Correspondent*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hamilton, Neil—latest release *What Price Hollywood?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *The Conquerors*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—latest release *Red-Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—recently completed *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *War Correspondent*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *No Bed of Her Own*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—playing in *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Huston, Walter—latest release *American Madness*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *The Big Broadcast*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Johann, Zita—playing in *Laughing Boy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Jones, Buck—playing in *White Eagle*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Judge, Arline—playing in *Fraternity House*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Karloff, Boris—recently completed *The Old Dark House*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—recently completed *Speak Easily*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—recently completed *Son of Russia*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—recently completed *My Pal, the King*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Knapp, Evalyn—recently completed *Madame Racketeer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *The Sign of the Cross*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Lila—playing in *War Correspondent*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Linden, Eric—playing in *Fraternity House*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *Hot Saturday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Chandu the Magician*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Thirteen Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—recently completed *By Whose Hand?*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—recently completed *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, J. Farrell—recently completed *Madame Racketeer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

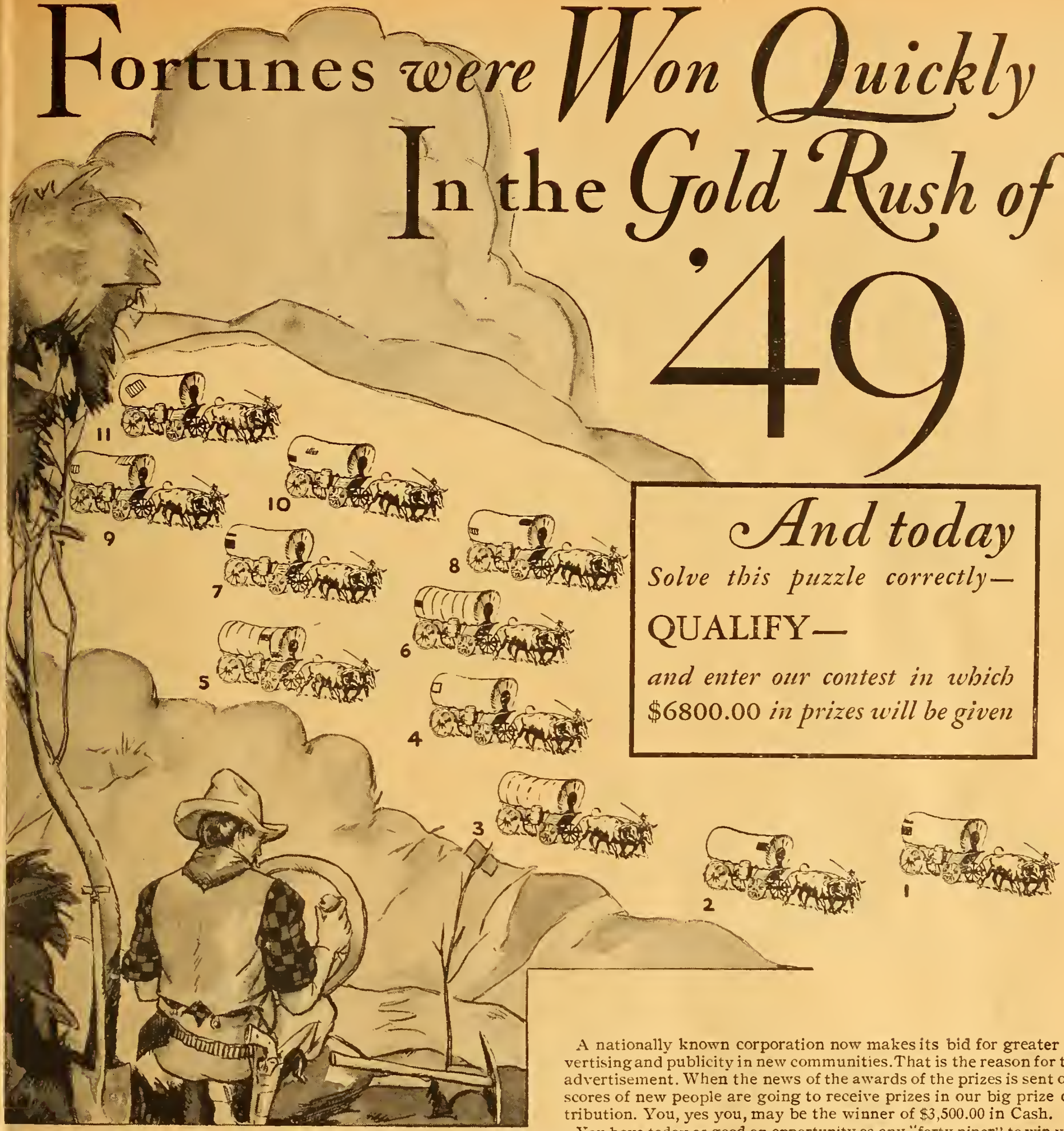
Manners, David—recently completed *They Call It Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 91*)

♦ **Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here** ♦

Fortunes *were Won Quickly* In the *Gold Rush of* '49



And today
Solve this puzzle correctly—
QUALIFY—
and enter our contest in which
$6800.00 *in prizes will be given*

WHEN, in 1848, gold was discovered in California, the news spread as if carried on the wind. And by 1849 the Gold Rush was on! Covered wagon days—days of the "forty-niners"! From all parts of the United States they came, and from all corners of the world, as far away as China—rushing to find their fortunes. Excitement ran high—workshops closed, business houses closed, farms and offices were deserted by people who took the Overland Route to California in search of that precious yellow metal—Gold! San Francisco became a city over night, *and fortunes were won quickly.*

A magic word—GOLD! A laborer, John Marshall by name, discovered it in California, quite by accident, while cutting a millrace for Captain John Sutter on the Sacramento River—just as you, now, in turning these pages, have quite by accident discovered this $3,500.00 prize offer. This may be *your* gold strike!

E. H. BEUSTER, Room 82
54 West Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois

A nationally known corporation now makes its bid for greater advertising and publicity in new communities. That is the reason for this advertisement. When the news of the awards of the prizes is sent out, scores of new people are going to receive prizes in our big prize distribution. You, yes you, may be the winner of $3,500.00 in Cash.

You have today as good an opportunity as any "forty-niner" to win your fortune—$3,500.00 in Cash. At a lucky moment you turned to this advertisement. If you are alert, you may hit upon the one answer, the only one that is correct, for the interesting puzzle contained in the above illustration. Read carefully the directions which follow, then try your luck with this fascinating picture test.

At first glance you may see nothing puzzling about the picture above, but there is a real test combined therein. There are eleven covered wagons, each of which we have numbered. Two of them, *and only two,* are exactly alike in every detail. Some have striped patches on the covers, others solid black, etc. The identifying marks are on the wagons and not in oxen or shadows. Just two wagons are identical. Perhaps it will be your good fortune to find them.

If you think you can find the two covered wagons that are exactly alike, just write their numbers on a post card or mail them in a letter. Send no money, but send your answer now, today. If your answer is correct you will be eligible to compete in Chicago's most liberal contest for those who do not live in Chicago. You will be notified at once if your answer is chosen as correct.

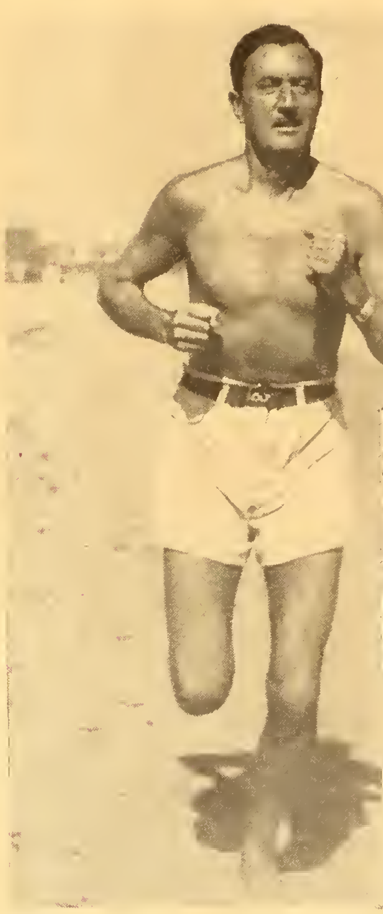
$3,000.00 is the first prize.
An extra
$500.00 Promptness Prize.
In accordance with the rules makes total
First Prize—$3500.00

International

"Now, what did you have to come around for?" Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Maureen O'Sullivan are apparently asking the photographer. They're down at Malibu to forget what cameras look like! And another thing: when they're seen together like this, there will probably be romance rumors about them. And then they'll have to issue denials

Acme

Leila Hyams is one of the converts to absolutely-free wheeling, and may be sighted almost any time pedaling madly along the Malibu roadway. Because it's play that is also work, she travels light—in a blouse and shorts



Acme

After high tide has packed the sand down hard, Harry Bannister steps out in running trunks and takes a workout up and down the beach. He's getting in trim to resume his stage career in the Fall. He has been at it ever since Ann Harding divorced him last May, which shows how serious he is about that career business

"Comfortable?" asks the inquiring photographer, and Joan Bennett murmurs, "Umm!" Down at Malibu for another honeymoon with her new hubby, Gene Markey, she's wearing the latest thing in knit beach pajamas—and looking younger than ever, with a ribbon 'round her hair

Wide World

"Back-fence gossip" is also an old Malibu Beach custom. Verree Teasdale, newcomer from New York, and Claire Windsor interrupt a game of beach quoits to chin with Estelle Taylor, Bing Crosby (who's in Hollywood to star in "The Big Broadcast"), and Nick Stuart, husband of Sue Carol and one of the colony's newest fathers

International

THEY'RE ALL VACATIONING AT MALIBU BEACH

International

The latest feminine thing, if Lilyan Tashman is still an index, is to wear easily-shed pajamas over your bathing suit down to the beach. And a hat big enough to tilt to windward, to shield your face from wind and spray. All Malibu comes out to watch when Lilyan strolls along the beach. And do you wonder?

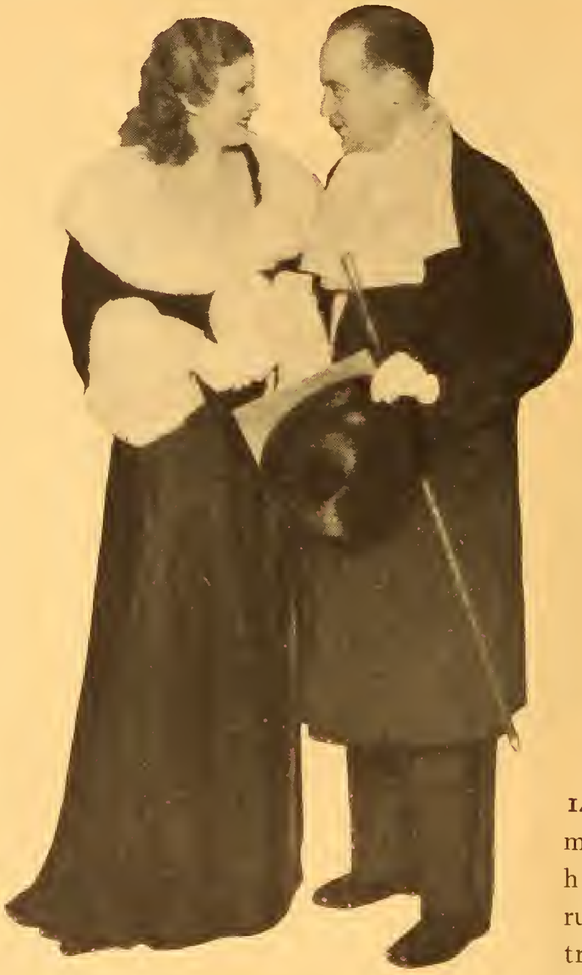
After the photographer snaps his shutter, do you know what Mary Carlisle is going to do? She's going to finish making that sand bed, and take a nap in it until the tide washes up to her and awakens her. For a little girl she's wearing an awfully big hat (even for Malibu). But don't you see why? That makes her look all the tinier!

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By

MARION MARTONE



1. Can you name the two people pictured on this page, and do you know the latest news concerning them?

2. The two small sons of what comedian will appear on the screen with their mother?

3. Who is the well-known movie director who has separated from his wife?

4. Do you know the name of the stage and screen comédienne who is suing her husband for divorce?

5. What movie star became the proud papa of a boy on June 4th?

6. Whom did Gloria Swanson pick to be her leading man in the picture she is making in England?

7. Are you familiar with the name of the movie actress who is getting plenty of attention from David Blankenhorn, Irene Rich's divorced husband?

8. Do you know the one-time famous screen comedian who was married recently?

9. Can you name the two motion picture actresses, absent from the screen for some time, who were visited by the stork during June?

10. An alienation suit was instituted against what film star by her husband's first wife?

11. What divorce rumors, despite persistent denials by both parties, have come true?

12. Do you know the girl who, when divorced a few months ago, said she was through with marriage and who already has a new beau?

13. Can you name the popular movie star who may marry the movie executive who helped her attain film fame?

14. About what movie newlyweds have there been rumors of domestic trouble already?

15. They are saying that Estelle Taylor has fallen in love again. Do you know with whom?

16. With whom has Lily Damita, film player, been stepping out of late?

17. Who is the stage and screen star who recently announced she had severed all connections with motion picture work?

18. Can you name the movie actress who won a divorce from her director-husband on grounds of desertion?

19. Do you know the film actress, married only a year, who has just sued for divorce?

(*Answers to These Questions on Page 84*)

Visit the New Ambassador Championship Size Plunge and Monterey Sand Beach for California Health Giving Sun-tans

Beach Recreation

LOWER RATES!
for GREATER ATTRACTIONS!

at the world-famous

AMBASSADOR HOTEL
LOS ANGELES

DESPITE the unique success and patronage which the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel has and is still enjoying during an adverse business period, the management wishes to announce substantial reductions made possible through lower operating costs by which all guests and patrons may benefit.

The outstanding charm of *this great hotel may now be enjoyed on a surprisingly low budget* and with no deterioration of the *splendid service* for which the Ambassador has long been famous.

Good outside rooms with bath may be secured from $5.00 per day. Special discounts for stays of four weeks or longer.

Restaurant prices have been reduced in some cases as much as 50%. Quality and size of portions remain the same.

Attractions include a *new sun-tan sand bathing beach with an outdoor plunge and complete recreational center,* including baths of all kinds, massage and physical conditioning for men and women. All Sports, 22-Acre Park, 18-hole Rancho Golf Club, 19-hole Pitch and Putt Golf Course, Tennis Courts, Archery, All-Talking Motion Picture Theatre, 35 smart Shops and the incomparable

"COCOANUT GROVE"
for dancing nightly

* * *

Please write for revised room and restaurant tariffs

BEN L. FRANK, *Manager*

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

Powolny

These three little girls are in a sad fix. Here they are, newcomers to Hollywood, and they're so mixed up that they've forgotten which is who. After prolonged study of the tangled trio, we'd say that left to right, they are Janet Chandler, Vivian Reid and June Vlasek—all new players at Fox

The MOVIE CIRCUS

By FRANK MORLEY

MIDSUMMER, and Hollywood goes on being that City of Paradox. One-half starving, the other half packing the stay-up places. One-half begging for any sort of job, the other planning trips to Tahiti. Big stars holding their breaths in fear of cuts, others threatening walk-outs. Starving in spats. Rich in rags. Gingham and gladiolas and gew-gaws and generosity and goofy gestures and gorgeousness—the world doesn't hold a better show.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up with a discussion of that ever-popular local topic, "Who Has Sex?" Someone suggested Sylvia Sidney, to meet with only one objection.

"I don't think her appeal is primarily sex," said the protester. "To me, it's a pixie sort of thing—not biological at all, but kind of spiritual."

"Don't tell Sylvia that!" cried one who knows her well. "She'd be furious!"

NOR are there many more swelelegant people than Gilda Gray. We were talking the other evening about those "dubbed-in" shots of shoulder-shaking natives in "Tarzan." And we were interested when Gilda confessed that that's where she got the idea for the shimmy—from the Dark Continent's tribal dances!

GARY COOPER, as you may have heard, is back from Africa with many tales of big killings, and with denials that he and the Countess Frasso (rumored to be the reason for the trip) are anything but just friends. Be that as it may, the fascinating Countess is also now in Hollywood. The pet monkey, "Toluca," that Gary brought back from Africa bit his chauffeur the other day—and it looks like the Zoo for "Toluca."

TO change the subject, and speak of dancing, would you care to know that the smoothest performers now in the colony are Dorothy Ates, the daughter of the famed stutterer, and Teddy Joyce, a visiting master of ceremonies?

NIGHT-CLUB NOTE: Following the criticism in this column, the horse-faced young men in B.B.B.'s "Boys Will Be Girls" Revue have been replaced by more lovely gentlemen. This pleases us. We likes our effeminates effeminate, and we don't mind saying so. So there!

IN this well-known Cellar, by the way, are on display two of the town's newest interesting faces. Bert Linton, an English boy who looks like Dietrich, and his partner, Bob Miller, who looks like Hope Williams. These laddies are from the Noel Coward "Bitter Sweet" company, and have been tested by Frank Borzage and Von Sternberg. So you may see them on the screen soon. Maybe.

AND then, as another Getting Ahead item, there is the information just broadcast from Paramount: "The opinion that film stars lead easy lives suffered a setback today when Alison Skipworth, a prominent figure on the stage for thirty years, spent eight hours sitting in a mud puddle."

IF that doesn't sound to you like Progress, we'll tell you that the other day this column was asked to speak at a literary luncheon — along with Rupert Hughes, Upton Sinclair and Don Marquis. We thought up a swell speech based on that actor, who, dining in the Brown Derby, suddenly began to rub his spinach in his hair.

"Hey!" his waiter cried, "you can't rub that spinach in your hair!"

The fellow looked at him aghast. "Spinach!" he cried. "Heavens, I thought it was lettuce!"

But the night before the great day, we were rehearsing at a party, and Bill Bakewell, Benny Alexander and Russ Gleason got up in a body and walked out—sneering like Harpo Marx. So the next day we had influenza.

THOSE three boys, with Lew Ayres, are the surviving charter members of that gay organization, the False Friends Club. This started during the making of "All Quiet," and to gain membership one allegedly has to double-cross a friend. The other three first members, Scott Kolk, Walter Browne Rogers and Owen Davis, Jr. have given up pictures. But the remaining quartet have gone on closer in

Things that aren't just rumors are that Will Rogers was christened William Penn Adair, that Louise Fazenda is all worried as to how a certain lady columnist will react when Louise does that take-off on her as *Helen Hobart* in "Once in a Lifetime," that George Brent's salary is still in the early hundreds, and that the Hays office will not let the great Garbo be satirized.

comradeship than ever before. Just another manifestation of what a Remarqueable picture that one was!

MENTIONING AYRES recalls that young man's once-great Garbo yen. During the making of "The Kiss," Lew's first picture (in which he played opposite Greta), he had become smitten by her languid charm, and asked her for a signed photograph. Garbo laughed him away, but did say that he was wearing a nice shirt. The next evening when she reached home she found two of this make of shirts, bearing Lew's card.

The following morning he hurried onto the set, certain that the picture would be his. But this time the aloof one did not even smile, saying no. "And that," Lew describes it, "sort of estranged us."

JIMMY CAGNEY (formerly of the Cagne School of Dancing) has motored back to New York—sincere in his stand about more money or no more pictures. It will be a loss, a big one, if this grand little Mick makes good his threat of retirement from the screen. For he is that strange thing, an actor of charm who has intelligence.

LOOK, for instance, at the shrewd way he sums up a trio of his fellow-workers in the movie vineyard: "Bill Powell is more interesting than Colman because there is more of the gutter in Powell—more of the gamin-like human touch which, together with his faultless aristocratic profile, has taken John Barrymore where he is to-day."

SYLVIA SIDNEY has one of Hollywood's biggest and best-read libraries. It contains, by the way, the only local copy of that odd prohibition novel written by—of all people!—Walt Whitman.

SYLVIA has been sojourning in New York, but her gaiety has been replaced here by Kent Douglass Montgomery, vacationing at his Pasadena home with a summer engagement at the Community Theatre. Doug appears to have abandoned that bright movie career of his for keeps. His is one of those passions for the legitimate theatre that you read about, but rarely encounter.

HE has, also, a talent for Trouble. We were with him one night when stopped by a police car, the occupants of which were under the reprehensible suspicion that we were under the influence of the grape. Doug thought the incident extremely hilarious, but the officers were lacking in appreciation of his wit, and wrote out a summons. Doug gravely examined the signature on the ticket. "Fred H. Schmaltz," he read slowly, and then gave the law's upholder a quizzical glance of appraisal. "I wonder, Mr. Schmaltz, if you've ever tried numerology?" And so to jail.

ANOTHER local youth with a disdain for the uniformed forces is Charles Morton. The customarily amiable Charlie, stopped for a traffic offence, refused to converse with the policeman. Perplexed, his apprehender insisted upon a reason for the silence. Morton finally burst out with: "You can't arrest me—I'm an actor!"

ON the other hand, there is Peggy Shannon, who refuses to look upon the business of acting as a very serious business. Natural as a seven on a pair of dice and straightforward as a sock on the nose, Peggy was defending her virtue in a scene with a burly heavy. After three or four takes, she wearily murmured, "We'd better get it right next time, Mr. Director, because I'm just about ready to give in."

DARING, SENSATIONAL THEME—CLOSEST TO EVERYONE'S HEART TODAY!

A dramatic thunderbolt challenging the nation, it hurls a smashing answer to the burning question of the hour!

Hearts aflame in a whirlpool of tremendous thrills and the most spectacular dramatic scenes ever filmed!

You *must* see it—*you'll love it!*

WALTER HUSTON
PAT O'BRIEN — CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
A FRANK CAPRA Production
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask your theatre when it will show "AMERICAN MADNESS"

That's Hollywood!

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

By MARK DOWLING
and LYNN NORRIS

THE brightest news of the month, so far as the local girls and boys are concerned, is that Hollywood Boulevard is coming back into Its Own. Sid Grauman, we hear, intends to hire fake movie companies and set them to work on the more prominent corners. Stars' doubles will go shopping amidst the noonday crowds, and one deserted studio will resound to the screams of the heroine and the growlings of the villain every day in the week—for the benefit of cash customers in the gallery.

Of course actors, directors, and cameramen will all be mere extras hired for the occasion, but nobody, it's hoped, will notice or mind *that*.

TIME was, of course, when the wandering fan couldn't stroll down the street without stumbling onto a movie set. Ben Turpin seemed to be directing traffic (with the cameras trained on him) at every corner, and Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, or Mary Pickford were sure to be glimpsed between Vine and Highland.

Sid Grauman wants to bring that color and atmosphere back, even though the real stars have Garbo complexes. And if there won't be any film in the cameras and the "pictures" will never see previews, who cares? At least, it will make Hollywood Boulevard a little different from the main street of, say, Wappingers Falls.

WHOEVER manages the fates of Hollywood has an O.Henry complex that does not make for the comfort of the inhabitants. For instance, rumor has it that Ann Harding's last two pictures have not been box-office successes, and now that she has made her husband safe by divorcing him from her career, or whatever it was, the career is not so assured as it might be.

AND Tallulah Bankhead, the darling of London, and scion of an old and aristocratic family, according to our informant, is not asked about by the *creme de la creme* of Hollywood society, made up of folks whose origins were comparatively humble. "She's so devastatingly *frank!*" one hostess told us. "I mean, in Hollywood, one has to have a certain decent sense of the hypocrisies!"

Last call for summer! If it's getting late to go in the water, Rochelle Hudson believes in wearing the latest thing for swimming. It's a bandana, anchored at the neckline on a string of beads, and serves as a swim shirt. You'll find more late summer fashions, direct from Hollywood, on pages 48 and 49

Bachrach

Above, Rochelle shows you the back view of the bandana effect, just before tying the ends at the waistline in back. And look at all the expanse of back that can get tanned!

GOOD fellows, however, are Bankhead and Dietrich both, whatever you may hear to the contrary. Dickie Moore, the tot who wrings your heart in child rôles, was given a big toy motorboat by Marlene. On the same day Tallulah presented him with an enormous toy train, carrying the proper number of coaches.

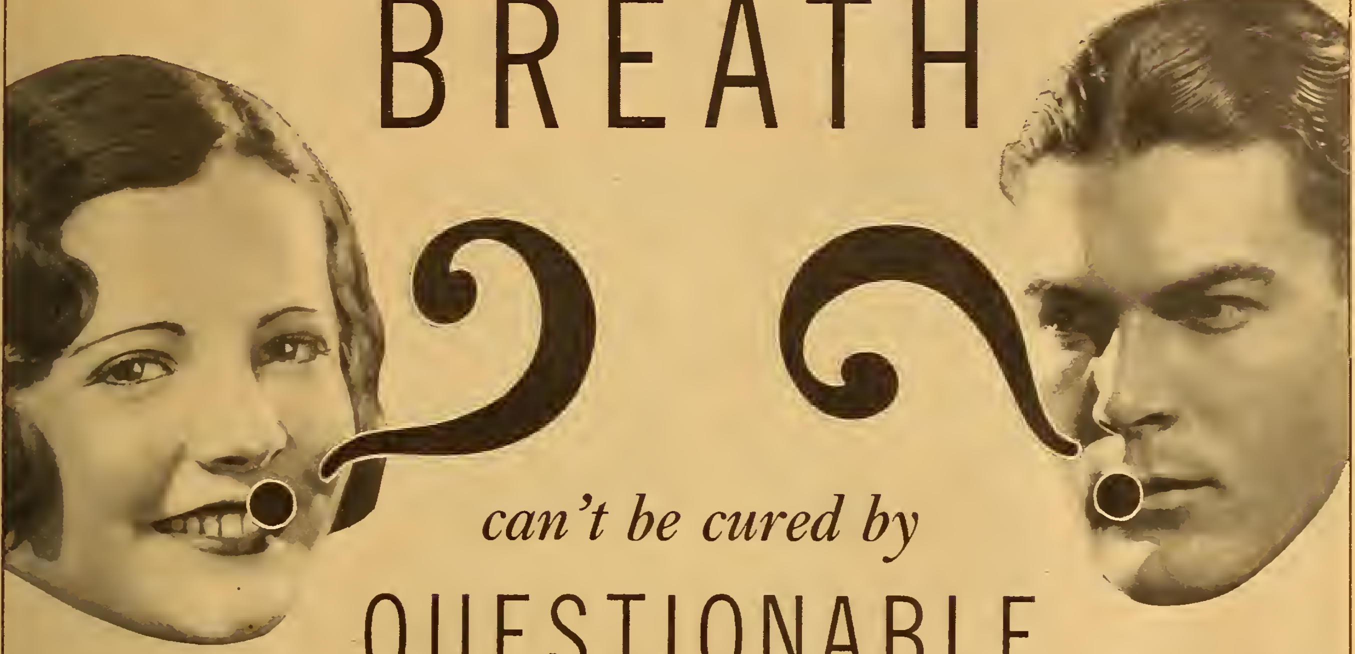
Then a make-up girl at the studio lost a favorite pet bulldog, and Tallulah, to supply the deficiency, gave her a terrier. Marlene, that very morning, gave the girl a Peke.

The make-up girl is no mean diplomat, we might add. She kept them both.

THEY are tittering over a theatre program from Mazatlan, Mexico, which a wag forwarded. It reads: "This program will close with a comedy in two parts . . . spoken in Spanish by our countryman—Benny Rubin!"

(*Continued on page 94*)

QUESTIONABLE BREATH



can't be cured by

QUESTIONABLE MOUTHWASHES

Use LISTERINE . . . *it has a 50 year record of positive results*

You probably realize that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault, and take precautions against it.

But are you taking the right precaution? Are you sure the mouth wash you use can cure halitosis? How do you know that it possesses any deodorant effect whatever? What evidence have you that you are not throwing your money away on questionable mouth washes with little or no deodorant power? There are hundreds on the market.

For your own sake

When you want to be sure that your breath is sweet, wholesome, and agreeable, use Listerine—and Listerine only. It is the quickest of deodorants, the swiftest of antiseptics.

Its deodorant effect is a matter of scientific record with physicians, surgeons, and nurses. Because of its remarkable deodorant properties, Listerine has been specified in the treatment of suppurating wounds for the past 50 years.

Sweetens breath instantly

Clinical tests now show that Listerine, used as a mouth wash, instantly overcomes odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

A second series of tests against the onion odor revealed even more startling superiority. While Listerine overcame the odor almost immediately, the other mouth wash advertised as being effective in dilutions of three to one, could not hide the onion odor in 24 hours.

When you buy a mouth wash, in the hope of keeping your mouth clean and fresh, and your breath sweet and agreeable, don't gamble with solutions without reputation or record of performance.

Ask for Listerine . . . the antiseptic mouth wash you can depend upon. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

instantly ends HALITOSIS *(bad breath)*

"Keeping my skin lovely at home is so easy now —"

Mrs. Lawrence Coolidge

Mrs. Coolidge photographed removing with Pond's Cleansing Tissues the rich Cold Cream used for cleansing . . .

Pond's Cold Cream does *more than cleanse.* It has the perfect consistency. Not too heavy. Not so thin it dries the skin. Use it to bring life and freshness to a tired skin.

Applying her favorite Vanishing Cream to protect, give velvety finish and hold powder for hours.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a godsend to women whose skin roughens and chaps. It smooths and heals the skin. Is not drying. Use it before and after exposure. One application gives a lovely finish.

Photographs by Nickolas Muray

MRS. COOLIDGE AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

Brilliant young society leader shows you exactly the simple steps of her home beauty treatment

Mrs. Coolidge's fresh girlish complexion is as natural as her unaffected cordiality. "Certainly I'll show you my complexion care. As a matter of fact, I do it myself.

"First comes *cleansing*—I always use this Pond's Cold Cream, its rich oils get every bit of grime out of my pores. And Pond's Cleansing Tissues to remove it—they are *softer,* more absorbent than ordinary tissues.

"Then comes *stimulating.* A brisk patting like this with cotton soaked in Pond's Skin Freshener to refine the pores, tone and bring up my natural color.

"Now for *protecting*—this silky Pond's Vanishing Cream protects my skin, holds the powder and doesn't dry my skin.

"There—that's all. Simple, isn't it?

"Of course, *at bedtime,* after thoroughly cleansing my skin with this rich Cold Cream, I put on an extra bit of the cream and leave it on overnight to *lubricate* my skin.

"These four Pond's preparations give just the things your skin needs—Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating and Protecting."

TUNE IN *on Pond's every Friday—9.30 P.M., E.D.S.T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmed for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N.B.C. Network.*

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for free samples of Pond's four delightful preparations.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J
113 Hudson Street . . . New York City

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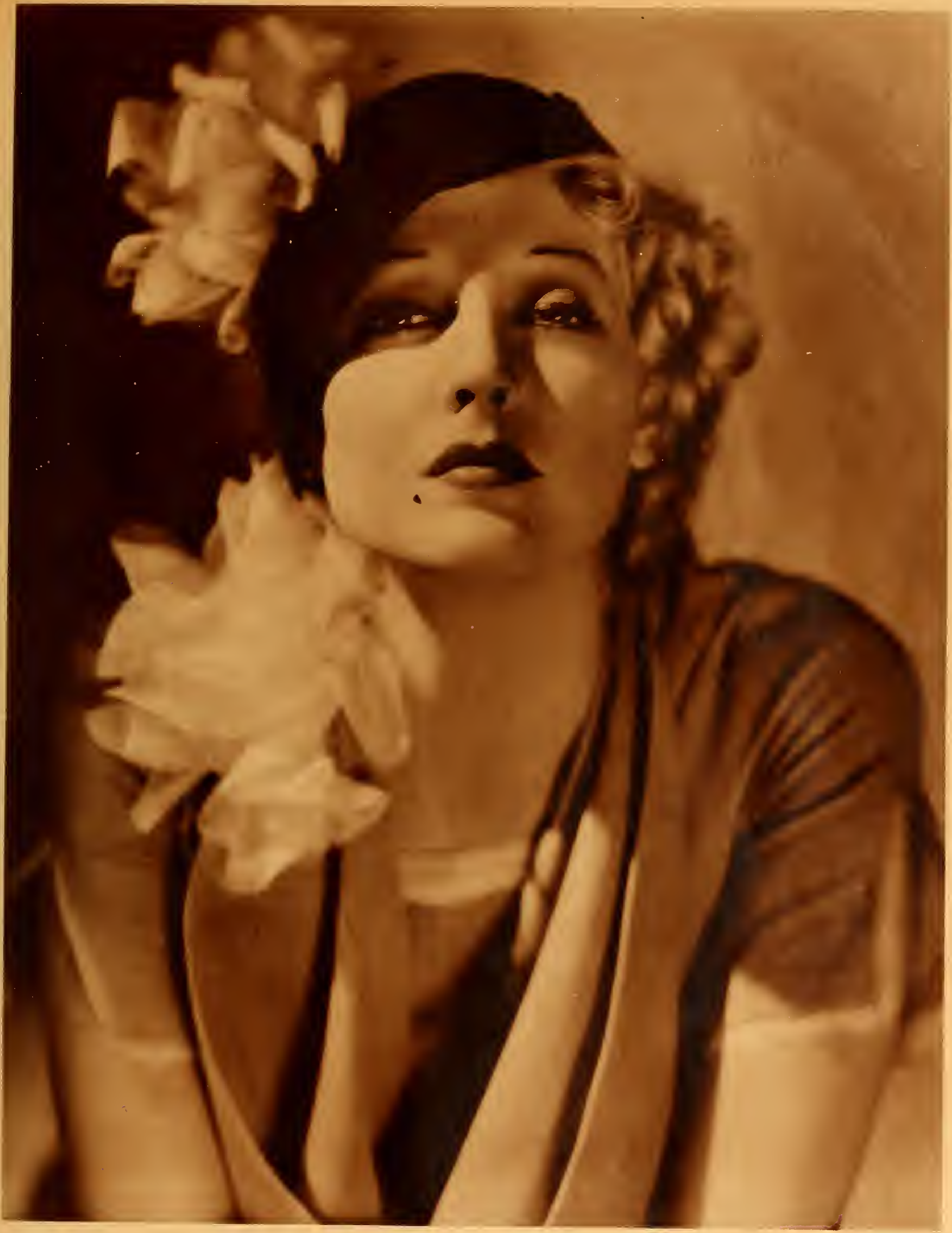
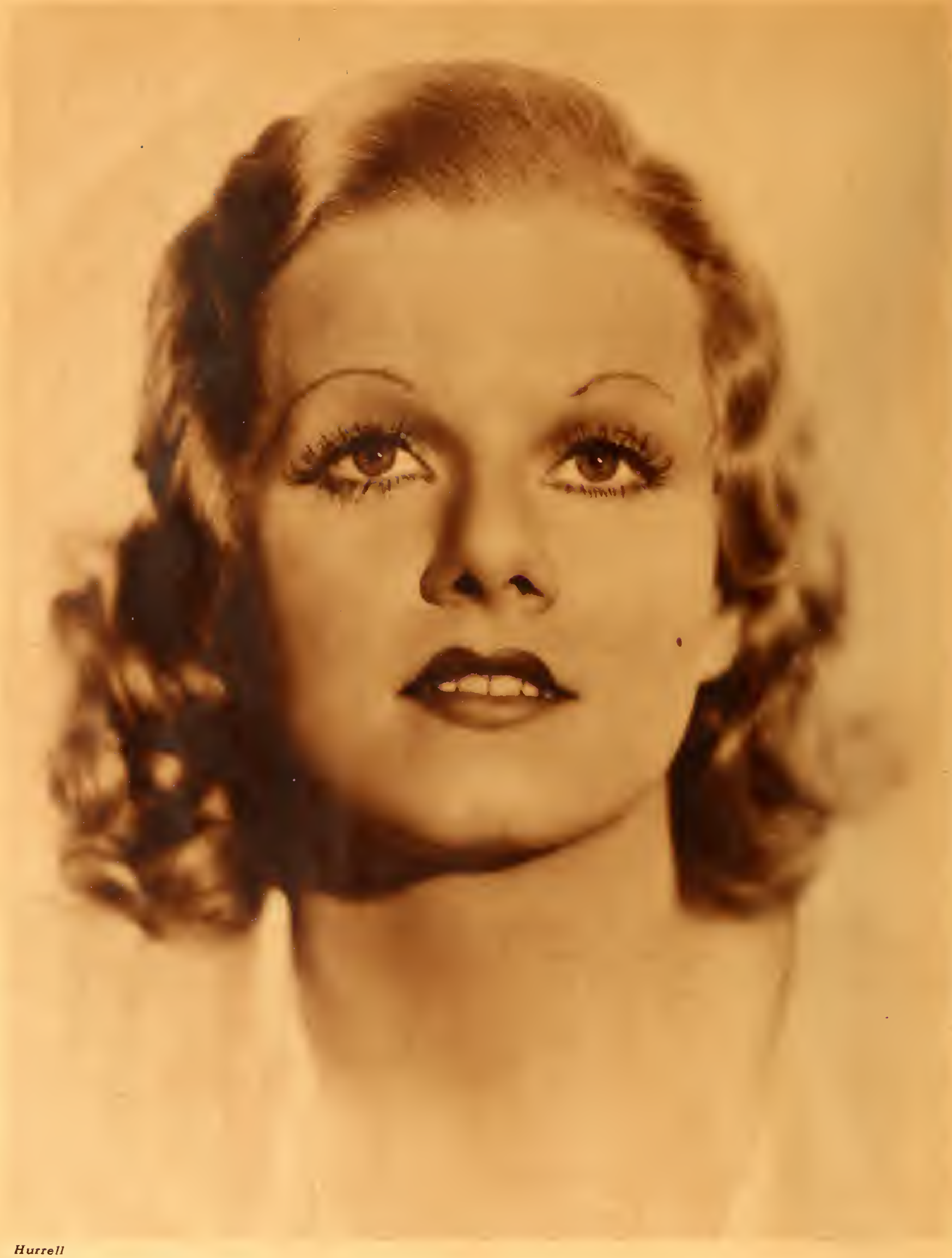


Hurrell

THELMA TODD

When a girl has a Cupid's-bow mouth, and eyes to go with it, she usually takes her beauty seriously. But not Thelma! She'd rather have fun than fame—but, as it happens, she's getting both. Maybe you've had a glimpse of her in those uproarious short comedies with Zasu Pitts. And next you'll see her making fun of sirens, by being one in "Speak Easily," with Buster Keaton



Hurrell

Believe it or not, but it's Jean. And what makes her look so different and so young? (Her age, to be exact, is twenty-one.) Her hair isn't platinum for the moment—that's the secret. For Jean is wearing a clever titian wig—and thereby giving the folks a big-time surprise—for the title rôle of "Red-Headed Woman." Anyway, she's a new personality, is the very new Mrs. Paul Bern

JEAN HARLOW

Dyar

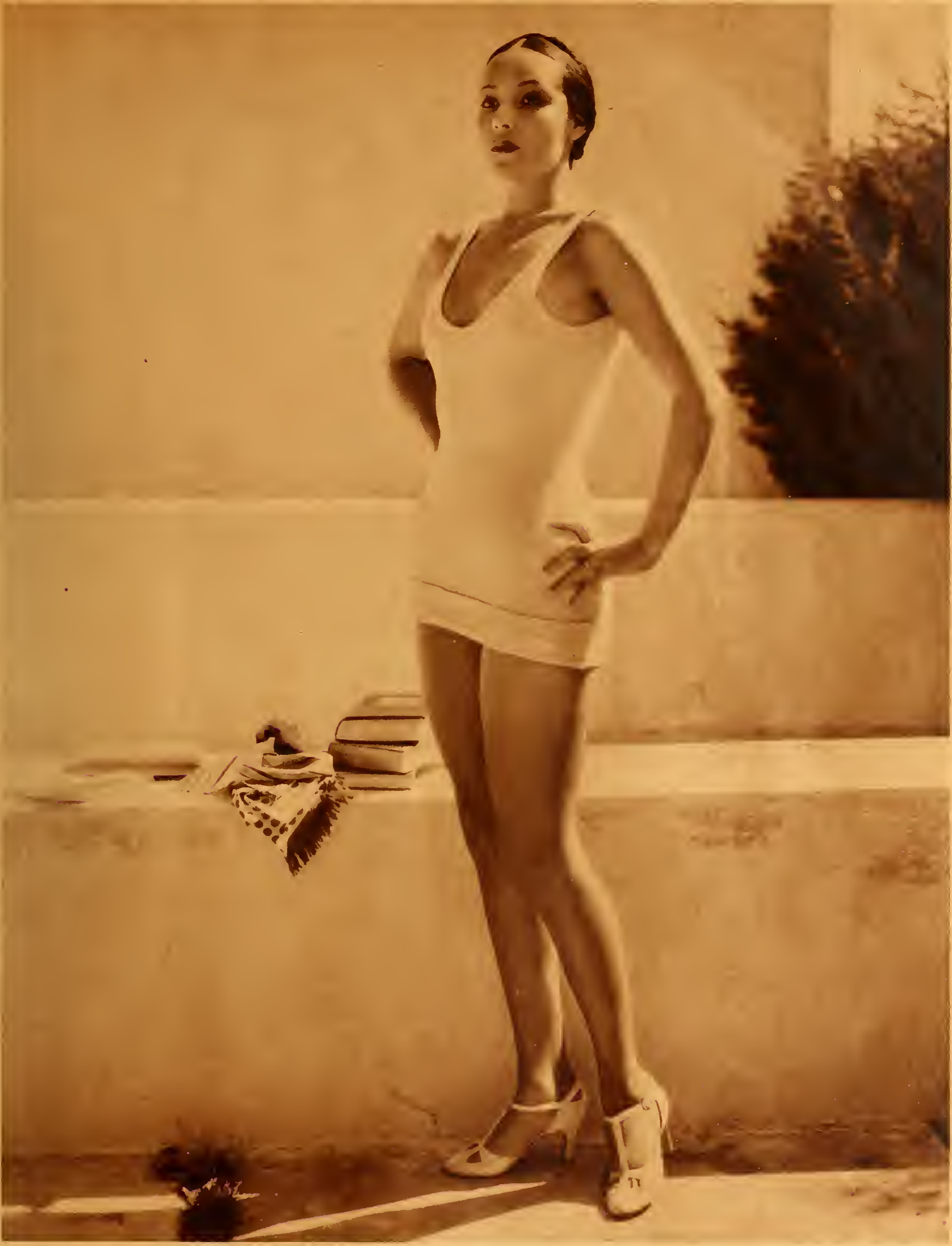
GEORGE RAFT

George is in a tough spot. People tell him he looks like Valentino and, for all he knows, they may expect him to act like his old pal. George doesn't see any way out except to try to be himself and to keep his mouth closed. Meanwhile, he's playing opposite Nancy Carroll in "Night After Night," and also in "The Island of Lost Souls." We Nominate Him for Stardom on page 42

Lippman

Kay is one brunette who has kept her head intact, while those about her have gone blonde—and she's very comfortable, thank you. Particularly with producers muttering, "There are too many blondes on the screen." Taking a hint from "One-Way Passage," made with William Powell, she has laid plans to go to Europe on a belated honeymoon with Kenneth MacKenna

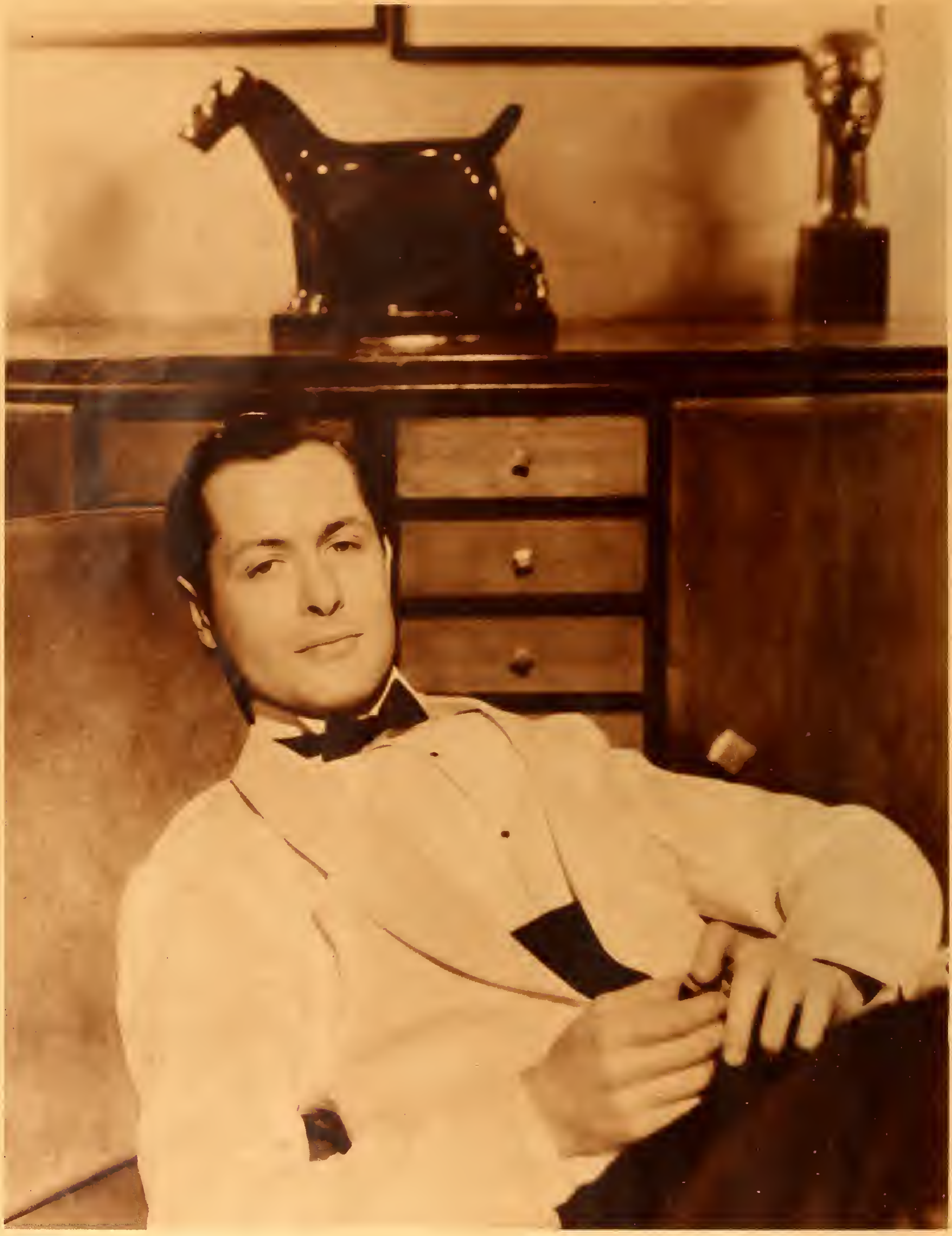
KAY FRANCIS



Coburn

DOLORES DEL RIO

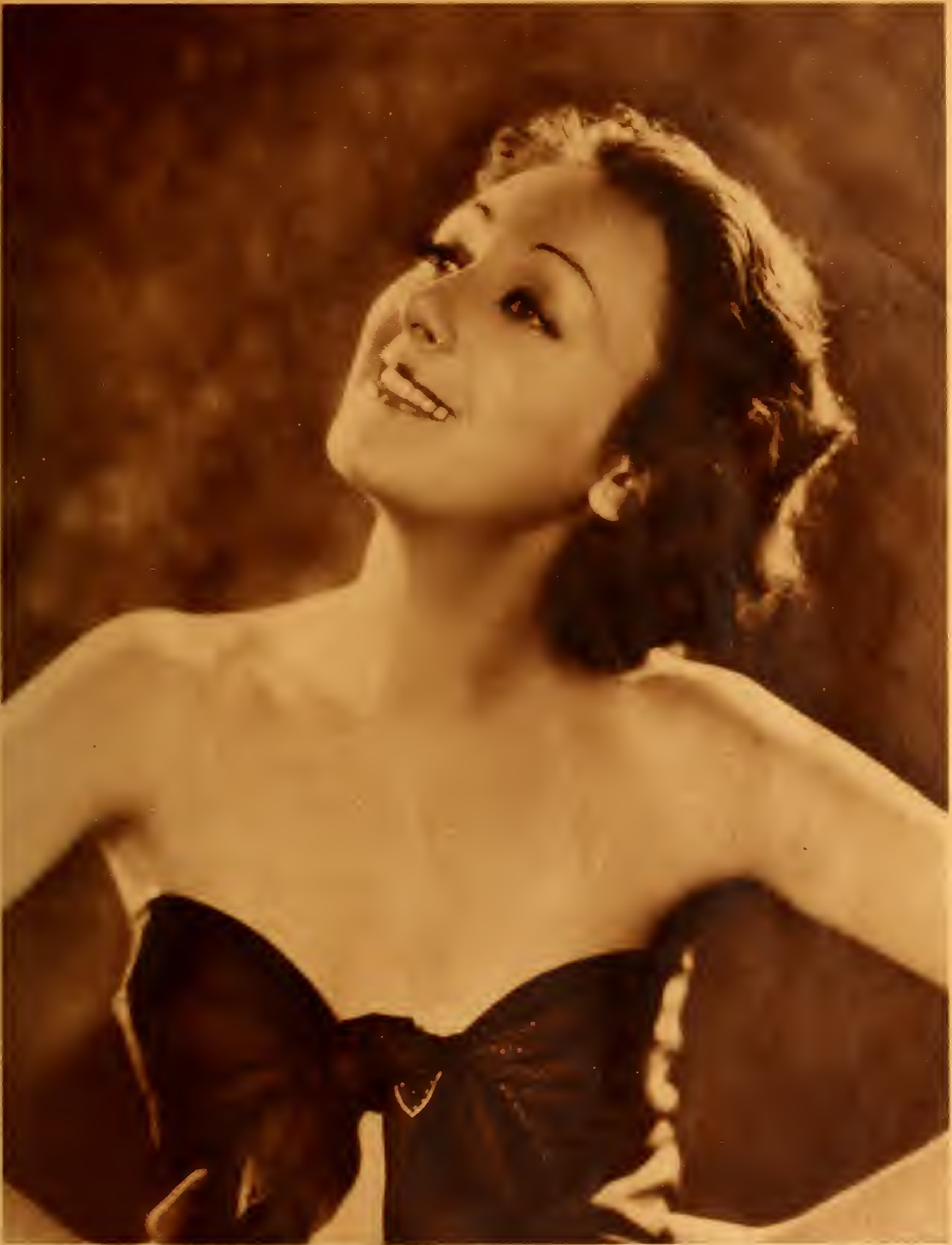
You couldn't ask any better proof than this that Dolores is all over the illness that kept her off the screen for a year. And Lupe Velez had better hurry home or she'll find that her rival has a sun-tan she can never equal. Now that she has finished "Bird of Paradise," Dolores is out to become as brown as the make-up man made her for the rôle of the love-tossed Hawaiian heroine



Hurrell

Starting a new fad in Hollywood, Bob is sporting one of the cool "mess jackets" that British officers in the tropics wear to formal dinners. He says that, luckily, he bought it just before his bank closed its doors. (He went away on a fishing cruise to Forget It All.) Back now, he is setting about rebuilding his fortune by co-starring with Marion Davies in an anti-depression comedy

ROBERT MONTGOMERY



Fryer

ANN DVORAK

Pert? And then some! Ann's the kind of girl who can not only keep her chin up, but can tilt it at an angle. When she stole her first pictures, people said it was accidental. "All right," chirped Ann, "I'll show 'em." And so she has stolen every picture since. Her latest two (she makes them by twos and threes) are "Crooner" and "Three on a Match." Stardom's just ahead!

Hurrell

If she really did have the love-life that the gossip writers claim she does, says Madge, she would look like this—dangerous and sombre and sirenish. But that, of course, is only Madge's opinion. (You have a right to your own guess.) The story opposite gives you Madge's side of the story about the men in her life. You'll next see her making Al Jolson emotional in "The New Yorker"

MADGE EVANS

By
DOROTHY
MANNERS

If Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (right) understands Joan as she climbs upward, their marriage should be safe

Fryer

Will JOAN CRAWFORD'S *Career* Wreck Her Marriage?

IT is not GOSSIP that threatens the structure of the hearthstone of Joan Crawford and young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.! They have laughed at gossip—they have linked fingers over their own dinner table and giggled at the rumors of "another man" in Joan's life, and "other women" in Doug's. They have kidded each other about the rumors of their "other romances" and where there is laughter of that sort, there isn't much of a marriage problem—even in Hollywood.

They have been hounded by reports that they are "falling out of love" because they no longer talk baby-talk and call each other on the telephone ten times a day. They have shrugged these reports aside: "We are no longer a honeymoon couple—we're past the baby-talk stage. Is our marriage any different from any other two-year-old marriage? . . . " The answer to that is obvious.

They have weathered the strain of "family"—the rumored disapproval of their union that cropped up from the very first. No, it isn't "family" that presents the hurdle in the path of the young Fairbankses.

But make no mistake about it: there is a hurdle—a big one—far more real in its dangers than these usual, rumored, "hinted" things.

The real marriage problem of Joan and Doug is Joan's FUTURE . . . her CAREER . . . the GREAT GOD BOX-OFFICE . . . the

(*Continued on page 80*)

DOUG'S DANGEROUS RIVAL

Here is Hollywood's most unusual triangle: Joan Crawford . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr . . . and Joan's FUTURE.

Young Doug does not have to worry about "other men"—but what if Joan's ambition carries her on to the heights predicted for her? Will their marriage mean as much to her then?

You have already seen what "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton" have done for her—and there are predictions that with "Rain" she may even ascend Garbo's abandoned throne.

Joan is the most ambitious girl in Hollywood history. Can Joan and Doug weather Joan's ambition?

When Will Valentino Have a Tomb of His Own?

Alberto Valentino, Rudy's brother (right), tells why the actor still has no final resting place

For the six years since his tragic death, the greatest of film favorites has lain in a tomb loaned to his family. The memorial planned for him still is unbuilt. Here is the amazing story. Read it to the end. His brother tells why!

By

JACK GRANT

RUDOLPH VALENTINO died August 23, 1926. On September 7th, that same year, he was laid to rest in the mausoleum in the Hollywood Cemetery, in a crypt loaned his family by June Mathis, Rudy's friend and discoverer. *And Valentino, dead these six years, still has no bed of his own!*

The famous woman scenario writer owned four crypts, in two of which lay her mother and father. The other two were reserved for her husband and herself. June Mathis died on July 26th of the following year and Valentino's body was removed from her crypt and placed in the one belonging to her husband, Sylvano Balboni.

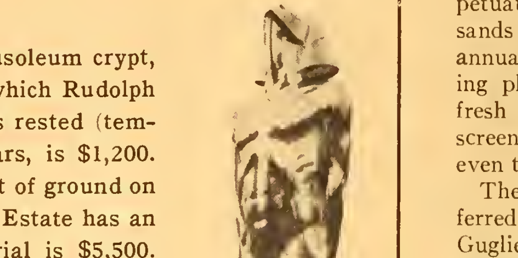
Recently, an attorney, said to be representing Mr. Balboni, called upon the cemetery authorities. He wished to know what plans had been formulated concerning the final disposition of the remains of Rudy. His inquiry brought to light the whole amazing situation.

What Price a Valentino Memorial?

The cost of a mausoleum crypt, such as the one in which Rudolph Valentino's body has rested (temporarily) for six years, is $1,200. The cost of the plot of ground on which the Valentino Estate has an option for a memorial is $5,500. (If the option had not been taken five years ago, the cost would now be more for the same plot.)

According to the president of the Cemetery Association, the whole memorial planned by Valentino's family can be carried out, at the present time, for about $25,000, instead of $30,000 to $35,000, as estimated by his brother, Alberto. The Association will, itself, make a donation to the fund for the erection of the Valentino Tomb.

Ordinary plots in the Hollywood Cemetery cost from $42.50 to $200. For two or more, the price is less.



Valentino has no tomb of his own, but he does have one memorial—this statue in a Hollywood park, "presented by friends and admirers from every walk of life"

The most popular male figure in motion picture history lies in a borrowed grave. His fans numbered millions and, for that matter, still do. For Valentino, in death, has become a tremendous tradition. There have been a score of associations formed to perpetuate his memory. Thousands of people make regular annual pilgrimages to his resting place. Flowers are ever fresh before the crypt of the screen's greatest lover. Yet even that crypt is not his own.

The cemetery officials referred the attorney to Alberto Guglielmi Valentino, Rudy's brother, for the answer he sought. When the question came to our attention, we also called upon Alberto. He received us in his office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio where he works in the foreign department as an adviser on Italian distribution.

Distressing to His Family

ALBERTO informed us that he had as yet received no word from Balboni, either directly or through an attorney. He expressed surprise that his own countryman might be forcing the removal of Rudy's coffin.

"When last I saw Sylvano before he went to Italy," Alberto said, "he told me that he hoped it would be a long time before he would need his

Cleveland

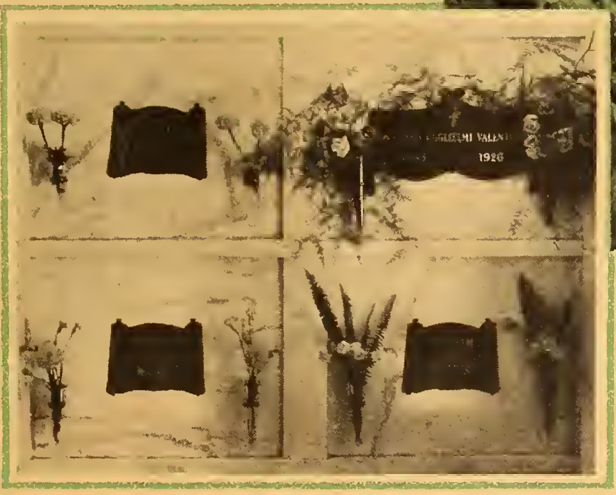
In the center, above, is the plot in the Hollywood Cemetery where Valentino's family still hopes to erect his memorial. Further to the right is the plot where Marion Davies plans her burial

crypt. He made me feel his generous loan was bestowed in friendship and that Rudy's family was welcome to use the temporary accommodation as long as necessity demanded.

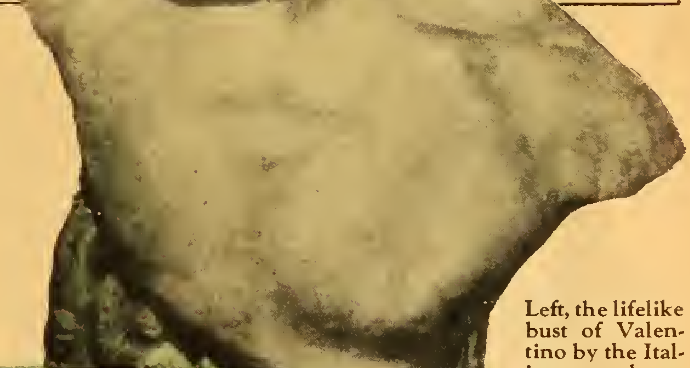
"I hope everyone realizes how distressing this situation is to our family. That Rudy has not been buried in his own grave is a matter of deep concern to us. Perhaps if I review the circumstances leading up to this deplorable state of affairs, you will better understand our position.

"I was in Italy, visiting my wife and son, when the news of my brother's death reached me. I returned to New York as quickly as train and boat would carry me Yet your American laws commanded that the funeral be held before I arrived. My last glimpse of Rudy's face was obtained through the glass of his sealed coffin.

"Rudy would have been taken back to Italy, had it not been for the urging of executives high in the motion picture profession to bring his remains to California. They wanted him buried in the film capital.



Upper right, Valentino's "borrowed grave"—loaned his family by Sylvano Balboni, husband of June Mathis, Rudy's discoverer, who now rests at the upper left. Below rest her father and mother



Left, the lifelike bust of Valentino by the Italian sculptor, Humberto Pedretti, who also designed the proposed Valentino tomb. This bust was to stand in front of the tomb

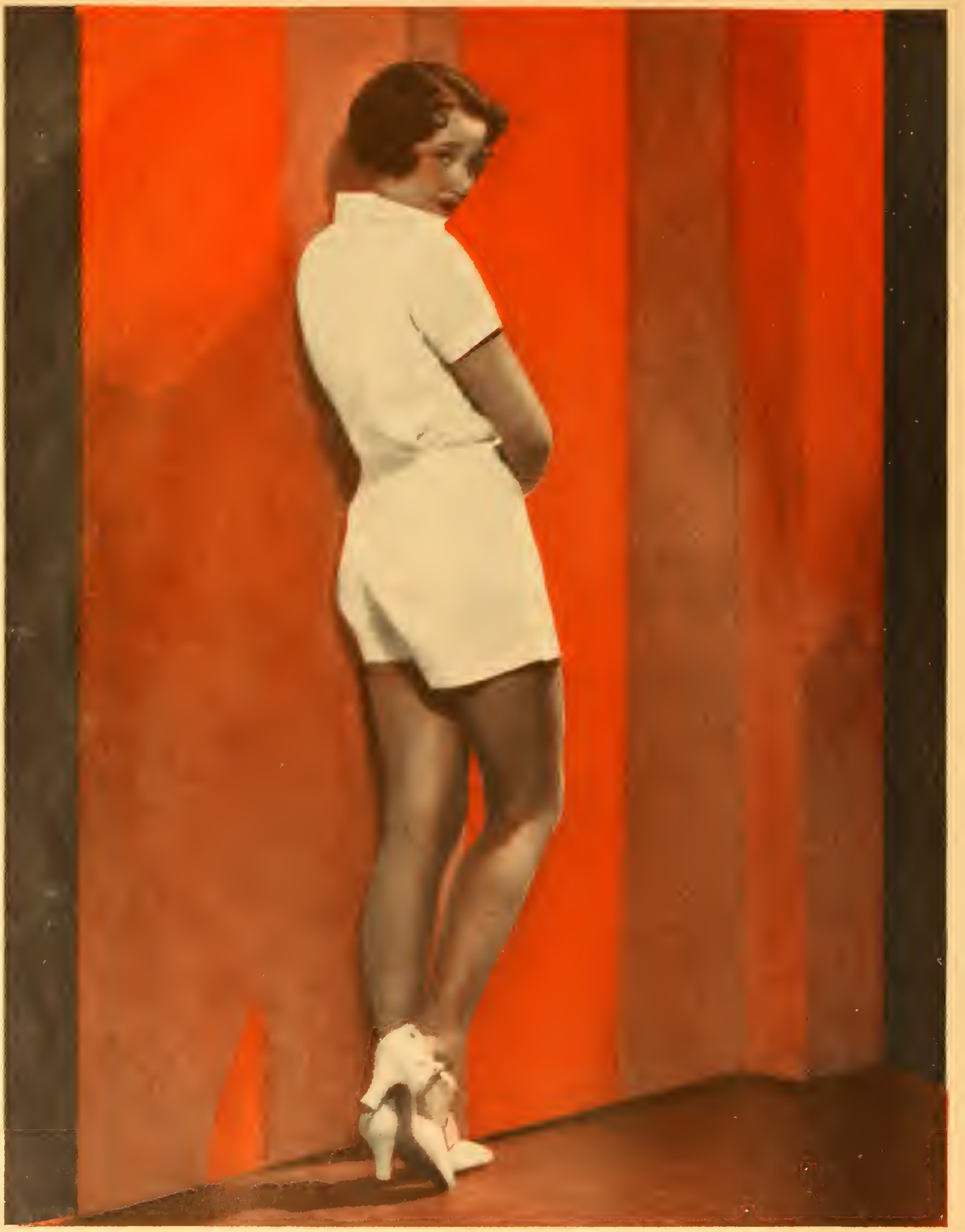
June Mathis Balboni kindly offered her own crypt until the estate might be settled and other arrangements made.

Six Years of Waiting

"THAT was six years ago. The estate is still to be finally closed and in its present state of liquidation, it is doubtful whether very much is left. Perhaps nothing at all will be realized.

"Shortly after my brother had been entombed, two movements were launched to build him a mausoleum by public subscription. Each group had separate plans and designs

(*Continued on page 70*)



Preston Duncan

That old sign outside towns with speed traps, "Go fast and see the Judge," can't possibly apply to Arline Judge. She's a sight for shore eyes when she heads for the sands in her white shorts, with a tan that just fits them. And now, having almost stolen "Roar of the Dragon" and having made sure the college boys wouldn't forget her in "Fraternity House," she's briefly "retiring"—to await another cute li'l Arline

GO SLOWLY AND SEE THE JUDGE

By
CLIFFORD W.
CHEASLEY

There is going to be a battle between Johnny's two selves during his five years of stardom, says Clifford W. Cheasley, noted Numerologist. Johnny, he reveals, will feel out of his element in Hollywood—playing at emotions, not living them

C. S. Bull

Weissmuller Will Be *Unhappy* in Hollywood, Numerology Predicts

NUMBERING the letters of Johnny Weissmuller's name, which at birth was Peter John Weissmuller, his deeper Motive or Ideality number is found to be "2" and his Method or Expression number "6." Johnny has a younger brother named John Peter, who, because of the same letters in his name, would have the same general characteristics—but he is called Peter. By adopting "Johnny" for his signature and preferring to be called that, the elder brother claimed a vibratory force to step out ahead as the successful athlete, into the movies and the big money.

The "2" Ideality reveals his inner nature as much more sensitive, retiring and impressionable than one would expect, judging by his physique and his sometimes rough and ready way of expressing himself. It was this inner impressionistic quality that gave Johnny a deep, but unexpressed belief, as a small boy, that one day his dreams of being well and strong would come true.

It is simple with the numerals to guide one's analysis of his character, to see him sitting in the darkness of picture theatres a few years ago, like thousands of American youngsters, thrilling to

(*Continued on page 95*)

General Forecast for September, 1932

Much of the world-wide work toward adjustment and harmonizing of present economic conditions, started in June, will be furthered in this month of September. People will listen more to the ideas of representative leaders, and this will result in increased business activity, making for more optimism in the public mind.

International news this month will have a quality of unexpected surprises. Germany and Russia will come into the limelight through rumors of war and internal readjustments of government and a change in the balance of power.

For individuals, this month can be one of surprise, but in order to insure that it bring improvement and not disappointment, it would be better to enter it without too many hard-and-fast plans or too many expectations, so that changes can be made easily and unnecessary obligations avoided. The watchword for the month of September is: BE ADAPTABLE!

Cheasley

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN

For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, 3 cents self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

They're "The Royal Family of Hollywood" Now

By ELZA SCHALLERT

MOVIEGOERS are about to hear and see something out of the ordinary—something so unusual that it has never happened before on either stage or screen. (And it may never happen again.) The Barrymores, all *three* of them—Lionel, John *and* Ethel—are trying the experiment of making a picture together. A picture based on the life of one of the most mysterious and dramatic figures of modern times—Rasputin, the fanatical monk of wartime Russia, often called "The Holy Devil."

A composite picture of the famous Barrymore profile—which will be seen threefold for the first time in "Rasputin"—a profile that has made stage history. Lionel will play the *Mad Monk;* Ethel, the *Czarina;* and John, *Prince Paul*

It is the first time in the colorful history of the Barrymores, the real-life Royal Family of Broadway, that they have appeared together in the same dramatic presentation.

Lionel and John co-starred in several stage plays, and Ethel and John often played together on the stage years ago—but they never starred as a trio. Ethel made a number of silent films back in 1918, Lionel appeared in a series of two-reelers as long ago as 1915, and John first broke into pictures in 1920—but destiny never brought them together in one film, until now—any more than fate, or wise showmanship, presented them at any time in the same stage play.

Douglas Fairbanks once told me that when John and Ethel were guests at Pickfair simultaneously, the experience was comparable to trying out airplane motors in a drawing room. That was with just two Barrymores. One wonders what it is going to be like at the M-G-M studio, with three of them working in the same picture!

Lionel, being the senior member of the family, probably was entitled to the first comment on the situation. When he was informed that Ethel had signed a contract to appear in a picture with John and himself, he queried:

"What poor, unsuspecting maniac of a director is going to take on that job?"

It is possible that Ethel may make other pictures, if this one is a hit and she feels at home in talkies, but she was signed for only the one film. And it took months to get her signature to a contract. Her salary for the one picture is reported to be more than $100,000. John, who is now a free-lance, gets a salary of between $100,000 and $125,000 a picture. Lionel, who is under contract to M-G-M, is said to get a healthy salary of between $4,000 and $5,000 a week. The filming of the picture will probably require ten weeks. It's an expensive business, getting all three Barrymores together!

When Ethel descended upon Hollywood and was met at the station by John and a huge crowd of friends, executives and reporters, one of the reporters asked her if she thought she would be nervous appearing opposite two such "scene-stealers" as John and Lionel. Before she could answer, John said:

"You don't have to worry about her getting nervous. She'll be standing right before the camera in front of us!"

Lionel will play the rôle of *Rasputin*, the Siberian peasant with mystical powers that made him the confidant and spiritual adviser of the Czarina—and won him the title of "the uncrowned ruler of the Russian Empire" before its collapse under the Bolshevist revolution. Lionel has been looking forward to the rôle.

"In view of the fact that Rasputin probably took longer than any human being in the history of the world to die, I should really have a magnificent climaxing scene," he told me in characteristically ironical and humorous vein.

"You know," he continued, "the opponents of Rasputin felt he was a terrible menace to the Russian Empire because he had used his spiritual powers, so to speak, for political designs. So when they decided to put him out of the way, they invited him to a banquet and fed him poison in cakes and wine; but apparently the monk was supernatural, because he just didn't die

Lionel

Ethel

John

For the first time in their dynamic lives, all THREE Barrymores—John, Lionel and Ethel—are going to act together. Ethel says she's "thrilled," Lionel says he feels sorry for the director, and John says Ethel will probably steal the picture. Here's one of the big movie events of the year!

from the results. Finally, they got a gun and shot him. Even bullets didn't kill him at first. They virtually riddled him, according to all accounts. Rasputin is going to be a wonderful character to play," he added with a grin.

The Rôle Ethel Will Play

ETHEL BARRYMORE will play the hapless, neurotic *Czarina*, Alexandra Feodorovna, who fell under the hypnotic spell of the half-mad, beady-eyed monk with strange powers for good and evil. She will re-create the pitiful Empress who felt that the murder of Rasputin foretold the end of the Romanoffs—a tragic end for her children, her husband, herself.

John Barrymore plays *Prince Paul*, aristocrat and inspired patriot, who felt it his duty to rid Russia of the insidious influence of Rasputin, and led the group who took it upon themselves to assassinate "the Mad Monk."

Moviegoers are well acquainted with the work of Lionel and John Barrymore, but the majority of them have never seen Ethel Barrymore on the stage. To them, her name is merely a legend of the theatre, a remote world they have come to know by reflection of the movies, especially the talkies. Lionel Barrymore said to me once:

"Almost eighty per cent of the people in America do not know what the theatre means. And it's a pity, too. There's one thing pictures accomplish—they reach everybody. I've always been glad, though, that at least one member of our family, my sister, has kept the torch of the stage burning faithfully through the years."

Even in Hollywood, the Mecca of celebrities, Ethel Barrymore's arrival created an unusual stir. There is great glamour to her name. It has had the same magnetic appeal for theatre audiences for many, many years as Garbo's name now has for film devotées.

Her infrequent stage appearances in Los Angeles have always been the signal for Hollywood's celebrated to pay her homage. Mostly, however, when her stage engagements have brought her Westward, she has confined her social visits to the homes of her brothers. They are a devoted and clannish family, these Barrymores.

Her Private Reputation

AMONG her close friends, Ethel Barrymore is described thus: "No one can match her brilliance and her diabolical wit. And, of course, she never goes to bed—that is, if there are interesting people about. She has more mental reserve than any ten other actresses."

A visit with any of the Barrymores, whether social, professional or otherwise, is always an event. If one only inquires from any one of them the time of day, the answer invariably becomes something dynamically enlightening or else something devastatingly ironical.

When I interviewed the Barrymores for the purposes of this article, I saw each in a different setting. Miss Barrymore was in the library of the palatial home in Beverly Hills that she has leased for her stay in Hollywood. A very quiet setting for a Barrymore!

Lionel was on the set of "The Washington Masquerade," playing one of his scenes as a Senator—an honest Senator who is crushed by the big political machine.

And John—why, John was on the maternity floor of a hospital! Only a few days before, he had become the father of his

(*Continued on page 85*)

COAST FLASHES News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

HELLO! Elizabeth Allan's line is busy since "Reserved for Ladies." America's calling the English girl

WHEN **M-G-M couldn't find out** Garbo's plans, Bernie Fineman, the producer, decided to try his luck.

"Well, Miss Garbo," he said, shaking hands, "if I don't see you again—goodbye!"

Greta gazed at him blandly. "Goodbye?" she queried, with just a shade of bewilderment. "What is this? Are you leaving town then?"

You can't catch that Swede!

Ever since receiving a series of kidnap threats against her little girl, Maria, Marlene Dietrich has been followed everywhere by a burly policeman in plain clothes. However, she objects to being photographed with her escort. When a news cameraman recently snapped her thus, she was so upset that she said she couldn't do any more work that day. Her nerves are all on edge.

GARBO'S **business manager** announced that she would leave for Sweden in ten days—and then her bank closed. It was rumored she had a million tied up. He denied this, and said the amount was "only a few thousand." But a few days later, he was overheard in the lobby of the bank, saying, "I'll wire President Hoover! I'll wire Dawes! We'll see whether a foreign star who trusts her money to an American bank can be victimized like this!" Behind him, the Great Greta, herself, nodded violent agreement with every word.

OTHER **stars whose** money was tied up by the bank closing (which would be only temporary, its president said) were Wallace Beery, John Gilbert, Marion Davies, Harold Lloyd, Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow.

Jean doesn't trust her money to stocks or bonds or real estate or bank accounts. She keeps most of it in the good old sock, which, in her case, is a safe deposit box. Yet Jean (smart girl!) isn't averse to snatching a bit of the front page when opportunity offers. "Unfortunately, it is true," said Jean, "I had every bit of my cash in that bank. I had just deposited an unusually large amount. I'm hard hit, but I'm not the only one." She didn't explain about the safe deposit box. Why spoil a good story?

GIVES CREDIT TO WIFE

Ball

It was Margaret Livingston who persuaded Paul Whiteman to diet from 297 to 187 pounds. Here's the new Paul!

SALLY **EILERS hints that when she** and Hoot Gibson first announced they were reconciled, they really weren't—but said they were to dodge publicity. Then they got together for a divorce talk—and held a reunion, instead!

It's no secret that Clara Bow doesn't like the talkies as well as the old silent pictures—and in her comeback film, "Call Her Savage," there is going to be a minimum of dialogue. Clara, who got in condition at the Bow-Bell ranch, reduced her weight very slowly from 134 to 118 pounds. No more illness for Clara!

THEY'VE **thought of a new kind of** rôle for a Follies girl. Blonde Claire Dodd plays the corpse in the mystery thriller, "Riddle Me This"!

NEXT MRS. GILBERT?

C. S. Bull

John Gilbert, three times divorced, is heading for marriage again—with Virginia Bruce, his love in "Downstairs"

WHEN **Ina Claire's divorce from** John Gilbert becomes final on August 15, will John and his new leading lady, Virginia Bruce, fly away and get married? They became engaged a week after John chose her to play opposite him in "Downstairs"—and the columnists thought the "engagement" was a publicity stunt for the picture. But ever since the Garbo episode, John has disliked publicity!

# of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

ELISSA LANDI, who has been making one picture right after another, has had to take a "vacation"—suffering from arthritis of the eye nerves, brought on by Kleig lights. She has been recuperating by staying in a dark room.

IRISHMAN SURRENDERS

George M. Cohan, Broadway's most famous landmark, has at last listened to movie offers. He's making the comedy, "The Phantom President"

GEORGE M. COHAN, who writes plays, produces them and acts them, probably knows more about what the public wants than any other man on Broadway. But the clever little Irishman is about the first Broadwayite who hasn't tried to tell Hollywood how to make pictures. Hollywood was willing to let George do it, too—but he said, "Listen, I came here to learn, not to tell!" The executives to whom he told this will recover, it is said.

> Buddy Rogers, paying a flying visit to Hollywood "to see about some real estate," insists the movies can't tempt him now. He's all pepped up about his radio broadcasting, and is looking forward to television. Rumor has it that Buddy is still fond of Mary Brian, who is hardly "real estate."

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY, who used to be known in the movies as Kent Douglass and who left the screen, like Buddy, because he felt there was more opportunity in New York, is being seen around town again. He's West for the summer to act in the Pasadena Community Theatre, where he got his stage start a few years ago. He's turning down film offers almost daily, and insists that he's going back to Broadway in the Fall. He says, "I'm interested in acting, not in money. In New York, I can pick my rôles; in Hollywood, I couldn't." He's silent about his erstwhile romance with Lois Moran, who still continues as the heroine of Broadway's big hit, "Of Thee I Sing," and likewise has forsworn the movies.

THOUGH Harry Bannister has been legally free from Ann Harding since May, he has not yet followed out his intention of "going back to New York and making a name again as Harry Bannister, not 'Mr. Ann Harding.'"

Two or three days after the Reno divorce, Harry flew his 'plane back to Hollywood (the town that has brought him so much unhappiness) and rented a house at Malibu.

He has considered going to London to play on the stage. His pal, Johnny Farrow, sends him urgent cables: "Come on over, you chump, you can have anything you want." It is known, however, that Ann considers that such a move would be unwise. And as it is also known that Harry is worried about Ann's health, it seems unlikely that he will start his new career across the water.

HELEN TWELVETREES WOODY hopes she is going to have a girl. She says she dreams of the clothes she'll buy and the parties she'll give for a daughter. She isn't even thinking of a son. "Though if it's a boy," she says, "I hope I'll be good to him."

> Gloria Swanson, who is staying abroad to make her next picture, recently cabled United Artists to call off their search for a leading man for her. "Have found one under our very noses. His name is Michael Farmer." Her husband had made some screen tests "for fun," and thus became Gloria's newest "discovery."

WONDER why Gloria permitted press photographers to take pictures of the new baby daughter (Bridget Michele Farmer), when for years she has been holding out on publicity about her first daughter (Gloria Somborn) and her young adopted son? Hollywood got a gasp out of this and just can't figure it out.

SPEAKING of mother pictures, it is too bad Connie Bennett won't release the pictures she recently had made with young Peter Bennett. They are very swelegant.

ANOTHER BEAUTY GOES INTO SHORT COMEDIES

In the old days, producers of short comedies used to feature unknown beauties—but nowadays they're going after big names. Sally Blane, sister of Loretta Young, is the latest. You'll see her in the Warren-Doane comedies produced by Universal

THREE newcomers from Broadway who'll be worth watching: Leslie Banks in "The Most Dangerous Game"; Mae (*Diamond Lil*) West in "Night After Night"; and William Gargan, Joan Crawford's lover in "Rain."

Charlie Chaplin, home at last from his triumphal world tour, is confronted with the possibility that he will soon see his sons, Charles, Jr., 7, and Sydney, 6, on the screen. Their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin, has just signed a film contract for them. Charlie, his friends predict, will violently object.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., flew over to Catalina Island at least three times a week while Joan Crawford was there on location for "Rain." Once he flew over between scenes of his own picture ("Son of Russia") because it was their wedding anniversary—their third. "Rain," by the way, was filmed in record time—for since most of the action takes place at night, the cast kept in the spirit of the play by working at night, as well as in the daytime. This time, it will be called "Rain."

Ray Jones

SOFT SPOT FOR JUNE

Big raises and big rôles are coming June Clyde's way. The big raise followed her big hit in "Back Street"

JOAN CRAWFORD'S ambition drives her like a whip. "I'm getting hippy," she declared the other day. "But I'll soon have it off!" The company worked late that night, but early the next morning two carpenters on the set saw her striding up the mountainside in the gray dawn. She eats just enough to keep her alive, but not enough to add one extra ounce.

"I WONDER whether it's necessary for the world to have another John Barrymore?" John said thoughtfully to an interviewer who asked him if he hoped for a son. But it wasn't long after Dolores Costello Barrymore presented him with a son, before there was another John Barrymore. The baby's middle name is Blythe, the real name of the Barrymore family.

IF you can believe all you hear about Gary Cooper's pet monkey, Toluca (whose name was Tallulah until La Bankhead objected), there is no doubt that the "chimp" is a very fastidious creature. It seems that Toluca has a decided preference for caviar, *pate de foie gras* and other *hors d'oeuvres.*

The night of Gary's housewarming, following his return from Africa, Toluca would make friends only with those guests who would share their caviar with her. She spurned the more humble dishes with a disdainful curl of the lip.

BILLIE DOVE is a busy young woman these days, giving the romance hounds something to talk about. No sooner do they decide that she and Howard Hughes will resume their broken romance than word comes that it's George Raft, the slick little Latin, who has her affections. And then it's reported she appears interested in Austin Parker, Miriam Hopkins' very recent Ex. And then it's Gilbert Roland, who used to be Norma Talmadge's escort.

"IS MY FACE TANNED?"

Duncan

Yes, indeed, Rochelle Hudson—and the cuticle on your back is cute, too. You ought to look healthy in "Liberty Road"

GEORGE RAFT looks like what the ladies have been crying for since Valentino's passing. He has led a colorful life, and was willing to tell interviewers about the time when he was a gigolo and about teaching the Prince of Wales the Charleston—but the studio has stopped all that. Hereafter, George becomes a mystery, which seems a shame. There is now a rumor that there is a Mrs. Raft somewhere in the background, and the columnists figure that this rumor will set George to talking sooner or later. That's what rumors are for, say the wise boys.

Mary Astor, whose marriage to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe was long a secret, has again playfully "put one over" on Hollywood. Recently sailing for Hawaii, she announced that she expected the stork there in August. And her new daughter arrived in Honolulu almost as soon as Mary!

WALTER MOROSCO, producer-husband of Corinne Griffith, arrived back in Hollywood from England without Corinne, but he bore several beautiful talking screen tests of his wife.

This gives Hollywood a fair-sized hint that Corinne would not be displeased with a starring offer from the town she deserted soon after the talkies came in. At the time Corinne said she was just about finished with her screen career and welcomed the long rest she planned in Europe . . . but she has just made a picture in England, and here is Walter with grand tests of Corinne. What do you make out of that, Watson?

IF Jack Dempsey's romance with Lina Basquette bothers the former Mrs. Dempsey, Estelle Taylor, she isn't showing any signs of it. A few weeks ago, columnists may have been rumoring a remarriage between her and Jack, but now they are *both* interested elsewhere. Estelle and Jan Rubini, the violinist, are calling each other "sweetheart" and "darling." And their friends report it looks warm.

WHERE do these on-the-verge-of-divorce stories start? The latest is that Marian Nixon (who is becoming Janet Gaynor's big rival at Fox) and wealthy Edward Hillman, Jr., are close to a parting of the ways. As a matter of fact, they are more interested in each other than ever, and are hunting for a baby girl to adopt. They have just had some affectionate home pictures taken, to head off the rumors.

FAMOUS LOVE TEAM ARE SEEN MARRIED AT LAST

At the *end* of all their previous pictures, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have decided they'd go through life together. At the *beginning* of "The First Year," they are married—for better or worse, and for plenty of amusing comedy

ESTELLE TAYLOR has bought a house at Malibu and has grown a front lawn. The other inhabitants gaze with awe at the green grass growing from the imported earth she had spread over the sand—the only lawn in the colony! Her recent auction at the former Dempsey-Taylor manor netted her $6,000—mostly for things she would have thrown away. She is considering some stage offers, as well as marriage and screen offers.

Helen Hayes, preparing to co-star with Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms," is apparently unperturbed by the prospect of a personal appearance in court. She has been served with papers in a $100,000 alienation-of-affections suit brought by Carol Frink, former wife of Charles MacArthur, who is now Helen's husband. Helen married the playwright in 1928, two years after he and Miss Frink were divorced.

WHEN a gentleman makes a lady cry, does that mean an engagement? We hear that the romance between Sidney Fox and Jan Nigalesco, the painter, has come to the stormy stage. Sidney admits she is "supposed to be engaged," but doesn't know "whether it's the real thing or not."

ANNA Q. NILSSON, her broken hip mended, is going out on a vaudeville tour to try to show Hollywood that she is really well and able to work again.

Anna was up for several good rôles recently, but at the last minute some other player was rushed into the part. Anna says she thinks the producers believe she is not yet strong enough for the movie grind

"But," smiles Anna, a bit sadly, "if I can stand up under the hard grind of vaudeville, they should become convinced that movie work would be a rest for me."

WERE Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Montgomery *amused* when a misinformed columnist related the gossip that they were seen secretly dining together? Here is one bit of gossip that didn't upset the principals in the least. Bob almost laughed his head off when he read the item, and Helen had a few chuckles herself. The point is, they have never even met each other. Another point is, they are both married to two other people. We hear the gossipy writer lost his job over this nifty.

Now that Ruth Chatterton has gone to Paris for her summer vacation, the chatterers are writing: "Guess what Ruthie will get in Paris besides Paris clothes." She says wearily, "I don't even bother to deny any more that I'm divorcing Ralph (Forbes). I've been doing it for three years now." But the gossips still can't understand why she should go to Paris on vacation—alone.

CLARK GABLE, not around for a couple of weeks, was believed to be taking a vacation. It turns out that he was sick in bed with the "flu." But to speed his recovery he got a vacation anyhow, before going to Paramount on loan to co-star with Miriam Hopkins. . . . Joan Bennett, still battling her jinx, has been in the hospital again—this time with a throat infection. . . . . . Marilyn Miller has undergone a very painful operation for an infected jaw. . . . And Joe E. Brown, on top of three operations, had a tooth yanked.

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

Will Rogers has a cure for the depression. Make men dress as he had to for one scene in "Down to Earth," and they'd stop wishing for "the good old days"!

Lippman

THE INSIDE STORY of Why Cagney "*Quit*"

Jimmy speaks up and tells his side of the argument with his studio, and explains why he's saying, "Goodbye, Movies!" It's the first time he has told the WHOLE story for publication

ALL of Hollywood and that mighty far-flung audience of millions of people who depend on the talkies for the major portion of their entertainment were shocked to learn that with the completion of "Winner Take All," James Cagney had walked out of the Warner Brothers studio, vowing that he was through with pictures.

You and I and our neighbors were surprised and disappointed. For by one of those curious quirks of personality this stocky red-headed boy, Jimmy Cagney, had come to mean something—and no little something—to all of us. He has something we like: a certain salty, whimsical, thoroughly gamin-like humor that makes him the favorite equally with the boys around the poolroom and with the gentlemen who sit all day in the windows of Fifth Avenue clubs. To see him no more would be a loss, unquestionably.

We all liked him from the very first big chance he had, as the racketeering kid who swung nonchalantly up through beer and blood in "The Public Enemy." And we followed his subsequent hard-bitten characterizations in "Smart Money," "Taxi," "Blonde Crazy" and "The Crowd Roars," with equal delight. Here was a guy so real he hurt—living, breathing, *alive*—the first really novel personality to hit the screen since bored audiences began staying away from theatres in droves.

Jimmy Cagney brought a lot of those people back to the movie palaces, a whole lot of them. We liked his swagger and his cocksureness and (especially in these depressed times) his willingness to scrap with the least possible encouragement. To see him no more, to repeat, would be a loss.

Money Caused the Trouble

BUT it looks very, very much as if—unless something drastic is done—we are not going to see him any more. And this is why, to begin at the beginning:

Everybody knows the story of Jimmy's rise—that romantic record of the kid from Hell's Kitchen who, through the miracle of an Irish mother's love and faith, raised himself to the top of his chosen profession. It was "The Public Enemy" that jumped Cagney into one of those overnight fames which are the evergreen hope of all theatrical folk.

At that time Jimmy, signed to a long-term contract, was getting four hundred dollars a week. This, with deductions for lay-offs and agents' fees, came to three hundred and sixty dollars a week, ten dollars a week more than his New York stage salary, for many, many times as hard work.

Capitalizing quite properly on his abrupt vogue, the studio put

By LEE TOWNSEND

him in picture after picture, and with clean-up after clean-up. And presently Cagney, feeling that he wasn't getting the salary he was worth, walked out.

That dispute was patched up by the addition of a thousand dollars a week to Cagney's salary. He came back to the studio, and began to turn out more money-makers—until he was at the point where his pictures (due to the comparative modesty of his salary) were making more money for the company than those of any other of its stars, except Richard Barthelmess and Joe E. Brown.

Cagney thought himself entitled to another raise. And so he walked out again, this time with the ultimatum that he would not return until he was placed on an equal financial basis with other stars of the company. Kay Francis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joe E. Brown, Edward G. Robinson, William Powell and Ruth Chatterton were all getting from one to five or six thousand dollars more a week than he was. And Jimmy could not laugh it off.

The Studio's Argument

THE studio—and quite rightly, in the estimation of many—refused to give in this time. It held that Cagney's demands of six months before had been met, that he had agreed to work for stipulated terms, and that a contract is a contract. The company said that he must come back to work for them as he had signed to do, or climb up on the shelf.

Cagney countered that the shelf was preferable to being one of the biggest stars in the business—for a salary of fourteen hundred and fifty dollars a week. He added that he absolutely would not return to work at that figure; that he would retire from the screen first.

Warners retained their position, and cast Lee Tracy in the big rôle in "Blessed Event," originally intended for Cagney. Jimmy remained equally obdurate, and said he was planning a personal appearance tour in Europe. While you and I, with "Winner Take All," stand an excellent chance of having seen the last of the shadow-self of the blocky little boy from down under.

In order that this unfortunate circumstance shall not come to pass, MOTION PICTURE has come forward as an intermediary, as it has done on countless occasions in the past in helping to settle disagreements between players and their studios, in an effort to bring the two factions together. In these trying times the industry needs sure-fire stars as much as the public does stellar entertainment, and so we are opening our columns to the dispute in the hope of putting the popular redhead back into screen circulation.

The position of Warner Brothers is plain. Cagney's previous demands were met. He contracted to work for his present salary, and his present walk-out seems to them unfair and unjustified.

What Will Jimmy Do Next?

He *says*: "I don't care if I never act again. If I never had to do another scene, it would be all right with me. My great ambition is to be a doctor, like my two brothers. There is a real, a satisfying job!

"I have credits to my name at Columbia University. I intend to go back there and finish at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, as my brothers did. Then there will be something to look forward to later in life, besides being a sort of superannuated man around a theatrical club."

Says Fame Passes Quickly

CAGNEY'S arguments naturally assume the opposite trend. "I've thought it all out carefully," he told this reporter, just before leaving Hollywood and heading for Europe, "and feel that refusal to continue with Warners under the present terms is justified. My stand is based on the fact that my pictures, for the time being, are big money-makers—and that there are only so many successful pictures in a personality. And don't forget that when you are washed-up in pictures, you really are through. You can't even get a bit, much less a decent part.

"Consequently, the 'hot' player must cash in on his value when he is going well, or he won't cash in at all. I know I have just so much time allotted me—just so many appearances when the public will enjoy my work. Then it will want someone else, a new face. I don't want to waste that time, it's *so* brief.

"In the old silent days when it required six months to make a picture, and a player appeared on the screen only a couple of times a year, popularity could endure for eight or nine years. But now a

(*Continued on page 90*)

Lippman

Aptly enough, Jimmy played a fighter in "Winner Take All," his latest—and perhaps last—picture

We Nominate for Stardom

GLORIA STUART

UNIVERSAL

YOU have already seen Gloria, even if you didn't know the name of the clear-featured, definite blonde in "The Jewel Robbery." So far she hasn't been important enough to the public for a magazine interview, but we pride ourselves on being the first to say, "Watch her."

She isn't an actress because chance brought her under the wandering eye of a casting director, or because her photograph won a beauty contest, or because she knew Somebody With Pull. She is an actress because she has wanted to be one all her life, and studied and trained herself to learn the business even while she was attending the University of California.

Born to wealth and assured social position, Gloria found she had to make a tragic choice between her love for her family and her need for self-expression—a dramatic story, which we shall give you very soon.

In this era of insistence upon long stage training as a preparation for screen acting, her "discovery" is unusual. She was spotted in amateur theatricals—in Pasadena, California.

We Believe in Her

Because she has that type of beauty that depends on regularity of feature and fineness of profile, rather than on make-up and hair-dress. *Because* two great studios, Universal and Paramount, quarreled over signing her. *Because* Carl Laemmle, who has proved himself an astute picker of players, has great plans for Gloria. *Because* she has natural talent, knows exactly what she wants, and will not allow trivialities to check her.

If you missed her in "The Jewel Robbery," watch for her in "The Old Dark House" and "Air Mail."

SERIES NUMBER 5

In calling your attention to George Raft and Gloria Stuart, we are presenting our fifth series of Nominees for Stardom.

Previous male newcomers, for whom we have prophesied stardom, are George Brent, Randolph Scott, Bruce Cabot and Robert Young.

The feminine newcomers whose rise to the heights we have predicted are Tala Birell, Ann Dvorak, Gwili Andre and Lyda Roberti.

As the leading magazine of the motion picture industry, we are here not only to write of stars already established—but to try to answer that always-intriguing question: "Who will be the next stars?"

These "nominations" are based on our inside knowledge of what is going on at the studios, on our contacts with the newcomers themselves, on our frank talks with their employers, on our previews of their first pictures.

Watch for these "stars-to-be" and write us what *you* think of them.—Editor.

GEORGE RAFT

PARAMOUNT

ONCE in a while prophets should have a break and be allowed to pick an easy one. The public has already chosen George Raft as a favorite, ever since "Scarface." Still, George is so new to pictures (although he has been waiting for his screen chance for four or five years) that he makes an acceptable Nominee for Stardom.

For a chap who has lived in Hollywood as long as he has, George is a bit of a mystery. Few knew the boy from "Hell's Kitchen," New York City, until he played the dapper gunman in "Scarface." The movies are the fourth career he has tried—the first three having been boxing, baseball and dancing.

As a boxer, he was knocked out seven times before he decided he had had enough. As a baseball player, he was a little more successful. But as a dancer he won applause and popularity. Rudolph Valentino, whom he startlingly resembles, was his pal in those days and later interested George in the movies. Like Rudy, he was a long time getting started—but is rising fast.

We Believe in Him

Because, for the first time since Valentino's death, here is an actor who not only resembles the beloved *Sheik*, but has the same effect on women. *Because* his death scene in "Scarface" was an unforgettable bit of acting—despite his little amount of stage experience. *Because* he is suave and subtle—a relief from the burly lovers whose specialties are biceps and blows. *Because* he has lived interestingly, and is quietly self-confident.

You may soon see him opposite Tallulah Bankhead. In the meantime, watch for him in "Night After Night."

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming

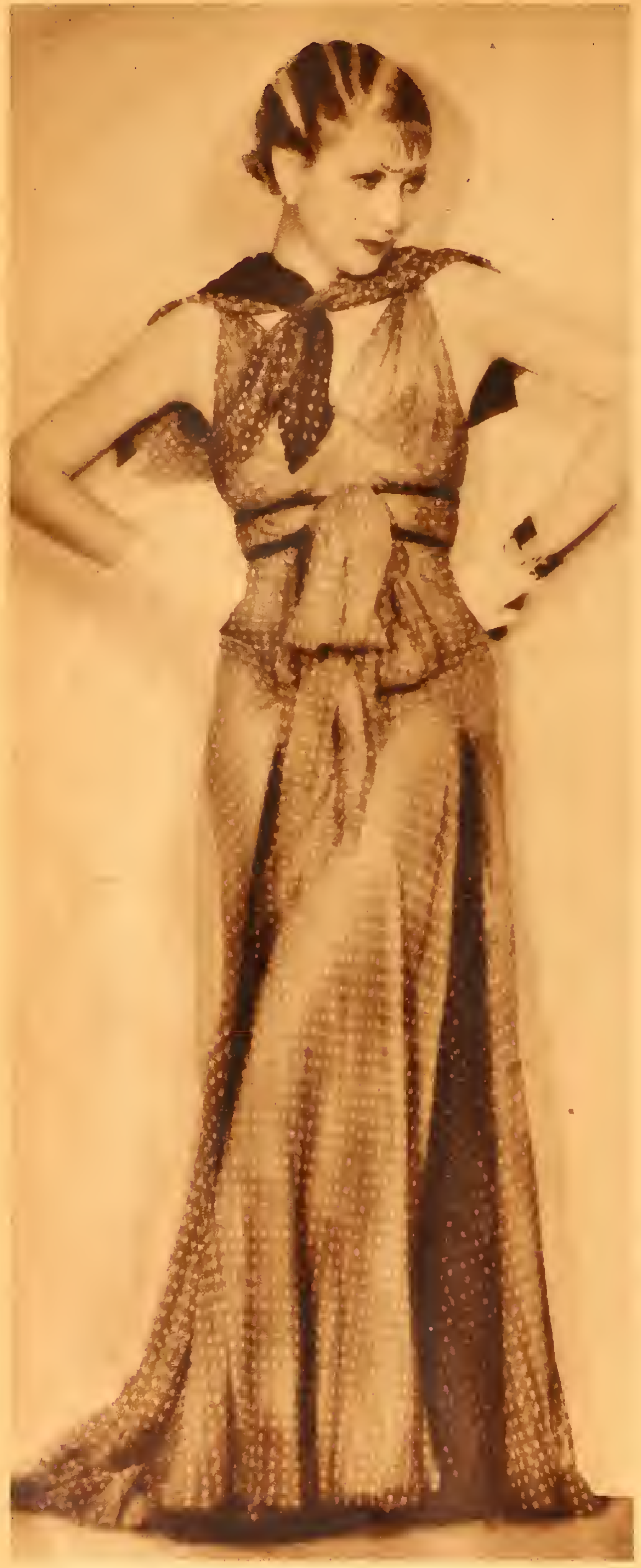
GLORIA STUART

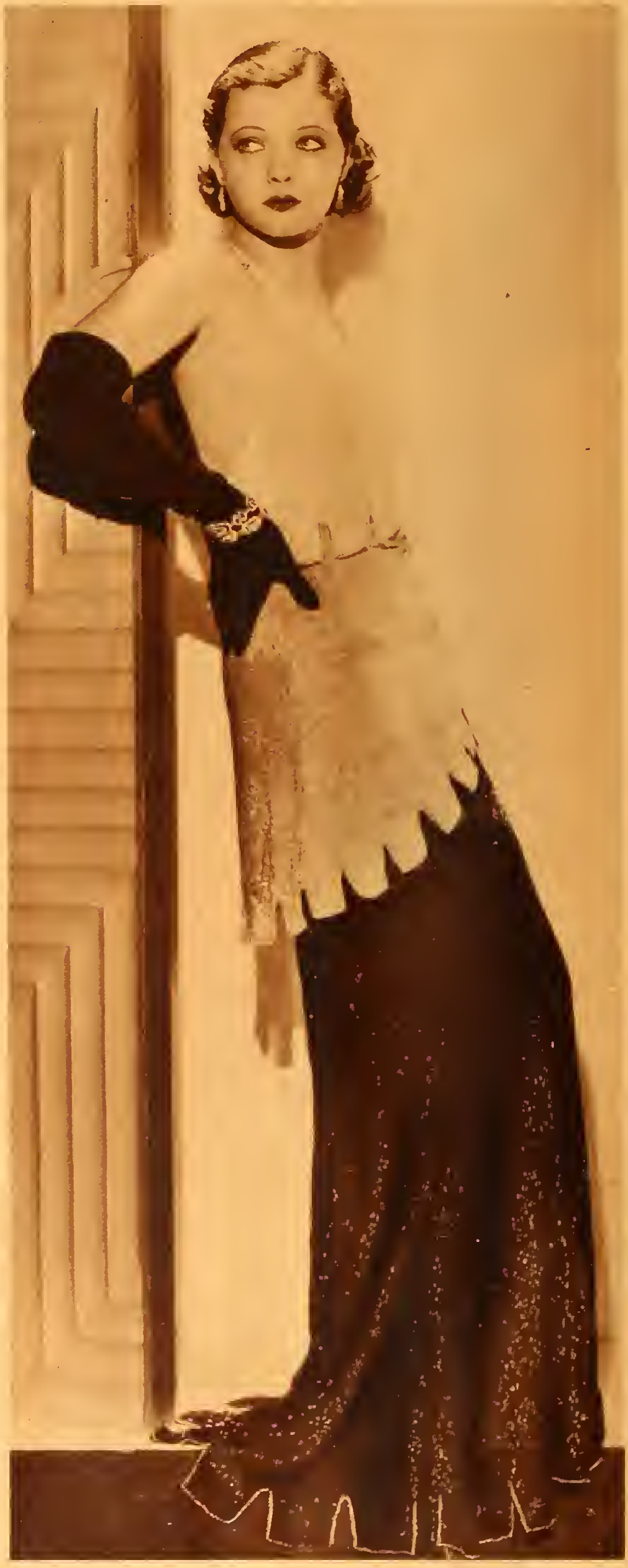
Gloria gave up social position to become an actress—and it doesn't look as if she'll be sorry. Two studios fought to sign her

GEORGE RAFT

Sleek-haired George was born in "Hell's Kitchen," New York City, but he is the lad who is likely to bring Latin love back to the screen

Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites



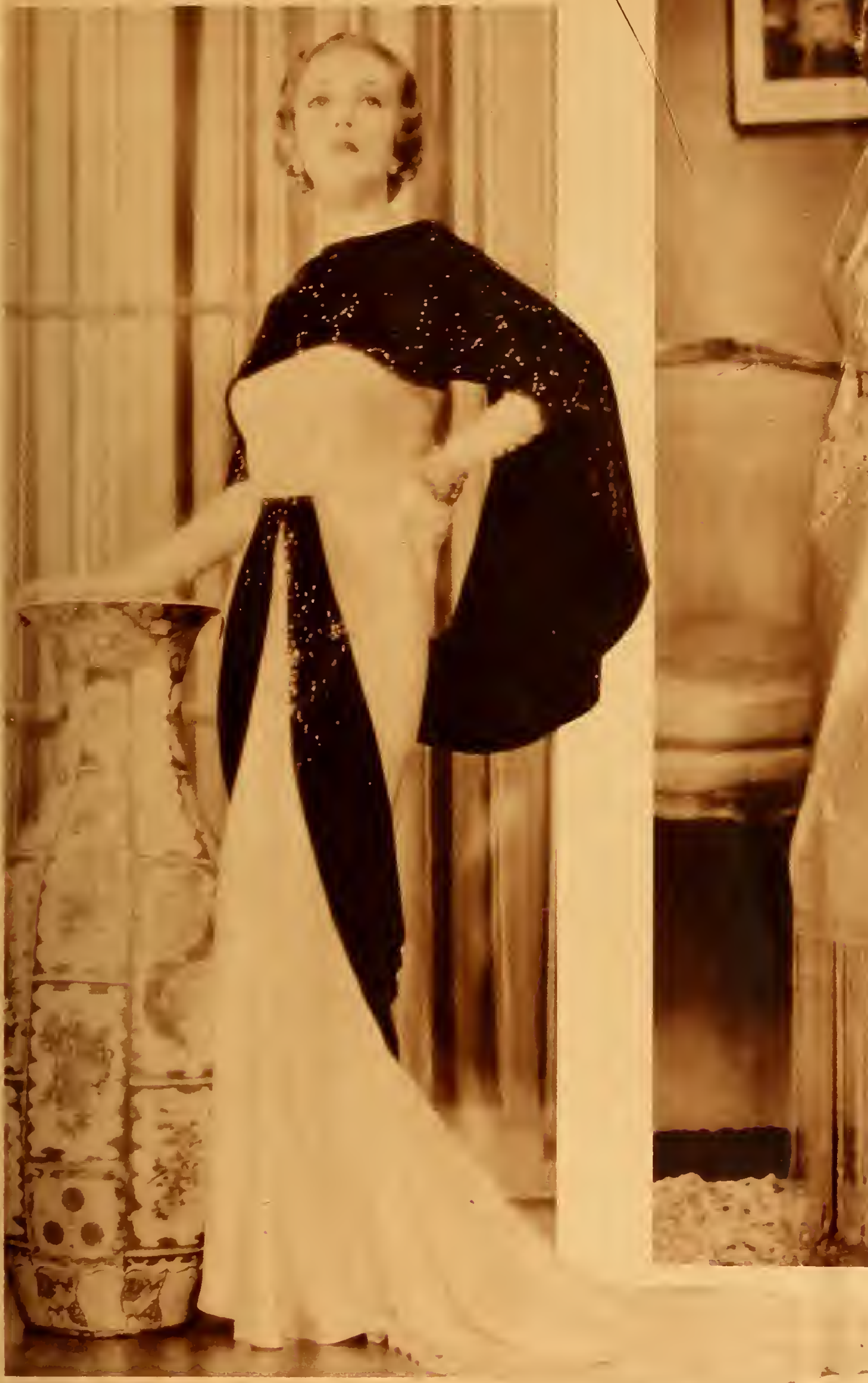


The Olympic colors—red, white and blue—so popular in Hollywood this year, are effectively combined in this polka dot chiffon gown for evening wear. It is high-waisted and the skirt has a fitted yolk from which triangular inserts fall and give the dress its graceful fullness. Lilyan Tashman ties the ends of the cape in 'kerchief fashion

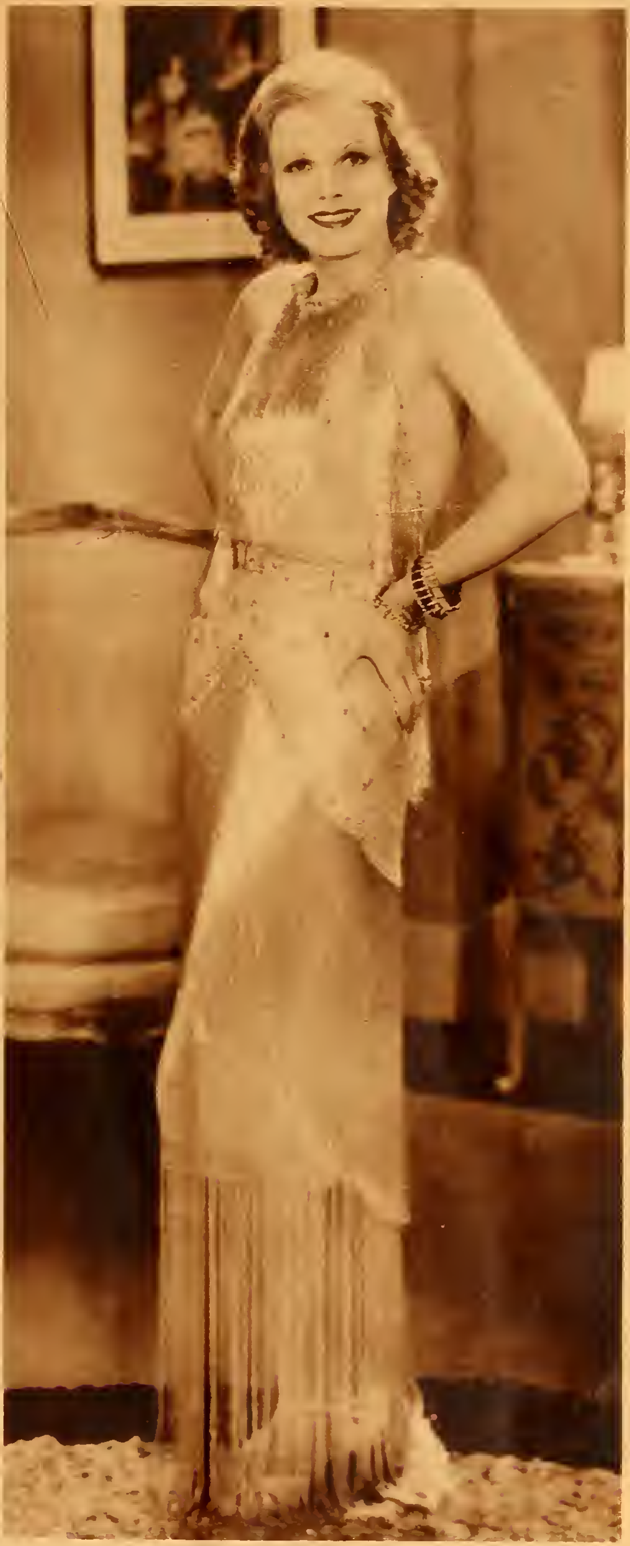
POLKA DOTS FOR LILYAN . .

BEADED CREPE FOR SYLVIA . .

The effect of this startling creation on Sylvia Sidney's perfect form is dazzling. The three tiers, cut in Grecian effect, are carried out in three tones, white, gray and black, massed with vertical lines of minute beads. The long gloves are black suède, over which she wears two jeweled bracelets to match her long earrings



Karen Morley is the last word in sophistication in this gown of white crêpe and black spangles. The spangled yoke on the waist finishes in cape effect in back. The spangles are also used effectively on the skirt. Only Miss Morley's blonde and statuesque beauty could achieve the stateliness that this gown with an impressive train deserves



Jean Harlow looks as cool and sparkling as a tall, cool, summer drink in this very revealing evening gown, which she wears in "Red-Headed Woman." The waist and the peplum have a beaded design, and silvery beaded fringe forms the high-necked yoke and the skirt. Her exotic rôle called for just such a daring garment and Adrian designed it

GLITTER ..ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,

SAY KAREN AND JEAN

According to all the books of etiquette, you should never bring a magazine to the dinner table —but it's done in the best of Hollywood families every time MOTION PICTURE comes out. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are among the guilty, as you can see. The well-known candid camera found them on the set of "The First Year," holding up that interesting little dinner scene, while they learned things about Hollywood they had never known before. Thus proving that even between scenes of their comedy about young married life, they knew how to enjoy themselves!

Has Hollywo
Cold-S
TALLULAH!

By
GLADYS HALL

HAS Hollywood turned a cold shoulder on Tallulah Bankhead? Persons In The Know have it that Hollywood has given her a shoulder very cold and very rigid, indeed.

According to these women-about-town, Hollywood's most élite hostesses have run a blue pencil through the madcap moniker of Bankhead.

These hostesses are pictured as confessing they are *afraid* of Tallulah. And the gossipers report that Marion Davies, Connie Bennett, and Bebe Daniels Lyon are among those who prefer not to be At Home to Tallulah.

It is said that, at formal dinner parties, where genteel elegance rests upon all, Tallulah is apt to give vent to words and expressions believed by our grandmothers to belong to truck drivers and longshoremen, exclusively.

I am told that Tallul' is never decently hypocritical. She is never hypocritical at all. She conceals nothing. She reveals All—and more than all. She disguises nothing. She calls a spade nothing but a spade—in Hollywood, where dirt is dug with dinner forks. She gives to all the functions of living and loving, of body and soul their round Rabelaisian, biological *names*. Crimson faces and heaving bosoms and masculine guffaws slide off the bawdy Bankhead like oil off water. She is no respecter of persons and no respecter of personalities.

It is said that she speaks of her love affairs with equal frankness. She has a romantic interlude and, afterwards, discusses it with lurid details and complete unreserve. It matters not whether the recent recipient of her favors happens to be among those present or not. Whether he is or whether he isn't, she is said to dilate upon his ways and wiles, his abilities and disabilities, his prowess or his lack of prowess, with such consummate abandon that the unfortunate male, if present, can think of no recourse except immediate suicide.

Otto Dyar

No good hostess, I am informed, could dream of exposing her guests to such ribaldries. Tallulah's wit, I am told, is barbed. Her shafts and arrows fly wildly through the Hollywood atmosphere, striking willy-nilly, where least expected. She is like a gilded bomb invited to rest among lilies of the field. Thus I have been told.

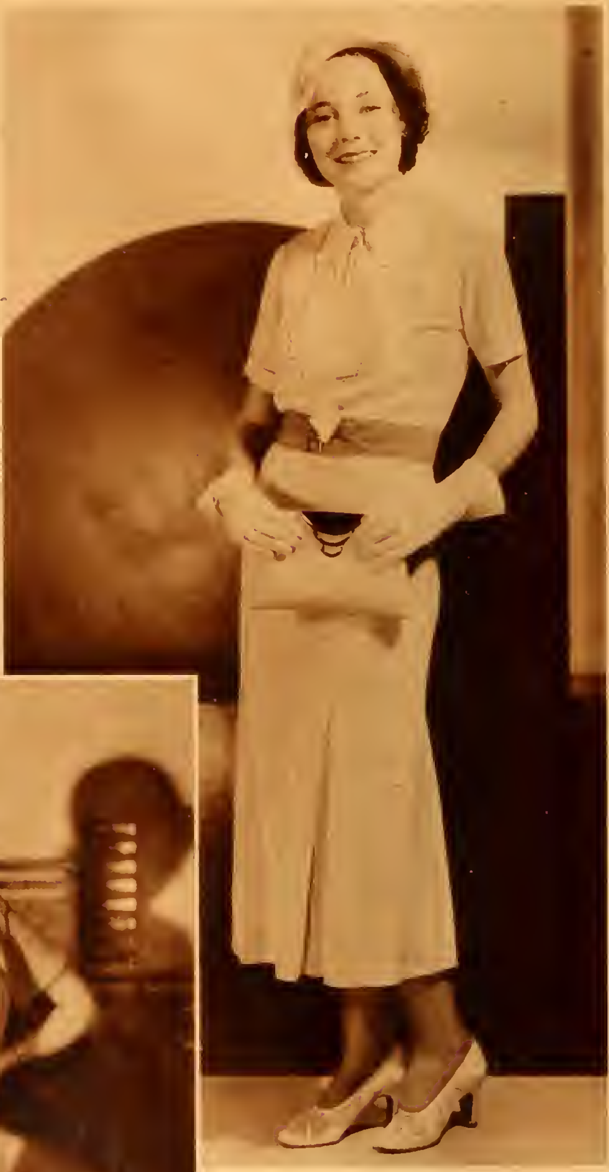
But Tallulah denies all this. She denies it vehemently, amusedly, scornfully and—can it be?—a little sadly. She denies everything that has been said about her, rumored about her and printed about her.

She "wears" an exterior as, for certain purposes, a mummer wears a mask. She wears this exterior for protection, to save her neck, her face, her feelings. She took it off for me.

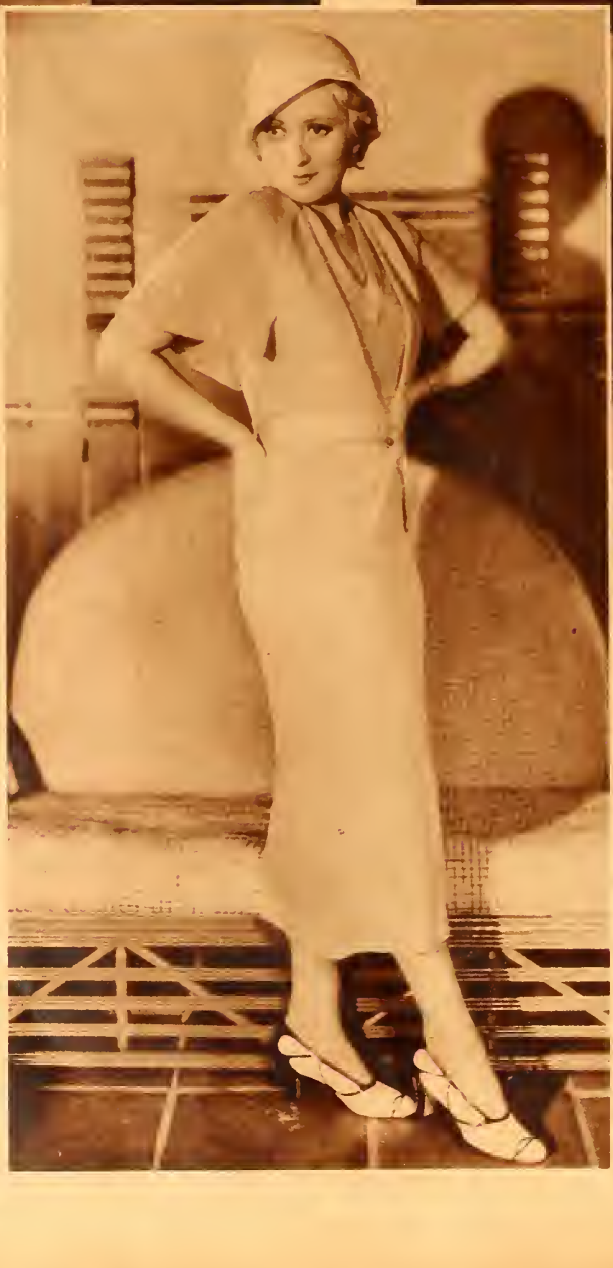
She said, to begin with (and oh, the rapid, dynamic, restless things she said!): "Hollywood has been divine to me. I don't know what you mean. If it *is* giving me the cold shoulder, I haven't felt the chill. It is

(*Continued on page 86*)

The hip-length jacket above is worn with the white dress Maureen is displaying in the picture on the right of the page. It is red—the shade of the belt on the dress—and has puffed sleeves and an elastic-gathered belt. The outfit is an I. Magnin creation

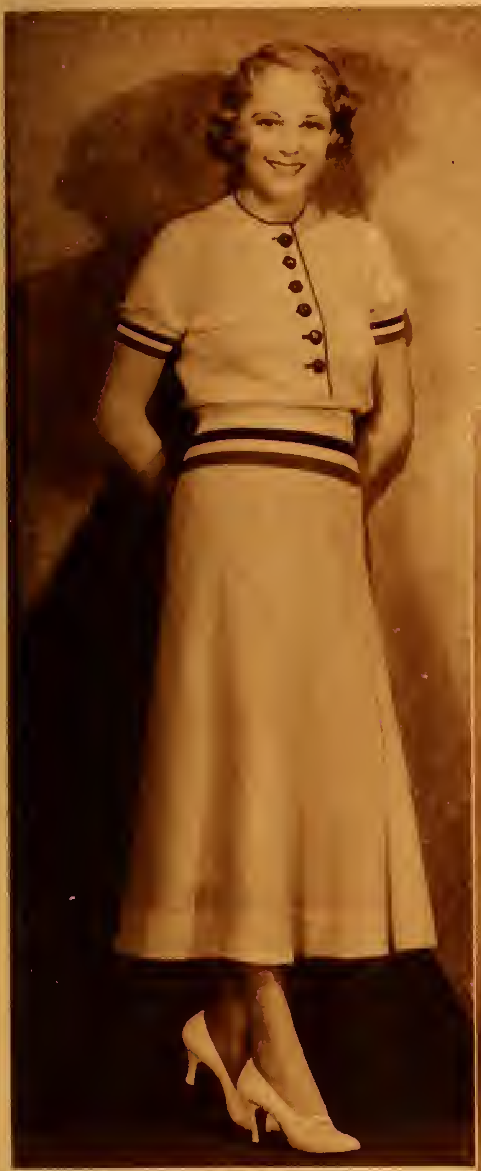


Just the sort of outfit to finish up the summer with is worn by Maureen O'Sullivan above—a white washable dress made in boyish style with turn-over collar and short sleeves. The fagoting on the blouse of the dress gives a vestee effect. The smart accessories include a gay red belt, white open-work slippers, white bag and brimmed hat

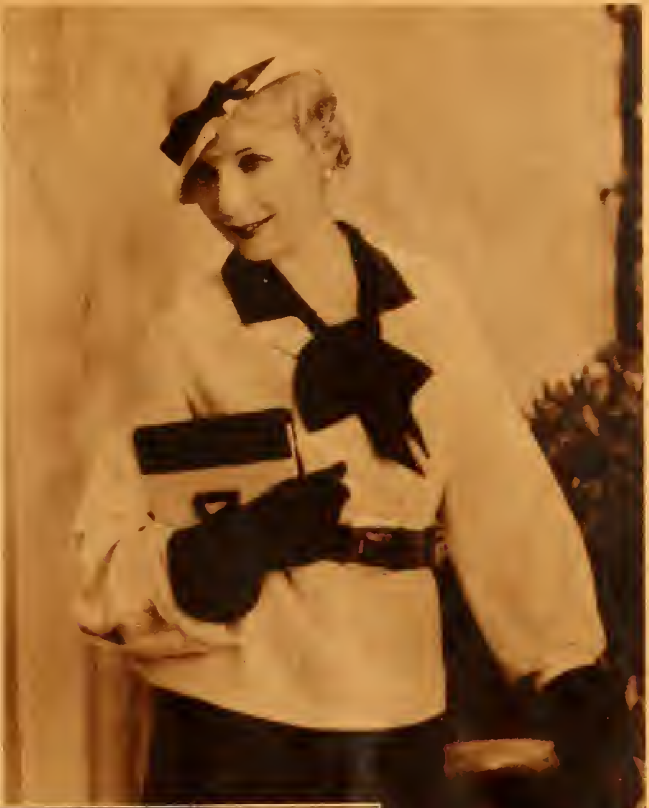


Joan Blondell's ensemble of robin's-egg-blue bouclé goes to polo games, as well as to other spectator sports. The jacket has short cape sleeves, while the dress is sleeveless. Joan wears a white felt hat and white buckskin pumps, trimmed with black patent leather

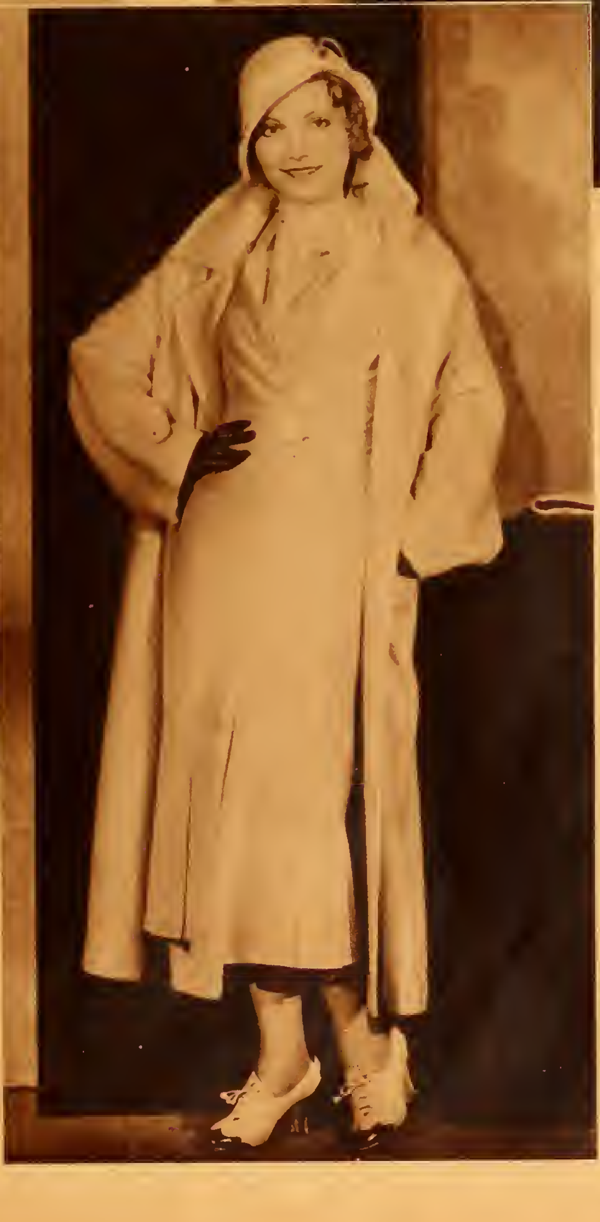
WHAT'S NEW
UNDER THE LATE SUMMER SUN
IN HOLLYWOOD



Perhaps Sally Eilers won't take part in the Olympics, but you can bet she'll be among those present to witness the Games and do her share of the cheering for the red-white-and-blue entrants, in this white-knit wool sports suit, which is trimmed in red and blue. That's getting into the spirit of the Games, Sally!



Here, Lilyan Tashman shows you one of her favorite outfits, which is very Frenchy and carried out in black and white. The short coat and hat are of white crash and the dress is of black shantung. The hat bow is black and the gloves and shoes are black suède



For these cool late summer days Peggy Shannon takes to this yellow wool coat which she wears over a yellow sports costume in flat crêpe with embroidered organdie blouse. Her hat, bag and oxfords are also yellow, but the outfit is relieved with a bit of brown, the trimming on her shoes and the color of her suède gloves

Bachrach

Jill Esmond looks alert—and she is. Alert, for one thing, to what The Other Woman can sometimes do. She did it, herself, in "State's Attorney" and "Is My Face Red?", first snatching John Barrymore, and then Ricardo Cortez, away from Helen Twelvetrees. Now she's pitting herself against twelve competitors in "Thirteen Women." And, off the screen, she's awake to the fact that there will be dozens of Other Women who will find her husband, Laurence Olivier, attractive. That's one reason why she's glad they live on a hilltop, as she tells in the story opposite

Running Away From *Divorce*

Jill Esmond and Laurence Olivier, the young English couple, aren't going to let divorce creep up on THEM. They're going to keep out of its way—and they tell how

By
FAITH SERVICE

In last month's MOTION PICTURE, in the article entitled "Are Women Stars the Home Wreckers of Hollywood?", the statement was made that when both husband and wife are stars, the marriage has a fifty-fifty chance of enduring. Jill Esmond and Laurence Olivier, the young English couple, were cited as a case in point. But they think their marriage stands more than a fifty-fifty chance of lasting —and here they tell why.—Editor.

Bachrach

Longet

If Jill Esmond (above) becomes more famous than Laurence Olivier (left), he says he won't divorce her for it. "If Hollywood ever means more to me than my marriage," he adds, "I want to be locked up in a padded cell"

PERHAPS "Looking Divorce In Its Silly Face" would be a truer title for this story. Because Jill Esmond and Laurence Olivier are doing just that—looking divorce straight in the face and saying "We know you. We know all that you can do—we know every temptation you have to offer—every pitfall you will open at our feet. And phooey on you!"

"Because we *have* looked divorce in the face," Jill told me, "we know that there are risks ahead of us, dangers of all kinds. We're young. We're only twenty-four. We can't, and we don't, expect plain sailing through all the years that are to come. That wouldn't be possible—or human. But good sailors should know how to weather any storm, and I think we are good sailors, Larry and I.

"We know that some of the hurdles ahead of us will be other men and other women. We're not afraid of them, because we've looked them in their faces, too. We know that some of the pitfalls will have to do with our work and we're not afraid. The bugaboo of Hollywood doesn't scare us a bit.

"*I know that we will never be divorced.* Because we've talked about it, about everything. We know that we'll be attracted to other men and women, respectively. But we have determined that, no matter what happens, no matter what the difficulty or what the temptation, we won't let it break us.

"*We're too good for that*—that's our slogan. I don't mean that we're too good morally, or too good as individuals. I mean that we are too good *together*. We mean too much together. We have too much value together and too much to do.

(Continued on page 88)

Uncle Carl and Junior Laemmle *have made Movie History*

Uncle Carl helped to make the movies what they are to-day—and Junior looks as if he's going to outstrip his father. Both are tremendously successful. But the unusual thing about them is that they don't reckon success the way Hollywood does!

BY GLADYS HALL

Hollywood is young, as towns go—but already the second generation is coming up, and sons are beginning to rival fathers. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has climbed up to fame alongside his father; Creighton Chaney, son of the late lamented Lon, has just appeared in his first picture; Noah Beery is backing his son, Noah, Jr., in a series of independent pictures; William Wallace Reid, now fourteen, may soon appear on the screen, where his father, the late Wallace Reid, attained such fame.

But the most spectacular of all the sons of Hollywood fathers is Carl Laemmle, Jr., son of "Uncle Carl," founder of Universal, which was one of the first film companies. This is the story of their relationship, their tributes to one another—a great human interest story, as well as success story.—Editor.

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., and I sat on the tree-shaded lawn of the Laemmle estate. A Sunday afternoon tea was in progress. Guests swarmed in and out of the open doors, around the pool and the sandy beach enclosing it. His father—"Uncle Carl"—moved in and out among his friends, white-haired, smiling, genial. Lew Ayres and Lola Lane, June Clyde and her husband, Dr. Fanck (the man who made "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" and will make the Greenland production for Uncle Carl) were among those present. Tala Birell, for whom the Laemmles predict a great future, was there. And fifty to a hundred others, old friends and new, professional friends, who, with Uncle Carl, are always personal friends, too.

Lon Chaney became famous in Universal's "Hunchback of Notre Dame"

Junior and I sat a little apart. The young man—he is only twenty-four—watched his father, and his eyes said even more than his words. His glances at his father were not self-conscious; his words were. He was sharing a story that only he and his father knew.

Laemmle Sets a Record

Carl Laemmle first started producing pictures in February, 1906. Six years later, he founded Universal Pictures Corporation, and became its president. Twenty years have passed since then, and he still is at the head of the company. Universal is the only producing company that has kept the same name for twenty years, and the only company that has kept the same president for even ten years! Uncle Carl has seen companies, stars and producers come and go—and has become a Hollywood landmark, himself. Twenty years is a long time to stay at the top in any game!

"Uncle Carl" helped Mary Pickford get her start

He said: "I can hardly talk about my father—the way I know you want me to. I'd sound almost too sentimental, I'm afraid. I'd have to use that old wheeze that he is my dearest friend and severest critic. Because that's what he is. I admire him too much for words. It's the one time when I don't believe the talkies can get the point over. The silent drama would be better.

"I have one great satisfaction about him, though. I feel sure that he has realized his life's desire. I am certain that his dreams have come true. I don't believe that can be said of many people. You know, when he first came to this country he had just fifty

Right, Lew Ayres and the late Louis Wolheim in "All Quiet on the Western Front"—the greatest talkie to date. Junior produced it

dollars. Not a cent more. Not a friend over here, not a contact. But you *don't* know why it was that he really wanted to come. No one does.

"*He wanted to see an Indian.* Back in Laupheim, Germany, where he was born and where he lived, he read a lot about the American Indian and also about cowboys and Wild West riders and Buffalo Bill. It became the dream of his youth to see these amazing persons. And so he prevailed upon his father to give him what he could—and he came.

"He landed in Chicago during the World's Fair, you know. And he saw his Indians. Then he began to look about him. He had come, ostensibly, to Make Good. He has often told me that as he walked about, sizing things up, he kept saying to himself, under his breath, 'I've GOT to be successful. I MUST be successful. I WILL be successful.'

"But he has also told me, and I know it to be a fact, that he didn't think of success in terms of money alone. So many financiers think only of the gold they want to get. He didn't. He says, to-day, 'I'm happy because I've given happiness to untold millions. My real happiness lies in the fact that I have amused and entertained my fellow men.' *He means that.*

Carl Laemmle started the "star system," with Florence Lawrence (top) and King Baggot (above)

Above, Boris Karloff in "Frankenstein"—another big hit of Junior Laemmle's

Left, Uncle Carl and Junior Laemmle, themselves—partners. Uncle Carl started in the movie game before Junior was born, but claims his son knows more about movies than *he* does. Junior denies it

Success Meant More Than Money

"YOU see, Success was a big word to him. It had a lot of meanings. He wanted money, of course. He is a natural when it comes to making money. I think, and many wiser persons than I am have said so, that he would have

(*Continued on page 78*)

Where You'll Find the STARS at PLAY

SERIES NUMBER 2

The Santa Barbara Biltmore—where the stars can hide away, and forget that they are celebrities.

This is the second of a new series in MOTION PICTURE, telling you the stories of the places where the stars escape from work, lose their worries, relax and play and—sometimes—even forget that they are stars. These are the places where they are likely to be just themselves.—Editor.

ON the map, Santa Barbara lies eighty-five miles from Hollywood, eighty miles from Beverly Hills and seventy-three miles from Malibu Beach. But movie people don't count distances by miles, but by minutes. Measured that way, Santa Barbara is an hour and a half from the movie colony, limousine time. The stars "travel" to Europe, "go" to San Francisco and "run up" to Santa Barbara.

When Garbo's company used the Gillespie estate at Santa Barbara as a setting for "As You Desire Me," they commuted every day from Culver City. Marie Dressler's doctor recently discovered that she was interpreting his instructions for "complete rest and quiet" by working all day at the studio, returning home to dress, and then motoring to the Santa Barbara Biltmore for dinner!

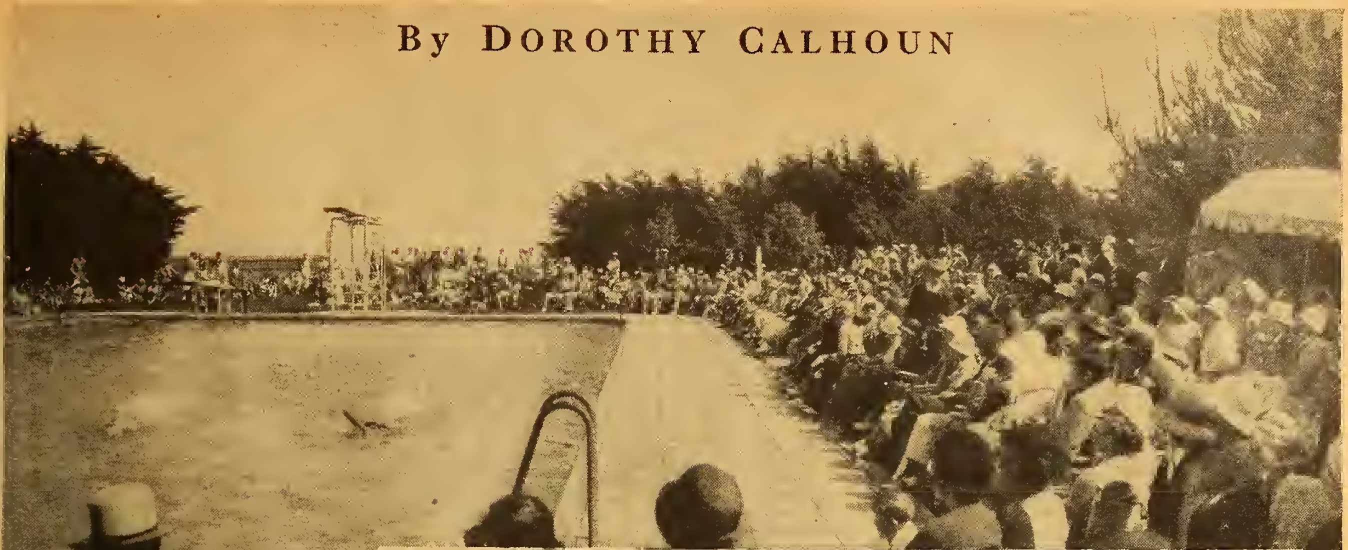
A game of volley ball on the Biltmore beach. Just behind the players are the *cabanas*—the colorful beach booths that allow for privacy; behind these are some of the private bungalows; and at the top is the main hotel building

Along the coast highway past Malibu, past that farthest outpost of moviedom, the La Plante-Seiter house five miles farther on, rolls an almost continuous stream of film folks' cars, summer and winter alike, toward Santa Barbara and the Biltmore. In the procession are Garbo's big sedan; the cream-colored foreign-made car of Irving Thalberg and his wife, Norma Shearer; Mary Pickford's black limousine; the roadster of Richard Dix and Winifred Coe Dix; the specially built car of the Cedric Gibbons', (Dolores Del Rio)—all alike seeking the one luxury that their money cannot buy for them at home: the luxury of not being noticed.

"Of course, the society people recognize them," says the hat-check boy at the Biltmore, "but they never stand around staring, or ask for autographs, or try to speak to them."

"Thank God," breathes Eddie Cantor, "for one place where a

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



Problem—find the movie stars (above)! The photo across the two pages shows a typical society and movie crowd around the big Santa Barbara Biltmore pool during one of the frequent swimming meets held there. It's practically impossible to tell the stars from the other guests at any event there—that's what they like about it!

Curtis

Above, a panoramic view of the low-built California *hacienda* that is the Santa Barbara Biltmore—and the place where the stars park their cars after a ninety-minute drive from Hollywood. Right, Norma Shearer and her producer-husband, Irving Thalberg, relax in the pool—and forget they've been working for months on "Strange Interlude"

Acme

This is one of the quiet patios of the Santa Barbara Biltmore, which is modeled after the famous *haciendas* of early California

picture star doesn't have to be disturbed—unless he wants to be."

Popular Hideaways

AT the entrance of the Biltmore, stars can (and do) step from their cars and disappear completely for a day or a week, if they choose—simply by renting the bungalows scattered about the hotel's vast private park. Genevieve Tobin brings her scripts there to study. Nils Asther often may be seen pacing the walks as he practises English diction. In Cottage No. 2 Eddie Cantor wrote "Palmy Days." Will Rogers, shyest of movie stars and almost a legend to Hollywood tourists, brings the Missus and the kids up to their favorite bungalow and affably hands his day's syndicated column to hotel employees to read.

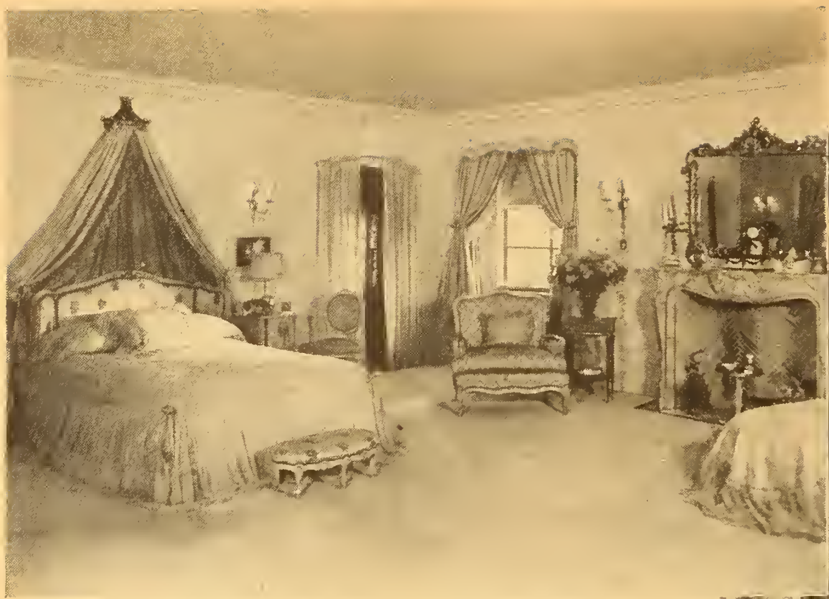
Walter Winchell, after his recent breakdown in New York, spent two weeks in one of these bungalows, safe from interviewers and celebrity-hunters. Intimate friends called him on the 'phone to protest. "That's why I'm here now," he told them, "because I've seen too many friends." With half the newspaper reporters in the state on the lookout for the ballyhoo king, he was so successfully lost at the Biltmore that it was a week before his presence was discovered!

Stars who do not mind the friendly glances of other guests may be seen any summer afternoon, lying on the beach in front of their gay-awninged *cabanas*—semi-private booths, long a feature of Lido and other Continental resorts, but only lately seen on American beaches. In these *cabanas* they lunch in their bathing suits, play bridge, and read in peace. And, of course, "talk shop."

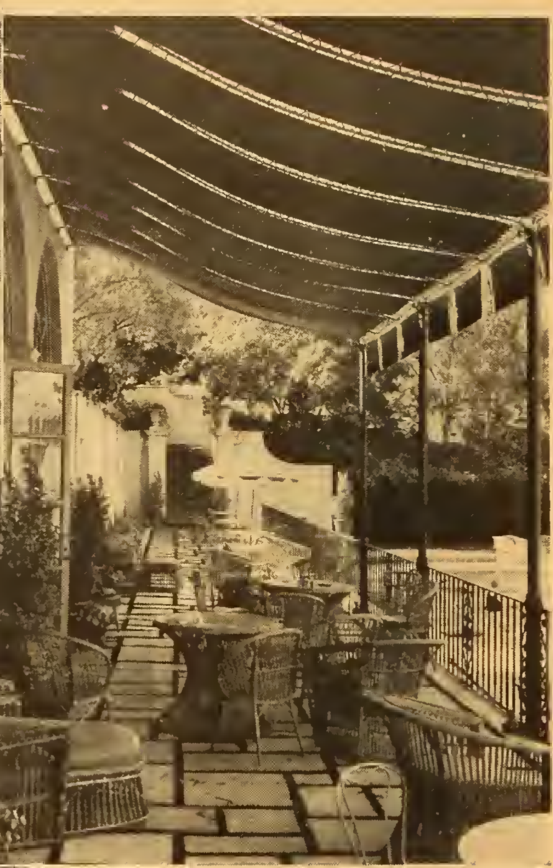
It is a tribute to the tastes of the stars that so many of them find their pleasure in such a setting. Here is no manufactured entertainment—no bar, no casino, no racetrack, but instead the quiet and simple pleasures of a private estate, the life of a country gentleman, tennis courts, bridle paths, a huge swimming pool, and always the

(*Continued on page 71*)

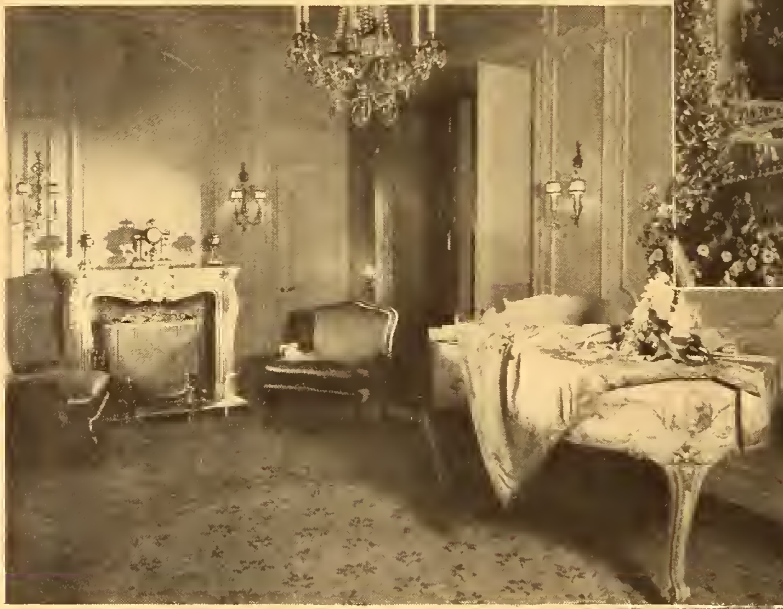
THE HOUSE THAT HAROLD BUILT..AND MILDRED RUNS



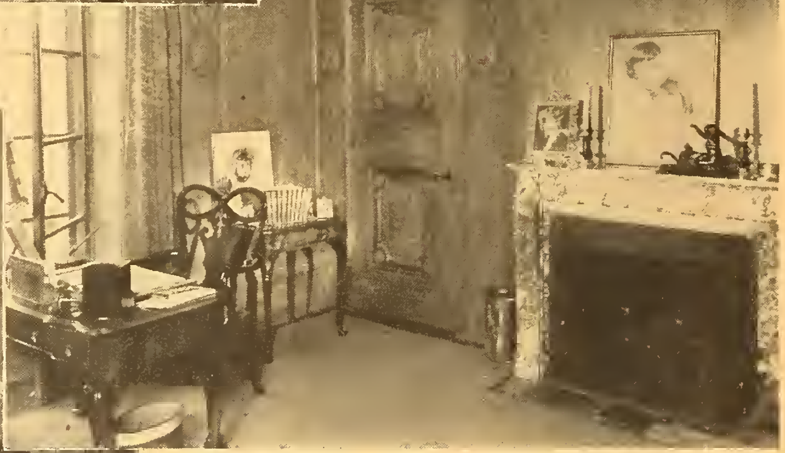
Above, the master bedroom of the Lloyd home. With luxury like this, you might think they sleep late and breakfast in bed—but Harold and Mildred never do



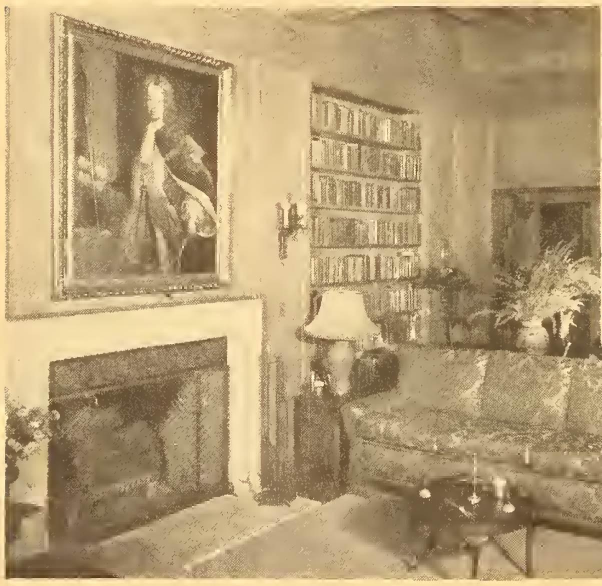
Above, the veranda overlooking the swimming pool—the number of chairs indicating how popular this spot is with the guests. Those who like shade stay at this end; those who like the sun go farther down



Above, a corner of the music room—in which the piano is always open. Harold also has a private pipe organ



Above, the "study" corner of Harold's dressing-room, just off the master bedroom. This is where the children usually find him in the mornings. Note the family portraits everywhere



Left, a glimpse of the library, lined with books. It is on the divan seen here that Harold stretches out after a hard day at the studio, smoking his pipe, and loses himself in a good book

Above, an exterior view of Harold Lloyd's home, giving you an idea of the size of Mildred Davis Lloyd's job. Right, Mildred and Harold on one of their rare "nights out"

Grimes

Harold Lloyd's Wife— The World's Champion Housekeeper

When Mildred Davis gave up her career to marry Harold Lloyd, that was when her lifework started (though she didn't know it then). Her job has been growing bigger every year—and here, for the first time, is the whole surprising story

By **FRANC DILLON**

IF Mildred Davis had entertained the slightest idea of what she was letting herself in for on February 10, 1923, I doubt if she would have had the courage to marry Harold Lloyd. But Mildred was not the serious type of girl who gives thought to the future and even if she had been, she would not have been able to realize the responsibilities and worries that go with great wealth.

Harold was Hollywood's prize matrimonial catch and Mildred loved him "like anything," so she happily said "I do" and became Mrs. Harold Lloyd, HOUSEWIFE. One instinctively associates the word "housewife" with mops, dustcloths, cooking and laundry and that tired feeling, which description would never fit Mildred.

Slim, blonde, with pink and white skin and blue eyes as clear as water, she looks much too young to be the mistress of the magnificent Lloyd estate in Beverly Hills, the mother of three healthy, happy children, an accomplished hostess, a woman who has a big job and is doing it well.

Being the mistress of a fifty-room house is no joke. Having so many servants that, when asked how many there were, she had to call the secretary and refresh her memory by looking over the weekly payroll, is nothing to laugh off. There are a hundred details a day that Mildred is personally responsible for.

She didn't learn all that she knows now about running this immense establishment in a week, or even a year. It came hard to the girl who never had to manage a thing in her life, to assume such responsibilities. Her motion picture career was just fun.

(*Continued on page 82*)

COLLEEN MOORE Has Found Herself

—*AND IS COMING BACK*

Her first husband taught Colleen how to work; her second husband has taught her how to play. All in all, she's greatly changed—and this story tells you how! Her comeback is one of the big events of the year. Meet the new Colleen!

Acme

John McCormick (right) taught Colleen industry; Al Scott (above) has taught her relaxation.

HOLLYWOOD'S reputation for making predictions received two hard jolts within a week, when the former film favorites, Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith, whom it had dubbed "has-beens," each scored a sensational triumph in a truly brilliant comeback—Colleen in a stage play, "The Church Mouse," in Hollywood, and Corinne in her new British talking picture, "Lily Christine," in London.

Oddly enough, both of these stars completed their motion picture contracts about two years ago at First National Studio. Colleen was then said to be the highest-paid player on the screen, receiving twelve thousand five hundred dollars each week, Corinne being the second-salaried star with a ten-thousand-dollar weekly check. No company would renew the contracts at these figures and the producers remained cold at the mention of their names. So, suddenly, two great stars found themselves merely actresses out of a job.

Slipping quietly out of town, Corinne Griffith and her producer-husband, Walter Morosco, went to England, where he was to be general manager of British Paramount. Corinne plunged into the study of diction and voice under London's best masters. Recently, her first English picture was given a brilliant midnight première under the auspices of the Prince of Wales for the benefit of the London League of Mercy and attracted the most distinguished gathering that ever attended a motion picture. Seats sold as high as two hundred and fifty dollars apiece. A list of those in the audience sounded like quotations from the *Almanack de Gotha*, the *London Social Register*, and *Burke's Peerage*.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George sat with the Moroscos in the democratic top balcony, in order to sell the seats there at a high figure, while prominent members of Parliament society, the aristocracy, and British theatrical circles occupied the stalls. Michael Arlen (who wrote "Lily Christine") came over from Cannes to be present; the Michael Farmers (Gloria Swanson) attended; motion pictures were taken of the celebrities entering the theatre and shown at the close of the program in true Hollywood style—but a distinct novelty for London. It was a gala occasion, and it is whispered English actresses seethed with envy behind their professional smiles.

Girl Makes Good Locally

BUT Colleen won *her* triumph right in the old "home town." She returned after a long absence, with Hollywood's prophecies apparently justified by the failure of her first stage venture in New York, and braved the most critical audience in the world at the El Capitan Theatre, in Hollywood, as the star of "The Church Mouse." Her success was one of those things that make the history of the theatre so colorful.

While the audience was enthusiastically applauding, three of the most powerful producers in Hollywood were wending their separate way, secretly, to her dressing-room to talk contract. (And we don't mean Contract Bridge.) The three met at the door, to their great mutual discomfiture, while Colleen must have smiled to herself, remembering that two years ago these same men were saying that she was through with pictures, that her screen personality was out-dated, and that she could never come back.

The heart-throbbing event of her triumphant night, however, was a note from director John McCormick, her former husband, who attended the opening performance. He told her that while he had always appreciated her ability and had known that she had marked talent, he had never fully realized what a fine actress she was until he had seen her in this difficult portrayal.

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

And all Hollywood felt the same way. For it is an intriguing new Colleen Moore that has been signed to star for M-G-M. Her famous straight "bangs" have been replaced by a soft, curly coiffure; she has a gorgeous figure; and she is very chic in a lovely new wardrobe that rivals Lilyan Tashman's. She has poise and assurance—in other words, she has grown up suddenly and successfully.

Much has happened since she made her last picture "Footlights and Fools," two years ago. The other day we talked it all over in the patio of the magnificent Bel Aire home that she and John McCormick had planned together—the home built for happiness, lived in with tears, and rented to strangers before the grass had grown. Beyond the sweeping lawns we could see the tennis court where her new husband—big, blond Al Scott—and director Mervyn LeRoy were playing a spirited game. On the other side of the gardens, the swimming pool sparkled in the sunshine, with long shadows from tall trees, which form a hedge at the back, shivering across the blue water. It was a romantic setting for the new life she is taking up.

"Isn't this house haunted with memories for you?" I asked.

(*Continued on page 96*)

Hurrell

Chidnoff

Colleen Moore has even changed in looks. Above, you have her very latest portrait; left, the Colleen of the famous "bangs"

Bull

Behind Colleen is the house where she has never been happy until now

No Divorce *For The* Johnny Weissmullers!

That's positive, says Bobbe Arnst, the little Broadway favorite who gave up her own career for the life-job of being wife and playmate to Johnny. And she tells the story of their romance and life together to prove it!

BY FAITH SERVICE

Are fame and adulation likely to change Johnny Weissmuller? Not if you believe the person who knows him best!

Hal Phyfe

Bobbe Arnst, the little Broadway dancer who became Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller, says, "I think we are both children, playing—that is why we are safe"

White

BOBBE ARNST met Johnny Weissmuller in Miami, Florida, a year ago last winter. It was not love at first sight. At least, they didn't know it was.

Bobbe Arnst had never heard of Johnny Weissmuller. She says, "You see, I never read the sport sections. It was a new name to me."

Johnny Weissmuller had never heard of Bobbe Arnst. She was just a cute kid who was dancing at the Embassy Club in Miami.

When Bobbe was introduced to Johnny by some friends who had said, off-hand, "Come on over this afternoon and meet a nice boy," Johnny was being very much interested in another girl.

The other girl was a nice girl and Johnny seemed a nice young man and Bobbe, sympathetic, did things to help throw them together. And thought that the warm glow at her heart was the glow of the Good Samaritan. Never guessed that the warm glow was something very different.

"I had never been in love in my life," Bobbe explained to me. "I had never had a boy-friend. Seems odd, but it's true. I had lived for my work all my life. I had always thought that marriage was not for me—ever. I had never even known the faintest thrill. I had never done any of the casual drifting in and out of love. I've traveled all over the world and met most of the celebrated men at home and abroad. It had never mattered. And so, when it happened to me, I didn't know what it was."

And so they played about together for a week or more, a group of gay, young people having a good time. If, as time passed, Johnny seemed less and less interested in the other girl, Bobbe doesn't recall that she noticed it, especially.

How Johnny Proposed

THEN, some weeks later, one Friday afternoon, Johnny Weissmuller suddenly said to Bobbe Arnst, "*Will you marry me?*"

Just like that. There had been no preliminaries. Never a tender word. Never a moon-

(*Continued on page 76*)

"His eyes don't stray to other faces since I took my beauty expert's advice"

She said: "Start tonight! Apply this beauty treatment to your skin. Use this soap rich in olive oil. See how yielding softness — youthful firmness returns to the skin."

WARNING — to careless youth — to discouraged age — to women of all ages who know . . . but too often forget, the lure of a soft, seductive skin.

Don't ignore it! Never forget it! Remember — there is a simple, easy way to guard the inviting skin of youth . . . to win back the charm that you may think you are losing as you grow older.

Olive oil in soap is the answer. Doctors advise it from the time of baby's first bath — even an olive oil rub *before* baby's first bath. Beauty experts are unanimous in advising it to their patrons. In fact, nothing compares with the softening, soothing, firming effect of olive oil.

But how to use olive oil. The answer is Palmolive Soap. For Palmolive chemists know the exact proportion of olive oil needed to produce a genuine cosmetic effect in soap.

Remember — beauty claims don't make a beauty soap. A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. Palmolive's beauty claim is based on olive oil. Don't expect beauty results from a soap that does not contain Palmolive's generous olive oil content.

Watch — expectantly, confidently for visible results from Palmolive. Notice how satiny smooth and clear skin becomes after regular use of Palmolive Soap.

"Don't try this, that and the other thing. Olive and palm are the finest of cosmetic oils. Palmolive combines them for you in an excellent skin cleanser. I endorse its use after prolonged experiment in my salon."

Elin Dahlstrand, Stockholm's most distinguished beauty expert.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Teens — Twenties —

WHICH STAR IS

"I'm 18"

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

"I'm 20"

JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 27"

DOROTHY MACKAILL

"I'm 28"

ILSE MARVENGA

"Beauty is not a matter of Birthdays"

Screen Stars declare—
and these pictures prove it

Which one of these lovely favorites is near *your* age? Do you, too, know that beauty is not at all a matter of birthdays? "We *must* keep youthful charm right through the years," the stage and screen stars say—"in spite of birthdays!"

Looking at these recent photographs you want to know their secret! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty *very* carefully," they declare. "Youthful skin is absolutely necessary."

How do these stars stay so ravishingly young looking? How do they guard complexion beau-

LUX

Thirties_Forties_

NEAREST YOUR AGE ?

ty? "*We* use Lux Toilet Soap," they say. "Regular care with this nice white soap does wonders for the skin!"

No matter what their age, they find in this luxurious soap the perfect complexion care.

"I'm 18," says Virginia Lee Corbin, "but already I've begun to take regular care of my complexion with Lux Toilet Soap."

"I'm 40," says Irene Rich. "Keeping the velvety youthful texture of your skin is mighty important. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard complexion beauty

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Why don't *you* try this gentle, fragrant white soap—start using it today!

"I'm 30"

JUDITH ANDERSON

"I'm 34"

BEVERLY BAYNE

"I'm 38"

ETHEL CLAYTON

"I'm 40"

IRENE RICH

Toilet Soap

Jean Harlow Marries Paul Bern

Platinum blonde, 21, and studio executive, 42, spring surprise on Hollywood. Groom is noted for his quiet benefactions to unlucky stars

* * *

C. S. Bull

This latest portrait of Jean Harlow shows her in the title rôle of "Red-Headed Woman," the opening of which delayed the wedding

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THE news that Jean Harlow, the girl with the most famous hair in the world, and Paul Bern, M-G-M executive, had filed legal intention to wed had Hollywood gasping—the news was that unexpected!

Not that Jean and Paul hadn't been seen places together. For three years, off and on, they have attended premières and night-clubs in each other's company. But Paul has been seen following so many gorgeous screen stars down aisles and among tables in his Hollywood history, that no one had taken their companionship seriously.

There was Barbara La Marr, fated and lovely. Paul Bern was her friend not only in the days when her friends were plentiful, but in those dreary months when she was dying, penniless and deserted. It was he who saw that this girl who was "too beautiful to be safe" had a decent burial.

Paul Bern gave his home to Jean as a wedding present

Paul Bern stood beside the deathbed of another tragic child, Lucille Ricksen, who, at fourteen, had lived and loved and suffered and had known fame, and now shrank from death, frightened. It was his hand on her wasted little hand that helped her across the border at the end.

Mabel Normand was another of the ill-fated stars who proved Paul Bern's capacity for sympathy and friendship. It has been rumored, at various times, that he was going to marry Leatrice Joy, Estelle Taylor, and numerous other screen beauties. Hollywood believed that he and Jetta Goudal were romantically interested in each other—and, all the while, Paul was fostering a match between Jetta and young Harold Grieve, the interior decorator, who had just decorated Bern's luxurious home.

Reading of the disgrace and humiliation of a famous actress whom he knew but slightly, Paul Bern hurried to her with a huge bouquet of orchids and gave her a grand theatre party—this for a wrecked woman who had wanted

(*Continued on page 81*)

Absolutely new

most radical advance in sanitary protection since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Leaves no trace of revealing outline — even under closest-fitting frocks.

FROM THE makers of Kotex comes this announcement of supreme importance to women. Announcement of an utterly new design in sanitary protection.

The new PHANTOM★ KOTEX—called Phantom because you are scarcely aware of its presence—is so skilfully shaped and tapered that you wear it under closest-fitting gowns without slightest hint of revealing outline.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new PHANTOM KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Other Kotex features retained

It is—as you will see—amazingly soft—delicate—five times more absorbent than cotton; can be worn on either side with the same protection. Easy disposability is still a superior Kotex advantage.

Another thing: You get this vastly improved product at no increase in cost. So important is it for you to get the new PHANTOM KOTEX that we have stamped the name Kotex on both ends of the new pad. All dealers have it. Also in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Note! *Kotex — now at your dealer's — marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.*

To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers — courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affor

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?

Classy Picture, You'll Like It: Defying definite classification as drama, so deftly are its elements of comedy, pathos, satire and farce interwoven, this is a picture of Hollywood as Hollywood sees itself.

Constance Bennett, playing with great charm and spontaneity, is a waitress with movie ambitions. Working at the Brown Derby, she meets Lowell Sherman, an ace director and a better drunkard. He gives her a bit that starts her toward stardom and a wealthy marriage with Neil Hamilton. The difficulty of remaining married in Hollywood is painstakingly depicted. Stardom causes her marriage to crash and then the scandal of the director's suicide in her house robs her of her stardom.

Lowell Sherman's performance touches greatness. It is to Connie's everlasting credit that the picture is not wholly his. We were disappointed only in the characterization of the movie producer, realized in a minor key by Gregory Ratoff.

ROAR OF THE DRAGON

Action and Suspense In Thriller: There is nothing better than melodrama when melodrama is as good as this rip-roaring picture of a band of river boatmen and tourists besieged in a Chinese inn by screaming, frenzied revolutionists (those Chink extras earned their pay checks). The action is swift to the point of breathlessness, and the story is almost lost in noise and movement.

Richard Dix, as the river-boat captain, makes a gallant and swashbuckling hero, Gwili Andre is so beautiful one would be ungrateful to point out that she hasn't many expressions. There is little need for much acting in this type of picture. Edward Everett Horton, Zasu Pitts and Rochelle Hudson wander about from room to room of the inn.

The mortality among the cast is severe, but that among the extras is amazing to behold. Richard Dix finds time between battles to do some really torrid love making.

WASHINGTON MASQUERADE

Drama In Politics—Worth Seeing: This being a voting year, we may expect other pictures of similar kind showing the rottenness of politics. We are vague about Washington customs, but we wonder whether the fate that overcame *Senator Jefferson Keane* (played colorfully by Lionel Barrymore in his best demagogue style) is common at the nation's Capitol.

The backgrounds for this story of life in diplomatic circles are grand in their austere dignity. The casting director picked senators and diplomats with discretion—we had no idea there were so many senatorial-looking fronts in Hollywood—but the blonde (Karen Morley) is too much of an adventuress with her plots to sell out her uncouth husband to get money for her ornamental lover (Nils Asther).

Lionel Barrymore makes a piteous figure as the betrayed senator and at the end a noble one. A pretty newcomer (Diane Sinclair) plays his daughter sincerely.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

Plenty of S. A. and Laughs: A quite altered "Red-Head" emerges from the filmization of Katharine Brush's popular novel. Her man-baiting tactics take on a more playful touch under the adapting pen of Anita Loos, who first discovered that gentlemen prefer blondes. Red-heads now hold [illegible] then, times change.

[illegible] ulating gold- [illegible] of a

IGLOO

Saga of Eskimo Life—Good: Filmed at one of the farthermost points of the Arctic with a native cast of Eskimos, "Igloo" presents an absorbing glimpse of their habits and customs. The story concerns annual winter trek against starvation. A happy-go-lucky people, the Eskimos. They store practically no food for the lean months and are, therefore, compelled to suffer great hardships to find game.

We follow them along the terrible trek through blinding snow and intense cold. e are with them at the kill, thrilling en- unters with polar bears, walrus and seals. leave them as we found them.

he story and direction by Ewing ott, who headed the expedition, are as illiant as the cast of natives he chose. handsome fellow named Aug Nie Chee-ak plays the brave hunter and with a pretty little Eskimo carries the romance. The film is silent except for a musical score and occasional explanatory remarks.

(*More Reviews on Page 68*)

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS

Laughs and Everything in This Nifty: This story of the capture of an elderly and susceptible millionaire by a blonde babe from a ten-cent store in Ypsilanti, Michigan, with the help of her ambitious sister is uproarious from the start to the finish.

Minna Gombell, as the scheming widowed sister, who uses her ten thousand dollars of insurance money to capture a wealthy husband for her addled-brained sister, is a riot. So is Adolphe Menjou, as the poor old millionaire dupe, who tries to keep up with his young bride's inexhaustible spirits—and longs for a few hours' respite for his creaking bones. Also Irene Purcell as the devoted secretary and Arthur Pierson as the harassed partner, who plot to free the victim.

The pace, set by Joan Marsh as the bride, is fast and furious throughout the picture with surprises at every turn. You can't buy more laughs with your movie money this month.

Maybe you think you can't use soap on your face—

But read what Science says about that!

THE HALF·FACE BEAUTY TEST

proves that Woodbury's brings loveliness to the most sensitive skin!

Von Horn

Of 612 women who registered in a nation-wide Beauty Clinic, many thought their complexions too sensitive for soap-and-water cleansing.

Under the dermatologists' orders, each of these women continued to pamper one side of her face with creams alone . . . but the other side of her face she washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

In a week, that "sensitiveness" disappeared on the Woodbury side. In 30 days, the Woodbury cheeks were smoother, firmer, clearer, brighter.

If you think you can't use soap on your skin, make this "Half-face Test." Keep on coddling one cheek. Wash the other cheek daily with Woodbury's. In a month, the Woodbury side will lose that sensitiveness, that dull, flabby droop.

Your skin needs creams, too. But, first of all, it needs zestful cleansing with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Because it quickens the natural replacement of skin cells, Woodbury's keeps the skin *new* looking, transparently clear. Because it stimulates circulation, Woodbury's makes the skin bright, colorful, and *firm*. And, by keeping pores free of impurities, Woodbury's acts to improve skin texture.

In these things, Woodbury's does much more than an ordinary toilet soap. It is made of the finest oils . . . but, besides, it contains cosmetic substances, expensive balms, and essential oils not found in ordinary soaps. Because of its special formula, Woodbury's is in itself a scientific beauty treatment in cake form. It has been used by millions of women for over a generation. Begin today to use it on YOUR skin. You can buy Woodbury's Facial Soap at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.

FACTS ABOUT NATION-WIDE "HALF-FACE TEST"

. . . conducted by 15 eminent dermatologists*

. . . 612 women registered as patients in 14 cities

. . . each woman cared for left side of face by own chosen method

. . . washed right side of face with Woodbury's Facial Soap

. . . Half-face Test continued 30 days

. . . doctors recorded skin conditions on both sides of face weekly

. . . case records showed greater improvement on Woodbury side in 81 cases of dry, sensitive skin, 115 cases of oily skin, 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of large pores, 106 cases of pimples.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine, and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 921 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

*Name*______________________________

*Address*____________________________

TUNE IN on Woodbury's Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Leon Belasco Orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 66*)

BIG CITY BLUES

Has Punch and Feeling—See It: In this picture we liked best the beginning and ending in the country station where the boy, blazing with excitement, buys his ticket to the city he has dreamed about, and returns, beaten by the city, but still under its spell. It does seem like asking a good deal of a city to show a boy as many hectic happenings as Eric Linden experiences in twenty-four hours.

Yet clever camera work puts it over. It creates the mood in which the wild party and its frightful ending, and the desperate search for the Girl—the one human being who seemed real to the wretched hero—through speakeasies and night clubs seem as plausible and true to life as one's "headachy" dreams of a big night. Joan Blondell gives her usual competent characterization of a hard-headed, soft-hearted chorus girl.

BLESSED EVENT

See It and Enjoy Yourself: One of the best, smartest, side-splittingest shows of this or any other year. The laughs come too closely for spacing, and half of the lines are lost in shouts of glee from lines just spoken. Lee Tracy is much better suited to the part of the smart-aleck, scandal-mongering columnist than Jimmy Cagney, who walked out on it.

Snarling, wisecracking, graceless, he creates news when he lacks it by calling up notorious night characters and trapping them into confessions. He matches wits with gangsters and gets a dictaphone record which is almost his finish.

The plot is the least important part of the whole satisfying affair, and deals with a romance between the columnist and a girl for whom he has announced a "blessed event." Don't let the depression keep you from this.

DOCTOR X

Thriller in Color—Don't Miss It: Fantastic, weird, macabre, "Doctor X" is a thriller that actually thrills. The story's locale is a morgue and the production is all in Technicolor. Even if you can imagine a morgue in Technicolor, the picture will offer many surprises you don't anticipate.

Murder has been done, several murders by strangulation and subsequent operations have been performed with an instrument known only to the students of *Doctor X's* experiments. The murderer is therefore determined to be among the student body and *Doctor X* is given the task of discovering the culprit's identity.

That very finished performer, Lionel Atwill, plays the doctor. Lee Tracy turns in a neat job as a reporter in love with Fay Wray, the doctor's daughter. Others are of uniform excellence. If you enjoy a good mystery "Doctor X" is your meat.

STRANGER IN TOWN

Rural Hokum Has Few Laughs: Hick comedy with Chic Sale doing one of his drawling, old rural types. This time he runs a village grocery which is threatened with ruin by the advent of one of them thar new-fangled chain stores with a slick city feller fer manager. Thus easily do we fall into the vernacular, after listening to Chic's twang. Naturally the manager of the chain grocery falls in love with Chic's daughter. But why, *why* electric, vivid Ann Dvorak as the simple country lass?

The climax comes when the chain grocery keeps Chic from buying any more supplies and the manager has a load intended for his smart red front shop switched to the local general store. The humor is of the familiar variety, with sly references to "The Specialist." It will doubtless win laughter from those who are easily amused.

MILLION-DOLLAR LEGS

Far-Fetched, But Has Its Moments: With the courage of their convictions, the studio was lavish with this fantastic musical comedy tale of a mythical kingdom about to go into bankruptcy when saved by a resourceful American salesman. In the opera bouffe country of Klopstokia, the hero (Jack Oakie) discovers athletes of amazing prowess and imports them in a body to compete in the Olympic Games (the timely audience bait). Faced with the problems of working the Olympics into a screen story the scenario writers showed ingenuity.

Having said this, and added that Lyda Roberti confirmed our suspicions that she is a unique and brilliant comédienne, we must admit that the agile Mr. Oakie did not seem so funny to us. He had few new gags. W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin, Andy Clyde and other funmakers did their best.

THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY

Effective Scenes Make It Good: There are two dramatic scenes in this picture of the war and after-the-war. One is that of the taxicab, shades drawn, in the Midnight Bois de Boulogne; the other is the last scene in the picture where the drunken buddy of the gassed Man from Yesterday stares down at his dead friend and cries, "When did he die, you say! I'll tell you—he died in the Great War."

Since the war was shown to be over three years before, this line gives one an authentic horror thrill. Unfortunately, it is a long way between these two excellent scenes and the interval is filled with dreary stuff along Enoch Arden lines.

Clive Brook, usually splendid, disappoints as the coughing hero. Claudette Colbert struggles to make insincere situations and poor lines effective and almost succeeds.

(*More Reviews on Page 72*)

She never omits her Daily Bath

LUX
For all fine laundering & for washing dishes

yet she wears underthings a SECOND DAY

Fresh as a rose, she steps from her tub and then—too often she puts on yesterday's lingerie!

She *can't* escape offending when she does this! For all healthy people perspire, and underthings absorb perspiration. Even though we don't notice it ourselves, other people do. It ruins the charming effect we want to make.

Why should any girl run such a risk? It's so *easy* to remove the slightest danger of offending. For Lux coaxes out every trace of perspiration acids and odors! So swiftly, too. Just 4 minutes Luxes all one day's underthings—stockings, too. Keeps colors and fabrics lovely as new so much longer. Economical!

Avoid Offending—

Underthings absorb perspiration odor—Protect daintiness this 4-minute way

1 ***Wash this 4-minute way.*** One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.

2 ***Wash after each wearing,*** for perspiration acids left in silk fade colors and rot threads. Lux removes perspiration acids and odors completely—leaves colors and fabrics like new.

3 ***Avoid ordinary soaps***—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

LUX for Underthings— *removes perspiration acids and odors—Saves Colors*

"It's like NEW, Marie!"

"Oui, Madame. I use IVORY SNOW. It makes soft suds without hot water, so the colors do not run."

Easy dissolving in lukewarm water—keeps colors clear... Ivory Snow is an advanced kind of soap for washing delicate fabrics. Instead of being cut into hard, flat flakes, Ivory Snow, in its liquid state, is BLOWN through sprayers so that it dries in a mist of tiny, soft bubbles.

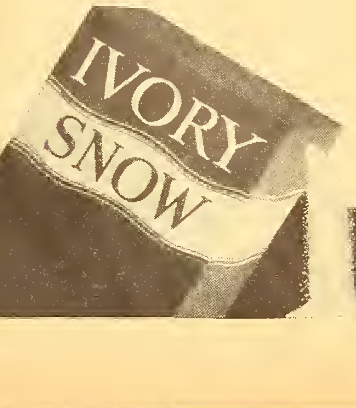
These bubbles are thirsty. No hot water is needed to dissolve them. They melt into quick, rich suds in water that is just LUKEWARM. No danger, then, with Ivory Snow, of making colors run, of making textures harsh and stiff by plunging your woolens, rayons, or printed silks into too-hot suds.

No floating particles—no soap spots... The round bits of Ivory Snow leave no flat particles floating in the water which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. This is one reason why Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu, as well as weavers of woolens and blankets call Ivory Snow "the perfect soap." It is especially good for this year's "nubby surfaced" silks, woolens and cottons.

Get Ivory Snow from your grocer. See for yourself how convenient it is—how it saves your clothes. Don't be afraid to use enough to make a thick suds. Ivory Snow is pure—as gentle to fabrics as Ivory Soap is to a baby's tender skin. The suds rinse easily. And the extra-big package costs only 15¢.

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co

99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



When Will Valentino Have a Tomb of His Own?

(*Continued from page 31*)

for the final resting place they hoped to erect. I was placed in the delicate position of being unable to participate in either movement. After all, one cannot go campaigning for a fund with which to bury his brother!

"Of course, I was grateful for the interest displayed, but other than suggesting that the two groups consolidate their efforts, I took no active part. Both eventually disagreed on a memorial and disbanded; the several thousand dollars raised was returned to the givers.

"Meanwhile, anticipating an early settlement of the estate, I chose a design from among the many submitted that I thought the most fitting for Rudy. An option was taken upon a plot of ground in the Hollywood Cemetery. The building we had in mind would have cost between thirty and thirty-five thousand dollars and was to be paid from the estate.

"Humberto Pedretti, the sculptor who cast the most lifelike and beautiful bust of Rudy I ever saw, designed the tomb. It was to stand in the center of a row of cypress trees, facing the cemetery lake. Rudy always loved cypress.

His Plans for the Tomb

"IN front of the tomb was to be placed Pedretti's bust of Rudy. The edifice itself was to be made of imported Italian stone with three steps running all around. The coffin would rest above the steps in a sarcophagus borne by a series of seven figures representing characters Rudy portrayed and made famous.

"My description is quite inadequate, I know. It is my desire to see my brother commemorated in such a manner and, God willing, some day I will achieve it.

"I have no private fortune. We are not a wealthy family. I must earn my living and support my wife and son as best I am able. The necessity of remaining in Hollywood until the legal tangles involving Rudy's estate are straightened out has robbed me of the pleasure of being with my growing boy. I must not think of this, however. My duty is to Rudy."

There has been criticism that it would have been of greater benefit to Valentino's memory to have buried him properly than to have erected a statue to him in a Hollywood park. The statue cost in the neighborhood of eighteen thousand dollars, it is said, and the money was raised by the memberships of Valentino associations throughout the world.

"I cannot criticize the work of my brother's friends," Alberto said. "They did a beautiful thing in giving him a statue. I am proud in the knowledge that it is the first time such an honor has been paid a motion picture star."

"You must have been deeply touched at the unveiling," we suggested.

"I did not attend the unveiling."

"Why?"

"I was not invited. Perhaps it was an oversight."

Heart-Breaking Experiences

IMAGINE not being invited to see your own brother's statue unveiled! It must have been a heart-breaking experience, but then Alberto Valentino has suffered many heart-breaks among the sacrifices he has been called upon to make in loyalty to his beloved younger brother. The long-drawn-out legal technicalities in connection with Rudy's estate have caused him greater heart-break.

Settlement dragged on month after month until in May, 1930, Alberto filed a demand of accounting that resulted in the resignation of George Ullman, executor. Ullman had been Rudy's manager and had served as president of the producing company that made his pictures.

In February, 1931, Ullman testified in court regarding his handling of the estate—and newspapers termed his testimony sensational. Further investigation was ordered, but to date no developments have been forthcoming.

There is also a matter of a legal decision that must be rendered before the estate is closed. This concerns government income tax. Rudy's personal income and that of his producing company were derived from the same source, the sale of his pictures. The government may, however, demand tax from both, in which case the assets of the estate are likely to be wiped out.

When Rudolph Valentino died, it was popularly supposed that he was a millionaire. Yet, last February, when his brother, Alberto, and his sister, Maria, filed a petition for partial distribution of the estate assets, those assets were found to be only $130,000—and it was stated in court that this amount might be absorbed by government tax and other claims against the estate. Final settlement of the estate is still tied up in red tape.

It may be readily seen that the result of the legal proceedings will decide the question the attorney recently asked about the disposal of Valentino's body. No plans for a monument or crypt, or even a grave, can be formulated until it is known what amount will be realized from the estate.

Meanwhile Rudolph Valentino, the screen's greatest lover, the idol of millions, rests—no one knows how peacefully—in a borrowed grave. He has no bed of his own.

Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 55*)

shimmering Pacific, with the beach protected from heavy surfs by the almost invisible Santa Catalina Islands.

Rub Elbows with Society

SANTA BARBARA is a town of the rich, and those who serve the rich. The very air breathes well-bred living. At the Santa Barbara Biltmore, the world of the movies meets and mingles with the other and very different world of the social elect. There is Marie Dressler, who is as much at home in the great villas of the Riviera or of Mayfair as she is in any movie setting. Whenever the yacht of her globe-trotting friend, Lady Yule, is sighted in the Santa Barbara harbor, the Biltmore knows that soon it will have both of them for guests. Lady Yule, so far as is known, has never allowed herself to be photographed; Marie Dressler has made a fortune by having her face recorded on film—and the two are boon companions.

Also in this movie-society crowd are Irene Purcell, Lawrence Gray (whose parents own a home in Santa Barbara), Lowell Sherman Marian Nixon (who married into society when she wed Edward Hillman, Jr.), Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Austin Parker, ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins, and Ruth Weston. Hollywood knows them as picture stars; the Santa Barbara Biltmore knows them as society, too. In that world of ordered estates, polo-playing, bridle paths, yachting and pleasant, leisurely living, they "belong."

But society as they picture it in the movies is not society as Santa Barbara knows it. You cannot tell from their attire whether the guests at the Biltmore are wealthy and socially elect, or not. The

(*Continued on page 73*)

to be Young . . .

Splendid!

to remain Young . . Difficult!

• but please try!

IF you have YOUTH—you have everything. Life is an exciting play, and you are the leading lady . . . fresh of skin, bright of eye, vivacious, charming.

But how to keep this elusive thing called Youth? Strangely enough, years have little to do with it! *You* know grandmothers who are young—and school-girls who are old; "girls" of 40—and tired old women of 28!

For Youth is a state of health. Explicitly—*youth depends on internal cleanliness.* It depends on a purified blood stream. To stay young, *take the saline treatment with Sal Hepatica!*

Gently but thoroughly, Sal Hepatica sweeps your system clean.

Sal Hepatica makes a new person of you. Headaches—colds—indigestion—acidity—and rheumatic twinges are relieved. Your skin becomes clear. Your eyes are bright. You no longer feel world-weary. You're *young*—not old!

In Europe you'd drink the famous saline waters at Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Aix.

But in America, Sal Hepatica is your convenient equivalent of this fashionable saline treatment.

Today—start feeling *well* again! Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica and follow the saline road to youth and health and beauty.

Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. T-92 71 West St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*________________ *Street*________________
*City*________________ *State*________________

married!

SALLOW . . . sour looking . . . the plainest girl in the office. And then she found an easy, pleasant way to end her indigestion.

What a fine thing Dr. Beeman did for all of us when he originated Beeman's Pepsin Gum—the gum that aids digestion. Don't put up with those little digestive upsets that spoil your looks and your disposition. Chew Beeman's several times a day. The flavor is delightful.

Especially made to aid digestion

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 68*)

UNASHAMED

Don't Miss This One—Packs a Wallop: Based on a recent sensational newspaper case in which a wealthy society youth shot an equally wealthy and prominent friend who had betrayed his sister, this story is rather on the drab side.

The heroine—played with more than usual vivacity by Helen Twelvetrees—turns against her brother, played by Robert Young, our last month's Nominee for Stardom, when he is placed on trial for murder—and the trial is packed with passionately dramatic events.

The scene in which the attorney for the defence, Lewis Stone, works on the heroine to give testimony favorable to her brother by describing, detail by detail, how he would be electrocuted, is remarkably well done. It is one of the pictures you won't miss if you want to know what your friends are talking about.

MAKE ME A STAR

Merton Again—Pleasing As Ever: No liberties have been taken with the often told tale of *Merton*, the earnest country lad who dreamed of becoming a great movie star like *Buck Benson*.

Since the book was written, *Merton* has appeared on the stage, the silent screen and once before—we believe—in the talkies. He has been portrayed as handsome, dreamy, grotesque, absurd, but we think that Stuart Erwin has come closer to the *Merton* the author intended than any of the rest.

As played this time, it is hardly a comedy so much as a character study, set against the curious fascinating background of a movie studio lot. Joan Blondell as *Flip*, the blonde slangy fairy godmother of the tale, somehow doesn't ring quite true. "Merton of the Movies" always has been a good story. Under this new title it is better than ever.

TOM BROWN OF CULVER

Well Worth Your Money: Much in the same spirit that Universal sent Lew Ayres to Notre Dame, they now educate Tom Brown at Culver Military Academy. And it is a liberal education they give him, packed with entertainment for you.

Young Brown is an exceedingly promising juvenile. That his name happens to be the same as the character he plays is mere coincidence. He shares honors in the playing with two other likable and capable lads, Richard Cromwell and Ben Alexander. Together they make the trials and tribulations of schoolboys very real and moving. No conventional "love interest" intrudes nor does "comic relief," although there is an abundance of comedy. The value of military training is suggested rather than preached. The school serves simply as a novel background for a human story of valor and cowardice.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

Out of Style, But Pleases: If we are to judge by the current version, "Rebecca" is not for this materialistic age, filled as it is with gunmen, district attorneys and lax morals. *Rebecca* is just too naïve, too ingenuous for us. The breath of charm that is hers, congeals all too visibly in the cold, sophisticated air of to-day.

None of this fault should be charged against the present production as a production. The cast and director lend conscientious sincerity to their task at hand. That they do not achieve their object is not their fault, but the adolescent *Rebecca* is recreated into a cynical world.

Marian Nixon gives a moving, if a bit mature, performance in the title rôle. Ralph Bellamy, Alan Hale, and Mae Marsh are excellent, but it is Louise Closser Hale as *Aunt Miranda* who steals the show.

Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 71*)

richest scion of the smart set strolls about in a disreputable sweater; the real baron and baroness, watching the swimming matches, are more simply dressed than the movie couple who play society parts, sitting beside them. Fifi Dorsay startles at a Saturday night hotel dance in a gown of fishnet so tight that she must have been sewed into it by her maid. Lily Damita in a Paris creation, sweeps by on the arm of Sidney Smith (whom Hollywood believes to be secretly her husband). The movie people look more like society than the society people.

What Garbo Wears There

THERE are exceptions, however—individualists. Recently, Garbo (registering under another name) lunched in the patio, wearing severest sportswear, including a turtle-neck sweater, as did Maria D'Acosta, her companion. Their tall walking sticks attracted glances that Garbo seemed to resent. Also recently, Robert Montgomery, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Laurence Olivier came ashore from their fishing schooner, to lunch in the patio in grimy corduroys and sweat-shirts, unshaven and entirely oblivious.

The closeness of Hollywood to Santa Barbara makes the latter an ideal town for previews. On preview nights, the hotel dining room is filled with studio folk, tense and anxious before the coming ordeal when the picture they have been working on for weeks, the picture that means fortune or failure to many of them, shall be offered to the judgment of the public. The air of the dining room is filled with the jargon of the studios: "cuts," "comic relief," "build-ups," "audience reaction." Here is Hollywood without its glamour—hard-working men and women talking about their jobs.

"Movie people almost always take their profession around with them," the hotel photographer tells me. "Some of them are fussy about being photographed. They know that in the studio they have certain lights, make-up and backgrounds that they won't have in the glare of the swimming pool or beach. 'I don't know how you'd make me look,' one of them will sometimes say. 'Maybe my public wouldn't recognize me. Don't take me, that's a good fellow!' Of course, we always respect their wishes. But there are other stars who are wonderful about being photographed.

"Norma Shearer, for instance. She posed for me a whole morning, and helped suggest new pictures. She taught me more about my own business than anyone ever has. Then there's Dolores Del Rio. She doesn't need to worry about make-up or camera angles. She has what we call 'indestructible' beauty—always the same, without need of camera tricks. Some stars act all the time, whether they're in make-up or not. Take Eddie Cantor, for instance—always clowning; he wants to be photographed with his knife in his mouth or doing some gag. The Marx Brothers were up once—and were a free show every minute."

Do They Diet on Vacation?

THE Biltmore waiters see the movie great from another point of view. Ruth Chatterton is very fussy about her diet, Genevieve Tobin has a diet, "but doesn't stick to it," Helen Hayes eats what she wants to without worrying about dieting. She brought her little girl up to the Biltmore the last time. Many of the stars bring along the children. They can play with them there un-self-consciously.

Those inseparables, Edna Best and husband Herbert Marshall, for whose sake she

(*Continued on page 75*)

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BEAUTY CONTEST
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TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

By J. E. R.

Almost Married—The sexy title hides an exciting near-horror picture, in which a young couple risk their lives—and save them—by posing as man and wife. Grade A melodrama, with Alexander Kirkland and Violet Heming (Fox).

As You Desire Me—Garbo at her best, as a woman who either has lost her memory or wishes to forget the past (you're supposed to guess which). Told that she is Melvyn Douglas' long-lost wife, she tries to be as he desires her—and becomes surprisingly happy for a Garbo heroine (M-G-M).

Attorney for the Defense—A shrewd attorney is "framed" and finds himself acting as a criminal lawyer for himself, in one of the more gripping of the recent courtroom exposés. Edmund Lowe has never been better (Col.).

Bachelor's Folly—A handsome young bachelor makes the mistake of letting a married woman fall in love with him, and learns how vengeful a scorned woman can be. Well-handled triangle drama, starring the talented English couple, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best (Gainsborough).

Bring 'Em Back Alive—One of the most exciting pictures of the year. Frank Buck, the man who catches wild animals for zoos, shows how he does it. Don't miss the fight between a python and a tiger, and his capture of both of them (RKO).

Congress Dances—Again the Germans show the Americans how to make a musical romance sparkle—this time in an English version. It concerns a czar and a flower girl in the Vienna of 1814. You'll like the gaiety, the music, and Lilian Harvey, who's now on her way to Hollywood (U. A.).

The Dark Horse—A witty and timely burlesque of a political campaign, with Guy Kibbee superb as the dumb, but happy candidate and Warren William crisply clever as his unhappy, but shrewd manager (F. N.).

The Doomed Battalion—A war picture that has both beauty and realism, added to great suspense—with the setting the Austrian Alps, in winter. The unusual and very real hero is Luis Trenker, a Swiss newcomer to Hollywood (Univ.).

Forgotten Commandments—Sinning as it may be done in Soviet Russia, with one Communistic couple at last getting religion. The interesting parts of the sermon are Sari Maritza, the new exotic, and a big slice of Cecil de Mille's old silent epic, "The Ten Commandments," which forms the backbone of the picture (Par.).

Grand Hotel—The movies have done themselves proud in picturizing Vicki Baum's ironic melodrama of hotel life. The first real all-star picture—boasting Garbo, John and Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone. And all of them at their best (M-G-M).

Hell-Fire Austin—Ken Maynard, in the title rôle, tells his pal that everybody in the West knows *Hell-Fire Austin*, but has a hard time proving it—in what is one of the talkies' brightest Westerns (Tiffany).

Huddle—The first of the 1932 crop of football pictures, with Ramon Novarro a young Italian who runs circles around his opponents, but is run out of the best circles in his own Alma Mater. Nothing very new, but done much better than usual (M-G-M).

Is My Face Red?—The best of the new cycle of pictures burlesquing gossip columnists, with Ricardo Cortez proving himself a high-class comedian as the cocky male gossip who rides for a fall. The lines are devastating (RKO).

The Jewel Robbery—William Powell and Kay Francis again team up together—in some gay and just-a-little-naughty nonsense about a jewel thief and a countess who thinks thieves are romantic (W. B.).

Love Is a Racket—Like Ricardo Cortez, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays a hard-boiled columnist who rides for a fall. In Doug's case, he falls in love with a girl who's using him only for publicity purposes. More melodrama than comedy, and a bit hard to believe at times (F. N.).

Man About Town—Love and intrigue in Washington, with Warner Baxter turning from gambling to the Secret Service, and working on a murder mystery in which his fiancée, Karen Morley, is involved. Good acting; fair melodrama (Fox).

Merrily We Go to Hell—Fredric March, who can't forget the girl in his past, starts going haywire—and Sylvia Sidney, his wife, tries to follow suit. But the unusual story fades off to a weak ending (Par.).

Miss Pinkerton—That's what George Brent (who'll give Gable a run yet) calls Joan Blondell, when she helps him solve one of the talkies' best murder mysteries (F. N.).

Monte Carlo Madness—A German-made picture (in English), telling a gay tale of a young queen who, incognito, flirts with the admiral of the queen's navee. The amusing couple are Sari Maritza (now in America) and Hans Albers (UFA).

Mystery Ranch—A Western that develops into a thriller—with George O'Brien running up against a maniac ranch-owner. Besides the plot, the scenery is out of the ordinary—even for a Western (Fox).

New Morals for Old—Again, the story of how the younger generation misunderstands its elders, and vice versa—but it has its moments. Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews, Margaret Perry and Robert Young are the principals (M-G-M).

Prosperity—After a long wait, you again see Marie Dressler and Polly Moran clowning together. This time, they're battling the Depression. You'll laugh off the new theatre tax when you see them (M-G-M).

Reserved for Ladies—Remember Adolphe Menjou in "Service for Ladies" in silent days? Here is the talkie version—with Leslie Howard even more amusing as the headwaiter who can't keep women from loving him. He has a pretty accomplice in Elizabeth Allan. Made in England (Par.).

Society Girl—James Dunn is out of his element in this story of a prize-fighter who falls in love with a débutante (Peggy Shannon) and lets her try to change him. The story doesn't have the pep you associate with Jimmy (Fox).

State's Attorney—This revealing portrait of a shrewd criminal lawyer, who becomes a shrewd prosecutor and has to turn against his old friends, comes close to being John Barrymore's best talkie. Packs a punch all the way (RKO).

The Strange Love of Molly Louvain—Ann Dvorak, one of the next stars, plays a passionate creature who seems to like the wrong men—and it looks like a case of the right girl in the wrong picture (F. N.).

Strangers of the Evening—Don't let the sexy title misguide you. This is a neat little burlesque of murder mysteries, with Zasu Pitts at last in a rôle that does her justice (Tiffany).

A Successful Calamity—Believing that his family loves him only for his money, George Arliss fools them into thinking he has lost his fortune—and their reaction surprises him. Arliss makes it worth seeing (W. B.).

Thunder Below—Tallulah Bankhead, married to Charles Bickford, who is blind, is the only white woman in a small tropic settlement. Here is a tense drama of suppressed emotions. Tallulah's best picture to date—and a hint of the Tallulah-to-be (Par.).

Two Seconds—In the two seconds before the electric chair carries him into eternity, Edward G. Robinson relives the sordid events that brought him there. Chilling, but Robinson makes it fascinating (F. N.).

Week-End Marriage—Since both keep their jobs after marriage, about the only times when Loretta Young sees her husband (Norman Foster) are week-ends—and you can imagine how that works out. It's a tale that has been told before, but it gives Loretta her chance to reveal a new-found intensity (F. N.).

Week-Ends Only—Joan Bennett, as a débutante hit by the depression, rents her services as a hostess on week-end parties—and has a hard time convincing Ben Lyon that she's playing straight with him at the same time. It's slow-moving, and doesn't do justice to the Bennett glamour (Fox).

Winner Take All—In what may be James Cagney's last picture, he plays a prize-fighter as only Jimmy could. It moves fast, has some crackling dialogue, and plenty of comedy. Marian Nixon is the girl he fights for, and Virginia Bruce is the girl he'd like to kick.

Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 73*)

once ran away from Hollywood and fame, spend their spare time at the Biltmore. Paul Whiteman and his wife, Margaret Livingston, recently went up to attend a swimming meet, and incidentally, to give the Biltmore guests a treat with the sight of Paul's new figure. Loretta Young and sister, Sally Blane, and their attendant swains often decorate the edge of the pool.

Jeanette MacDonald and her fiancé, Robert Ritchie, sat beside Genevieve Tobin at a recent swimming exhibition, and although they had just finished working together in "One Hour With You," it was noticed that the two stars had nothing to say to each other all afternoon.

Many off-stage dramas of the stars are enacted at the Biltmore. Not long ago Billie Dove drove up to the doorway of the hotel just as her ex-husband, Irvin Willat, came out with a beautiful blonde who had been lunching with him. Billie shrank back, pale and tense, into the shadows of her limousine, and remained there until Willat's car had been called and carried him and his companion away.

At the last swimming meet, Irene Rich, last year the wife of David Blankenhorn, one of the owners of the hotel, came to the gateway of the enclosure. In a nearby box sat David and a party of friends. They smiled at each other, waved a greeting and Irene turned away. "No, no," she said hurriedly to the attendant, "I can't stay. I'm looking for my daughter—"

"Why didn't you call her over?" one of his friends asked Blankenhorn. He shook his head. "I wanted to. I tried to—but I just couldn't," he answered. However, his grief over losing Irene seems likely to be cured. On one of his visits to the Biltmore he met Minna Gombell, the comédienne, and it looks as though it were a real romance.

Doug Looked for Mary There

WHEN a movie star disappears for any reason, one of the first places his friends are likely to look for him is at the Santa Barbara Biltmore. Mary Pickford once related how after a disagreement with Doug, she ran away from everything without telling anyone where she was going, and drove her own car at breathless speed up the coast. Hardly was she settled in a room at the Biltmore before the telephone rang. "It's Doug," said a voice over the wire, "may I come up?"

Mary, by the way, often uses the Biltmore for entertaining. She has taken many of her titled friends up there for dinner or house parties, one of the latest being the Duke of Sutherland.

Nothing shows better the amazing changes that Hollywood brings about in people's lives than a sentence the pool attendant let fall. "A year or so ago," said he, "we dickered with Johnny Weissmuller to come up and give an exhibition and do his funny fishing stunt with George O'Brien. He pretends George is a whale, gets him on a hook and tries to land him. Johnny wanted a hundred and fifty to perform. Now he's a movie star with all the girls crazy about him!"

With its wide lawns, its vivid patios and great trees, the low-built California *hacienda* that is the Santa Barbara Biltmore, has been a frequent setting for motion pictures of high life. "White Shoulders," with Mary Astor, was made around the Biltmore pool, the patio, and *cabanas* on the beach; and the hotel buildings themselves have all been shot for various pictures which demand a luxurious setting. Perhaps this is its appeal to the movie stars who flock there.

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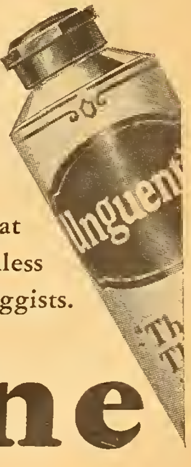

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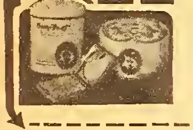

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Name ....

Address..

No Divorce for the Johnny Weissmullers!

(Continued from page 60)

light séance. Never a kiss or a pressure of the hand.

Bobbe replied, over her left shoulder, "Sure, this afternoon."

Johnny said, seriously, "It can't be arranged for this afternoon. I mean tomorrow."

Bobbe waved a flip hand. "Why not?" she laughed, and *thought* she thought no more about it.

She went back to her hotel and wondered a little about the strange warmth at her heart, seeming to burn now like some tropical fever. It never occurred to her that a boy's flippant jest could cause her disturbance. She didn't believe him. Why should she? She didn't believe a word of it.

She didn't believe him until, the next morning, he arrived at her hotel with the marriage license and the information that he had cabled her mother, en route to Havana, to come back immediately "because Bobbe and I are being married to-day." The date was February 28, 1932.

Johnny made no explanation of how he had arrived at the point. He never explained when he had fallen in love with her, nor how, nor what he was feeling about it. He was, Bobbe says, really *being Tarzan without knowing it.* He had found his mate. He took her. Words were superfluous.

Which is, of course, why Johnny was such a marvelous *Tarzan.* He IS that character. He does not talk about his emotions. He just lives them, like a young, but sensitive savage.

And so they were married. And Bobbe, who had never known love, went to that marriage knowing it perfectly.

She didn't know that she was marrying the world's champion swimmer. Even if someone had told her, it wouldn't have meant anything to her. And she didn't even know whether he spelled his last name with one "s" or two. He didn't know that he was marrying the famous Bobbe Arnst, singer and dancer, a darling of Broadway. He knew that she had a job at the Embassy Club and that a nice lady was her mother and that was all he did know. He didn't know that she spelled her name Bobbe, and not Bobby or Bobbie.

Boy-and-Girl Love

THEY were just a boy and a girl who had fallen deeply in love and none of the background of either ever occurred to them. They didn't know anything about what had gone before their meeting. They didn't care. There was only a future and the only possible way to spend it was together.

"We just belong, that's all," Bobbe told me, her small tanned face and large, blue eyes intensely serious. "We are not two people—we are one person. You can't separate one person, can you? Johnny tells me all the time that I give him everything there is to give, everything he wants. I tell him the same.

"I know that there are rumors printed and spoken about us. Horrid rumors of divorce and separation. I hate them. I'm sensitive about them. *But I intend to fight them.* I'm not afraid of the Press. I'm not one bit afraid of Hollywood. I'll fight them all, every one of them, if necessary.

"They ask me whether I'm not afraid, whether I don't know that there is danger ahead—with the kind of fame Johnny has, with the women who pursue him. No, I'm not afraid. When Johnny went away on this personal appearance tour, I went through six of the most terrible days I ever spent in my life. I couldn't go out. I couldn't talk to people. I hit the bottom. When those six days were over and I came out of the house, I was my old self again. Everything was all right. I knew where I stood and what I had to do. I'll never hit bottom again because you never do—a second time.

"I suppose there *are* dangers ahead—but if they ever come, if Johnny ever goes away from me, it will be only for a little while. He will come back where he belongs. And do you know what I shall do, if such a thing ever happens to us? *I shall sit right where I am, right here, quietly, waiting.* I shall know that, after it is all over, I'll have him again. I'll know that the best years of his life will belong to me. The years of his maturity. The ripe years. The years when we grow old together. The sweetest years of all. After all, the Autumn is the most beautiful time of the year, isn't it?

Would Never Divorce Him

"I *SHOULD never divorce him.* Never. Things like that wouldn't matter enough. They aren't important enough.

"I'm not going on with my career. I can't do both. I want to make a career of my marriage to Johnny. I want to keep him happy. I'm the old-fashioned type, I suppose. I'm a good cook, if I do say so. I believe that a woman's place is in the home. We want to have children. And I want to take care of Johnny—who is ten years old, you know, and not a day older.

"That's another reason why I am not afraid of fame where he is concerned. Because he takes fame, as he takes everything else, as a child takes things. First, he is delighted and enchanted. He takes the new and glittering bauble in his hands and exclaims over it and can't talk or think of anything else, and sleeps it and eats it and dreams it. Then, after a little while, he tires of it. He wants to throw it away. He is done with it. And after that phase passes,

"The Little Woman" is a title that fits Bobbe Arnst, when Johnny Weissmuller takes her in his arms in the *Tarzan* manner. They're too happy to be dignified—which makes them different from many another Hollywood couple!

he comes around to it again. Never with the first flare of enthusiasm, perhaps, but more substantially.

"I have to see Johnny through these phases. I had to see him through one of them when he was making 'Tarzan.' At the end of the picture he grew tired of it. He didn't see why they had to take so long making any little, ol' picture. He wouldn't go back for retakes. No mother reasoning with a child who will not return to school ever had to be more tactful than I.

"I don't know that women 'pursue' him now any more than they ever have. For they always have, you see. Johnny is that kind of man. He is the most charming person in the whole world, apart from his prowess as a swimmer or, now, as an actor. Always, on the beach, or wherever we happen to be, women flock around him, try to get near to him, want to attract his attention. And always he says to me, like a petulant child who is being mauled, 'Can't you *do* something to keep them away?'

"Fame affects him, will affect him, the same way. He isn't the type of man, you see, that Clark Gable is, or John Gilbert, or any of the more sophisticated actors. He's shy. He's a *child.* I can only repeat that again and again.

"I think we are both children, playing—that is why we are safe. We are different. We aren't grown-ups at all. Neither of us likes the things that grown-ups do or think or say. We like to stay in the water all day long, swimming. We don't like crowds of people. We don't like parties.

"Last Christmas we gave each other toys for presents. We gave each other lovely things, too—the kind of things grown-ups give. But the toys were the most fun.

"Whenever Johnny gives me presents, he puts his heart in them. He gave me my engagement ring some months after we were married. When I knew that he was getting it, I was afraid. I said to my mother, 'If Johnny buys me some big, Hollywoodish diamond, I'll know that he has changed toward me. I'll know that he doesn't care the way he cared in the beginning.'

Wants Him to Feel Free

"WHEN the ring came, it was an exact duplicate, a little smaller, of the ring he always wears. A star sapphire set in black. So that now, with our two wedding rings, our hands match, exactly. Then I knew that Johnny hadn't changed.

"He comes to me and tells me things he does, things most men might hesitate about, but that a child, with no sense of wrong-doing, would never think twice about. When he was in New York, on this personal appearance tour, he called me one night and mentioned that he was taking Lupe Velez out for dinner the next night. It never occurred to him that the Press would comment on it. It *did* occur to me. But I would never advise him, or appear to curtail him in a matter of that sort. A wise mother allows her son enough liberty in which to learn. I want him always to feel grateful to me for the good times he has and never restrained or resentful because of good times he misses because of me."

The wisest, soundest words I have ever listened to from a Hollywood wife came from Johnny Weissmuller's young wife. She will sit quietly, where she is, if necessary, and wait to claim the best years of his life. She will stand by, when occasion requires, and give him the freedom all ten-year-old boys must have. She will play with him in the sunshine and cook for him when night comes on. She will give up a career to make a home for him. She will stay with him in the enchanted isles of childhood and keep him safe there for as long as they live.

They *are* different. They are two children who love one another as only children can. And the little girl is the wiser and the older of the two, as little girls always are.

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OUT of every $3 you spend for ordinary antiseptics you might as well save $2. It's a simple problem of arithmetic. Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—by adding water it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against sore throat colds and unpleasant breath, and against the many types of germ infection that daily threaten health.

Here's the great difference between old-fashioned mouth washes and Pepsodent Antiseptic. Most old-fashioned mouth antiseptics must be used full strength to be effective—but three people out of four add water before using. So the new discovery, Pepsodent Antiseptic, was made powerful enough to be diluted and still be effective. Yet it is completely safe to tissue when used full strength.

It's costly enough to use an antiseptic that should be used full strength. But it's a lot more costly to dilute that antiseptic and fail to kill the germs. That's why we warn you to choose Pepsodent antiseptic—it can be mixed with water and still kill germs.

The most economical way to buy Pepsodent Antiseptic is in the largest size—the 16-ounce size. It contains over 5 times the amount in the 25c size and costs but $1. That equals a 25c bottle free. And the Pepsodent dollar bottle contains 2 ounces more than the dollar size of some leading mouth antiseptics.

Pepsodent Antiseptic

In 3 sizes—25c—50c—$1

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis). Remember Pepsodent is over 3 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics. Remember, *even when diluted with water it kills germs.*

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- **Cold in Head**
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GENEVIEVE TOBIN
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You'll note the amazing difference in Max Factor's face powder. Each shade is a color harmony tone . . . composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It creates an even-color, satin-smooth make-up; and eliminates entirely off-color, spotty and powdery effects.

Tested under blazing lights and before the camera by famous stars, you may be sure your make-up will appear perfect under strongest artificial or day light. Exquisitely fine in texture, it blends invisibly with the skin. So soft and velvety, it never "shines" . . . and it clings for hours, too, for stars will not trust a face powder that fluffs away.

Now you may enjoy the luxury and magic beauty effect of Max Factor's face powder, created originally for the stars. Nominally priced at one dollar the box . . . in color harmony shades for blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, based on the same amazing color harmony principle, are fifty cents each. Purity guarantee in each package. At all drug and department stores.

Find the way to intensify your personality with make-up in color harmony for your type. Mail coupon.

Max Factor's *Society* Make-Up

★*Cosmetics of the Stars* ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Purse-Size Box of Powder . . . FREE

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send my complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart; also 48-pg. illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up."* I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade.

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	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	*LIPS*
	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Medium ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
Ruddy ☐	*LASHES*	Light ☐ Dark ☐	*AGE*
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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2-9-6M

Uncle Carl and Junior Laemmle Have Made Movie History

(*Continued from page 53*)

made money at whatever he had turned his hand to. He's just that way. But he wanted success in a broader sense of the term. He wanted success as a husband and a father and as a friend. He wanted a home-life that would be warm and happy. He wanted to know the worth while people of his generation. He wanted to be able to be generous in every aspect of living. *He has been.*

"He intended in the beginning, to start a Five-and-Ten Cent Store. That particular industry was just getting into its stride in those days, back in 1893. And he felt that his fifty dollars could stock a Five-and-Ten Cent Store where it wouldn't go very far in any other kind of business. Then, as he prowled about Chicago, looking over sites and things, he saw a long line of people waiting in front of a cheap little Nickelodeon theatre. He stood around and watched them. He finally went in with them.

"I've heard him say a hundred times that he never got so much for a nickel in all his life. And he saw Indians—whole tribes of them! That settled it. He sat there and realized that people *need* amusement, crave it, must have it. He realized that man does not and cannot live by bread alone. He opened his first small theatre then and there—but Dad's business career is well-read motion picture history. Let's not go over it again here . . .

Not Sold on the Talkies

"ONLY, I'd like to tell this on him: He's a sentimentalist. He loves the old days and the old ways. Why, he even had the third floor of his old home in Laupheim furnished and, when he goes abroad, he always stays there. He loves the old stars he 'made' and the old pictures. He created the star system, you remember. He was the first to give to unknown players their names—or whatever names they chose.

"Florence Lawrence was the first star of the screen and Dad swears, to this day, that there never has been a more beautiful woman or a better actress on the screen. He's intensely loyal. King Baggot was the first male star, as I remember it. And then there were George Loan Tucker and Owen Moore and Dorothy Phillips and her husband, Allan Holubar. It's a funny thing, but none of those people ever went on or amounted to much after they broke with Dad. He gave Lois Weber, the first woman director, her chance, too.

"He's sentimental, too, about old pictures. He'd like to remake 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame'—but hesitates because there isn't any other Lon Chaney. He's as fond and as proud of that picture as any father is of a child. *He doesn't like talking pictures.* He doesn't believe the large percentage of the public likes them, either. He thinks that the old silent pictures entertained and rested and were better understood by the greater majority. He is not at all sure that silent pictures will not return some day. . . .

"He likes to remember Mary Pickford in the old days and how she made three one-reel pictures every week for which he paid her seventy-five a week. He is very fond of Lois Wilson. He says she is wholesome and normal and 'not like some of these others.' He is very partial to the stars of the older days. He doesn't think they have been excelled, or even equalled.

"He mourned Lon Chaney. He liked the man, as well as admired the actor—and he knows that Lon was an actor and not, as people have tried to say, just an expert at macabre make-up. He won't make any prophecies about Lon's possible successor. He says it's too early to predict anything like that about Boris Karloff as yet.

"I admire my father enormously for his pioneer courage and for his unselfishness. I happen to know what Dad has sacrificed to help *all* motion picture producers because he has, very strongly, that old-fashioned sense of the brotherhood of man—even among producers! I know the heart-aches and shocks that came to him when he was fighting an unappreciated fight for independence in the early days.

"I respect him because I've never heard him say die. I've never known him to admit hard luck or the possibility of defeat. You noticed the picture of him in our living room, didn't you? The one with the motto 'IT CAN BE DONE' under it. Well, he believes that. But he has done more than believe it—*he has done it.* Any fellow admires the man who has fought a hard fight—and won. And he believes that any young man, to-day, who wants success—*as he wanted it*—can have it, depression or no depression.

"Old-fashioned, himself, thank God, he is liberal enough to give a young modern his full swing and full responsibility. He didn't want to make 'All Quiet,' for instance. He didn't believe in it as a picture. Our story department had turned it down. But *I* believed in it. I wanted to make it, awfully. And he believed in *me*—enough.

"I don't want him to make this Greenland picture. It's too experimental for my blood. But he wants to. He says, 'I hope I'll give them something they have never seen before.' And *I* believe in *him*—why not?

"He's a great man. It's easy, now, for the world to check up on how great he is, to list his achievements, to tabulate and appraise his successes. But he's more than a great man of Hollywood. He's a great father, a great husband, a great friend and a great *person.* . . . ."

Let Him Pick His Career

LATER on that same afternoon, I sat with Uncle Carl. He kept his eyes on Junior, moving among his guests. And as with the son, so with the father—his eyes told even more than his words.

"Junior was always smart," Uncle Carl chuckled. "Even when he was a tiny boy, five or six or so, I never had to be afraid of what he would say, when there was company. Once, when he was eight, I had been away from home, in the East. When I got back, I said to him, 'Well, Junior, have you been a good boy?' And he answered me, 'Sometimes good and sometimes bad, papa—like all boys!' Isn't that good?

"Junior grew up in the motion picture business," he went on. "From the time he was a baby, he naturally heard me discussing problems of production and distribution with my friends. I always had him with me when I could, and so he heard a great deal. He visited the studio frequently. His interest in the business was keen from the very beginning. He had a great understanding of the things we were trying to do. I never tried to influence him. I never said one word to him about going into the picture business. I wanted him to have free choice when the time came for him to make it and I wouldn't have cared what that choice was, so long as he was happy about it.

"I wanted him to go to college. He passed his examinations in New York and was all set to go. He didn't care much about it. He wanted to get into the studio. But he thought I wanted it for him and he was ready to go. Then, on our way to Europe that summer, I had my attack of appendicitis. In London, the doctors gave me half an hour to live. And during that half-hour all I could think about was 'What will become of Junior if I die now?' I didn't know. And I decided then and there that if he wanted to go into the studio he could do it.

Had His Chance at Seventeen

"HE wrote the Collegian Series when he was only seventeen, you know. I knew that the only way to have him learn was to give him the right to experiment and to hold him strictly accountable for what he did. I found that he didn't shirk any responsibility. I looked for a lazy bone in his body—" the father laughed, softly—"*And I never found one.*

"He might have been working for some strange Simon Legree of an employer, so conscientious he was, so punctual, so eager to tackle every problem. He stood on his own two feet and never on mine. The Collegians, by the way, were good box-office short subjects. Perhaps Junior took out his college career in those pictures. . .

"Junior is a modern in every way. I find myself thinking of yesterday. He thinks only of tomorrow. He's always figuring out what the public will want in the future, never what they *have* wanted in the past. He knows how fast-moving this age is and how little to-day has to do with yesterday. He is not a strong boy, physically, but that brain of his is working every minute of the day and, I am sometimes afraid, most of the night. He is a tireless worker. I have never seen such vitality in anyone, such a determination to get a job done, not merely well, but better than anyone else could do it. His memory astonishes even me. And there isn't a detail that escapes him.

"He was the one who told me to buy 'All Quiet', you know, after our story department had rejected it. I bought it only because I knew that Junior would never be satisfied until he had proved to me and to everyone else that he could picturize it faithfully and well—from every standpoint, both personal and box-office. The result is history. The world will not soon forget 'All Quiet on the Western Front.' The making of that and of 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' are the two things I'm proudest of in my career as a producer.

Junior Showed Him Again

"THEN there was 'Frankenstein.' I didn't believe in that production, either. I knew that most of the studios in town had turned it down. I said to Junior, 'I don't believe in horror pictures. It's morbid. None of our officers are for it. People don't want that sort of thing.' Only Junior wanted it. Only Junior stood out for it. And he said to me, 'Yes, they do, Pop. They do want that sort of thing. Just give me a chance and I'll show you.' Well, he discovered Boris Karloff and showed me. He showed us all. You see, my boy knows more than all the others. He has an insight into what is wanted, what will go.

"It is not nice of me, perhaps, to talk so much about my son. You see, you have got me started on my pet subject. But it is the simple truth that Universal has never done so well as it has since Junior has been the producing head of the company. I am more than proud of my son. I have reason to be. I have a great many reasons. He is making his own career. And I applaud him from the front row—loudly."

Here is a story of success told by the men who have made it. And here, for perhaps the first time in the stories of great financiers and producers of any commodity, is a story of success that does not dwell only on money and power. A story of success where wealth and prominence stand side by side with love—the love of those who are nearest and have remained the dearest. There can be no finer tribute in the world than that paid by son to father and by father to son.

AUNT FLO TO THE RESCUE—by ALBERT DORNE

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NEXT EVENING
WHY DON'T YOU ASK SOME OF THE GIRLS OVER
OH, I DON'T KNOW. THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT COMING
SOMETIMES I'M SO LONELY, AUNT FLO. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
DEAR, I'M GOING TO TALK TO YOU FRANKLY AND YOU MUST NOT FEEL HURT
NEXT MORNING
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY FAVORITE TOILET SOAP —LIFEBUOY
IT'S MARVELOUS! SO MUCH LATHER AND I FEEL SO WONDERFULLY FRESH AND CLEAN

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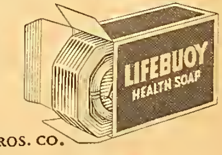

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Will Joan Crawford's Career Wreck Her Marriage?

(*Continued from page 29*)

newly-clamoring public that is awakening to Joan as it once awakened to Garbo; and in the rush of their enthusiasm sweeping her on into Garbo's abandoned Queenship—now that Garbo is interrupting *her* career. Perhaps it would have happened if Garbo had kept right on.

A New, More Powerful Joan

SOMETHING tremendous has happened to Joan Crawford, and happened suddenly. So very suddenly that even the Hollywood smart-fellows are blinking their eyes. The outward evidence of what has happened are two pictures, "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton." (If you have seen these pictures, you know what we mean—a new Joan, a sure Joan, a powerful Joan.) The inner significance of what has happened is not so easily explained.

Yesterday, Joan Crawford was a pretty star who turned out nice, well-regulated box-office productions. She was well in hand, if you know what we mean. She was successfully launched on a paying box-office basis. She was little Joan, the girl everybody in Hollywood "knew when," and everybody was glad about her success and her happy marriage and all the other nice, safe things.

To-day, not a thing connected with Joan is safe—or smug. Not even the social security of being Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

She is facing the most dangerous stage of her career. The hardships and struggles of her early days in evolving Joan Crawford from a hey-hey girl to a figure of distinction are child's play compared to the effort before her. The lonely heights of great achievement are before her. Every ounce of her energy and her talent and the insight of her restless, probing, ambitious mind are going to be needed for that effort. If the marriage of Joan and Doug can weather the next two years of her career—then truly theirs is a marriage "made in heaven," built upon a deep, rare understanding.

Young Doug's "Tough Spot"

MOST of the burden of that "understanding" is going to fall on the shoulders of young Doug. For, those of us who know Joan, who have enjoyed the privilege of her friendship for years, know that Joan can no more turn away from the opportunity that may see her the outstanding feminine figure of the screen, than she can stop breathing!

That ambition of hers—it's a driving thing, like a whip. It began back in those whoopee days of the old Montmartre in a tremendous *wanting*. Little, insignificant things proved it: Joan *wanting* an "important" table in the "show corner" of the room, a table as "important" as those occupied by Norma and Constance Talmadge and Gloria Swanson; Joan *wanting* to be recognized as "the best dancer in the room;" Joan *wanting* the admiration and attention of the tea-dancing young men. To the bevy of girls who surrounded her, Joan poured out long stories of how the studio did not take her seriously, of her great longing to do "bigger and better things."

At that time "a bigger and better" rôle, to her way of thinking, would have been a leading rôle in support of a male star. She was no more than six months in accomplishing that, and with the first flush of success, ambition was born.

She set about the slow, painful business of "making herself over"—a story that has been repeated in too much detail to need enlargement here. Seven years went into the re-modeling of that Joan of the Montmartre, to the "changed" Joan who married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Stardom came soon after and it must have seemed for a moment, even to Joan, that she had achieved her heights!

First Year Was the *Easiest*

THE first year of her marriage, it seemed to her friends, Joan "coasted." She was interested in her work, but she was apparently more interested in being Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. For a new ambition had opened for Joan—a keen desire for a new kind of life, a new circle of friends that she had never known before. She "hooked" rugs; she posed for innumerable fireside pictures. She took great pride in her dinner parties, small but intimate; she flushed with pleasure at compliments of her "good taste." For the first time since coming to Hollywood, Joan was temporarily side-tracked from her career.

But strangely enough (I do not know of any other case where it has happened), Joan's success was growing and mounting and attaining great heights without her undivided attention. It seems as though it were happening in spite of her—as though destiny had written it in her cards. And with the waning of the Fairbankses' honeymoon days, Joan once more turned her attention to Joan, the actress. Slowly at first, then, with the coming of "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton," feverishly.

One day during the making of "Grand Hotel," I visited Joan on the set. I have visited her on the sets of other pictures. Her attitude for the most part was of kidding, of trying to get through "on time" to have dinner with Doug. Once, her kidding drew a sharp reprimand from her current director, Harry Beaumont. Her wisecracks had been breaking up other members of the cast.

"Grand Hotel" Changed Her

BUT Joan, the *Flaemmchen* of "Grand Hotel"—here was a Joan I hardly recognized. There was something almost desperate in Joan's attitude about her rôle in that picture. There was a feverish determination not to be swamped by the glamour of Garbo, by the illustriousness of the Barrymores, by the hit-you-in-the-eye personality of Wallace Beery. No longer was Joan hooking rugs on the sidelines, sipping the inevitable chicken broth of her "diet," making funny remarks under her breath. The all-important dinner hour came and went without her notice.

If Doug called (messages she had always taken time to answer promptly and in person), she sent one of the boys or her maid to tell him she would be working late. One day, one of the members of the publicity department went to Joan for material on a story about Hollywood marriage, a subject she had formerly delighted in talking about. But this time the idea of the story seemed to irk her.

"Our marriage has been so thoroughly hacked over!" she said, "I think that all I can intelligently talk about right now is this picture . . . this rôle . . ." The writer went away without the material.

"Letty Lynton" was just added proof of Joan's new intenseness in her work. Without any advance ballyhoo, it began to break records all over the country. You began to hear around Hollywood: "Joan Crawford is going to be the biggest attraction of the screen in 1932. M-G-M is building her to take the place left vacant by Garbo." Make no mistake about it, Joan heard these rumors, too . . .

When United Artists first started casting out a line for the services of Joan Crawford in "Rain," her home studio turned a deaf ear. M-G-M was not in the habit of "farming out" a star of the calibre of the Crawford girl to earn shekels for another producing company.

But Joan was like a girl possessed in her efforts to get Metro's permission to accept this offer to play *Sadie Thompson.* Every day for a week she stormed the "front office," begging, pleading for this chance. At last, terms were arranged.

Joan Crawford, who started in Hollywood seven years ago as the leading winner of dancing trophies, was stepping into the great rôle that had made the late Jeanne Eagels famous, that had served Gloria Swanson as her most powerful vehicle at the time when she was undisputed queen of the screen! Little Joan has come a long way!

People are no longer religiously coupling the names of Joan and Doug when referring to the Crawford girl. Her marriage has slipped in gossip importance in comparison with her career. At the present writing, Joan is on Catalina Island with the "Rain" company for a month or six weeks of location work. Young Doug has been yachting off the Mexican coast with Robert Montgomery and Laurence Olivier. The talk continues to grow that their marriage is drifting apart—that Joan's heart and soul are in her work.

Here, indeed, is the strangest triangle of all Hollywood history, more trying and dangerous than any other man or woman could be: Joan . . . and Doug . . . and Joan's brilliant future!

Jean Harlow Marries Paul Bern

(*Continued from page 64*)

to crawl away and hide. "Little Paul's" sympathy gave her courage to try again.

"The Kindest-Hearted Man in a Heartless Town," "The Good Samaritan of Hollywood," "The Little Confessor of the Stars"—these are some of the titles that Hollywood has conferred upon the dark, dapper German who has won the heart of one of Hollywood's most spectacular stars, after forty-two years of bachelorhood.

Jean Harlow, herself—twenty-one last March—has not been rumored engaged since her divorce from Charles F. McGrew, II, Chicago bond broker, on January 29, 1931. She recently described herself as "the loneliest girl in Hollywood." Never very strong, she has joined but little in the night-life of the movie colony, conserving her energy for her screen work.

When she was on her recent personal appearance tour, Paul wrote Jean continually and, when she returned, their long friendship took on the aspect of love.

"No one can be more surprised than I am with the news!" Jean laughed, when reporters discovered that she and Paul Bern had visited the marriage license bureau. "I didn't expect it a week ago. We have often talked casually about the possibility of marriage. Then, suddenly, last Sunday he asked me to marry him. And, suddenly, I knew that that was what I wanted more than anything else in the world!"

However, both Paul and Jean are good troupers, and the studio wanted Jean to make a few personal appearances with the local opening of "Red-Headed Woman," so the wedding was postponed a week.

Paul Bern's wedding present to his bride was a deed to his sixty-thousand-dollar home—and there, when Jean is "between pictures," some famous parties are likely to be held, for the sense of camaraderie is strong in Paul Bern. Jean will continue in her career—no doubt under the personal guidance of her producer-husband.

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*(*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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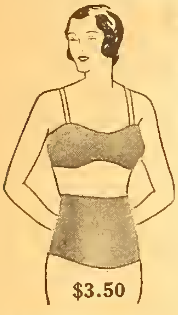

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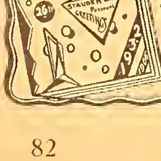

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(Established 1906)

Harold Lloyd's Wife—The World's Champion Housekeeper

(Continued from page 57)

She didn't give a whoop if she were cut out of the picture or if someone stole a scene from her. Her work meant a pay-check at the end of the week, and that meant spending money—fun.

The Quiet Life for Them

TO-DAY, surrounded by wealth and luxury almost unbelievable (to a mere reporter), Mildred has learned that the way to get the most out of life—the only real way to live—is the simplest way. The Lloyds live in their beautiful home on the hill quietly, almost obscurely.

"I learned my hardest lesson when I was first married," Mildred told me. "I spent a lot of money, just buying things for fun, and got myself deeply in debt without realizing it. I wasn't worried. I knew Harold would pay everything. He did, of course. But after he had paid my debts, he took a little bit out of my allowance every week until the whole amount was paid. "It was terrible," said Mildred, dramatically. "I was practically penniless for a year. But I learned the value of money.

"Just yesterday one of my maids asked for a raise and threatened to leave if she didn't get it. I don't think that now is the time to ask for more money and, much as I hate to lose her, I will let her go—if she really wants to go. We haven't cut the salary of anyone in our employ since this depression and we haven't laid off one person. We just can't throw people out of work. Most of them are married or have people dependent on them.

"When we moved up here," Mildred continued, "we had plenty of help and I thought it was their business to make things go; that I didn't have to worry over things that other people were paid to do. But I soon learned that if I didn't take an interest in how things were run, no one else did, either. I learned that if I didn't stand behind everything, giving things a push now and then, they just didn't go.

"Every morning I go over the woodwork with a clean handkerchief, just like the old ladies in story books, looking for a speck of dust."

Her First Lieutenant

LIKE all good executives, Mildred has provided herself with the best assistance she can get. First, she has a most efficient secretary in "Billie" Hodges. Mildred calls her "the human sieve" because everything passes through her hands first. She presides over a completely equipped office on the first floor of the house. She is furnished with a small automobile, which is kept up by the Lloyd estate. Her duties are much the same as those of the secretary in any large corporation, but are more varied.

She receives and opens the mail, segregates it, and sends it where it belongs. Every bill is subject to her scrutiny and investigation before it is paid. On the walls of her office are charts, listing every different part of the huge estate, with a number for each item. For instance, the swimming pool, the golf course, the gardens, children's tuition, and everything else have numbers, and every expense incurred is charged to its proper number. Without a moment's delay she can turn to a certain page and tell you exactly how much the swimming pool has cost to date, or for any certain month. Miss Hodges writes the checks, which are countersigned by Frank Hampton, one of Harold's business staff.

"We have an allowance for the house and we try to keep within it, but we usually go over," Mildred said ruefully.

Next in line of employees is the steward, whose position is similar to that of a maître d'hôtel. He interviews all applicants for positions, looks up their references, engages, dismisses and is responsible for all servants employed in the house. He orders the provisions, checks all bills for food and supplies and makes up the menus.

The servants in the house include a good-natured German butler or steward, who has held his job for years; a cook and one assistant, two house boys, a waitress, a laundress, and two maids. There is a nurse for the little girls and one for the baby. Two relief nurses are called in whenever it is necessary. Two seamstresses alternate, each working two weeks during the month. One keeps up household linen, curtains, uniforms and does other plain sewing. The other sews for Mildred and the little girls.

Shops in Her Own Home

"TWICE a year I take about three days and order the children's clothes," Mildred said. "A woman who represents a manufacturer of children's wear comes up with her sketches and samples and I order enough to last six months. It's lots of fun."

When I asked her why she bought everything from one merchant, Mildred explained that she had tried many different makes of clothes for children and had learned that while this particular brand cost a little more per garment, they stood up under the laundering better than the others.

If Mildred's curling iron gets temperamental, it is fixed by a man who was formerly a city inspector. He is now the Lloyd's head electrician. A head carpenter is kept busy with odd jobs of repairing and building about the estate.

Anderson, the head gardener, meets the problems of laying out the gardens with real artistry to conform to what Mildred calls her "Dutch" taste. Aided by a complete set of blueprints of the sixteen acres, he works out his color schemes on paper first, thus insuring the proper blending of colors and a plentiful supply of cut flowers for the house the year around. The supply of flowers in every room testifies to his success.

"This is the room where the flowers are brought in from the gardens," she explained, opening a door into a small room. "And this," stepping into another room adjoining it, "is where the flowers are arranged."

The "arranging room" is equipped with everything that is found in a florist's workroom. Mildred orders her corsages from her own greenhouse. At times there are several gardeners working under Anderson. He personally oversees the nine-hole golf course, which requires the full time of another man to keep the greens in good shape. Every year Harold has an invitation golf tournament for America's best professionals and amateurs.

Her Secret Ambition

THERE are two chauffeurs for the family, but Mildred likes to drive her own car. In the garage equipment there is also the family truck, which is used to haul supplies from the market and garbage from the house, and a "station wagon," or small bus in which the employees ride back and forth to street-cars and buses night and morning. Mildred has a secret longing to take a crowd of her girl-friends for a ride in it.

Herbert, the athletic instructor, takes charge of the big, blue-tiled swimming pool, dressing-rooms, squash, handball and tennis courts. He plays tennis and ping pong with the children and has taught them to swim and dive like fish. He is also a worthy opponent for the elder members of the family in all outdoor sports. His busiest season is during the summer, when the family moves to the beach house. There he does lifeguard duty for the family and sees that the sand in the yard is sifted each morning.

The kennel man is in charge of the twenty-odd Great Danes and Saint Bernard dogs. He is furnished with a small dog wagon, in which he takes the dogs to and from the dog hospital if they are sick and to the dog shows, where they always capture many blue ribbons.

Bob, the gateman, guarded the entrance to Harold's studio for years before he graduated to the estate. He speaks seven languages, which impresses Mildred, and knows a lot of other things besides, especially who his employers do or do not want admitted. He telephones to the house before he admits anyone and if the answer is "yes," the big wooden gate swings open and Bob directs the visitors to keep to the right, as they go up the winding driveway to the palatial house a quarter of a mile away.

Her Morning Tasks

THE Lloyds are early risers. Mildred gets up when Harold does and follows him around while he gets dressed, "because it's about the only time I get to see him," she explained. The baby is brought in, the little girls are sent off to school and then the Mister and Missus have breakfast in Harold's sitting room. After Harold has gone to the studio, Mildred's work begins.

"First the steward comes upstairs," said Mrs. Lloyd, housewife. "He brings bills, menus for lunch and dinner, asks how many guests there will be and never finds out. After we have talked over everything, he goes to market for the day's supply of food. We buy only enough meat and vegetables for one day because the markets are nearby and we have no storage plant; we buy all canned and bottled goods wholesale. Next Miss Hodges comes upstairs and she and I talk over everything—bills, details—answer letters."

Contrary to printed reports, there is no switchboard in the house with a telephone operator on duty night and day. Two trunk lines supply the house and two arrangements known to the telephone company as "jacks" do the work, although there is an extension in almost every room in the house as well as to the greenhouse, swimming pool, garage, entrance gate and other remote spots. Of course there is always someone around to answer the telephone, but it is just as apt to be Mrs. Lloyd, herself, as anyone else.

One month recently an average of forty-nine individual meals were served every day to the family, employees in the house and guests. The little girls eat practically the same food that is served the elder members of the family, but it is served to them in their own sitting room. Mildred often has a few close friends in to lunch and in the afternoon, if there is no bridge game, they sit in Mildred's upstairs sitting room and sew.

Never Visits the Studio

SHE dresses for dinner, whether there are guests or not, and is always ready to greet Harold with a mind free from worries when he returns home from the studio. At least, if she has worries, she keeps them a secret.

"He doesn't bring his studio troubles home to me, so I don't worry him with my troubles," she said. "We have so little time together anyway that I try to make that time pleasant.

"I never go to the studio to see Harold," she continued. "I don't think it ever does any good for a wife to visit her husband's place of business. It interferes with his work and gives people an opportunity to say that she is trying to run his affairs. Besides, I don't have time. I hardly go any place, I have so much to do at home."

(*Continued on page 94*)

*

How to acquire a fashionable figure

WITHOUT DANGER

June Collyer, charming motion picture star. Her smartly simple bathing suit, and her striking sports ensemble are distinctly of this season's mode.

THE new clothes stress youthful curves. So reducing becomes popular. But short-cuts to less weight endanger health. Beware of the so-called "harmless" reducing pills, soaps, medicines, etc. So often they get their effects by breaking down needed tissue.

The healthful way to reduce is to control the diet—and get proper exercise. Be sure your meals contain the "bulk" required for proper elimination.

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 12*)

1. They are Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bern, but don't let that new name and the fact that her hair is dark in this picture deceive you. The girl is Jean Harlow, the screen's original platinum blonde, shown wearing the red wig which she donned for her rôle in "The Red-Headed Woman" and the gentleman is Paul Bern, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive. They were married July 2. This is Jean's second trip to the altar and Bern's first.

2. Charles Chaplin's divorced wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, has signed a contract to make five pictures for Fox with their two boys, Charles Spencer, Jr., aged seven, and Sydney Earl, aged six.

3. After trying for about a year to adjust their marital differences, King Vidor and his wife, who is known to the motion picture fans as Eleanor Boardman, have separated and Mrs. Vidor will bring suit for divorce and ask custody of their two children, both girls.

4. Immediately after Winnie Lightner's husband, George Holtrey, sued Roy Del Ruth for $250,000 for alienating his wife's affections, Winnie started her suit for divorce in which she charged Holtrey with misconduct. Roy Del Ruth has directed a number of Miss Lightner's pictures.

5. John Barrymore was presented with a son by his wife, Dolores Costello, on that day and he has been named John Blythe Barrymore, II. This is their second child, the first being a little girl, aged two, named Dolores Ethel Mae, after her mother and famous aunt.

6. Gloria Swanson searched high and low, or so she says, for a handsome leading man to play opposite her and then made the discovery that she had the very one for the part right in her own home in the person of her good-looking husband, Michael Farmer. Farmer has never appeared on the screen before and this is the first time Miss Swanson has made a picture in another country. It is called "Perfect Understanding."

7. Minna Gombell, pretty motion picture player, is being beaued around Hollywood by David Blankenhorn, broker, who was divorced last November from Irene Rich, also a flicker star. An engagement announcement may be expected any day now.

8. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, the rotund comedian who was barred from the screen for a number of years, married Addie McPhail, movie actress and his leading lady in a vaudeville sketch. Arbuckle may be given another opportunity to act in the type of comedies for which he was once famous.

9. A son was born to May McAvoy, who is Mrs. Maurice G. Cleary in real life, on June 3rd and Florence Vidor, the wife of Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, also announced the birth of a son on June 27th.

10. A suit for $100,000, charging her with alienating the affections of her husband, Charles MacArthur, the author, was filed against Helen Hayes by Carol Frink, first wife of MacArthur. Miss Hayes doesn't seem to be worried very much about the suit and explains that Carol Frink was divorced from MacArthur about two years before *she* was married to him.

11. The rift between Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, both screen players, which Hollywood rumors have had brewing for some time, has at last reached the stage where both parties admit there will be a Reno divorce. As Miss Chatterton and Forbes are still on friendly terms, they hope to have their marriage dissolved without animosity.

12. When she was divorced from Lowell Sherman on May 10th, Helene Costello swore off marrying again but now, only a short time later, she is enjoying marked attention from Hugh Trevor, who was formerly Betty Compson's lover. Now it remains to be seen whether this new romance will reach the marriage stage or whether Helene will stick to her pledge.

13. All Hollywood has suspected a romance between Sylvia Sidney and B. P. Schulberg, former executive at Paramount, but their suspicions have been confirmed now that they are seen dancing together and traveling around in each other's company. However, if this affair is as serious as it seems, they will have to wait until Mr. Schulberg gets a divorce from his wife, from whom he is legally separated.

14. There has been some discord in the home of Greta Nissen and her husband, Weldon Heyburn, who were married March 30th and, although their differences seem to have been patched up and they are seen in public together, rumors in the movie colony are that there will eventually be a break-up and both will go their separate ways.

15. The gentleman Estelle is interested in right now is Jan Rubini, famous maestro and violin virtuoso. This fact and the romance between her former husband, Jack Dempsey, and Lina Basquette seems to squelch all rumors of a reconciliation between Jack and Estelle.

16. Lily Damita, who has had Sidney Smith as her regular escort for some time, is now going places with Gilbert Roland. Friends say there will be an engagement. Lily insists it is just friendship. Miss Damita was at one time reported engaged to Smith and later rumored married to him, but Lily says the same for him—just good friends. And it seems that Gilbert Roland is doing his share of changing sweeties since Norma Talmadge and he called it quits. He has also been beau-ing Billie Dove.

17. Ina Claire is the star who is through with the movies. She believes she is primarily a stage actress and that she was never meant for the movies. Ina was under contract to the producer, Sam Goldwyn, but by mutual agreement, the contract was cancelled.

18. Edna Murphy was granted a divorce from her husband, Mervyn Le Roy, motion picture director. Miss Murphy charged Le Roy with deserting her. She will receive $1,000 monthly under a property settlement as long as her former husband's salary continues to be $1,750 weekly.

19. Sally Phipps married Benedict Gimbel, Jr., former executive of a Philadelphia store and now head of a radio broadcasting station, on June 6th, 1931, and on June 22nd, 1932, filed suit for divorce. The grounds on which she is suing were not disclosed. Sally intends to take up her screen career again where she left off when she became the bride of Gimbel.

"The Royal Family of Hollywood"

(*Continued from page 35*)

first son, John Blythe Barrymore, 11—and he had rented a room at the hospital to be near his wife (Dolores Costello). Their first child, a girl born in April, 1930, was named Dolores Ethel Mae, you remember; the "Ethel" was for her distinguished aunt.

It was just a bit of old-fashioned husbandly devotion, this matter of John Barrymore's taking a room at the hospital so that he could be close to his wife and baby. An unexpected action, perhaps, from John Barrymore, the gusty actor, conversationalist and wit. But John dotes upon doing the unexpected. And besides, the Barrymores are always close together on great emotional occasions.

"I am happy to be making a picture," Ethel Barrymore told me, "and I am especially glad to be in California with Jack and Lionel, and my charming young niece and new nephew, besides my own children. I fully expect to see the gardens of this place, and the swimming pool, simply alive with Barrymores of all ages and denominations, at all times."

The characteristic Barrymore gesture of a hand describing a broken circle, the dilation and immediate closing of the eyes, the raising of the brows and queenly tilt of the head, the arresting cadences of the most imitated voice on the American stage—these were all in evidence during the conversation. Ethel Barrymore seems to be alive in a thousand ways at once. She radiates magnetism and personality.

She's All for Garbo

SHE is keen for Garbo and has long been interested in George Brent, the virile young Irishman who was recently given his first important rôle, opposite Ruth Chatterton. She picked Brent as being out of the ordinary several years ago, when she first saw him in a stock company in Denver.

"I can't tell you what Garbo has," Miss Barrymore commented, "but whatever it may be, it is challenging to the last degree when it reaches out to you from the screen. Whether she is a great actress, or an actress at all, doesn't seem to be of especial importance. She has the most vital quality necessary to her career now—this individual appeal of hers."

Miss Barrymore made a complete circle above her head to describe the aura or whatever it is that Garbo possesses. It was dramatically descriptive.

The devotion of the Barrymores is a mighty thing, but they are not blinded by it in appraising each other's talent and work. Miss Barrymore is perfectly frank in admitting that she thinks Lionel the best living actor of his type (she has always thought so) and that John's best screen rôles were his early comedies.

"They were exquisitely humorous and well-balanced. I love him most when he isn't profiling his way through a rôle—handsome though his profile may be!"

Just the same, if anyone else passed that remark about brother John to Ethel, I can well imagine that the words would be entirely out of order and that she would make herself most clearly understood to that effect.

How John Rates Her

JOHN says of his sister, "She's a grand person." And note in expressing his admiration for her as a mother, he doesn't place a halo above her brow and patronize a famous actress; he merely exclaims: "She's wonderful to those kids!"

"Those kids" happen to be Samuel Colt, 22; John Drew Colt, 20; and Ethel Barrymore Colt, 18. The daughter made her

(*Continued on page 89*)

"Try this new kind of yeast, dear

It's so easy to take and you'll love its nut-like flavor!"

THIS wife has made a big discovery. A new yeast with a delicious nut-like flavor that men really like! A yeast that causes no discomfort! Yeast dried and concentrated into tablets that keep fresh for months!

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The hair the new hats are showing must be free from gray. Streaked, fading hair is unbecoming. Spoils a well groomed appearance. Keep ALL your hair one even shade but avoid that artificial look by using the most modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, not greasy, that leaves a soft, youthful shade, of so NATURAL a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lip-stick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most roughened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—*safely*. Golden Peacock acts *so* [illegible] more economical

Has Hollywood Cold-Shouldered Tallulah?

(*Continued from page 47*)

news to me. It may be that *I* am suspected of giving *Hollywood* the cold shoulder—because I accept so few invitations. Because I have never given parties. Because such hospitality as I have accepted I haven't returned. It has reached a point now where, if I gave a party at all, I would have to invite about five hundred people.

"But this is all absurd. Most of the things said about me and printed about me are absurd and untrue. Not that I mind what people say—it's all part of the game. They say, for instance, that Marlene Dietrich and I are furiously jealous, the one of the other. That we spend our spare time in brawling together like fish-wives all over the lot. I have just come, as it happens, from Marlene's dressing-room where we had a dish of champagne together . . . "

(On this I can confirm Tallulah. Marlene's dressing-room is next to Tallulah's. Just before Tallulah came in, I heard her call back, "Thanks for the champagne, Marlene . . . ")

Denies She Isn't Serious

"I AM said to be lacking in seriousness, to have no serious side at all, to be unhurt by anything, to be incapable of hurt. Lies, of course. Here and now, for the first time, I deny that. I am serious. I am deadly serious. I am serious about my work. I am serious about love. I am serious about marriage and children and friendship and the whole stuff of life. *I pretend not to be.*

"I have an inferiority complex. It is my defense mechanism working. So that, if I take a fall, if I fail here or fail there, if the movies or a man chuck me out on my ear, people will laugh it off and say, 'Oh, well, Tallulah doesn't care!' But I would care. I'd care all right, but not so much as if people knew that I cared. I can't bear pity. I can't endure sympathy. A kindly pat on my bowed shoulder would drive me nuts.

"I am deadly serious about my work. I'd have to be—anybody has to be to have any kind of lasting success. Nobody attains any kind of permanence unless he is serious. There are no such things as 'the breaks.' Not for long. I have had no 'angels' in my life, nobody has ever helped me. I wouldn't be helped. What I have achieved, I have achieved by myself and I haven't done it by not caring.

"When I first started to make pictures, absurd stories began to circulate about me. I was said to be trying to 'do a Garbo.' A fatal thing to say about anyone. Words perfectly calculated to arouse the defensiveness and rage of thousands of Garbo fans. Do you think I didn't care about that? Don't be a fool. I was said to have ordered Adolph Zukor off the set, not knowing who he was. Do you think *I'm* a fool? I knew perfectly well who he was and what business he had there. I asked him to leave because I was working with a new medium, because I was frightfully nervous and edgy and because his presence, of all persons, made me more so.

One Time She Wept

"WHEN I saw the preview of my first picture in the East, I managed to get out of the theatre, blind with tears as I was. I made my friends swear on my eyes (I'm superstitious about eyes, I'm something of an eye-worshiper) that they would never go to see that picture. I hadn't learned how to make up, how to be photographed. I was full of inhibitions and uncertainties.

"I am serious about money. I have my eye on a fixed sum. I may never reach it. I'm hideously extravagant. With all the money I made in London, I had to borrow a wad to get out of the place, skirts clean. I never leave a place owing bills. I'm serious about my credit, you know.

"I'm serious about my ambition. Know what it is? I'll give it to you—*to have no ambition.* To be without ambition of any sort is Heaven, Nirvana, the state of the blessed. I've been hag-ridden with ambition. It burns you up. It eats you alive. It drinks your blood and crumbles your bones. I want to be without it.

"I'm serious about love. I'm damned serious about it now, of all times. I haven't had an *affaire* for six months. Six months! Too long. I am not promiscuous, you know. Promiscuity implies that attraction is not necessary. I may lay my eyes on a man and have an *affaire* with him the next hour. But it is serious. The attraction is serious.

"I am serious about marriage—too serious to indulge in it. I know myself too well. I never fool myself. I do fool everyone else. I know that once I get a thing—or a man—I'll tire of it and of him. I am the type that fattens on unrequited love, on the unattainable, on the just-beyond-reach. The minute a man begins to languish over me, I stiffen and it is finis.

"I am serious about wishing I had children—beautiful children. I wouldn't care for the other variety. I love anything and everything that is beautiful. Perhaps beautiful is not the word—personality is more like it.

Her Heights and Depths

"OF course, I am an extremist. I'm in transports of mad delight with living one day and bored to a hellish desperation the next day. When I am in heaven, I'm liable to rip the stars out of the sky and gut the moon. When I'm bored—no hell is so dark-brown and odorous.

"I'm serious about the matter of good taste. Hollywood's cold shoulder or warm heart to the contrary, I would feel acutely if I thought I had hurt anyone. I am not religious, but I would make a wide detour and put myself to a lot of inconvenience before I would make a ribald remark about a minister, or priest or rabbi to one of the faithful. The things other people hold sacred I am careful of. I might offend morals, but never good taste—the more important of the two.

"My secretary says that I am mad, and tries to prevent me from saying it—and proving it—to the Press. At this moment she is making signs to me from the other room. Perhaps I am mad. How should I know? *I* think I am normal. I know that the things I do *seem* normal to me. And I repeat that I do not believe that mad people, or superficial people, or people who never take anything seriously get very far—or stay there.

"There is nothing more to say about this Hollywood cold-shouldering proposition. Other than that I've never heard of it, have not been aware of it. And certainly I feel no equivalent emotion in myself. I like Hollywood. I find the people interesting and, very often, especially delightful. I don't go around a great deal because it would bore me. I've done all the nightclubbing and partying I could swallow, in London and in Paris. It doesn't interest me any longer, that sort of thing. I've had some close and personal friends from London staying with me. I haven't needed

(*Continued on page 89*)

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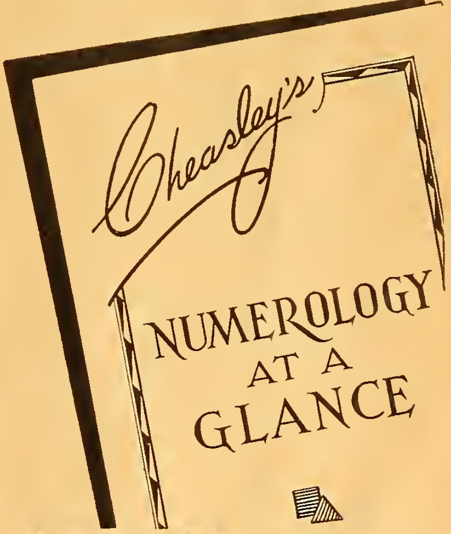

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X-BAZIN
CREAM OR POWDER
REMOVES HAIR

Running Away From Divorce

(Continued from page 51)

"We have built our marriage not only on personal attraction, which may be subject to attack and to change, but on the firmer foundations of love of home and a great mutual love of the theatre. Those are rocks that nothing can destroy. Nothing that can come up in the whole scheme of life can separate us—because we won't let it. The things will come, all right—but let 'em!

"We want to go back to England, eventually. We want to live there. We plan to build a home of our own, somewhere in Surrey, I think. I hope we'll have children. We both feel that the theatre is our real work and our real life. That's what we want money for—the theatre. Our own theatre. That's the goal we are aiming for—a theatre of our own where we can produce our own plays, where we can turn down parts and plays we're not interested in and don't believe in.

"We're working here in Hollywood, but that's about all. When we are not actually working, we're here at home—and you see where this home is. Here on this high and isolated hill, we might be anywhere. Between pictures, we usually go down to Hollywood once a week—to collect our pay-checks—and that's about all. We're both keen on gardening and sun-baths and books and we have too much to talk about, to plan for, to feel the need of partying about.

"We won't be in Hollywood forever. I can guarantee that. Neither one of us wants to have the epitaph MOVIE ACTOR or MOVIE ACTRESS written across his tombstone . . . "

Homesick for England

LAURENCE broke in with "God, NO!" Laurence was clad in a pair of dark blue trunks—and those only. He wore a beard of a Satanic cut acquired on his recent yachting trip with Robert Montgomery and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He also wore a coat of tan and simply nothing else whatsoever.

He said, "We hope to go back to England this summer for a while. We're both homesick. We want to see our friends, browse about the old haunts. We're both English to the bone, you know, and both theatre. My people were theatre and I was fated for it from the first breath I drew. Jill's father was Henry V. Esmond, who wrote 'When We Were Twenty-One,' you know, and her mother was—and is—Eva Moore. She has been a favorite on the English stage for years and very prominent in the open forum discussions on women's rights.

"Jill and I met in the theatre. We were both playing in Galsworthy's 'Bird In Hand' at the Royalty Theatre in London. It was love at more or less first sight with me. It wasn't with Jill. She had liked the first leading man in the cast. She didn't know that she would care about me . . .

"I had been in love with an older woman. Much older. My well-meaning friends had been deploring the fact. They'd been warning me, 'Just wait until you meet a nice young girl of your own age.' I had been very moon-calfy and had protested that I would have none of sweet young things. Then Jill popped her head around a piece of scenery and that, for me, was that. On the rebound, you see . . .

"And so, of course, we will go back to England one day and back to the theatre. In the meantime, we'll go back every time we get an opportunity. It will be good for us as individuals. It will be good for us as artists. It will be particularly good for us as married people.

"Jill and I need to get our feet on solid earth again. We need to mingle with normal people. We need to get in touch with normal standards and ways of living. Hollywood is not normal. If you know that, you're all right.

"No actor, you know, would be here at all if it were not for the money there is in it. No actor, or actress would put up with it for five minutes. That's why *we're* here—the money. Nothing could induce an actor to leave the stage for Hollywood unless the money was such that he dared not turn it down. And then, once they begin to make it, I suppose, they can't let it go.

"There is, too, of course, the desire to make good on anything you attempt to do. I don't want to fail here, God knows. I want to make good, and I think I can. I think I will. I have a great deal of respect for my own ability. In fact, I probably have more respect for myself than anyone else has for me.

"But let's see, we were talking about our marriage, weren't we? And the possibility of divorce. *There is no such possibility.* If some of these other fools would get away from the place once in a while, and get their perspectives straightened out, their marriages would be saved, too.

"They *are* fools—the people who let Hollywood smash their marriages. The trouble with them is, they go insane—and when they go insane, they forget what they thought and what they believed when they were sane.

He Says They're Still Sane

"THE chief thing that will save Jill and me from divorce is that we are sane, both of us. We may be stupid or lacking in some other qualities, but we are sane.

"There isn't any reason for nine out of ten of the divorces, if people would use their beans instead of listening to a lot of dithering nonsense that doesn't mean a thing. This hooey about men not being able to stand their wives' screen success, for instance. What rot! What did they expect—or didn't they have sense enough to expect anything? Didn't they know that any man who marries an actress or *vice versa* must be prepared for Fame to strike in one direction or the other? And what of it? Why whine about something that makes the other person happy? Sounds like awfully poor stuff to me.

"I am sane now and, being sane, I say that if ever I see the name of JILL ESMOND written in electrics for all the world to see, I'll be happy about it. I'll be happy for her, if it's giving her happiness. I'm sure I will be. But if I go mad and find that I am not happy, I'll get out and into some other line of work. Before God, I wouldn't divorce her for it. I can't imagine a movie career breaking a marriage. A movie career just isn't that important.

"Jill is perfectly right when she says that there isn't an angle we haven't faced and considered. We know all about the things that have happened to other people and that will happen to us. They won't be enough to smash us. There may be some bad weeks or even months; there may be temptations we'll have to wrestle with, misunderstandings, hard choices or compromises we'll be forced to make—that will be all. We both know that, parted, we'd lose far more than anything we could ever gain.

"No, if the day ever comes when Hollywood, or a career, means more to me than my personal happiness—which is my marriage—I want to be locked up in a padded cell. Because that is where I'll belong. While I have my sanity, I'll have my wife and my home—and someday they'll be in England.

"Your title *is* wrong. We're not running away from divorce—we're looking the old hag in the face and giving her the air."

Has Hollywood Cold-Shouldered Tallulah?

(*Continued from page 86*)

outside entertainment. I play Bridge little, very badly. I go to the movi Garbo is a very great genius. I'm m about her. *And I'm not, as a rule, very fon of women.* I'm crazy about Gary Coop and Jackie Cooper, and Jack Oakie an Leslie Howard.

"If there's anything the matter with me now, it's certainly not Hollywood or Hollywood's state of mind about me, one way or the other. The matter with me is—I WANT A MAN! I told you I haven't had an *affaire* for six months. I'm bored to the point of suicide when I'm not in love. When I am in love, I want to die. I always want to die when I'm on the top. When I'm down again, I want to fight back. I wish to God I could fall in love now—find someone to fall in love with. Six months is a long, long while. *I want a man!*"

I felt, when I left Tallulah's dressing-room, that I had been closed in with a feverish, very tired, very mundane and effete tigress. She wore scarlet pajamas, tailored coat and trousers. Her nut-brown hair was long-bobbed and flying. She wore no make-up. Her eyes were strained and weary. She paced the floor, back and forth, to and fro.

She brought to mind the gallant, maniacal *Mad Hopes*, the obsessed *Royal Family of Broadway*—all of the fiercely desiring, fiercely living desperadoes, male and female, of theatre, of history, of life. She may be mad. But she is serious about it. She may be without a soul. She is not without a heart. She may make mock of lovers as dead to her as the dead yesterdays. She would never make mock of love. Nor of life. And if life or love make mock of her, she will answer back with an ironic laugh and a bawdy phrase—and tears in her heart.

"The Royal Family of Hollywood"

(*Continued from page 85*)

stage début with her mother a year or so ago in "Scarlet Sister Mary," in which they both appeared as Negresses. Sammy also played a small part. It was a night that once again made history in the theatre for the Royal Family of Broadway—the third generation of Barrymores was behind the footlights. This third generation may also appear in minor rôles in the picture, "Rasputin."

Any actor who has a rare enough sense of humor to describe himself in one of his most famous stage rôles as "a marshmallow in a blonde wig," is also capable of the following epigrammatic remark. I refer to John Barrymore. When I asked him if he weren't excited about "Rasputin" and the fact that his brother and sister were in the cast, he remarked:

"I think it's marvelous, naturally. If the story is good, the public will say, 'Great!' If the story happens to be bad, they'll say, 'Nuts!'—no matter who is playing."

One could go on and on, relating anecdotes about John and Lionel and Ethel, because they are an endless, colorful story in themselves. Their lives, their experiences, their remarks, their friendships with kings, presidents, the illustrious, the rich and the poor are only part of a great family tradition. And they are now writing a new chapter in that family history, acting together for the first time. It ought to be an event worth watching!

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HOW

is a do

Dave Harum said, "When you get hold of te
or onto you as soon as you can, for there ain't
and you're a long time dead."

If you had nothing but money you would be poor in
the things for which you can exchange the money you earn th
the standards of your living comforts and conveniences.

You know this. But you do not know that it is you who largely determines the value of your dollars?

Many things contribute to the distance a dollar will go, but the greatest agent in "value received" is Advertising.

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muscles, nerves, or strength;
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e other day someone—when
I was giving up the screen—
at heavens, man, what will you do
a chance to act?'

he answer is simple. I don't care if I
ever act again. If I never had to do another scene, it would be all right with me. I have no trace of that ham-like theatrical yen to act all the time, no matter what. I shan't miss trouping. In fact, since I've quit the profession I've been so worried by its loss that, although working out every day in the gymnasium, I've gained seven pounds!

What He'd Like to Be Now

"MY great ambition is to be a doctor, like my two brothers. There is a real, a satisfying job! I have credits to my name at Columbia University. I intend to go back there and finish at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, as my brothers did. Then there will be something to look forward to later in life besides being a sort of superannuated man around a theatrical club.

"I live in horror of having nothing to do. To me, that is the terrific part of show business—particularly pictures. When your day is done, you simply are put aside completely, with nothing to do but sit around and listen to your arteries harden. That's another of my reasons for leaving this business—its consequences later in life, through enforced idleness, of mental and physical decay.

"And how sad is that unwanted period! Trained in but the one line, with that single interest—the theatrical world—what have
ok forward to but increasing bore-
despair? These had their tem-
eriod of fame, true . . . but after
hat? Life is long and applause is
d a man must live with himself a
al. That's the tragedy of the grease-
life: it makes its people so single-
f mind that, when it has no more use
m, they have nothing left for them-

it had happened that my studio
ties had been limited to three or four
res a year, I should have enrolled in the
ersity of Southern California in courses
sychology and economics. Just to keep
mind in trim, to give me something to
o besides the business of being moved by
other man's directions and mouthing lines
itten by still another.

Not "Spotlight-Mad"

"NOT that I have any particular desire to write. There seems to be some peculiar quirk in the acting nature that makes us all think we could express ourselves on paper if we should try. Or, at least, we hope that would be true. That's the ham of it—the ego that wants to stay on in the public eye, I guess. 'Spotlight madness' is the name for it.

"But more and more I find myself breaking away from that way of thought, free of everything that has to do with spotlights. I look about me and see what servitude to them has done for so many—nothing. Men who have given the best years of their lives and the full measure of their talents to entertaining the world—and have never been paid in proportion to what they contributed—are now flat broke and miserable. Performers who have enriched great companies—good troupers, but poor business managers—are destitute in their unwanted days.

"I am determined that will not happen to me! I've managed to save a certain amount of money. I have no extravagances, with the exception of loaning money—if that can be termed an extravagance. Neither my wife nor I have expensive tastes, and we live quietly. So it will be entirely possible for me to go back to school, and to live decently while I am getting my medical practice established.

"That's the profession I've always wanted to be in. Only my responsibilities to my mother and wife and sister have kept me in the theatre as long as this. I've always wanted to get away from it, and now I shall. If it had not been for my ties, I should have long ago. Deep down, I care nothing about the business—either its fame or opportunity to act.

"My attitude toward pictures is philosophical in the extreme. Making them is terrifically hard work; one simply must beat the hell out of himself to achieve anything at all satisfactory. I would go back to them only if paid what I think I'm worth. But so long as the studio does not agree with me what that worth is—well, I shan't go back. And that's that!"

Cagney dumbfounded Hollywood by asking for a $2,400 weekly increase just when salaries were being cut, and then said he was giving up the movies, not the fight. It's no secret that there are other players who would like to do something about *their* salaries, but they don't intend to start anything until they see how Cagney's lone battle ends. Their employers are equally interested!

(P.S. Warner Brothers have James Cagney listed on their next year's program for four pictures. That makes it look as if he is expected back. What do *you* think?)

What the Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 8)

Maritza, Sari—latest release *Forgotten Commandments*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCoy, Tim—playing in *Long Loop Laramie*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—recently completed *The Most Dangerous Game*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Murder of the Night Club Lady*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—recently completed *They Call It Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *Pony Boy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Blondie of the Follies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Polly—latest release *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morley, Karen—latest release *The Washington Masquerade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—latest release *Red-Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Man Called Back*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—playing in *Walking Down Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—latest release *Huddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Once In a Lifetime*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

O'Brien, George—recently completed *Mystery Ranch*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Air Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—recently completed *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pichel, Irving—playing in *After the Rain*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *Once In a Lifetime*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Powell, William—recently completed *One-Way Passage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Night After Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rich, Irene—recently completed *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—recently completed *Tiger Shark*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Will—recently completed *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *After the Rain*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Madame Butterfly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Father and Sons*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Hollywood Speaks*—Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—recently completed *Blessed Event*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *After the Rain*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *Unashamed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—recently completed *Tom Brown of Culver*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Washburn, Bryant—latest release *What Price Hollywood?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—recently completed *Three On a Match*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—recently completed *They Call It Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Robert—recently completed *Skyscraper Souls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Madge Evans Confesses About Her Love-Life

(*Continued from page 27*)

figured she was merely a better actress than he had thought she was.

"Amazement" is hardly the word to describe the way Madge looked at *me* when I grew courageous and put the whole story before her the day we lunched at the Brown Derby. "*Amusement*" is more the correct term!

"Oh, really," she said in that cultured low voice that somehow makes her seem older than her twenty-two years, "that's marvelous! That's really too grand! I didn't know the story was quite so definite."

I've been scoffed out of stories before, but it was disconcerting when Madge put back her blonde head and laughed with sincerity that rang true even to my suspicious ear. At first she didn't want to tell the true story. She felt it might be unfair to Certain People who have been kind to her and have been working with her best interests at heart.

"But, then, I am no longer under contract, am I?" she asked. "The true story can't possibly embarrass anyone now. And, besides, I doubt if anyone realized the funny little rumors would grow to such proportions."

She reached for her cigarettes, tapped and lighted one, and, with a little giggle running through her words, began the true story of Madge's Mysterious Men.

"When I first came out to the Coast with my mother, I wasn't long in finding out I knew hardly a soul in Hollywood. Mother and I took a small apartment and, when the day's work was done at the studio, we would take in a picture show or something equally unexciting. It was a mousey sort of an existence . . . nothing much happened . . . I was never mentioned in the gossip columns or at theatre premières or any of the Hollywood dancing places.

Had to Have a Love-Life

"THAT seemed to be all right with everybody until the release of my first two or three pictures. When the critics were nice enough to start predicting a 'future' for me, and the fans began writing in, the studio suddenly became alarmed at what they tactfully called my 'lack of color.'

"One day I was called into the office of a young man who is very wise in the knowledge of what makes movie stars click. He said: 'Madge, I know you will think this is ridiculous—but we are going to have to build up some sort of romantic stories about you. Wonder if you couldn't help us out on this—give us an idea of the kind of man you have always liked and a few little romantic experiences and so forth?'

"At first I was very amused, but I grew to understand what he was driving at. One-half of the battle to stardom is screen personality and talent. The other half is the amount of public curiosity that can be stirred up about the player's private life.

"All the really fascinating women of the screen have had such interesting, romantic lives: Constance Bennett . . . Joan Crawford . . . Gloria Swanson . . . Pola Negri. I knew immediately how much color is lent by romances or even just rumors of romances, and I would have been glad to help if I could. The real truth is that I had never had time to acquire a couple of interesting 'beaux'—even one, for that matter.

"We were quite discouraged, that Young Man and I, until he hit upon a happy idea. 'All right,' he said, 'we'll create a couple of romances for you. We'll make them believeable, too.' And believe you me, that Young Man lived up to his promise!

"The very next morning I read in the

paper where MADGE EVANS was the FAVORITE leading lady of RAMON NOVARRO. It was a very nice, neat little story, the implication being that Ramon's interest tipped a little to the personal, as well as the professional. Ramon and I used to have a grand time kidding about our romance.

"One day he marched on the set, pretending great jealousy, and thrust a newspaper under my nose. 'Chiseler,' he snarled, and I read about the YOUNG BROKER in New York for the first time. I was very interested in this story. Considering that I didn't know any young brokers, it was interesting to learn that I was deeply in love with this particular one, whom I had known from childhood, it seemed. The point of the story was a subtly-worded hint that Ramon would probably cut out the broker in my affections.

"What a laugh we had over that! My mother was rather angry at first—but in time, particularly with the newspaper advent of my 'elderly admirer, the movie executive,' even she began to see the humor of the thing. I really think this story was a masterpiece. Everyone is always so ready to believe that a man 'who has long been separated from his wife' (that removed any tinge of scandal) might be contemplating matrimony with someone years younger. The gossip-writers particularly like 'the elderly, producer admirer' and made quite a rumor of him!

About Tom Gallery

"IT wasn't until Tom Gallery and I started going places together, however, that they could find a *name* for one of my mysterious romances. Delighted with this sudden, lucky turn of events, the writers rushed Tom and me into a newspaper engagement we have been denying ever since.

"Strangely enough, the 'true' story of Tom is almost as disillusioning as the real tales about my broker and producer friends. You see, I've known Tom and Zasu for years. When I was a child, Tom and I had played in a picture together. It was natural, being lonesome when I first arrived, that I should look up my old friends. I suppose I was one of the few people in Hollywood who did not know that Tom and Zasu were having trouble—had been having it for the past five years. It's too bad . . . they are two such grand people. . .

"Tom and I rather drifted into going around with one another. He knew I was lonesome, and he was kind enough to ask me to go dancing or to the theatre. As for that diamond engagement ring story, it is really true that I bought it myself. But as no one believes it, I have decided to have it made into a pin or something not quite so rumor-exciting. And that's really how all this talk started about Tom and me. . . . "

"That's how it started," I agreed, and being very rumor-minded, added, "but how is it going to end?"

Madge merely smiled. She did not answer. Perhaps she felt she had told enough of the truth for one day.

No Wedding for Awhile

While Madge Evans is settling her contract trouble, she is playing in Al Jolson's new picture, "The New Yorker." The rumors about her and Tom Gallery still persist (and probably will, despite what Madge says here). But if there *is* a romance between them, there will be no wedding until after April 26, 1933—the date when Zasu Pitts' divorce from Gallery becomes final.

Patricia Reilly

Thomas W. Burroughs

Dorothy Ann Blank

Les Gage

Frances Lee

Joseph A. Thompson

Russell Patterson

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That's Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 16*)

JOHN BARRYMORE, someone told us, stated when refusing to give an interview that people who read fan magazines are morons. John *couldn't* have said that. But if he did, he ought to know that there are people who don't use their "think-tanks" as well as morons. For instance, a fellow who considers himself superior to the people on whose favor his weekly pay-check depends . . . .

Springing to the other extreme, Constance Bennett is a Bright Girl. When she heard that a Beverly Hills bank, where she had just deposited her weekly pay-check (you've *heard* about that pay-check?) was shutting its doors, Connie arose the next morning at an hour when beauty-conscious actresses are supposed to be sleeping, telephoned the clearing house, and stopped the check—a procedure most professionals wouldn't have known about.

CHEE-AK, the hero of the unusual Eskimo picture, "Igloo," is over six feet tall, has brown eyes, and wears his jet-black hair in a Dutch bob, falling to his shoulders. And he's one of the handsomest men seen around Hollywood in some time. Imagine the consternation among our feminine contingent when they found out that Eskimos rub noses when they kiss, love to eat raw seal meat, and cut it off in big hunks, making the use of a fork seem effeminate and unnecessary . . . . Chee-ak won't be in town long, though. The change in climate has cost him thirty pounds in weight, and he's going back to Alaska any day.

DO you know that Edna May Oliver needed the protection of two bodyguards when she left the stage door after her appearance in "Show Boat," so great were the mobs of admirers? . . . . That Richard Dix is wearing a prison haircut for his next picture? . . . That Peggy Shannon's next, a "fallen woman" type of story, is one of the few talkies of that type Fox has filmed? . . . That Adrienne Ames' husband, not content with giving her a Rolls, has surprised her with a new house in Beverly Hills? He's a New York broker . . . . That Constance Bennett spends her spare time knitting blankets for her beach house?—Honest! No kiddin'.

KEEPING up with Lil Tashman these days is a one-man job. Not content with having startled the town with her red-and-white furnished beach house at Malibu, she is redecorating the house in Beverly Hills. The entire lower floor, we gather, is made of mirrors. Don't ask how or why. The upper story is a dark, guarded secret. All this has been accomplished between trips back and forth to New York—"commuting," Lil calls it. She has been Eastward Ho something like three times in two months.

Another star who works hard is Norman Foster, Claudette Colbert's husband. He hasn't had a vacation except for the world cruise he took on the freighter a couple of years ago, and hops from picture to picture without a rest. In between times he writes plays—ten hours a day before the typewriter.

Harold Lloyd's Wife—The World's Champion Housekeeper

(*Continued from page 83*)

They see about three pictures a week in their own little theatre at home. During the month when Harold was searching for a leading woman for his new picture, "Movie Crazy," they looked at sixteen pictures at home. The rental on each picture is twenty dollars and the operator is paid twelve dollars an evening, so in one month their picture show expense was five hundred and twelve dollars.

Any Sunday morning you can find Harold and Mildred, like two children, walking hand in hand about the estate, inspecting everything, admiring every new flower, making plans—enjoying their home. On Sunday afternoon their friends come—just a few friends of many years' standing—and they swim, play golf, tennis, bridge. No so-called wild movie parties at that house.

Thursday is the cook's day off and just like thousands of other housewives, Mildred cooks Harold's dinner—a dinner of spaghetti because he is so fond of it.

Often Stays "Alone"

MANY of Mildred's evenings are spent at home alone when his work keeps Harold at the studio. The children are asleep, her friends are with their families. She reads, sews, tries to amuse herself.

"The other night I was alone and I went downstairs to get a drink of water. I didn't particularly want a drink of water, but I had to do something," Mildred told me. "I heard sounds of laughter coming from the direction of the servants' quarters, so I peeked into their dining room. There they sat, gathered around the table, playing parchesi!" Mildred's eyes sparkled. "How I love to play parchesi!" she exclaimed. "I would have given anything to get into that game, but I took my glass of water and went back upstairs."

On evenings like this Mildred refers to her home as "The Convent." Their friends are always tacking ridiculous names onto it. "The Mausoleum," some of them call it, while one facetious person once referred to it as "La Costa Plenty."

When I asked Mildred if there was anything in the world she would like to have, she didn't think so. A yacht was suggested.

"Mercy, no!" she exploded. "I've got enough worries now. A yacht is nothing but grief.

"When we lived in the little house on Irving Boulevard, we were so happy," she said wistfully. "We had a few servants and not a thing to worry about."

She wouldn't trade her beautiful home and all its cares for the little house. She wasn't trying to make me think that she would. But she has learned that, with wealth and all the luxuries it buys, come worries and responsibilities. She is shouldering her share of them. Her home runs like a well-oiled clock. She adores her children, who are unspoiled and beautifully trained. She has made a success of her marriage. She has found a new happiness in the business of managing Harold Lloyd's home. They are a typical young American couple who have proved, in greater degree than most, that old axiom that good fortune is simply good management.

Weissmuller Will Be Unhappy in Hollywood, Numerology Predicts

(*Continued from page 33*)

the spectacular feats of his hero, Douglas Fairbanks, and becoming so absorbed that he impressed a pattern upon his future which the present is disclosing.

The numbers 7-22 which total the "2" of Johnny's Ideality are, in the chemistry of Numerology, termed "water units." This would make him more at home in the water than in any other element and proves that it was only his early environment which prevented him from finding this out until after he was ten years old. He was born inland, away from daily contact with the water, and his family did not swim.

Born to Be a Swimmer

THERE is something about the "feel" of the water that awakens an inner sympathy in the deeper nature of 7-22, which has its own qualities of being fluid, rhythmic and impressionable. This is why Johnny is such an outstanding swimmer, for he gets this association between the nature of water and the qualities of his own temperament, which, in facing practical situations of life, often causes him to have doubt, to hesitate and to put unpleasant decisions off until the last minute.

Under the "6" Expression of his birth name, there is seen the ability to be very tenacious, thorough and deliberate in the ways he does almost everything—the methods he uses to carry out his ideas, to get where he wants to get, once he has made up his mind.

He would not give up any job that he had accepted until he had done it to a finish, and he can take on plenty to do for his friends, as well. He will carry on, even when a slight feeling of inferiority and doubt as to whether he will be able to get there have commenced to worry him before he reaches the end.

This play between his inner and his outer natures is known only to himself and to those very close to him, but it proves that at heart he prefers to let his success rest upon his deeds, is not inclined to brag, can easily be discouraged, and has no great ambition to draw much attention to Johnny Weissmuller as a personality.

Owing to this lack of ambition to play up his personality, to sensitiveness and some innate modesty, as well as to a liking to reveal a dramatic sense through pantomime, it may prove a little difficult for him to keep in the position of stardom, although as long as he remains unspoiled the public will always like him.

Johnny can talk freely enough when he gets started, but this is more among his friends and the natural result of his sociable nature. In strange and exciting surroundings, or before the public, the sensitiveness and slight doubt in his own ability gets in his way and makes him nervous.

Destined for Hard Work

THIS is why he would never have entered pictures if he had not been discovered. And it is just another proof that it is seldom that one who is impressionable enough to believe in dreams has the initiative to know how to move in the practical world to turn his fancies into facts. This seems to be the business of another fellow, who is not a dreamer.

Johnny Weissmuller was born on June 2, 1904, and the numbers of this date, 6 for the month, 2 for the day and 5 for the year, added together, give a total of 13. Adding 1 and 3, you get 4, the symbol of a life of hard work of a physical and mental character. Johnny will always have to work, to learn to be more practical, to produce

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definite results with his ideas. And his splendid physique will remain his principal tool to work with, as it has been in the past.

The movies are just a chapter in his life, covering the period, so the numbers say, from 1931 to 1936. Numerology points to the number of the name he uses, "Johnny Weissmuller," which is 8, and also to the same number that marks the developments of the years of his life from the ages of 27 to 32, as bringing him his one chance to come into touch with influential connections and big opportunities of a financial nature. This is indicated as the time of his life to establish his permanent health and to earn big money.

Johnny's movie career of five years can be watched with interest. Here we have the simple, somewhat serious-minded, clean-cut boy with impressionable tendencies projected through plenty of practical ability and physical vigor, into a phase of association that is very complex and highly commercialized, where human emotional values are somewhat distorted, because they must be acted, be made a business of, rather than lived simply. This may result in unhappy personal experiences from June of 1932 through to his birthday in 1935, but this, being an emotional period, is simply a test for Johnny.

During his movie career, Johnny's most spectacular rôles will be played in 1932 and 1934. As 1932 has still some way to go, the millions who acclaimed him in his first picture because of his perfectly natural performance, as well as his splendid body, can confidently expect to see him in a picture that will make a fitting encore to "Tarzan, the Ape Man."

Colleen Moore Has Found Herself—and Is Coming Back

(*Continued from page 59*)

"No!" came her quick reply. "*John and I never lived here together.* I can tell it now, but not more than a dozen people knew it then. Before it was even finished, I left John and went home to my parents. I had often threatened to do this and finally told him I would give him one more chance. If for one year he could prove master of 'the cup that cheers,' I would return. He occupied this house and whenever we entertained I came over and played happy hostess until the last guest departed; then I went back to Mother's. We were successful in keeping this from Hollywood. It was all such a tragic experience for us both!

"We were married seven years and I realize all John did for me. He found me a little green girl, just beginning to be recognized in pictures, and through expert direction and good management made me a star. But, you see, it was always Colleen Moore, the screen personality, in whom he was interested, not Colleen Moore, the human being—*me.* He was completely absorbed in the star Colleen.

"*I,* the *woman,* didn't interest him so much. He talked down to me, never with me. We worked all the time and had few play hours. Even when we went to Europe on a long-planned vacation, he turned it into a personal appearance tour!"

Then came the completion of her contract with First National and she was out of pictures—shelved, as it were. The long year of separation from John followed, waiting for the outcome of their experiment. And finally, the divorce.

What Al Has Taught Her

THINGS looked pretty black to Colleen about then. Accompanied by Virginia Valli, her best friend, she went to New York. She wanted to learn to stand on her own

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"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"

two feet, to find her balance and see if there was something yet worth living for. She made new friends and contacts, attended shows and concerts, tried a stage play—which flopped—and through these experiences completely found herself.

"*To live to-day*—this is what I learned!" says Colleen. "When we push aside unpleasant memories and meet Life gallantly, then happiness comes. I've proved this beyond a doubt."

Soon after her divorce, she met Albert Scott, young New York broker, who was in Hollywood visiting Charles Farrell (who married Virginia Valli).

"Al taught me how to play, how to laugh, how to enjoy each day to the fullest. He taught me to see that nothing is really important but man and woman. Before that I had taken myself and everything in life so seriously, had been under a perpetual strain, breathlessly trying to keep step. Now, I've a wonderful sense of freedom and, believe me, it's the grandest feeling in the world.

"Oh no, our falling in love wasn't sudden," she replied to my question. "It was all very gradual. We were perfect companions and were always having such a gorgeous time together. Al is very casual about everything, is never disturbed or disagreeable. Why, when I get a bit temperamental, he just laughs at me—so what is there to do but laugh back? One day in Fort Pierce, Florida—it was February fifteenth—we decided to be married.

"We had been married only a few weeks when I received a wire from Henry Duffy about doing 'The Church Mouse' in California. Honestly, I was so happy I had actually forgotten about these plans—imagine Colleen Moore forgetting about her work! Al thinks this screen and stage business a lot of hooey. He would rather I gave it all up and just played with him. But he knows that I am determined to conquer the stage. He wants me to get it out of my system once for all. I had been beaten in the early talkies and on the stage, and I just couldn't let it rest there. Since then, I've proved myself a stage actress. When I lick the talkies, I'm through."

Wants Three Children

"THEN what—babies?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh, yes, we're crazy about them and whenever they come, it's 'Goodbye, career' for me. And I want at least three, and I hope they will all look like Al and have his happy disposition."

Colleen began to work while she was still a little girl, and though she owned a luxurious sky-blue swimming pool and the finest courts in the movie colony, she actually couldn't swim or play tennis. She never had time to learn! Her first husband taught her to work—her second is teaching her to play.

"Al is the only person I've ever known with whom I could be happy on a desert island and not care a snap if I never saw another person," is her tribute to him.

Remembering the fate of another happy couple, I asked if she were afraid of the Harding-Bannister jinx.

"Not at all. Such a situation could possibly arise only where both are in the same profession. Al is a business man and will have to spend much of the time in New York. Anyway, he's not particularly interested in my film career and will welcome the day I am through with it all."

She laughed, adding, "It's the fighting Irish in me, I guess, that urges me on to show I can come back—and I can never be satisfied until I have."

Her first picture will probably be "Flesh," with Wallace Beery, under Jack Conway's direction. This will afford her a highly dramatic rôle with a dash of comedy thrown in, all of which pleases her. Watch for the new Colleen Moore!

Despondent Young Girls

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FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

THE SIDE SHOW MYSTERY

Maybe this was inspired by "Freaks"—but more likely it wasn't. It won't give you the shudders or a sinking feeling at the pit of your tummy. You'll find that it offers twenty minutes of suspenseful drama, and a chance for you to sharpen your wits. It is the latest in the S. S. Van Dine series of mystery shorts. The setting is a circus side show, and the "victim of foul play" is the manager. You have reason to suspect several members of the troupe, and if you can guess who is guilty, you must be Van Dine, yourself. Donald Meek again is the detective who shows you how logic can solve puzzles. The climax packs a real punch. (Vitaphone)

HATTA MARI

From the title, you might think this is a burlesque of Garbo's spy drama. But it isn't. Strangely enough, it's a travesty of Westerns—especially those in which the hero is helpless without his horse, and those in which the hero sings. The hero is Harry Gribbon, who can look dumb with practically no effort at all. One of his admirers is a Sahara vamp named *Hatta Mari*, who resents his not answering her fan letters and has his horse kidnaped in revenge. Pining away, he roams the world in search of the nag, and finally finds it by joining the Foreign Legion. Along the way he sings some love songs—to the horse. That's when the picture gets funny. (Educational)

NAPOLEON'S BUST

This ten-minute comedy is full of surprises. The first, and principal one is that the hilarious hero is none other than Ted Husing, who heretofore has been known by his voice, not his actions. If you follow the big sports events on the radio, you've heard him many a time; perhaps, also, you have seen some of his sports shorts, in which he has been the voice behind the scenes. In his comedy début (and he's no slouch as a beginner) he plays a chap who gets a crack on the head and then imagines he's Napoleon. Instead of going to an asylum, however, he goes to the scenes of Napoleon's battles—which are burlesqued by having modern trimmings. (Vitaphone)

HEROES OF THE WEST

Again, Universal gives young America something to do with its Saturday afternoons. Here is a serial that offers the youngsters everything they like, and almost nothing that parents don't like. Gangsters, racketeers, and other modern types of bad men just don't figure in the story, which is based on a colorful Western yarn by Peter B. Kyne. It tells again the old, but ever-interesting tale of the winning of the West, with the pioneers fighting their way across the prairies and laying a railroad to the Coast. The chief hero is Noah Beery, Jr., who looks like his father and, like him, is a good actor. The action is fast, exciting. (Universal)

RAMBLING 'ROUND RADIO ROW

Some of the movie stars get invitations to broadcast on the radio, but practically *all* of the big radio stars are breaking into the movies. Bing Crosby crashed in via short comedies, and now he's starring in features. All the movie producers are looking around radio studios for talent. And that's just what you're invited to do, yourself, in this amusing and entertaining short. The conductor of the tour is Jerry Wald, breezy radio columnist of a New York daily. Among those you see at work are Kate Smith, the Boswell Sisters, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Nat Brusiloff, and Abe Lyman. I'd say it's worth your time. (Vitaphone)

THE CANDID CAMERA

Franklyn Pangborn, who looks a bit like a deacon, is a specialist at registering embarrassment. And this clever little comedy gives him ample opportunity. After refusing his wife a new car on her birthday, he departs for the seashore with a pal and lands in a police station with a "shiner," after flirting on the beach. He calls his wife and explains that he has just saved a child from being run over, but escaped injury except for a black eye. He says that he can't get there for dinner and suggests that she take their guests to a movie. She does, and they see a newsreel shot of a masher at work. It's Pangborn. Can you guess if wifie gets her car? (Educational)

PIE! PIE! BLACKBIRD!

Don't let the punnish title keep you from waiting to see this little number. It's a musical novelty—and the "Blackbird" of the title gives you a hint as to who are the stars. They are some of the colored favorites of Broadway song-and-dance shows—boys and girls who know their rhythm. The principal one is Nina Mae McKinney, the dusky beauty who won screen glory as the heroine of King Vidor's great movie of the black race, "Hallelujah." She puts over several songs with emotion, humor, and sheer class. The Eubie Black Band gives her noble assistance, both individually and all together. This one will warm you up, set you humming. (Vitaphone)

ALASKA LOVE

The surprising thing about Andy Clyde's new comedy is that this clever comedian almost has the picture stolen away from him. The chap who all but does the impossible is Matt McHugh, who has a laugh that will ring in your ears after you leave the theatre. (By the way, did you ever notice how seldom comedians laugh in pictures?) When Andy's young wife goes off to Alaska on a pleasure cruise, his pal comes to stay with him and keeps telling him (with a laugh) that he's going to lose the gal. Finally, Andy believes he is—until he and McHugh fly up to Alaska and Andy has the satisfaction of getting in the last laugh. (Educational)

for YOU . . . . NEW, SOFT, GLAMOROUS BEAUTY IN MAKE-UP

BY PATRICIA GORDON

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All this is for you! And so easily. Not skill, but choice of modern, *harmonized* make-up . . . Princess Pat make-up, brings this new, soft, glamorous beauty.

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Princess Pat rouge is veritable mystery . . . fascinating, magical. It is glowing, luminous. It seems *not* to lie opaquely upon the surface; but, instead, creates the wondrous illusion of color "coming from within the skin." This inimitable beauty is created by the famous *Duo-Tone* blend, an exclusive Princess Pat secret.

● Second, THE LIP ROUGE

Again the perfect illusion of *natural color*. Giving "lips of enticement" . . . lips retaining all their soft, velvety *texture;* but aglow with ravishing color having absolutely no hint of artificiality. For in Princess Pat lip rouge, there is the famous secret of the "Inner Tint"—a blessed freedom from all heavy substance base. Too, there is such indelibility that *one* application lasts until you desire to remove it!

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Powder of the *almond base* . . . of soft, silken texture . . . of clinging, velvety smoothness that seems to caress the skin . . . to impart its *aristocratic* loveliness without a revealing trace. As to powders, *usual* powders, you have thought *only* of *shades*. With Princess Pat powder, there also is *tone*. In *all* shades of Princess Pat there is supreme purity of tone—no hidden chalkiness. No *cold* tones of starchy base . . . instead, translucent, pearly beauty that *almond base* alone makes possible.

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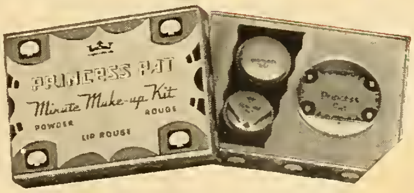

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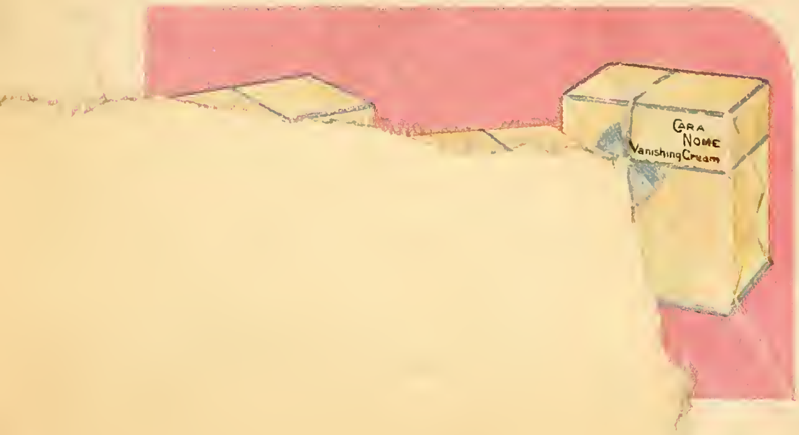

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NADA

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

A crank about dust and dirt *... careless of her teeth and gums and she has* **"pink tooth brush"!**

HER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her *teeth* look, too? While she's taking such good care of the house, it might be wise for her to keep her teeth good-looking, too!

Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't "pink tooth brush" already, you probably *will* have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

And "pink tooth brush" not only tends to dull the teeth, but it often leads to Vincent's disease, gingivitis, and even pyorrhea. And it may endanger perfectly sound teeth.

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. And each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana into those sickly gums of yours.

Ipana really *cleans* the teeth! And because it contains ziratol, Ipana with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the walls, and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

Before you have used up one tube of Ipana, and rubbed it regularly into your gums, your teeth will begin to glisten and your gums to show marked improvement. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."

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A Daring Drama of the Air Mail

GIANT planes roaring through the night . . . battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry . . . Brave men . . . and braver women . . . Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY

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Directed by JOHN FORD

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA *Carl Laemmle President* 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

By
TERRENCE COSTELLO

Motion Picture
presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

One of the first lessons you learn when you break into the movies is to smile with your toofies showing. The five RKO starlets who have just won brand-new contracts, getting down to earth, show you how *they* do it. Left to right: Julie Haydon, Mary Mason, Harriet Hagman, Rochelle Hudson and Phyllis Fraser

The MOVIE CIRCUS

THE Olympic Games offer the month's major topic of conversation. M-G-M workers are not shy about letting you know that on their lot is one J. Weissmuller, hero of the 1924 and 1928 affairs, as well as one J. Thorpe, greatest Olympic hero of them all. Who doesn't recall the famous "Red Son of Carlisle"?

Eric Linden has an interesting theory that the success of players like Joan Blondell, James Cagney and Clark Gable is all tied up with the depression. "They walk on the screen looking confident, assured and thoroughly master of any situation," he says. "And baffled, tired people all over the land appreciate and applaud them for being upstanding and fighting, and an inspiration to their own failing courage."

POLITICS is getting quite a bit of attention, too, with George M. ("Flag-Waver") Cohan coming forth with the suggestion that the country should have two Presidents—one for social duties like handshaking and baby kissing; the other for balancing budgets and signing vetoes and all those other things a President does while Presidenting. Not such a bad idea, at that.

AT least, it's not so cynical as the one emanating from Dot Donnell: "Besides pictures, there are only two things to make in Hollywood—money and love."

BING CROSBY has arrived to make all three (we presume) for Paramount. Bursting with local pride, we'd like to point out that, in opposition to all the Eastern boys and girls who have come West to grow up financially, Bing is one of three home-town lads who have turned the railway time tables and made good in the Big City. Oddly enough, all three are singers: Bing, Russ Columbo and Donald Novis.

POLO players among the celluloidarlings are a bit put out about being snubbed in the national handicap ratings of the game. Bob Montgomery, however, rises to proclaim that having to play the game from the back of a horse is handicap enough.

GENE RAYMOND is a polo player, too; but the studio ordered him to give up the game after a ball smacked him in the mouth. He can go on jumping hurdles with his horse, however, apparently under the theory that a split lip is more dangerous to his career than a broken neck.

LOOKING at Gene, you'd never suspect how superstitious he is. But he is. He tosses spilt salt over his shoulder—and returning to a room for a forgotten something, he'll always sit down in a chair, lift his feet in the air, and hold them until he has counted ten. Cute?

LONG interested by the odd actions of Hollywood youth, with their extravagances and laugh-provoking doings, we were saddened the other evening to hear Charlie Ray, of such fond memory, still working the juvenile racket. He was broadcasting on the radio, a boyish ditty with a refrain that ran "Oh, to be a kid again and watch the big parade."

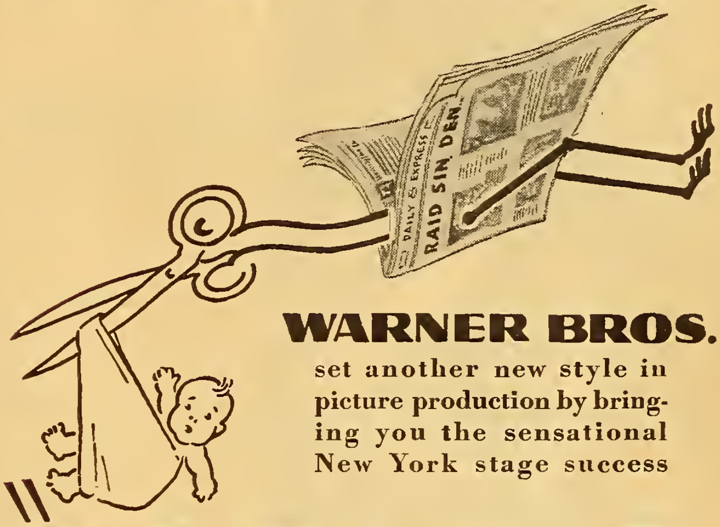
IT has been a big parade, and a long one, since the days when Charlie fumbled his awkward way to a nation's heart in pictures like "The Old Swimmin' Hole." It's only because we don't like to have a swell memory soured that we'd like to tell Charlie that what's gone is gone, and there is small use in lamenting over the passage.

THERE have been many rumors as to the amount of money that Garbo has tied up in that bank that closed. From an inside source we learn that the total was $385,000—a sum the loss of which would give even J. P. Morgan a headache. How cruel for the pale, tired Swedish girl thus to see a large portion of her painfully assembled dollars become inaccessible!

(*Continued on page 79*)

Screen greatness, in the opinion of Director Marion Gering, depends upon four things: (1) innate ability to react naturally to situations; (2) physical beauty; (3) intelligence to acquire technique; and (4) experience necessary to perfect these traits. Otherwise, everything is clear sailing.

Here it is! The scandalous comedy of a scandal columnist who rose FROM A KEYHOLE TO A NATIONAL INSTITUTION



WARNER BROS. set another new style in picture production by bringing you the sensational New York stage success

"BLESSED EVENT"

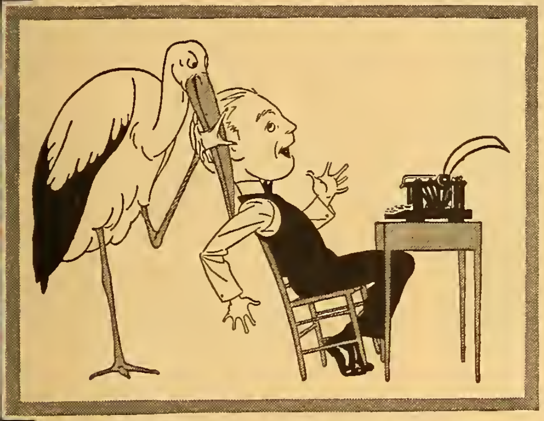
with **LEE TRACY . . . MARY BRIAN**
DICK POWELL
Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH**

The private life of the man who abolished privacy...The lowdown on the Gossip King whose name bounced from Broadway 'round the world!...Take the *Los Angeles Times'* word for it—"it's the best screen entertainment seen in many a day" ...By all means watch for your theatre's announcement of this great hit.

The famous Longacre Theatre where New York crowded to pay $3.30 a seat to see "Blessed Event"

WARNER BROS.
will bring you the new season's biggest thrills!

He has bedroom eyes— and a nose for news . . .



Predicts babies like the weather bureau predicts the weather . . .

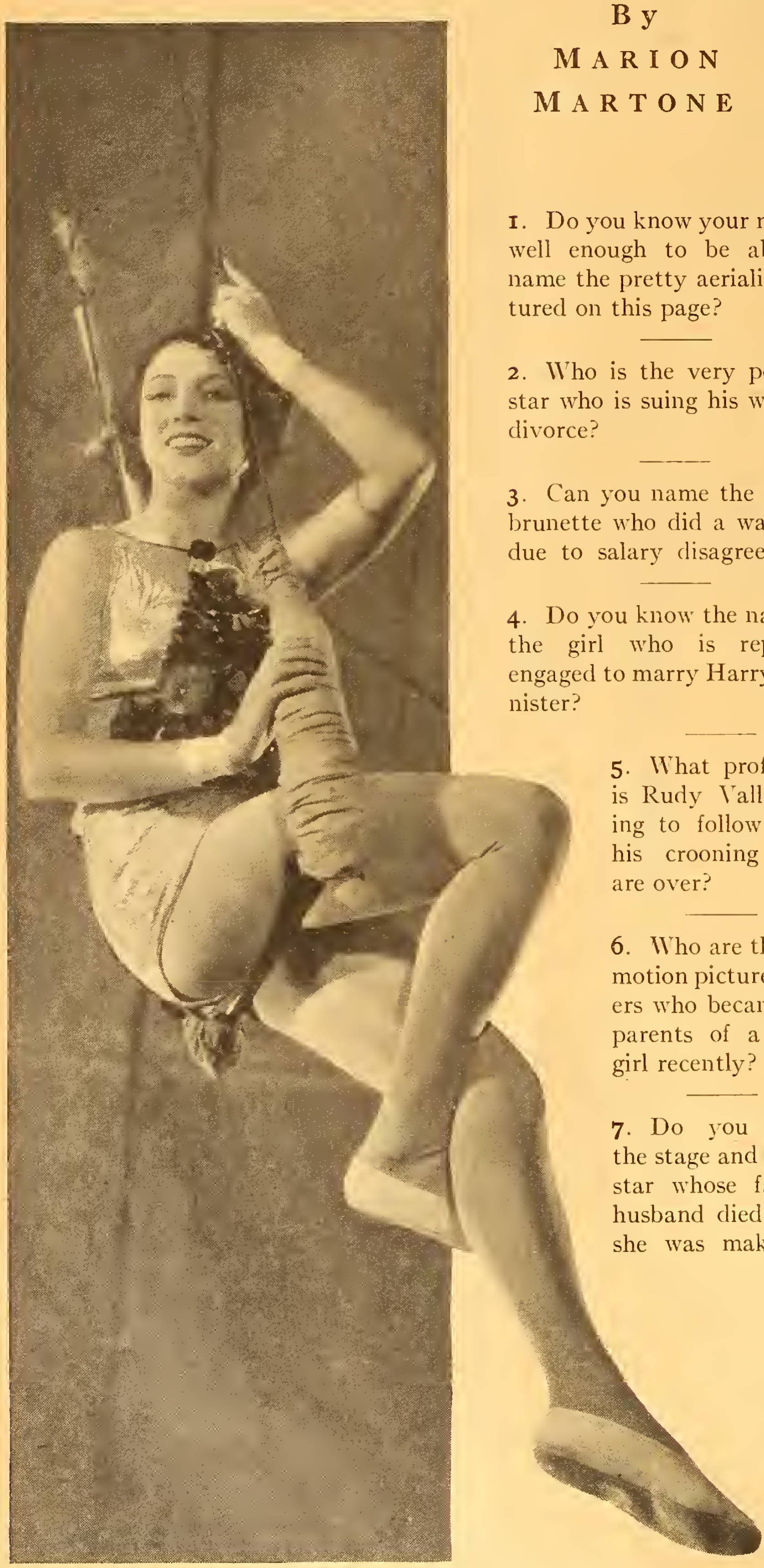
ANOTHER HEAT WAVE!
PLENTY OH OH!
HE'S HER MONEY HONEY!
ON FIRE!
VEDDY WOOM-WOOM
WMOO

Sells scandal by the square inch—and cleans up in the shock market . . .

Sees all — knows all — and tells everything!

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By
MARION
MARTONE



1. Do you know your movies well enough to be able to name the pretty aerialist pictured on this page?

2. Who is the very popular star who is suing his wife for divorce?

3. Can you name the pretty brunette who did a walk-out due to salary disagreement?

4. Do you know the name of the girl who is reported engaged to marry Harry Bannister?

5. What profession is Rudy Vallee going to follow when his crooning days are over?

6. Who are the two motion picture players who became the parents of a baby girl recently?

7. Do you know the stage and screen star whose famous husband died while she was making a picture in Hollywood, her first in several years?

8. A motion picture player is supposed to have tried suicide recently. Do you know who she is, and why she was said to have attempted to take her life?

9. Who is the movie actor who has acquired a bodyguard?

10. In what novel way did Dorothy Lee announce her engagement, and who is the lucky lad?

11. Who is the young lady who will have to step aside when George Brent marries Ruth Chatterton?

12. Do you know what relation the two boys recently adopted by John Miljan were to him?

13. They say Frances Dee is madly in love with a Frenchman. Do you know him?

14. Can you name the screen comedian whose wife has sued him for divorce?

15. Why did one of Hollywood's popular actresses turn down the chance to appear in Cecil De Mille's "Sign of the Cross?"

16. How good are you at naming the two movie personalities who were married during August?

17. What reports have circulated around about Lee Tracy that have made him angry?

18. Who is the motion picture girl who was injured in an airplane crash?

(Answers to These Questions on Page 88)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

Cheasley's Startling Code Book!

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—LOPEZ *Speaking*

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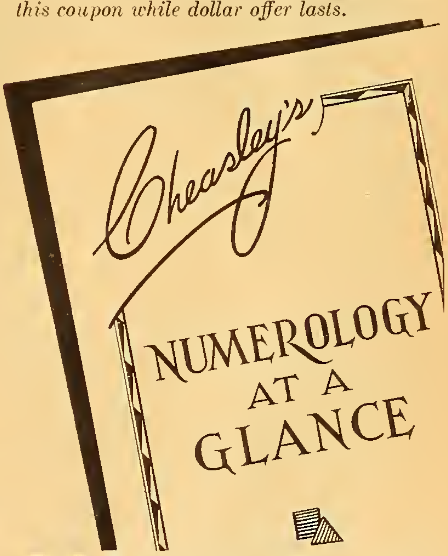

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That's Hollywood!

You read in the August MOTION PICTURE why Claudette Colbert and her husband, Norman Foster, live in separate houses—but here is an additional reason. Look at the view that Claudette Colbert has from *her* house! She can overlook all of Hollywood, which is a place worth looking over, so they say. Claudette, by the way, develops into a siren in De Mille's spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross"

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

By MARK DOWLING and LYNN NORRIS

A TIMELY newspaper headline gives a faint idea of the difficulties the stars have in keeping their domestic affairs in order. As if it weren't hard enough already to remember whose wife is whose fiancée (Ruth Chatterton, for instance) we read: "Olive Borden's Husband Divorced by First Wife." And some people still quaintly think that divorce comes before, not *after* remarriage!

But from the present rush of divorces, engagements, and on-again off-again marriages, like Miriam Hopkins', one thing emerges clear; the gossip writer is usually right. Wasn't it a key-hole peeker who first predicted trouble for Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, 'way back in those dear dead days when Ralph and Ruth and George were busily denying everything, with Indignation?

Of course the gossips were wrong, apparently, about Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., for whom domestic trouble was forecast, and who have just gone off to Europe together for a vacation. Maybe it's like the tale they were telling at a Malibu party the other day. Some fellow quite appropriately was discussing the Evils of Drink. A girl said, "My father has cocktails every day of his life, and he's ninety-five!" The man refused to be daunted. "Just wait—" he cried. "It'll get him yet!"

SOME Hollywood marriages last longer than we expect them to, not because the people concerned are nice home folks who wouldn't think of divorce, but because the marriage is just one of those things—a matter of convenience. The wife of a popular Hollywood star is supposed, for instance, to earn a handsome salary from his studio, just for remaining his wife and closing her eyes to his peccadillos. It's worth it to the studio because the public thinks of the star as a worthy fellow to inspire such devotion.

And they have a new name for the husbands of those glamourous stars who keep getting into trouble. The husbands, who spend the rest of their time far away from Hollywood, arrive in the nick of time to confront the gossips with a pretty picture of old-fashioned family life. As soon as the trouble is over, the obliging spouses take the next train East, and they're calling them "Husbands in Name Only!"

WHILE we're on the subject of domesticity, that was only a lovers' quarrel between Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen. The newlyweds gave a party, and Weldon grew jealous, as bridegrooms will, over the attentions the other men paid his charming wife. Result: a family row and later, repentance on the part of Mr. Heyburn, who smashed up his car during the hectic proceedings and rode around in taxis for the next few days, cursing his quick temper.

As for the Keaton affair, of which a new chapter seems to be written every week or so, Buster says, "She's giving me the air. She has decided I am useless, incompetent, unreliable, and a washout!" He succeeds in adding a comic-opera touch, which is what we need with our divorces, nowadays.

AS for Romance, if the fellow who sends Gwili Andre one great big orchid every day in the year will step from obscurity and sign his name to the attached card, Gwili would appreciate it. Rumor has him all the way from the scion of an Old

(*Continued on page 93*)

To make teeth Beautiful . .

THIS PASTE TO CLEANSE AND POLISH

THIS ANTISEPTIC TO KILL GERMS

It is true that Listerine Tooth Paste will cleanse your teeth thoroughly and give them a marvelous brilliance and luster. It is true also that it will remove germs from gum and tooth surfaces.

But Science now says that such treatment is not sufficient to combat tooth decay properly.

After such cleansing, the gums and teeth should be rinsed with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, because dental authorities have now found that the lactobacillus germ causes tooth decay. Listerine is fatal to this germ, as it is to all others.

Because of the marvelous cleansing ability of Listerine Tooth Paste, and the luster and brilliance that its polishing agents give to teeth, we hope that you will use it. But whatever tooth paste you use, don't forget to rinse the mouth with Listerine afterward.

Then you know that you are killing the germs which cause tooth trouble and at the same time you are cleansing the mouth and rendering the breath sweet and agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Brush with

Listerine Tooth Paste . 25¢ . . .

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Mrs. McAdoo demonstrates the first step — the Cold Cream and the Tissues give a thorough cleansing.

"Keeping my skin lovely is easy with this quick daily care . . ."

M^RS ROBERT H. M^CADOO

Last step, the Vanishing Cream protects and holds the powder.

Brilliant young society matron shows just how she gives herself her home beauty treatment

MRS. MCADOO is famous both for her crisp smartness and her many activities. Her chic young figure is snapped by society reporters at the smartest gatherings everywhere.

How does she care for her piquant beauty?

"It's marvelously simple," she says. "Here's what I do:

"First, *cleansing*—this Pond's Cold Cream is the best cleanser I've ever found, it's so rich and pure. It floats every speck of dust out of the pores—and these Pond's Tissues wipe it all away in a second.

"Now, being absolutely clean, my skin is ready for the second step—*stimulating*. A pad of cotton soaked with Pond's Skin Freshener and pat, pat, pat—it tones the skin and brings up the natural color.

"Now comes *protection*. This Pond's Vanishing Cream is the protection I always use. It's invisible but it makes powder stay on for hours. And it doesn't dry my skin. Now a bit of powder and a touch of lipstick and I'm ready to face the world.

"*At bedtime*—after cleansing with the Cold Cream and Tissues I always put on a bit more of the Cold Cream and leave it on."

For 25 years, in the most scientifically equipped laboratories, Pond's has been making and testing preparations to beautify the skin. Be sure that you get Pond's Creams—they are the most reliable that your money can buy.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for free samples of Pond's four products.

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Special Uses for Pond's Two Famous Creams

POND'S COLD CREAM *is more than a cleansing cream. It is wonderful for bringing life and freshness to a tired skin. And to make a dry skin soft and supple. It has the perfect consistency. Not too heavy. Not so thin it dries the skin.*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM *is a godsend to women whose skin roughens and chaps. It smooths and heals the skin. Is not drying. Use it before and after exposure. And to hold your powder. One application will give your hands a lovely white transparent finish.*

Tune in on Pond's Fridays—9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Continuous dance music rhythmed for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N.B.C. Network

Hurrel

JOAN MARSH

After her pranks in "Bachelor's Affairs," you'd think the studios would be rushing her, the way the local boys are. But the good old executives don't seem to be on their toes, for she is temporarily idle. Maybe to give them a scare, Joan is announcing that she's on the fence between marriage and career. And the lucky lad's name isn't J. Dunn (who has a new girl this week), but J. Bush

DID GABLE START THE TURTLE-NECK SWEATER FAD, OR DIDN'T HE ?

In "The Sign of the Cross, you'll see Fredric March (right) in a Roman toga, not a turtle-neck sweater. Between scenes, however, he remarks that the chap who started the turtle-neck fad was probably a fencer. And Freddie's a fencer

Dyar

Ralph Bellamy is an old army man, and he says that wearing turtle-neck sweaters is an old army game—especially when a polo game is in progress at a cavalry post. The hero of "Air Mail" has been wearing them for years—and it's a laugh to him that anyone might think he's copying anybody else

Powolny

Lew Ayres, who's becoming a newspaper columnist in "Okay, U. S. A.," rises to remark that college boys put turtle-neck sweaters across. And we hope you haven't forgotten that Lew went to college. He studied medicine at the University of Arizona—in preparation, no doubt, for "Impatient Maiden"

Charles Farrell, from 'way down East, says that back home the fishermen wear turtle-neck sweaters instead of shirts. And always have, adds Charlie, who thoroughly approves. He lost that Cape Cod accent when he went West, but he has always worn turtle-neck sweaters—on fish days, kids Charlie, who's now making "Central Park"

Phyfe

Joel McCrea, folding his arms, calmly remarks that he grew up on the back of a horse—and the horse wouldn't have known him if he had ever worn anything but turtle-neck sweaters. And just between ourselves, that's how the girls used to recognize Joel when he was going to high school in Los Angeles. The hero of "Sports Page" had a yen to be a movie cowboy in those days

Bachrach

David Manners, whose grin has won him two choice rôles in "Crooner" and "They Call It Sin," insists that the winters up in Canada were mighty cold when he was a boy—but turtle-neck sweaters kept him warm. And California may be hotter than hot, but he still can't get out of the habit. You know how those early habits are!

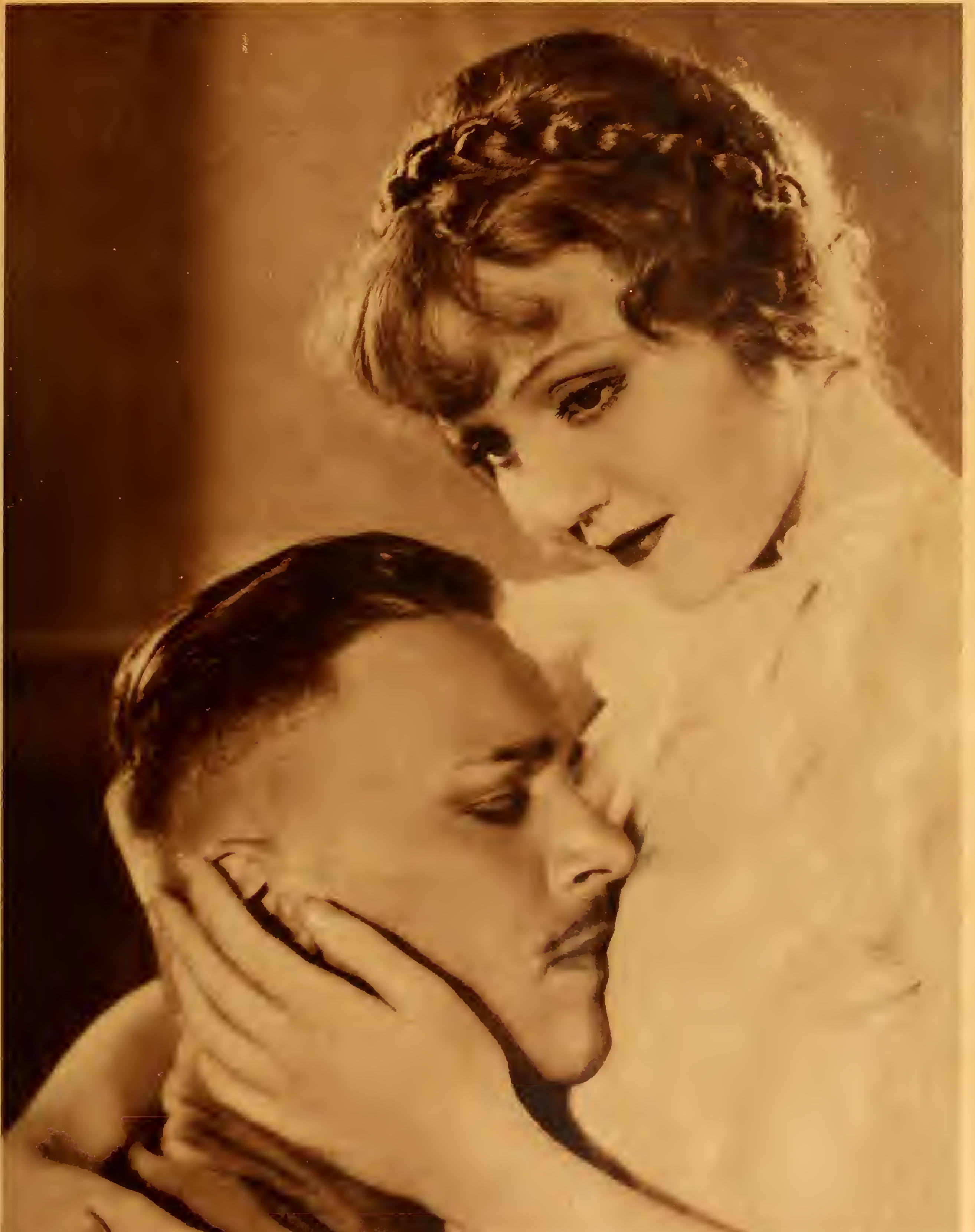
Fryer

They're even saying that Garbo started wearing turtle-neck sweaters after seeing Clark Gable in one. But Clark denies it—and asks if you remember Greta's sweater in "Anna Christie," which she made before anyone ever heard of C. Gable. First thing you know, he'll be telling us that Garbo started the fad! And wouldn't THAT be a joke on the other lads?

Hurrell

JOHN GILBERT AND VIRGINIA BRUCE

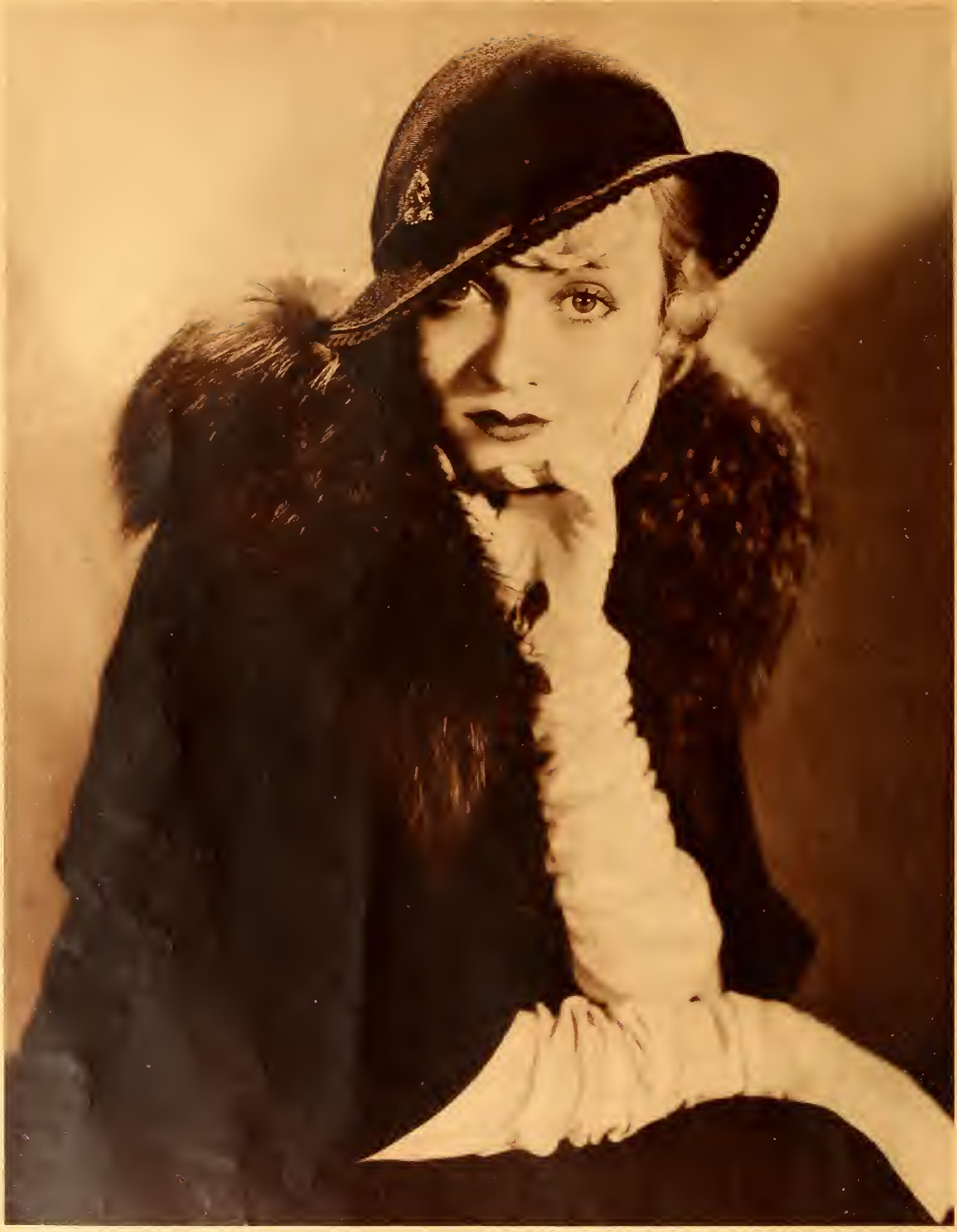
If John Gilbert is married to Virginia Bruce by the time you read this, as he has predicted, the score will be even. He will have married two brunettes and two blondes. Oddly enough, both blondes—Ina Claire and Virginia—were once in the Follies. All John needs for a comeback as a Great Lover, say his friends, is a real romance—and he and Virginia are lovers in "Downstairs," his new picture, in which he plays a chauffeur and she plays a housemaid. John, himself, wrote the story



Lippman

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
AND
NANCY CARROLL

Here's a surprise love team! It shows you how much Warners think of young Doug, to go to all the trouble of borrowing Nancy from Paramount to lend him comfort in "Son of Russia." Don't get the impression that Doug is trying to conceal his new mustache. They do say he likes it so well that he plans to keep it—and let it grow



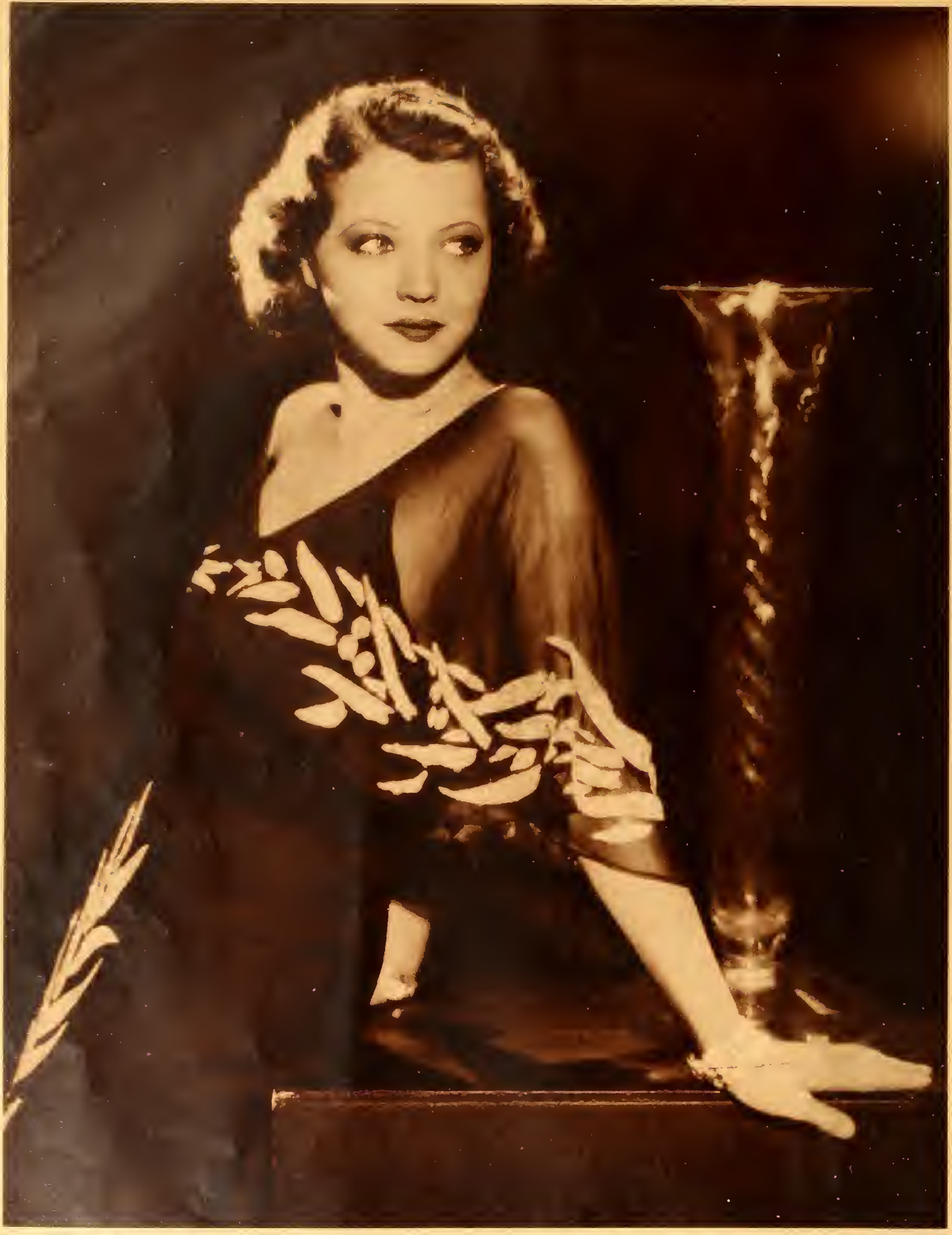
Lippman

Connie, the tease, is all but asking, "What do you THINK I'm going to do next?" After doing the best acting of her life in "What Price Hollywood?", she is technically on vacation from RKO—but actually has made "Two Against the World" for Warners. But soon comes a holiday abroad. She's reported to be knitting baby sweaters, but Connie is always knitting. So what?

CONSTANCE BENNETT

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

It's funny how Genevieve fooled Hollywood. The folks always thought she was just a bit cool—and then she vamped Chevalier in "One Hour with You." Producers rubbed their eyes, looked again, and then poked their elbows in each other's ribs, trying to get to her first. Columbia won her for the movie-star rôle in "Hollywood Speaks." Now she has gone to England to rival Gloria Swanson in "Perfect Understanding." And while she's abroad she's very likely to see Maurice again



Richee

Sylvia can't understand how people misunderstand her so—or how they have the heart to keep her so busy denying rumors. Honest Injun, says Sylvia in the story opposite, she just sits back and marvels at these screen actresses who have so many romances. And as for kicking up a fuss about her rôles—why, she'd never think of it. (P. S. Her next is "Madame Butterfly"!)

SYLVIA SIDNEY

By
ELISABETH
GOLDBECK

Sylvia Sidney's *TIRED* Of All Those Rumors

The little girl who's going to play "Madame Butterfly" denies that she wanted Dietrich's rôle in "The Blonde Venus," that she was ever romantic about Romney Brent, or that she has an expensive hideaway. And she and B. P. Schulberg are stopping whispers by making no secret of their liking for each other's company!

SYLVIA SIDNEY has a mad on. She's getting short-tempered with the rumor-hounds and chatter-writers who have been poking their noses into her private life and then putting it down in the papers, all wrong.

Sylvia isn't really burning up. She's torn between indignation and a desire to laugh at the assorted rumors that have been pinned to her, and what makes her laugh hardest, and also maddest, is that the sharpshooters never get anything right. From where they sit they really have no idea of what is going on behind Sylvia's closed doors, but they tell about it just the same.

"They've distorted things, perfectly normal actions, into something significant," she says with annoyance. "Things that have been so for years, they've suddenly noticed for the first time, and ascribed to romance, which has nothing to do with it."

Innuendo about Sylvia Sidney has become a habit with news writers, ever since the first rumors of her romance with B. P. Schulberg began to seep through the picture industry, nearly a year ago. Because Mr. Schulberg was then married, and the revered chief of Paramount, the subject was tabu, and therefore doubly relished by the gossips, who love anything that must be said under the breath, with lips barely moving and eyebrows well raised.

Nobody ever came right out and said that Ben and Sylvia were "that way" about each other, but cryptic and catty references were made to the mysterious "influence" in Mr. Schulberg's life, and to the "certain film man" in Sylvia's.

Going Places Together Now

EVERYBODY knew it, but nobody dared to print it, even after the Schulbergs' separation, when Ben came out handsomely in the papers with a statement blaming everything on his bad disposition, which was vented on Mrs. Schulberg at home because he always had to be so suave at the studio. It was only this summer, when Ben and Sylvia kicked over the traces and began appearing in public together for the first time, that Romance came out from under its bushel, with names down

(Continued on page 95)

How Hollywood Stands on *Prohibition*

Will the stars vote wet or dry? MOTION PICTURE has polled them, and there's no doubt about which way they'll cast their ballots—men and women, drinkers and non-drinkers alike. They're for Repeal!

How They Voted
in MOTION PICTURE'S Poll

Total number of personalities voting	312
Opposed to Prohibition	286
Favoring Prohibition	23
Undecided	3
Percentage Wets	91.6%

There can be no dodging the Prohibition issue in the Presidential election this fall. Both political parties have incorporated wet planks in their platforms—the only difference being in the degree of wetness. To vote for one candidate is to vote for immediate repeal. To vote for the other is to vote for resubmission of the question to the people of these United States.

Regardless of which way the election goes, the Prohibition issue goes with it. We will be called upon to express our opinion of the Eighteenth Amendment via the ballot box. And how will Hollywood vote? Wet or dry?

In an attempt to determine Hollywood's answer beforehand, the staff of MOTION PICTURE has conducted a private poll of the stars. There can be no doubting the answer. It is overwhelmingly wet.—Editor.

It looks as if Old Man Prohibition is on the run—with a regular blizzard of repeal votes in his wake, so far as Hollywood is concerned

FOUR years ago, MOTION PICTURE attempted a poll of the stars on the wet-dry question. Opinion was divided. Our questionnaire found Hollywood split four ways: for unconditional repeal; for legalizing light wines and beer; for amending the Volstead Act; and for continuing stringent Prohibition. The division was practically uniform in totals. It proved nothing, so the results were never published.

At the time of our first poll, we found many dry votes from persons who, we knew, drank wet. Those who admitted themselves wet and so voted were often loath to be identified with their votes. They requested anonymity. But much has happened in the last four years—so much that Alfred E. Smith, who fought for repeal in 1928, now says sadly, "I was four years ahead of my time." To-day the issue is clear cut. *To-day it is the drys who are asking not to be quoted.*

Hollywood Seldom Votes

GENERALLY, Hollywood is not much concerned with national politics. It is something of a world within itself, having few interests outside of its studio and social life. Part of Hollywood's lack of participation in national affairs may be attributed to the fact that this is a city of disqualified voters. A large portion of its studio personnel is of foreign extraction, mainly not naturalized. An even greater share is composed of former vagabonds from the stage who have played too many one-night stands to regard any community as home. They have registered at so many hotels that they dislike the necessity of registering as voters. Then again there are scores of prominent players who, being under age, are not entitled to vote. All three elements were disregarded in our present poll.

It is interesting, however, to note that registration offices have been opened inside the gates of practically every studio in town. Several registrars with whom we talked reported greater interest this year than in any previous Presidential year. In their judgment, the Prohibition issue has brought forth more new registrations than have the personalities of the two candidates. The registrars say they believe Hollywood to be as wet-minded as the MOTION PICTURE poll proves it to be, in the following way.

LOIS WILSON, who is famous for the quiet life she leads, speaks for most Hollywood women in advocating repeal. "Anything," says Lois, "is better than hypocrisy!"

JOHN MILJAN is one of the most outspoken of the actors favoring repeal, but his sentiments are Hollywood's. "It is my privilege to vote as I drink," he says. "I'm voting wet!"

BEBE DANIELS, in favoring repeal, says: "The most precious thing in my life is my little baby daughter. I would much rather have her grow up in a country where tolerance is the rule on all matters, including drinking"

Three hundred and twelve picture personalities—all leading actors, actresses and directors—were asked to state their 1932 attitudes toward Prohibition and repeal. Two hundred and eighty-six—ninety-one and six-tenths per cent of the total number—favored repeal. Twenty-three favored retention of Prohibition. Only three were undecided.

Voting for Freedom

OBVIOUSLY, it would be impossible to include here all the statements made to this magazine's inquiring reporters regarding the question at hand. We shall have to choose a cross-section of the most pertinent and illuminating ones. Those who simply announced themselves in favor of repeal because of the usual reasons will not be quoted.

Norman Foster sounds a definite keynote when he says, "History proves that creative art has always flourished more luxuriantly when unshackled and unrestrained. Prohibition is a personal restraint. It has been unsuccessful even as an experiment. I shall vote for its repeal and I believe every creative artist will vote the same way."

Bebe Daniels denounces the intolerance of dry adherents. "The most precious thing in my life," she says, "is my little baby daughter. I would much rather have her grow up in a country where tolerance is the rule on all matters, including drinking, than in a nation where one group tries to force its beliefs upon everyone else."

John Boles also speaks in a family way in opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment. "I want my children to grow up to have a respect for the law. How can they when we so openly ignore part of the Constitution of the United States?"

TALLULAH BANKHEAD remarks: "Ask any European to name the most amusing thing in America. He will answer without hesitation, 'Prohibition.' American drinking habits under Prohibition are a laughing-stock"

Lois Wilson minces no words in favoring repeal. "Anything," she says, "is better than hypocrisy."

"It is the inconsistencies that Prohibition fosters that make me oppose it," is *Ralph Forbes'* view. "We deplore gangster rule and at the same time allow legislation to be passed that encourages lawlessness. That it was passed is bad enough; that it be allowed to remain in force is criminal."

Bickford Indicts Prohibition

CHARLES BICKFORD, who once told an interviewer that he had been a rum-runner and she didn't know whether he was kidding her or not, is famous for speaking his mind. Few of his remarks have a place in a family journal. Let it suffice to say that he regards Prohibition as "the worst thing that ever happened to this country."

Pat O'Brien and *Wallace Ford* (who played in "The Wet Parade") express thoughts in a similar vein. "The 'noble' experiment has passed its experimental stage. In any light it can only be regarded as a failure. Conditions being what they are, this country cannot afford to tolerate failures to-day."

William Bakewell voices a problem of the younger generation. "I have never taken a drink," he says. "If it weren't for Prohibition, I probably never would have wanted to. But the kind of parties we have nowadays makes the temptation to drink doubly strong. Drunkenness is no longer a disgrace. It is an achievement, something young kids are proud of."

Hardie Albright rises to ask, "Didn't the Declaration of Independence come before the Constitution? I believe I learned at school that it did. And isn't everybody in America entitled to 'the pursuit of happiness?' If that pursuit includes the taking of a few glasses of beer, nobody has the right to object."

Dorothy Lee admits that "while I don't know much about political economy or the whys of Prohibition and repeal, all the smart people of my acquaintance are wet. Since my own feelings in the matter are the same, I'll vote against Prohibition."

Lew Ayres, still another member of the younger generation, has delved more deeply into the subject. Lew, who once studied medicine, says, "There is no arguing but what mankind would be better off without alcohol. But when it comes to a choice between alcohol and lawlessness, the lesser evil is to be preferred."

LEW AYRES, who once studied medicine, says: "There is no arguing but what mankind would be better off without alcohol. But when it comes to a choice between alcohol and lawlessness, the lesser evil is to be preferred"

Wants America Like Denmark

JEAN HERSHOLT believes "Prohibition has put America twenty years back." He points to the conditions in his native Denmark and contrasts the two countries' records in drunkenness, gangsters and crime. Dry America suffers sadly in comparison to wet Denmark.

Colleen Moore also employs comparisons in advocating the sale of liquor at government stores, "similar to the way the question is handled in certain Provinces in Canada with such excellent results."

Juliette Compton says, "The years I spent abroad taught me how much more enjoyable people find life with the open use of minor stimulants. I could wish nothing better for my native land than to see it return to such a mode of living."

Which statement illuminates *Tallulah Bankhead's* remark. "Ask any European to name the most amusing thing in America. He will answer without hesitation. 'Prohibition.' American drinking habits under Prohibition are a laughing-stock all over the world."

Lawrence Grant concurs with this observation and adds another succulent thought. "Prohibition is guilty of a greater crime than the fact that it prohibits drinking, however futilely. It has destroyed the American palate. The strong, burning liquor obtained from bootleggers has made impossible the enjoyment of fine wines. All we think of to-day in America is cocktails and highballs. The sense of taste for excellent vintages of the past has passed into limbo. Unless a drink packs a 'wallop,' it is not enjoyed. Quick action from liquor and quick lunches go hand in hand. The true art of wining and dining is a dead art because of this."

Kenneth MacKenna holds a slightly more optimistic view. He believes we can return to pre-Volstead days with a definite evil removed. "Perhaps we needed drastic Prohibition to rout out the saloon and its evils," he says. "Perhaps a modified Prohibition act would never have

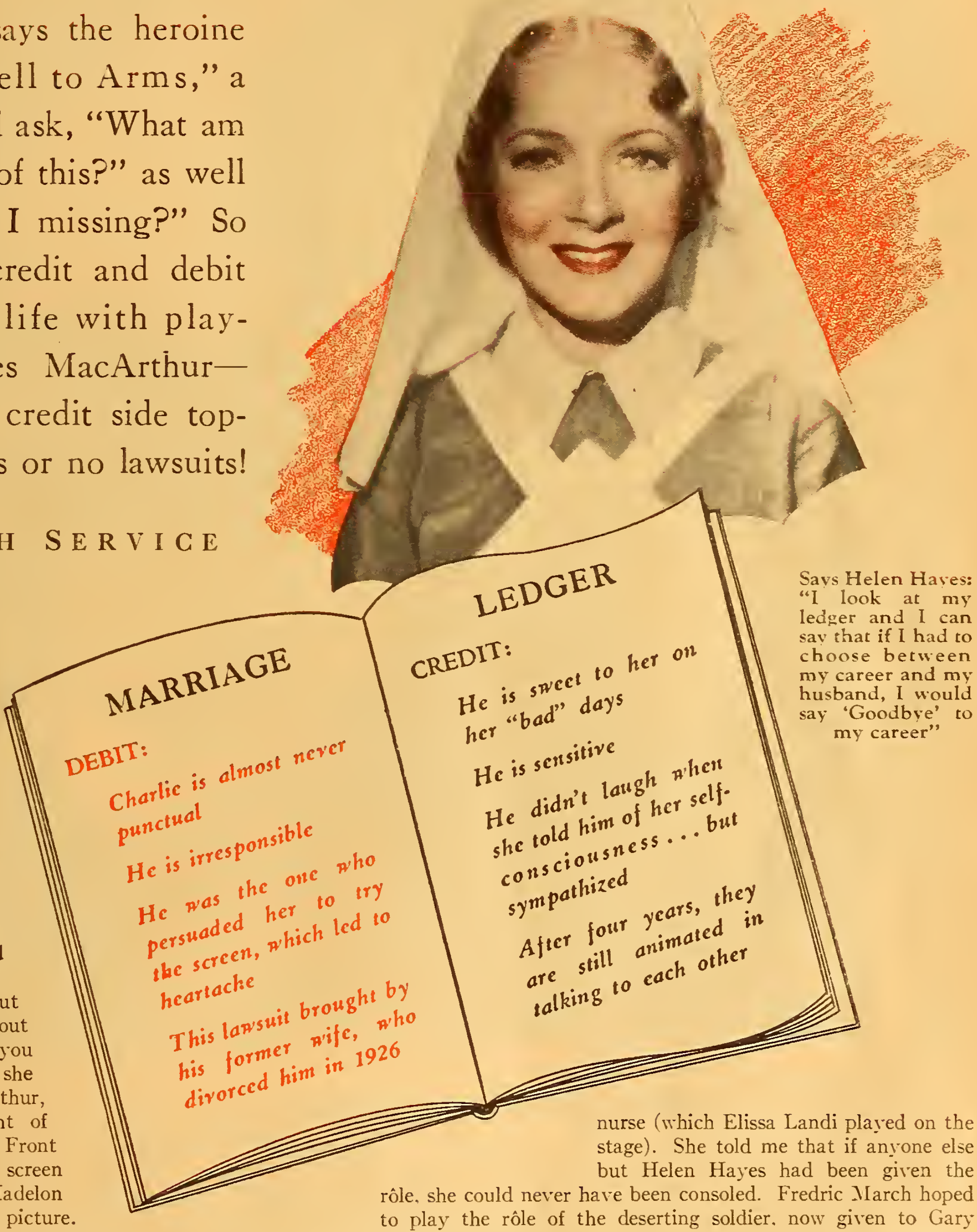
(Continued on page 85)

HARDIE ALBRIGHT asks: "Didn't the Declaration of Independence come before the Constitution? And isn't everybody entitled to 'the pursuit of happiness?' If that pursuit includes beer, nobody has the right to object."

Helen Hayes Keeps a Marriage Ledger!

In marriage, says the heroine of "A Farewell to Arms," a woman should ask, "What am I getting out of this?" as well as "What am I missing?" So she keeps a credit and debit sheet of her life with playwright Charles MacArthur—and finds the credit side top-heavy, lawsuits or no lawsuits!

BY FAITH SERVICE



MARRIAGE

LEDGER

DEBIT:

Charlie is almost never punctual

He is irresponsible

He was the one who persuaded her to try the screen, which led to heartache

This lawsuit brought by his former wife, who divorced him in 1926

CREDIT:

He is sweet to her on her "bad" days

He is sensitive

He didn't laugh when she told him of her self-consciousness . . . but sympathized

After four years, they are still animated in talking to each other

Says Helen Hayes: "I look at my ledger and I can say that if I had to choose between my career and my husband, I would say 'Goodbye' to my career"

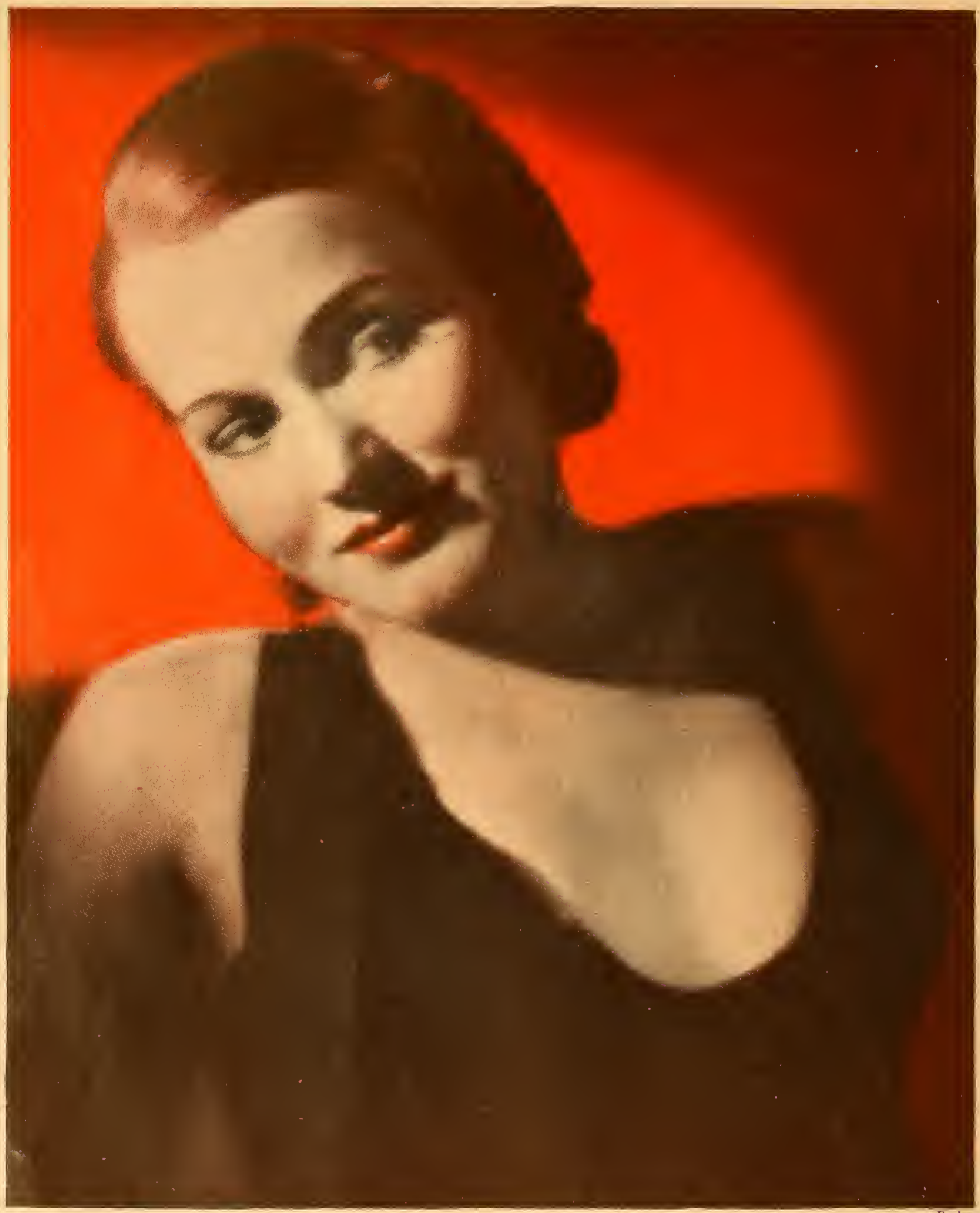
"BEING married to Charlie, I can endure all kinds of plaguey things about marriage—even incredible lawsuits,'' said Helen Hayes. "And that lawsuit of Charlie's first wife *was* incredible to me. I couldn't have been more amazed if Mussolini had sued me."

Helen's remark came out while she was telling me about her unusual marriage. As you know from your headlines, she is the wife of Charles MacArthur, co-author with Ben Hecht of "Lulu Belle" and "The Front Page," and author of the screen version of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," Helen's first picture. (He is now writing more scenarios for M-G-M.) They were married in 1928, two years after MacArthur's former wife, Carol Frink, Chicago drama critic, had divorced him. Miss Frink is now suing Helen for $100,000 for alienation of his affections.

When I talked with Helen, she was in the first days of preparation for "A Farewell to Arms," the Ernest Hemingway war novel, over the casting of which tears have been shed at Paramount. Claudette Colbert longed to play the rôle of the tragic nurse (which Elissa Landi played on the stage). She told me that if anyone else but Helen Hayes had been given the rôle, she could never have been consoled. Fredric March hoped to play the rôle of the deserting soldier, now given to Gary Cooper. And so it goes. And Helen felt keenly the disappointment of these others. But about her marriage . . . .

Oceans and oceans of ink have been spilled over the question of whether or not a man and wife can both have careers and, at the same time, share the same bed and board. A number of the celebrated ladies and gentlemen of the screen, the theatre and literature have decided that it is impossible. Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker, even before their divorce, said that it simply

(*Continued on page 80*)



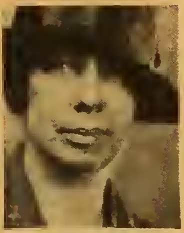
Fraker

THAT CUMMINGS-HITHER LOOK

They made Constance Cummings a Wampas Baby Star last year—but she's fast losing that Baby look, and using those starry eyes (they're baby blue, by the way) in a keep-you-guessing manner. Even Harold Lloyd, whose sales resistance is famous, couldn't resist them—and insisted on having her as his leading lady in "Movie Crazy." (You'll notice, too, he's more romantic than in any previous picture.) And now she is inviting stardom to come her way in "American Madness"

CHEVALIER Isn't So "Naughtee" as He Seems!

Maurice may be ardent when he kisses, but even his best friends don't really know him! That's the startling statement of Louise Rice, who is famous for reading character secrets in handwriting



By LOUISE RICE

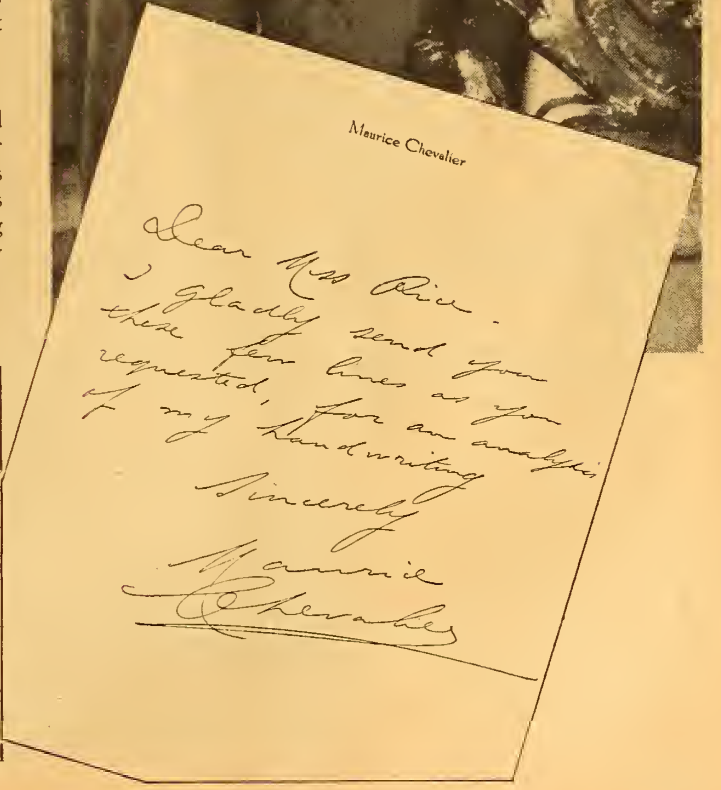
The series of character analyses of the stars by Clifford W. Cheasley, the famous Numerologist, have proved so popular with readers of MOTION PICTURE that we are following them up with a character-reading series by Louise Rice, the noted Graphologist. She is world-famous for her studies of handwriting, and is the author of many books on the subject, including "Character Shown in Handwriting" and "Who Is Your Mate?" She has been consulted by Scotland Yard of London, Sureté of Paris, and American police departments in baffling mysteries. There is no one who can tell more about character from handwriting.—Editor.

IF I had to choose a slogan for Maurice Chevalier, I would choose the French phrase "toujours gai" (always gay) after seeing his handwriting with its upward slant, which shows optimism. But after I look at his capital "I," with its modesty and extreme rightward slant, I know that he is using this gay defiance as a defensive covering for an extremely sensitive nature.

(*Continued on page 94*)

Louise Rice Will Analyze *Your* Handwriting

You can get a *general* analysis of your handwriting by sending a sample of several lines to Louise Rice, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Be sure to *write* on *unruled* paper in *ink*, signing your name and enclosing self-addressed (3c) stamped envelope and 10c to cover clerical expense.



Maurice Chevalier

Dear Miss Rice.
I gladly send you
these few lines as you
requested, for an analysis
of my handwriting
Sincerely
Maurice
Chevalier

Why Broadway's Greatest Star —KATHARINE CORNELL— *Won't Act for the Movies!*

Hollywood wants her, and wants her badly—but she turns down all offers with a quiet, but very firm "No." Hollywood has never been turned down so positively before. But she is not high-hatting the movies. She has other reasons for refusing. In this exclusive interview, she tells what they are!

KATHARINE CORNELL, the queen of the stage and Broadway's greatest star, will not act for the movies. Her answer to all offers is a quiet, but very firm, "No." And to Hollywood's knowledge, it has never been turned down so positively before.

This is sensational news—that there breathes a soul with mercenary instincts so dead as to refuse Hollywood. And Hollywood fame. And Hollywood glitter and glamour. And, most of all, Hollywood MONEY. It is a phenomenon. It is the Eighth Wonder of the world.

When you think of the eager, multitudinous hands battering at the gates of movieland; when you think of the hundreds and thousands of boys and girls and men and women who throng casting directors' offices, meagre day after meagre day, living on thin hope and threadbare courage and *glad to do it*—you are amazed by her refusal.

And when you pause to consider that the three Barrymores, Leslie Howard, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, Tallulah Bankhead, Maurice Chevalier, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, George Arliss, Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Paul Muni, Richard Bennett, Billie Burke and George M. Cohan—practically all the great and near-great of the Theatre—have harkened to the golden call of Hollywood . . . . well, no wonder you stand dumbfounded and questioning before this one person who firmly says, "No, thank you."

Van Damm

Katharine Cornell in three of her most famous rôles: (left to right) in "The Age of Innocence," in "Dishonored Lady," and as the invalid poet, *Elizabeth Barrett*, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which she does not want to act on the screen

I talked with Katharine Cornell in her dressing-room at the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles, where she had just given the 512th performance of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the play woven around the romance of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, the invalid

By
GLADYS
HALL

sonnet-writer. And it may interest her audiences to know that this lady of "The Green Hat," of "Candida" and "The Letter" and "The Barretts" and others, is every whit as gallant and sensitive and lovely and real off the stage as she is on. Lovely to look at. Lovely to listen to. Lovely to *know*.

Van Damm

"Katharine Cornell has more glamour than Garbo"—that is what theatre-goers will tell you

Has Thrown Away a Fortune

I HAD it from authentic sources that Miss Cornell had received offers from United Artists, from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, from almost every studio in Hollywood. They wanted her to make "The Barretts" for the screen. They wanted her to sign contracts. They wanted, undoubtedly, to dazzle her with movie gold and to have her dazzle the whole wide world, in turn.

Miss Cornell said "No." And with that simple, one-syllabled negative she unquestionably threw away money mounting toward the millions. Deliberately, of her own free will and volition, she made herself the poorer by vast sums of money. The *poorer?*

I wanted to know why.

Katharine Cornell made it very clear, to begin with, that she has absolutely nothing to say against Hollywood—nothing to say against Hollywood as a place, nothing whatever to say against Hollywood people. She has no lofty condescension toward the movies. Quite the contrary, really. She loves it here. She and her director-husband, Guthrie McClintic, have spent three summers here because they do love it. Love the golf and the sea and the hills and the people.

Miss Cornell said, "I have visited most of the studios. I'm immensely interested and impressed by the making of pictures. I'm overawed by the stupendousness of the thing. I'm a little bit frightened by it. It's so *big*—

"And I am a movie fan. I like movies and I go to them whenever I have an opportunity. I haven't time to go through the list of all my favorites or to pay the tributes I should like to pay. I find Greta Garbo a very glamourous personality, pictorially fascinating. I feel that especial credit is due Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford for the way they have

(*Continued on page 92*)

Why She Says "No"

"More money and more publicity are, really, the only things that pictures can offer me. I prefer my personal contact with my audience to the latter, and I do not want the former.

"In the theatre, I can do as I wish—choose my own plays, act them as long as I wish. Necessarily, in the film world, this would be different. I doubt that I would be happy.

"There is also the possibility that I might not photograph. They tell me that I would. I have never gone so far as to have a test made.

"They also tell me that I can do both—remain in the theatre and also make pictures. I feel that the two mediums are too different and too distinct and that to attempt both would be to fall somewhere between the two.

"There is, perhaps, a business angle to this instinct of mine. I might not be successful in pictures.

"I do not say that I shall *never* make a picture. I do say that I do not *think* I ever shall. But now—right now—I feel that I want to live and die in the theatre.

"It is not lack of admiration for the films and for the notable artists who are making them that prompts this 'No' of mine. It is a greater and deeper love for the theatre. This is my reason, my only one."

COAST FLASHES
News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

NOTHING is supposed to surprise Hollywood, but the natives were caught gasping when Ann Dvorak suddenly walked out of Warner Brothers' and, when next seen, was walking on a gangplank, headed for England with husband Leslie Fenton "for a belated honeymoon." Salary trouble was the real reason. Contrary to popular impression, though she said she was headed for stardom at Warners, she was not under contract to them—but to Howard Hughes, who "loaned" her for a big weekly sum. And Ann's wage was $250 a week.

And just after Ann Dvorak staged her dramatic walkout for more salary, the studios got busy with the old economy axe and slashed salaries right and left. Except for Ruth Chatterton, it is said, every star in town was hit—including those at M-G-M who have long escaped. Some typical cuts, as estimated by the local insiders, were: Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Lionel Barrymore, cut about $1,000 a week; Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert and Jackie Cooper, cut about $700 a week.

ANOTHER big surprise was Ruth Chatterton's announcement that she and Ralph Forbes would seek a divorce. When she left for Europe, Ralph had risked his life in jumping from the train after staying aboard too long for one last kiss. Even more of a surprise was George Brent's announcement, after a transatlantic telephone conversation with Ruth, that they would marry as soon as the divorce went through. Ralph left for Reno at once to establish residence, with the remark to friends that his only hope was that the two precipitate announcements would not hurt Ruth's career. His chief fear is that some sob sister will write a tearful tale about his "broken" heart—when he and Ruth are planning to produce a play together this autumn!

Dyar

WED! Those engagement rumors about Thelma Todd are all over. She has sprung a surprise and married Pasquale de Cicco, young New Yorker. She will, however, continue her blonde vamping in screen comedies

THE CHEVALIERS PART

Maurice Chevalier surprised even his wife, Yvonne Vallee, in asking for a divorce. He claims he loves no one else

GEORGE BRENT, who was to have been featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," has been replaced by Spencer Tracy. No producer as clever as Jack Warner would lose the chance to co-feature Ruth Chatterton and her new romance again as soon as possible. And they do say that George, who was MOTION PICTURE'S first Nominee for Stardom, is now the Hollywood leader in fan mail.

BUT the BIG surprise divorce news of the month was that about Maurice Chevalier and his wife, the former French dancer, Yvonne Vallée. He had gone abroad on vacation supposedly to be with her, and instead he went to ask for a divorce—on grounds of incompatibility. He denies being in love with anyone else, including Marlene Dietrich, and Jeanette MacDonald. The Chevaliers part friends.

GARBO went to all kinds of trouble to escape notice on her departure—and received columns of publicity in consequence. She secretly boarded a train on the West Coast between two suns. She left the incoming train in Chicago before it reached the terminal, and boarded the train for New York on the other side of the city. She left the train in New York at an uptown station. She boarded her ship at midnight—twelve hours before it was to sail.

All the indications are that Garbo will be back. For one thing, she consulted immigration authorities before leaving—and why should she do that except to be sure she could come back when she wished? Moreover, if her business manager is correct, her fortune is invested in America—and Garbo isn't the one to trust either secrets or finances to anyone else. She is not listed among the M-G-M stars for next year—but the belief persists that she will be there.

CLARK GABLE, who has carried celebrity well, becomes a star. And he and Missus Gable have taken a new house in Beverly Hills, paid for in cash. He once said he never wanted a big house—but now he's convinced that it's a better investment than stocks, bonds, or bank accounts.

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

HOLLYWOOD was both surprised and shocked by the sudden death there of Florenz Ziegfeld, great "glorifier of the American girl." His famous wife, Billie Burke, had just returned to the screen—to play opposite John Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement"-and she had been trying to persuade Mr. Ziegfeld to give up Broadway, where he had both made and lost a fortune, and devote his talents to production of talkies. And he was half-persuaded, because he felt that with pneumonia-weakened lungs, California was healthier for him than New York. The show had to go on—Billie had to finish her film before sadly accompanying his body East.

IT was a strange bit of irony that Eleanor King Vidor announced

wife, announced the birth of a son. Eleanor and King had longed passionately for a son. They have two girls, who will go to Eleanor.

NORMA TALMADGE said she was "mystified by reports of Mexican divorce plans." Joseph Schenck, her producer-husband, said he was "completely in the dark about it all." A Mexican attorney said he had been instructed to prepare divorce papers for Norma. Meanwhile, Gilbert Roland, long Norma's Constant Companion, has been going with Lily Damita. Very confusing!

> A member of the Finnish Olympic team, taking advantage of the special rates given foreign athletes, talked half-way across the world with his mother. "Have seen any movie stars?" she asked.

IKE IDEA OF ACTING

harles, Jr. (left) and Sydney Chaplin are
itering films with mother, Lita Grey
Chaplin. Dad is none too pleased

)ESIDES getting into the headlines by
) his sons' entry into the movies, and
his scheme for refinancing the world,
arlie Chaplin has burst forth as the
althiest person in the movie industry.
e County Assessor listed him as owning
687,570 in taxable securities. Charlie
sed a terrific fuss, and said that the
ount should be pared down about six
lion dollars because of depreciation.
the tax board that heard his argu-
it disagreed. Now, everybody in Hol-
'ood is trying to find out just what
ıds of securities Charlie owns. Inci-
ntally, his one car was valued at only
770—by the County Assessor, at that.

> Now that Ann Harding has given Harry
> Bannister his freedom to resume his ca-
> reer, she would like to give up her own!
> She recently offered to tear up her con-
> tract (which is in effect until May, 1933)
> and pass up $250,000. The studio
> vouldn't listen. Now Ann has hired
> Harry Edington, long Garbo's business
> manager, as her adviser. And he has
> advised silence!

MEANWHILE, Harry Bannister has
set sail for England, to act on the
ondon stage—and has been denying en-
ıgement rumors indignantly. Before he
ft, his daughter, Jane, visited him at
Ialibu—and conceived such a passion for
ıying in the sand that Ann has had a
-acre of her mountain-top estate lev-
off and has had many loads of sand
ed on it, creating a beach in the
for her constantly-guarded child.

WITH Norma Shearer talking about taking a long vacation, that old rumor about the stork's hovering over the Irving Thalbergs' home a second time has popped up again. But Norma insists that all she is planning is a good rest.

KEEPS 'EM GUESSING

As a Malay girl in "The Man Called Back," Mona Maris does something few actresses do. She hides her emotions.

WHEN Connie Bennett drove her car in at the gate at Warners' the other day, it looked as if, for once, she had met her match. The gateman refused to allow her car to pass. "This isn't the correct gate for you, ma'am" said he, firmly. "You have to go in at the Lemon Grove Avenue gate. This here is for trucks." Connie was indignant, but she had to back out and go into the studio at the Lemon Grove Avenue gate just the same. She went straight to the Front Office with her grievance, and in a few moments came out triumphantly, got into her car, drove out one gate and sailed around to the first gate, where the gateman, obeying telephoned orders, admitted her!

The Hollywood night-club, B.B.B.'s Cellar, boasts a floor show in which several female impersonators take part. One looks so much like Marlene Dietrich that Josef von Sternberg went to see the show. And hired the boy to play Marlene's son in "Blonde Venus." His dancing partner is tall and willowy and looks like Garbo. The two boys attended Eton College together.

HOMER CROY, the novelist, and Scoop Conlon, the demon publicity man, have published a small book of cheerful sayings on a gloomy subject. It's called "The Last Word," and it's filled with epitaphs, real and imaginary. Several of the film stars have contributed suggestions for their own epitaphs, and some of them are very good.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s is "Home, James." Lewis Stone's is: "A gentleman farmer goes back to the soil." Joan Bennett's is: "It was fun while it lasted." Clark Gable's is: "Back to the silents."

BING CROSBY, back in town to star in "The Big Broadcast," is the most generous entertainer Hollywood has seen among the Big Broadcasters. At a recent party, he sang everything requested. Most professional entertainers just shut up and refuse (more or less, usually less) politely to oblige. He and Dixie Lee (his frau) seem very happy, but deny baby rumors.

RED LIPS FOREVER

COMPLETING "Make Me a Star," Stuart Erwin flatly refused to let Paramount make him a star! The Erwins (June Collyer) "expect" late this summer. Another quietly expectant couple are Spencer Tracy and his wife, the former Louise Treadwell. The new pride and joy of Nick Stuart and Sue Carol is a girl, named Carol Lee Stuart. Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woody have taken a mountain lodge for two months to await *their* Blessed Event.

Besides all the divorces this month, there are a number of "rift" rumors. These center around the newlyweds Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen; Irene Dunne and her New York husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin; and William Powell and Carole Lombard, who recently celebrated their first anniversary. It's a regular rumor epidemic—and denials are flying right and left.

WHEN Claudette Colbert made "The Smiling Lieutenant," she had an argument with director Ernst Lubitsch about the amount of leg she should show. But [illegible]

HERE'S news for you: Columbia has a hot idea all about starring whoopee-Lupe Velez in an outdoor story on the order of "Tarzan." Lupe would play a sort of feminine Johnny Weissmuller and swing from tree to tree and back again! When Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha!" closed, Lupe quietly came back to Hollywood—and she's now looking over contracts. She drove into town from a way-station so as not to be recognized, and stopped for lunch at a hot-dog stand on the way. Her former boy-friend, Randolph Scott, is now going about with Wynne Gibson. "How's Lupe?" someone asked him the other day, in the presence of Wynne. "Oh, I haven't seen her for months," said Randie, squirming. Lupe says, "No man is ever going to boss me—and husbands always want to be boss." No engagement rumors to-day.

LUPE VELEZ' NEW RIVAL

Rahmn

Maria Alba, heroine of Douglas Fairbanks' "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," won the rôle in "Hypnotized" that Lupe wanted

COUNT FRASSO has arrived from Italy, perhaps to show the gossipers that the persistent hints of a romance between the Countess and Gary Cooper are all nonsense. Most of them didn't even suspect there was a Count!

FRANCES MARION, the scenario writer, says that Mary Pickford is "still the greatest actress on the screen." And Mary, who is about to make a picture that Frances wrote, says that no one understands her like Frances! Incidentally, Mary would like to have Gary Cooper for her co-star.

FIFI COMES BACK AS A FRENCH-CANADIAN GIRL

Cleveland

Fifi Dorsay, having vamped most of the United States on a vaudeville tour, returns to the screen in the title rôle of "The Girl from Calgary" for Monogram. So at last the French girl from Montreal will play a French-Canadian—a musical one, moreover.

WITH the consent of both parties, Ina Claire's contract with Samuel Goldwyn has been torn up—and Ina is returning to the stage for keeps, "where she can pick her rôles, herself." Explaining her screen difficulties, Ina says "I took the movies too seriously," and then laughs. Wonder why?

Clara Bow, who is starting work on her "comeback" picture, "Call Her Savage," has a new bangs haircut, as well as a new figure, and looks like slightly more than a million dollars. She's looking for a screen story for her actor-husband, Rex Bell, and plans to direct him in it. Clara always helps in directing her own pictures.

LOIS MORAN, who has forgotten the movies as *The First Lady of the Land* in the Broadway hit, "Of Thee I Sing," is the first woman ever to be allowed inside the Lambs Club, the famous actors' club in New York. She broke the precedent by having a rôle in the first of a series of twelve two-reel film comedies to be made by the Lambs for Columbia, and wore a tuxedo, and her hair in masculine fashion, and in her rôle smoked a cigar. In the comedy she plays the part of a girl who dresses as a man and thus gets in to see one of the famous Lambs' Gambols, which are "for men only." For the films, of course, the Lambs' humor is somewhat toned down.

WHEN Amelia Earhart Putnam, the feminine Lone Eagle, entered the Paramount cafeteria the other day in the company of her publisher-husband, George Palmer Putnam, who is the newly-appointed editor for the studio, all the players lunching there rose to cheer her. Even Tallulah Bankhead sought Amelia's autograph. The aviatrix has received several movie offers, but has joked them all away. She's planning a flight to South America, "and besides," she laughs, "can't you see me making love on the screen?"

When Joe E. Brown heard that there was to be a mass meeting to discuss ways and means of helping the jobless actors (there are hundreds in Hollywood), he insisted on attending, although still shaky from his triple operation (tonsils, appendix and infected bone in foot). He sat on the platform, made a swell speech—and then keeled over in a dead faint.

ANOTHER faint recorded this month was the spectacular nose dive of Dick Grace, the famous stunt flier, while acting as a pall-bearer at Roy Wilson's funeral. "He was the last one of the old gang left—except me," says Dick. "I thought, going up the aisle, of all the great fellows I'd helped carry to their graves—and, well, it was just too much for me, that's all." The movie stunt fliers, by the way, are

(*Continued on page 98*)

How Does GARBO Get That Way?

Who is Garbo—that she could leave the town that has given her glamour, fame and wealth, without even saying "Goodbye"? Isn't it time now to wonder if her "mystery" isn't just plain ingratitude? Isn't it time to wonder if she hasn't been wearing the "high-hat"—instead of being "persecuted"? These are questions Hollywood is beginning to ask

President Hoover, who holds the world's biggest job, isn't afraid to shake hands with The Common People. King George of England, who rules the world's greatest empire, isn't afraid to appear in public. Lindbergh, who hates publicity as much as Garbo, didn't go so far as to refuse to give the world a chance to see and cheer him, after he became the world's hero. But Greta Garbo—the most famous woman in the world—avoids all contact with crowds of admirers. Piqued by her going away without saying "Goodbye," Hollywood is resenting, for the first time, this "mystery" of the screen's greatest actress. This story details this new attitude toward Garbo, and asks: "Is it justified?"—Editor.

GARBO has gone. "The immortal of the screen" has departed for nobody knows exactly where, to be gone for nobody knows how long, to return nobody knows when. Moreover, she forgot to say "Goodbye!" And on all sides you begin to hear rumblings: "How does she get that way?"

BY NANCY PRYOR

IS THIS PERSECUTION?

Hollywood offered Garbo:

$15,000 weekly—twice her former salary—to make more pictures . . .

The final word on stories, casts and directors . . .

The admiration and acclaim of fellow stars, whom she has consistently ignored . . .

The most far-flung fame ever granted any woman . . .

And Greta forgot to say "Goodbye"!

Those rumblings started with the arrival of the Swedish athletes to participate in the Olympic Games, just one week before Garbo suddenly departed for "home," and have been increasing ever since. What the athletes had to say or to hint about their distinguished fellow-countrywoman made Hollywood pause as it was about to get out its hankie and have a good, old-fashioned cry at the thought of Garbo's going, remaining to the end "the lady of mystery." At the very end, ironically enough, that "lady of mystery" legend proved to be a boomerang!

The cold collision between Garbo and her native countrymen (which nearly knocked Hollywood for a loop) began with the invitation to the great Swedish star to be honorary hostess to the visiting athletes from her native land. The invitation was relayed to Garbo and, as usual with invitations relayed to Garbo, it met with no tangible results.

This was no particular surprise to Hollywood, which had lived through any number of Garbo refusals, including invitations to Pickfair and Marion Davies' home. But the local Swedish colony evidently figured that Greta had not understood them correctly; they telephoned the Swedish Ambassador at Washington and asked him to invite Garbo, personally, to welcome the gladiators from back home. The official call went through. There was no mistaking what the Swedish Ambassador asked—but he was told she would be "unable to accept."

"Garbo? Who Is Garbo?"

CAME the day of the arrival of the unsponsored (at least by Garbo) Swedes to the city of the Olympic Games. They were no more than settled when a horde of newspapermen swooped down upon their camp. Questions popped right and left. Had Greta Garbo been in communication with them? Was it actually true that she had refused to welcome them to Los Angeles? What did they think of their national "idol"?

One of the visiting Swedes, a spokesman for the others, looked vague. He said, indifferently, "Garbo? Who is Garbo?" The newspaper boys, who were beginning to get hot and cold flashes, were barely able to take down the rest of his statement: "We came to Los Angeles to meet the athletes of the world—*not Greta Garbo!*"

Strictly speaking, that is all that the Swedes had to say about Garbo officially for the newspapers, and the next day when the statements appeared in the various newspaper columns, you could almost feel the gasp of surprise between the lines. But according to several of the boys who had been present during the interview, that wasn't all that was "unofficially" picked up in the line of Garbo sentiment.

Was it possible that the "mystery" of Garbo was something of a joke to Europe? Was the Hollywood "persecution" of Greta even more of a joke? One of the pop-eyed reporters reported (to a group gathered in a publicity department the next day) that one of the Swedish gentlemen hinted that Garbo had "got away" with something akin to murder in Hollywood.

She had gone there an unknown, ambitious girl, eager for film fame. They had called her "the Norma Shearer of Sweden" and she had been proud of the title. Greta had not gone to America because the American movies sought her out. She had been a "pacifier" on the contract of Mauritz Stiller, even still the greatest (in memory) of all directorial geniuses of Sweden, whose protégée she was. She had been a tall, awkward, ungainly girl—and Hollywood had not only given her great glamour and international fame, but had contributed what is estimated to be her personal fortune of two million dollars. Thus the gentleman reminisced.

Acme

HAS She Been "Persecuted"?

HER salary when she came to this country had been four hundred dollars weekly. One of the gentlemen in charge of the Swedish athletes said: "We read where Garbo had been offered fifteen thousand dollars weekly by her film company and that a certain motion picture house in New York had bid twenty thousand dollars for a single personal appearance. She refused both offers. In Sweden we do not call that *persecution!*"

And good, old, naïve Hollywood, long versed in the art of turning the other cheek where Greta was concerned, began to wonder . . . about many things.

Accompanied only by her maid, her head ducked deep into her coat collar, Garbo, solitary and uncommunicative, stepped onto a night train a week later. Silent and mysterious to the end, that was her leave-taking of the town that had made her the screen idol of the world.

They say Garbo was glad to go. She is supposed to hate Hollywood. Such a "dull," uninteresting, little town. So curious. So bold. There were the mobs that would have torn at her at premières, had she dared to attend. And the incessant autograph-seekers—and the reporters who hid in rose bushes, only to spring out for one of those detestable interviews.

All through her career, magazines and newspapers have been

(*Continued on page 89*)

We Nominate *for* STARDOM

DOROTHY WILSON

RKO-RADIO

JUST to prove that we have confidence in our own judgment as pickers of stars, we are "nominating" an absolute newcomer this month. Her story is one of those almost unbelievable things that make Hollywood the most fantastic place in the world.

When Dorothy Wilson, earning thirty a week as a stenographer at RKO, carried the script of "The Age of Consent," which she had just typed, into producer David Selznick's office, he glanced absently at the girl who handed it to him. He saw—what you will see in "The Age of Consent"—a tall, slim girl with blue eyes, unbobbed brown hair, very young, very assured, very modern. On the spot, he wanted this unknown to play the lead!

Minneapolis is her home town, and the Vocational High School there her alma mater. She worked as a typist in Minneapolis and Chicago before the travel urge hit her. She went to California not to enter the movies, but to work as a stenographer. She has been in the RKO office two years.

David Selznick's glance got her a screen test. The test got her a one-picture contract. "The Age of Consent" got her a five-year contract. She's on her way.

We Believe in Her

Because Eric Linden, who played with her in "The Age of Consent," says she acts like an experienced actress—a "natural," in studio language. *Because* when Mr. Selznick asked her if she would like to be an actress, she answered, "Not particularly." *Because* she refused to give up her thirty-dollar-a-week job until she saw how she did as an actress. *Because* she was a good secretary. *Because* she has clear-cut, aristocratic features that will keep her from being confused with a hundred other movie girls.

DICK POWELL

WARNER BROTHERS

HE may have been born a hill-billy on a farm in the Ozark Mountains, but he left there at an early age because a farm doesn't offer much future for a boy who can play almost every musical instrument at sight, sing a sentimental love ditty without crooning, and win the hearts of two big cities as a master of ceremonies.

Dick Powell has Something. Louisville discovered it first, and then Pittsburgh, hearing about how a tall, red-headed lad was wowing them, sent out scouts and grabbed him. Maybe it's his grin. It's infectious. Maybe it's his wit. It's spontaneous.

When Hollywood heard about Dick, it sent for him for "Blessed Event." During the weeks when the picture was being made, four thousand of his Pittsburgh followers wrote Warners to "do right by our Dick."

He isn't married—and never has been. He is about as happy-go-lucky as he looks. His big ambition at the moment is to save enough money to buy an airplane. In other ways, it looks as if he's going high and far. In "Blessed Event," he played a nancy-ish rôle so likably that everybody left the preview, asking, "Who's the clever kid?"

We Believe in Him

Because every "comment post-card" returned to the studio by the preview audience of "Blessed Event" spoke of him. *Because*, despite his clever handling of a sissy part, he is a tough little runner-up to the absent and lamented Cagney. *Because* he can sing so well that they are writing a couple of songs into "Jubilo," Will Rogers' new picture, just to use Dick as the juvenile lead. *Because* every studio wants to borrow him. *Because* he has personality plus. *Because* two big cities can't both be wrong.

SERIES NUMBER 6

MOTION PICTURE has now been Nominating Newcomers for Stardom for six months.

We were the first to discover George Brent, who will soon be Ruth Chatterton's co-star, as well as husband, and we were the first to predict success for Ann Dvorak—even before "Scarface" was released.

Tala Birell, one of our earliest Nominees, will next be co-starred with Paul Lukas. Gwili Andre is being rapidly groomed for stardom.

George Raft and Robert Young are two of our Nominees who have made good in a big way. Bruce Cabot has just been signed to a long-term contract. Randolph Scott will be the hero of "The Island of Lost Souls." We feel that we can say "we told you so" about Lyda Roberti and Gloria Stuart.

There are stories about three of our ten Nominees in this issue. Read these stories about George Raft, Randolph Scott and Gloria Stuart. Watch for the pictures featuring all ten of our Nominees to date. (There are more coming.) And, by all means, write us what *you* think of them.—Editor.

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming

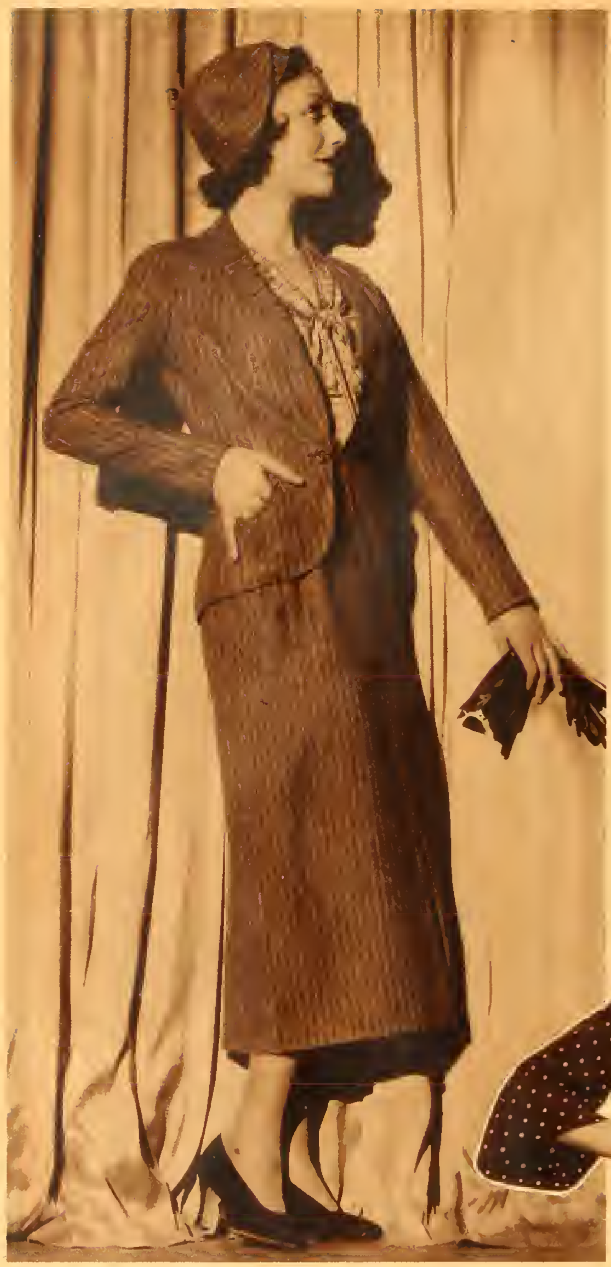
DOROTHY WILSON

For two years, she worked as a typist in a studio—and then one day she was "discovered." Her story is almost a believe-it-or-not!

DICK POWELL

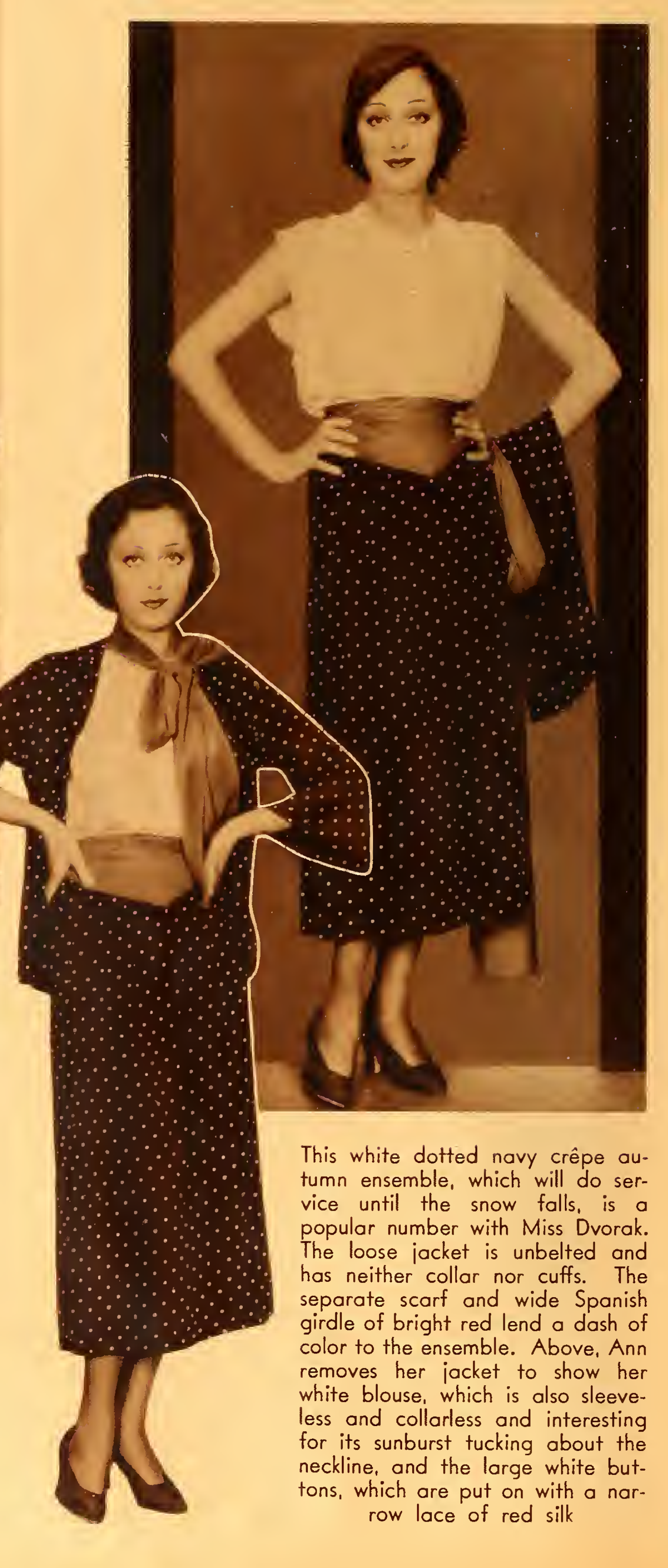
He's as red-headed as he is happy—and as un-self-conscious as a master of ceremonies (which he used to be). Cagney has a rival!

Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites



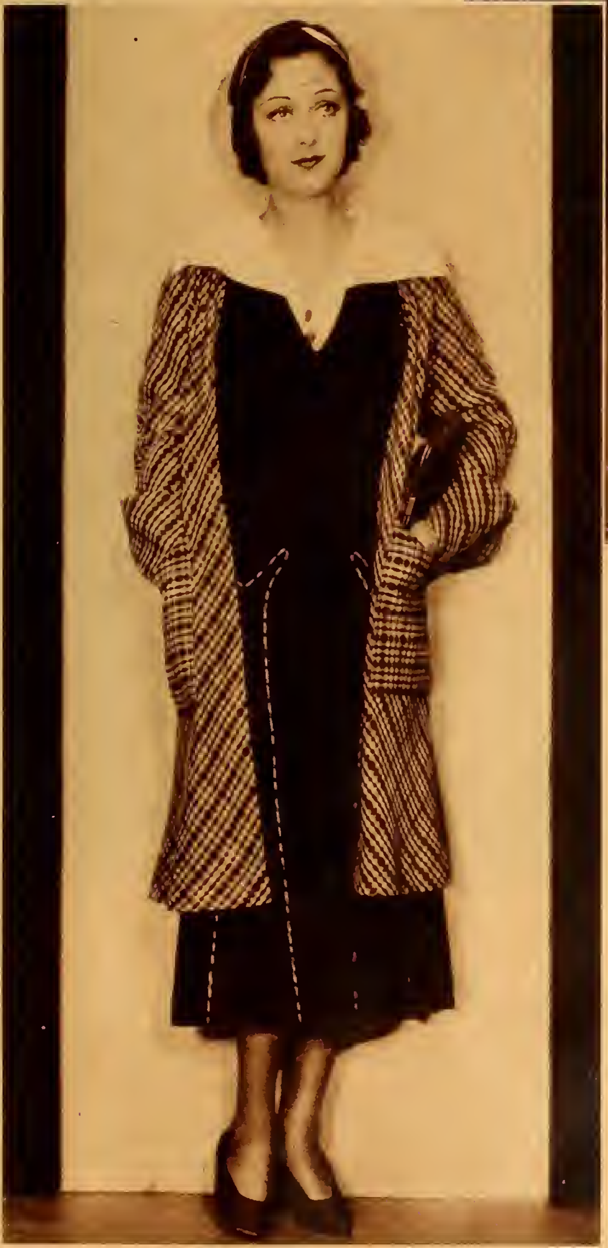
Because she loves simple, tailored things, Ann Dvorak chose this smart suit of striped gray flannel, with tam to match, to wear in "The Crooner." The skirt has a single kick-pleat to allow for movement of the knees, and the jacket has but one button. The clever plaid silk blouse has a draped neckline and bow. For this ensemble, Ann's pumps and gloves are black

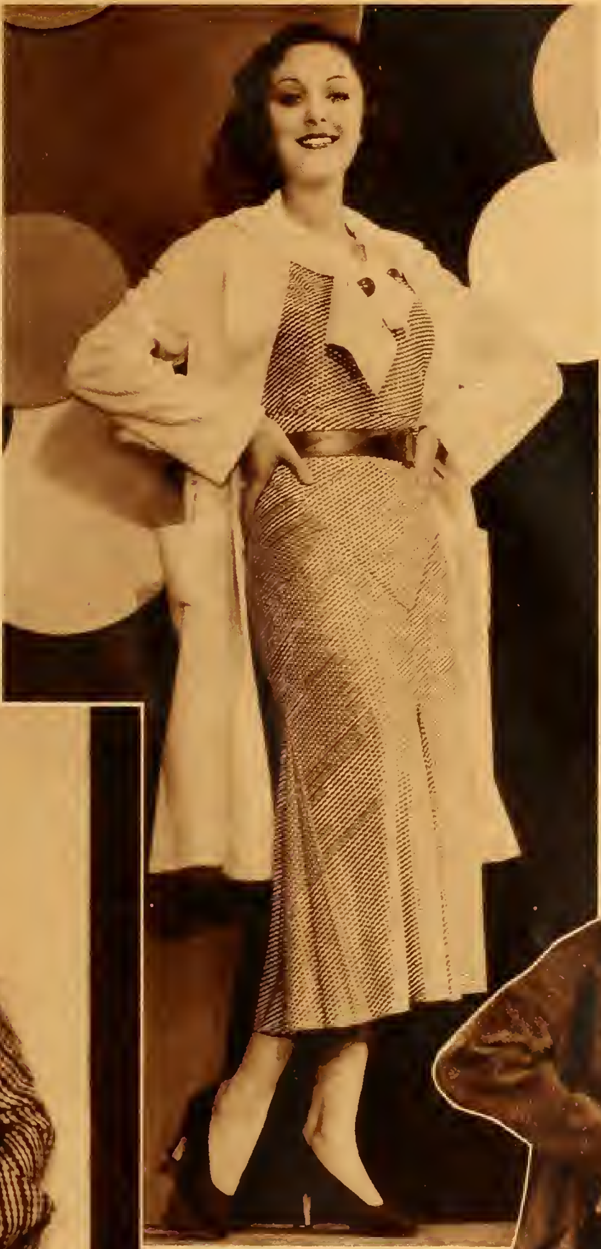
"WEAR SOMETHING SIMPLE" IS ANN DVORAK'S ADVICE TO BRUNETTES —AND SHE PRACTISES WHAT SHE PREACHES



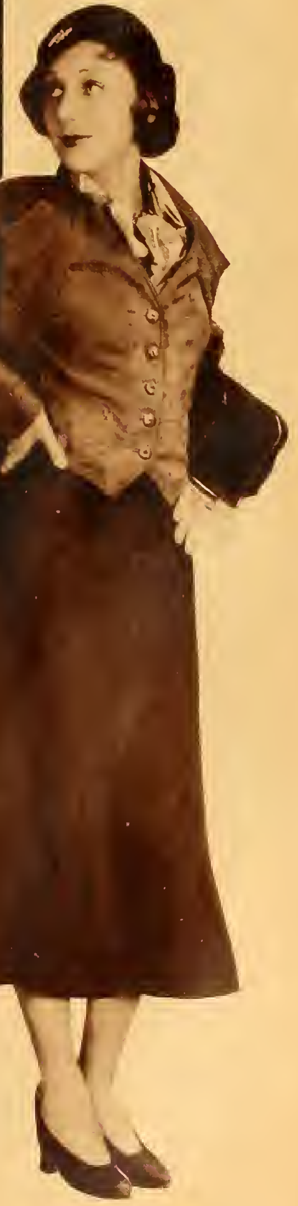
This white dotted navy crêpe autumn ensemble, which will do service until the snow falls, is a popular number with Miss Dvorak. The loose jacket is unbelted and has neither collar nor cuffs. The separate scarf and wide Spanish girdle of bright red lend a dash of color to the ensemble. Above, Ann removes her jacket to show her white blouse, which is also sleeveless and collarless and interesting for its sunburst tucking about the neckline, and the large white buttons, which are put on with a narrow lace of red silk

Three-quarter-length coats are popular with Ann Dvorak. The one below, with its enormous patch pockets and deep cuffs, is of plaid wool in shades of mustard, dark red and black, which are seen again in the piping that trims the dress, starting at the pockets and extending down the skirt. The dress itself is of black wool crêpe, with a wide collar of white pique. Black accessories complete the outfit





The grand white, beltless, three-quarter-length coat, with large patch pockets, is made of wide-ribbed corduroy. It is the type of coat which provides that needed warmth for Fall days, while at the same time giving the summery appearance that is called for until late in the season. Her frock is of fine checkered silk in red and white. Miss Dvorak wears this outfit in "Stranger in Town"



This costume is Ann Dvorak's own idea, having assembled it herself as the nucleus of her Fall wardrobe. All in shades of blue, the bright blue suede jacket has cunning short sleeves of darker jersey matching the wool crêpe skirt, and the topcoat of blue rough wool blends nicely. Her hat is dark blue stitched wool, and the scarf is blue plaid taffeta

If you think the movie stars don't take their screen magazines seriously, cast your eyes upon Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez between scenes of "Thirteen Women"—amazing themselves by what they didn't know about Hollywood until they read MOTION PICTURE. They are too busy working to get around much, to meet the promising newcomers, or to keep up personally on what is happening in other stars' lives and careers—but MOTION PICTURE makes the rounds for them and doesn't let them miss a thing. Irene is newer to Hollywood than Ricardo, but he's pointing out something that is news to him, too, about the town that has made them both famous

Screen's Newest Sheik Isn't Telling About His Love-Life

George Raft's love-making on the screen has a million women excited. But when you accuse him of being dangerous to women, he lifts an innocent eyebrow and asks, "Who, me?" However, he denies only three of the romance rumors about him—and lets the information slip that he is NOT married!

By

Dorothy Manners

In the September Motion Picture, we nominated George Raft for stardom—because he is the first actor since Valentino who not only resembles the beloved Sheik, but has the same effect on women; because with little stage experience, he has proved himself an instinctive actor; because he is suave—a relief from brawny lovers; and because he has lived a vivid life and is quietly self-confident. This story gives you a hint of how women affect George Raft, and tells you what he is like in real life.—Editor.

Says He Isn't Married

Says George: "I've been actually threatened to 'come across with my real life-story about who I really am, and all about my supposed marriage,' or somebody is going to do something about it. I've been told there's no use stalling—they've got the goods on me. I'm telling you, honest, I don't know what it's all about."

"*Are* you married?" we ask.

George says: "I'm not married."

"Were you ever married?"

He repeats: "I'm *not* married!"

THEY are beginning to call George Raft the new romantic menace of the screen. Something tells me that several Hollywood ladies, and unknown charmers in New York might echo "Amen" to that, and add "Why confine it to the screen?"

He says he isn't dangerous to women. When charged with the fact that a great many women have probably been very damfoolish about him, he assumes a sort of guileless "Who, me?" expression and insists, "You got me wrong, honest. If there's been any heart-smashing, it's been mine that got smashed."

"Just before we came over to the commissary for lunch," I said, "somebody told me you were a swell fibber—about George Raft."

He laughed. He said: "Who, me?"

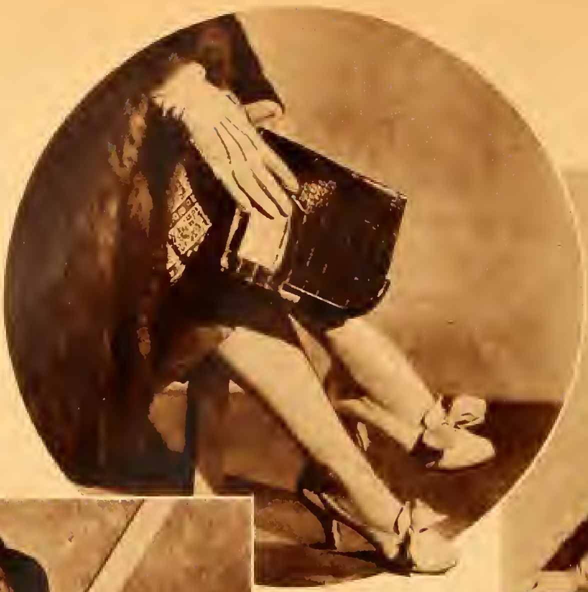
Kidding wasn't the only talent I had heard about George. It was the least of them. Ever since he silently, impassively stole into film fame as the dead-pan bodyguard of "Scarface," there have been whispered stories about him. Not too loudly whispered, of course, because Hollywood pretended the things that were being whispered were dangerous. In "Scarface," the gangster character he played wasn't the sort his friends, or enemies, had any particular desire to rile. The innocent Hollywood bystander got the idea that George, in person, was an equally sensitive citizen to trifle with.

How Did the Rumors Start?

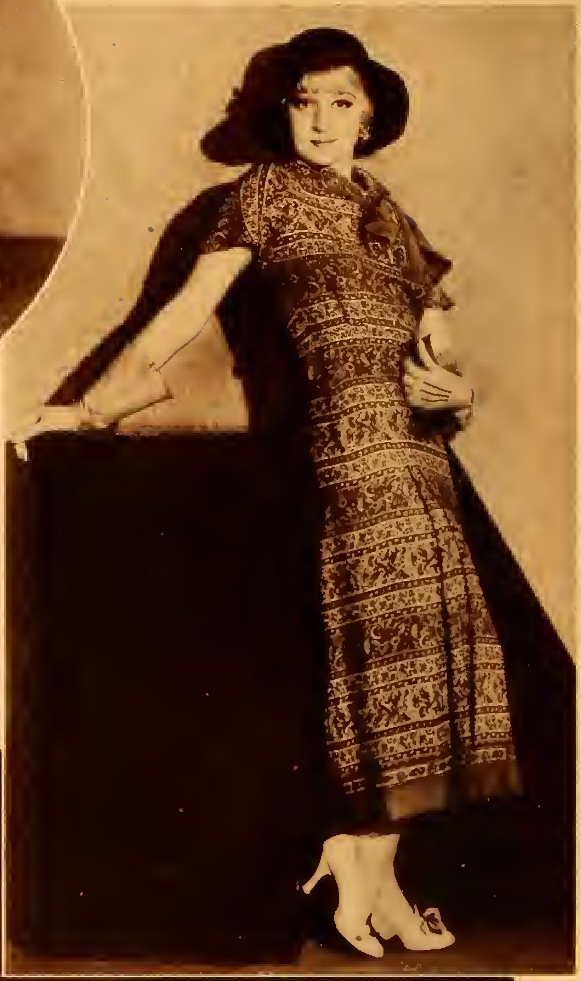
NO one knew exactly how the rumors got started, but when pressed for details, someone would remember that George had admitted he came from a "tough" part of New York; and he had played with kids who had grown up to be gangsters; and he had admitted in print that he had been a gigolo, hired by a café to dance with unescorted women. Then take that "valet" of his, the fellow who went around with him holding his make-up kit. He could pass for a "bodyguard" type in anybody's movie, couldn't he? . . . and that should prove something. And what's more, when he got excited, the whisperers remembered that Raft talked

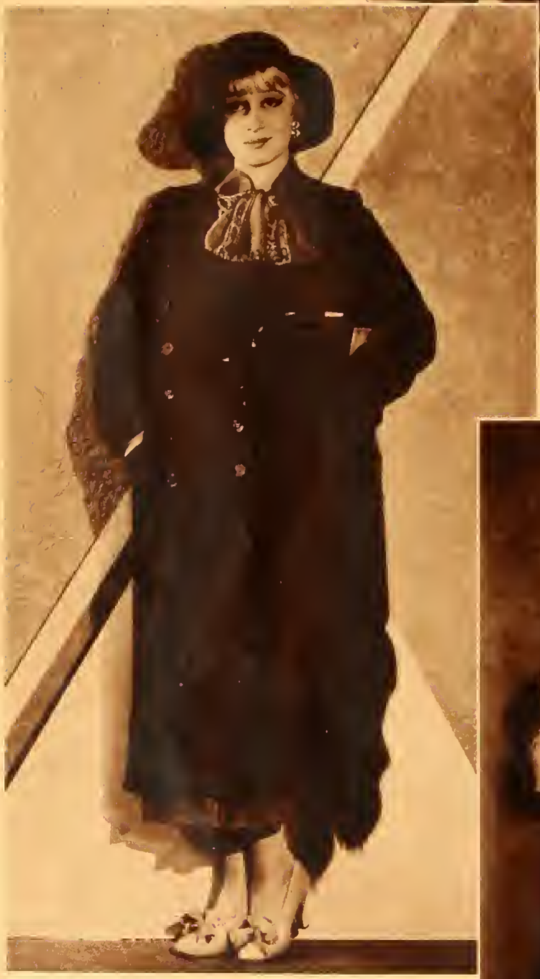
(*Continued on page* 84)

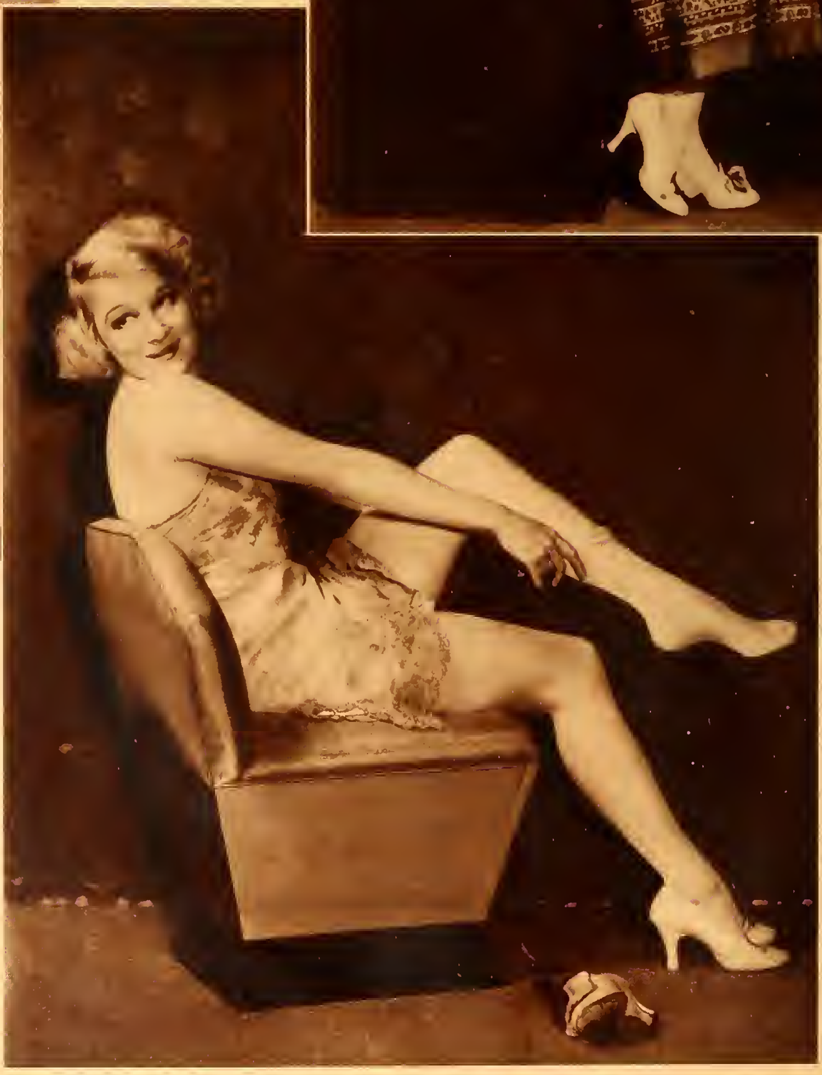
GRETA NISSEN'S FALL OUTFIT— INSIDE AND OUT



Above, a close-up of the costume accessories for Miss Nissen's ensemble: gauntlet gloves of beige suède, piped in brown; brown alligator bag, trimmed with antique gold; and beige kid shoes

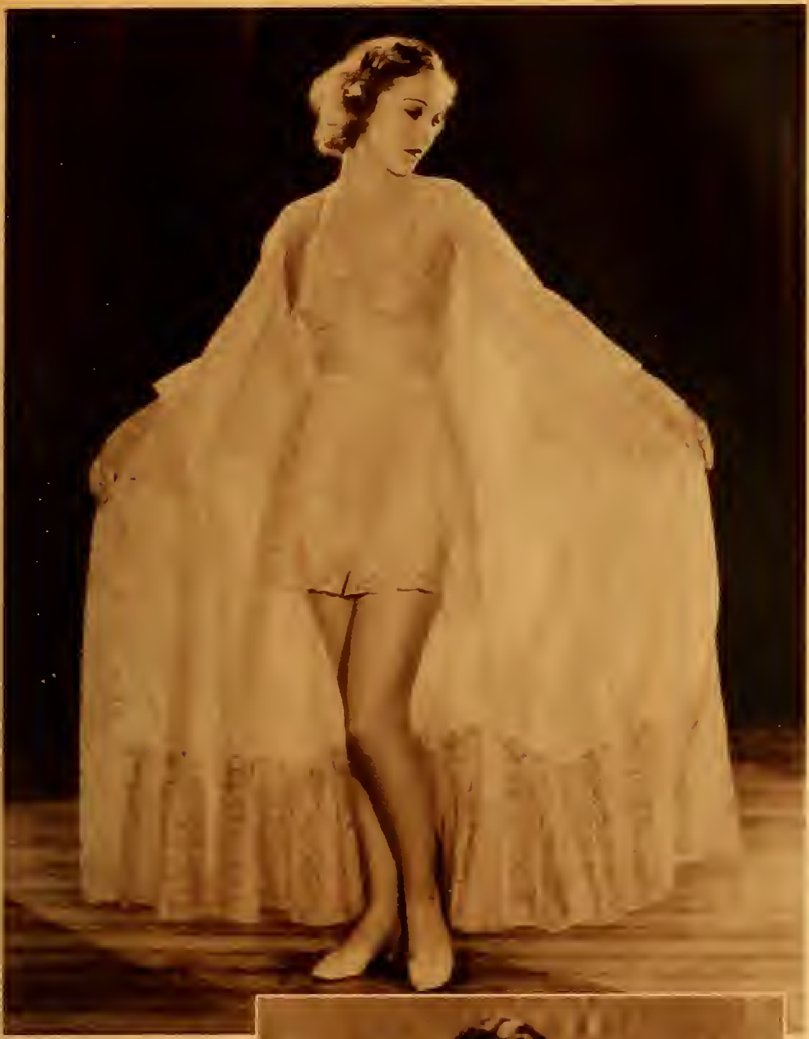




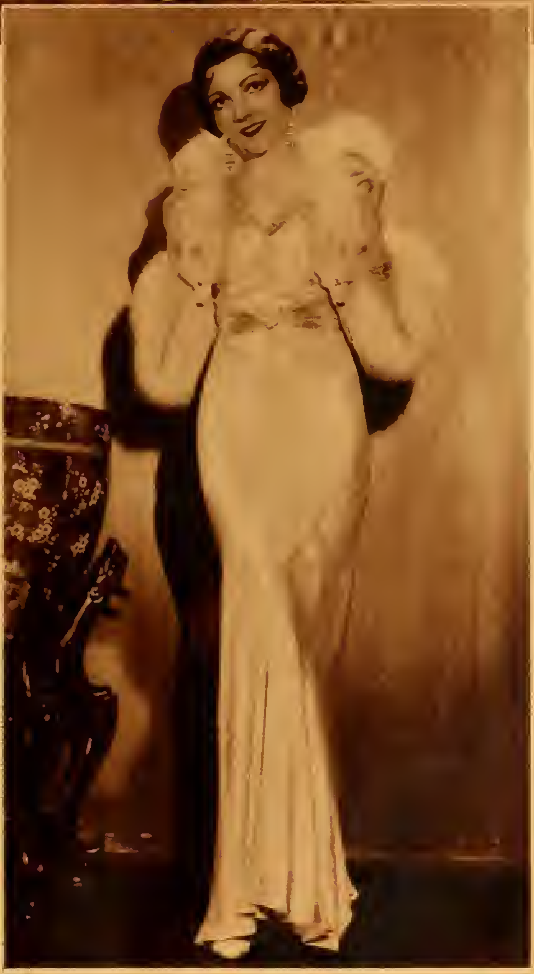


Greta Nissen poses in her Fall outfit, complete from the skin out. Her single undie combines brassiere and shorts of nude crêpe, trimmed with Alençon lace. In the upper right picture, Miss Nissen is wearing a French importation—a smart one-piece street dress of russet browns and yellow figured crêpe. Note that the fitted bodice gathers in at the normal waistline and that the neck features a tie scarf which lends color to the outfit when the double-breasted, semi-fitted coat (above) is worn. The fabric of the coat is a lightweight wool of rough weave. Greta wears a French felt vagabond hat and carries a brown fox neckpiece

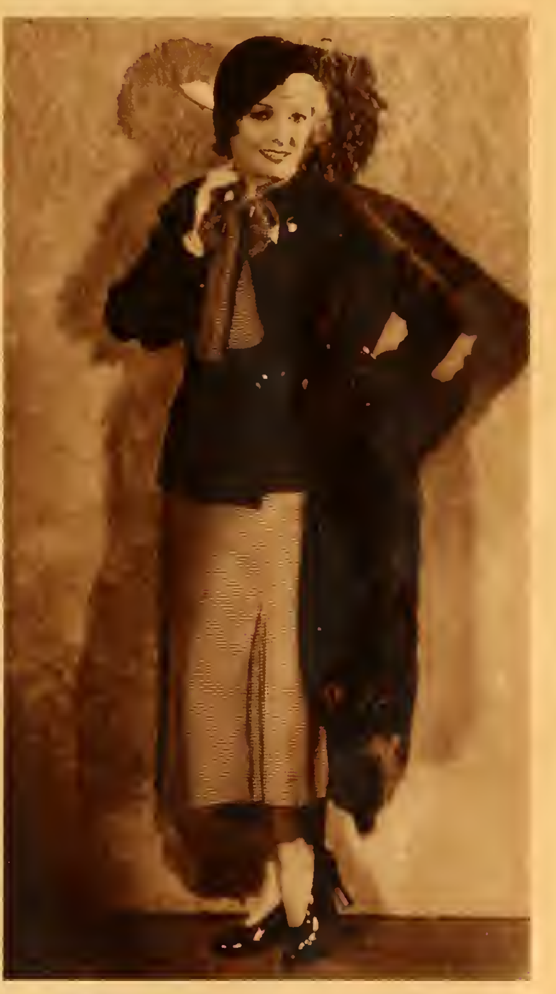
FOR BOUDOIR—
FOR STREET—
FOR DANCING—
YOU NEED THAT "EXTRA SOMETHING" IN THE AUTUMN



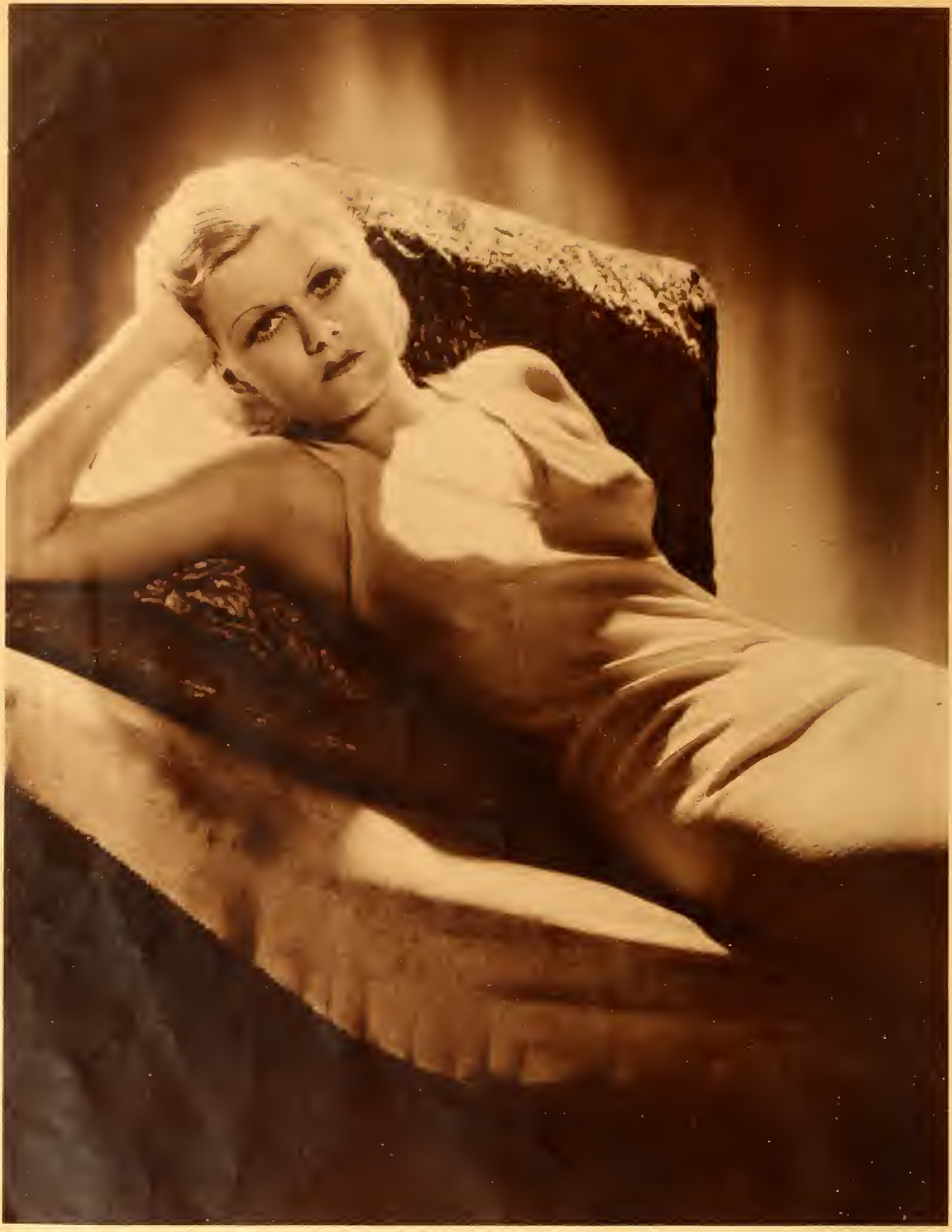
Newcomer Sheila Terry, at the left, resembles a peacock spreading its plumes, and you can tell she's as proud as a peacock of this three-piece undie set, consisting of brassiere, pantie and negligée of flesh crêpe de chine and Alencon lace



The smart thing about this pearl-white satin evening outfit is the short, novel wrap of the same material, trimmed with white fox. The gown, cut on the bias, fits snugly to the hips, and its fullness seems to fall from the knees. Had you recognized the beautiful Claudette Colbert?



Shepherd plaid, popular for Fall, was selected by Marian Nixon for street wear. The blue and white plaid one-piece dress has a plaid scarf and a blue jacket of lightweight wool crêpe with side closing, blue buttons and blue patent-leather belt. The turban is of blue woven chenille and is devoid of ornament—the hat in itself is sufficiently gay



Hurrell

If Jean Harlow doesn't make Paul Bern happy, there are hordes of women who will be willing to wring her shapely neck. (You'll discover why in the story opposite.) Jean doesn't look as if she feels she's in danger of her life. However, she does have one teeny-weeny worry. She wonders if you want her to be a platinum blonde or a red-headed woman, now that she is a star. In her next picture, "Red Dust" (in which John Gilbert or Clark Gable may be her lover), she ought to be titian, perhaps, since the scene is Red, Red Russia—but she rather thinks she'll be platinum

Seton

Paul helped Mabel Normand (above) meet death calmly

Left, Paul Bern and Jean Harlow just after their wedding. Below, the tragic Lucille Ricksen and Estelle Taylor—two unhappy stars he befriended

The Man Jean Harlow Has Married —*Paul Bern*

Besides being a producer, he is called "The Kindest-Hearted Man in a Heartless Town"—which proves he is an unusual sort of person. This dramatic story tells you why he is the best friend the stars—especially the unlucky ones—have ever had!

By FAITH SERVICE

In the story about Jean Harlow's marriage to Paul Bern, in last month's MOTION PICTURE, you learned that he is called "The Kindest-Hearted Man in a Heartless Town." This dramatic story—one of the most unusual ever to come out of Hollywood—tells you how he has quietly won such a reputation.

First, however, you should know something of his history. Paul Bern was born in Wanvsbeck, Germany, December 3, 1889, and came to America with his parents when about ten years old. Upon finishing school in New York, he entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He wanted to be a stage director and manager—and was, for four years. Then, as a writer of screen plays, he went to Hollywood.

Among his most notable scenarios were those for "The Marriage Circle," "The Christian," "The Beloved Rogue" and "The Dove." Soon he was offered a post as a director, and from that graduated into an executive position in the story department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He next stepped up to the powerful position of producer. Among his recent productions have been "The Divorcée," "Romance"—and "Red-Headed Woman." He will never be known as "Mr. Jean Harlow."
—Editor.

He aided Nazimova (top) and Barbara La Marr

"IF Jean Harlow doesn't make Paul happy, there are a thousand women right here in Hollywood who will cut her throat for her!" So said Hedda Hopper to me in speaking about the marriage of Jean Harlow and Paul Bern.

For the Red-Headed Woman has married the black-haired Little Confessor of Hollywood. She has married the man of whom one friend says, far from profanely, "Paul has the Christ-complex." She has married the man of whom Estelle Taylor says, "Paul is the only individual in Hollywood about whom *no one* ever says an unkind thing." She has married the man of whom another friend says, "A producer at Metro, Paul is more than that. He is the diplomat of the lot.

(*Continued on page 76*)

Why They to the

What makes perfectly good screen Lupe Velez and Lois Moran and leave the screen for the stage— discover, there are a number of

By CHARLES

Top to bottom: Lupe Velez craved excitement; Kent Douglass was "better suited to the stage"; June MacCloy wanted to dance; Ralph Forbes felt "cramped" in the movies; Rose Hobart, felt likewise; Lois Moran had singing ambitions; and Marjorie White wanted to clown, sing and dance every night

HOLLYWOOD is enjoying another of its famous epidemics, its "cycles." Following the deluge of gangster pictures, and along with the present vogue for platinum blondes, films about keyhole columnists, revelations about the inside workings of studios, and just preceding the promised swarm of bullfight stories—heading all these, the most definite trend of all is the one which sees so many film people being tempted to make appearances on the stage.

For one reason or another, the footlights suddenly have begun to dazzle the eyes of flicker folk. Some like the medium better than pictures, some want to bolster flagging reputations, some desire to cash in on names established on the screen, some want the exciting novelty, and some simply want jobs. For whatever the reasons, however, the list of those attracted by the lure of close-at-hand audiences is long with gifted and colorful names. And growing longer.

Following closely on the heels of Lois Moran, Leslie Howard, Fay Wray and Kent Douglass Montgomery, the first of the insurgents, movie players in a steadily increasing stream are buying tickets to New York—people anxious to give up assured places in pictures in favor of engagements in stage plays.

The legitimate theatre has been graced before this by people who made their reputations on the screen. There were Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque in "Cherries Are Ripe," and the turning up of Lillian and Dorothy Gish in those delightful vehicles, "Uncle Vanya" and "The Sidewalks of New York," respectively. Then, too, one of the hits of last season, "A Church Mouse," found Bert Lytell being featured.

Giving Up Good Jobs

BUT these are names associated with a somewhat earlier period in motion pictures, and their discovery in theatre programs may largely be credited to the fact that their lustre has dimmed in Hollywood. The recent group of voluntary exiles has no such reason for departing the celluloid city. Almost wholly, these individuals are in the prime of their careers, as capable of collecting movie checks as they ever were. They seek work in Manhattan because that is the place they *want* to be!

Helen Chandler was among the first to take part in the Broadway rush. Helen hasn't a great deal of use for Hollywood. Several times I've heard her voice opinions as to the dullness of life there; and once, in a whisper-low in New York, I told her that soon I would be on my way back to the Coast. "But why? she asked,

Go Back Stage

players, like Leslie Howard and Buddy Rogers, suddenly decide to sometimes "for keeps"? As you'll reasons — most of them good ones!

GRAYSON

incredulous that I seemed pleased by the prospect; "you don't actually *like* it out there, do you?"

Helen has been back in Hollywood for the summer (the stage being pretty sluggish during the hot months), but her heart rests firmly with the stage. She'll be returning to it in the Fall, and her friends hope that she obtains another rôle like the one she executed with such charm last season in "Springtime for Henry."

Marguerite Churchill was another early buyer of a ticket for Gotham. "I spent three years out there," she said in New York, "and that was a plenty long stretch! This business of having to act all the time, put on a show whether you're in front of a camera or not, simply became unendurable. Financially, Hollywood was splendid to me; but artistically, I've just been marking time for three years. I wanted to get back on the stage before I forgot everything I know about acting. I want to grow dramatically," she concluded, "and I don't think that's possible in pictures."

Marguerite Will Try Again

MARGUERITE didn't have Helen Chandler's luck and get in a hit. Her play, "The Inside Story," was a failure, and closed after a short run. She, too, has returned West briefly—and has even worked in pictures, notably in "Forgotten Commandments"—but she'll also be returning to New York in September for the start of the new season there. Vivienne Osborne, Warren William's ex-wife in "The Dark Horse," already has gone. She craved a change—and the star rôles which are hers on the stage.

Leslie Howard, who left the stage for the screen, even more abruptly went back to the stage last autumn, and had the good fortune of being in a smash hit, "The Animal Kingdom." (He produced it, himself.) Like Miss Churchill, Howard believes that Hollywood is barbed with artistry-crippling snares. "To be put under a long-term contract in Hollywood is the worst possible thing that can happen to an earnest, conscientious player," he once was quoted as saying.

Later I asked him about this statement, and he elaborated: "No progress is made without agitation—and I think that one of Hollywood's greatest faults is the manner in which players allow themselves to be cast repeatedly in the wrong sort of parts. The films offer potentially one of the greatest of theatrical mediums. The pity is that they are hemmed in by obstructions and paraphernalia which hamper their artistic growth. These checks are, of course, inevitable in a

(*Continued on page 78*)

Top to bottom: Buddy Rogers was discontented; Fay Wray wanted to help her husband; Lawrence Gray wanted to sing; Marguerite Churchill wanted more artistic freedom; Helen Chandler was bored with Hollywood; Leslie Howard wanted to play a rôle he liked; and Vivienne Osborne craved a change

The yacht of Howard Hughes, the young producer of "Hell's Angels" and "Scarface," anchors in the harbor near the Hotel Del Monte

Where You'll Find the STARS at *Play*

SERIES NUMBER 3

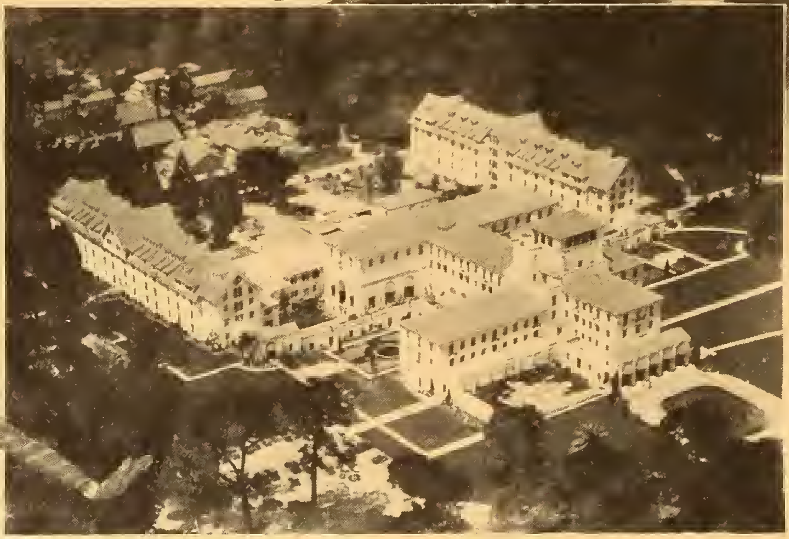
The Hotel Del Monte: where the stars play hermit—and also play golf and polo—get away from rumors—and take time for real romance.

This is the third of a series in MOTION PICTURE, telling you the stories of the places where the stars escape from work and worry, take time for real romance, relax and play, and—sometimes—even forget they are stars. These are the places where they are likely to be just themselves.—Editor.

NOTHING shows the change in movie stars so much as their new ways of spending their leisure hours. Once they sighed, "Oh, if we could only Get Away From It All—" and then dressed themselves in their most conspicuous best, packed a trunk full of glittering garments, and went where the crowds of the curious were thickest. Now, when they have a few days or weeks "between pictures," they toss a few, good sensible sports clothes into a suitcase. And, as often as not, they hop into their cars and hurry along El Camino Real—The King's Highway, where the bare feet of the friars once trod a dusty path—to Del Monte, which is just the time between a comfortable luncheon and a leisurely dinner away from Hollywood.

The Hotel Del Monte is one of the few California hotels with a fifty-year tradition behind it. Once coaches-and-six drew up with a flourish and cracking of whips at its portals—rebuilt since a fire which destroyed the central building several years ago. "John," who guards the screen stars' sports models and limousines at the hotel garage now, used to drive guests in a tallyho around the Seventeen Mile Drive. "George," who runs one of the elevators, carried picture players of twenty years ago, whose names are almost forgotten now, up and down in his cage.

Del Monte not only has the brightest stars of to-day for



Directly above, you have an airplane view of the Hotel Del Monte. It may look like a pretty conspicuous hiding place—but it is where many stars find all the privacy they want. It is the hide-away, for instance, of that well-known hermit, Ronald Colman. Across the two pages, you see the big swimming pool. Left, one of the decorative figures in the exotic Bali Room

By
DOROTHY
CALHOUN

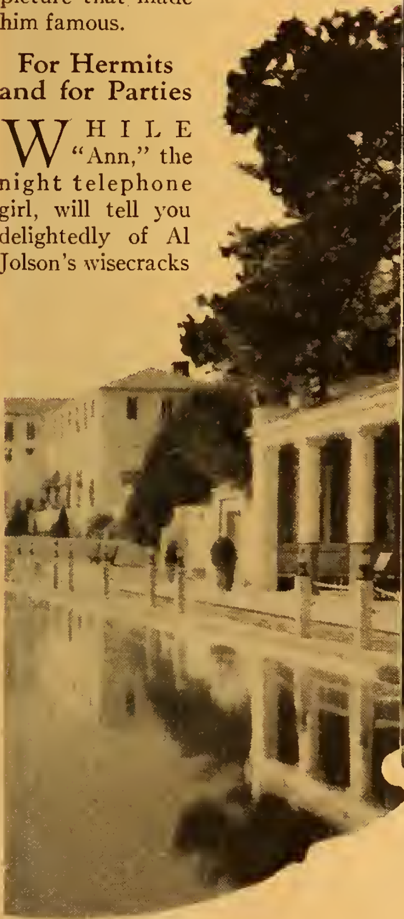
guests, but it has memories of the greatest stars of yesterday. Honeymooners like Joan Bennett and Gene Markey wander under live oaks which carry the entwined initials, "C. C." and "P. N.," in a schoolboyish heart, memento of the long-ago engagement of Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri, which was announced at Del Monte. Clark Gable—latest heart-breaker of the movies—occupies the very bungalow where Rudolph Valentino rested after completing "The Four Horsemen," the picture that made him famous.

For Hermits and for Parties

WHILE "Ann," the night telephone girl, will tell you delightedly of Al Jolson's wisecracks on his last visit, when he rushed in to call his wife, Ruby Keeler, in New York, Mr. Massie, the assistant manager, will relate anecdotes of the late Lon Chaney, who was noted for his liking for privacy. Even as far back as 1917, when he was not yet a star, Lon liked to slip away from the gaieties of the hotel to attend the wretched little prize fights in Carmel and yarn with the hick fighters afterwards.

It is not too much to say that in the early, light-hearted days of the movies, Del Monte knew every star of importance. The high corridors of the old wings echoed to their holidaying; famous parties were staged there, with famous

(*Continued on page 74*)



Fryer

Above, Bette Davis climbs the tower for a dive into the pool

Above, Bette Davis has the whole patio to herself. Left, Clark Gable—who seems to be keeping that mustache—looks at the Gable Handicap, a horse race at the Del Monte track

J. P. Graham

The *New* Babes in the *Hollywood*

The movies constantly demand new faces and new talent. Here are the boys and girls that the Great 1932 Search has turned up. Some of them will be stars some day. But which ones? Can you pick the winners?

By LEE TOWNSEND

Last year at this time, MOTION PICTURE told you who were the newly-arrived girls and boys who threatened to become movie stars.

The girls then were: Joan Blondell, Peggy Shannon, Karen Morley, Bette Davis, Marian Marsh, Arline Judge, Sidney Fox, Edwina Booth, Conchita Montenegro, Evalyn Knapp, Roberta Gale, Noel Francis, June MacCloy, Ruth Weston, Mae Madison, Loretta Sayers, Kitty Kelly, Rochelle Hudson, Peggy Ross, Cecelia Parker and Elda Vokel.

The boys then were: Eric Linden, Warren William, James Dunn, Gene Raymond, Kent Douglass, Robert Young, Richard Cromwell, Ralph Bellamy, Hardie Albright, Kent Taylor, Tom Douglas, Charles Starrett, Allen Vincent, John Darrow, John Breeden and the late Robert Williams.

And here is the story of the boys and girls who are the promising newcomers to-day. —Editor.

ANN DVORAK may "do a Cagney" and walk out on a promising movie career, Tallulah Bankhead and Paramount may not get together next option time, Constance Bennett soon may be packing up her bankroll and her Marquis and departing permanently for France, George Brent and Ruth Chatterton may marry, Mary Pickford may attempt a comeback—all these newsy stories that are flying around the town may quit being just rumors in favor of becoming actualities. But one thing is certain—never before has Hollywood had such a large aggregation of fresh young faces pointed hopefully at the shining portals of movie stardom.

The new generation of screen youngsters under contract to the major studios is unprecedented all along the line—in talent, in numbers and in promise. "Star material! New faces! New names! We must have fresh material!" are the cries on every side. And as talent scouts and executives continue to select brilliant unknowns in answer to this demand, the filmgoer watches, appreciating that in this group the great names of tomorrow lie. For watching a great name grow is one of the larger delights of steady theatre attendance.

Two Little Girls From Texas

PARAMOUNT has a fine array of up-and-comers. In addition to Randolph Scott, who looks like a blond combination of Maurice Chevalier and Gary Cooper, this company expects great things of Florine McKinney, Adrienne Ames and Claire Dodd.

Florine is that little Texan who is *so* beautiful. Fundamentally a musician, she had the ingénue lead in a musical comedy presented by the Fort Worth Lions Club. Fort Worth was so proud of her that it promptly gave her scholarships and things, and when she graduated from high school, what was there to do but take that pretty little face and soothin' little accent up to Hollywood? And here—but you saw her yourself in "The Miracle Man" and "One Hour with You."

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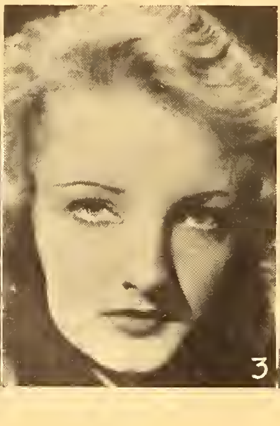

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Adrienne Ames was born right in Miss McKinney's stamping ground, Fort Worth. But she is oh! so much more sophisticated. For Miss Ames did that right smart thing of going to New York to get an art education. She also acquired poise and a rich husband (Stephen Ames). She also got ambitious, because, stopping off from a Honolulu vacation, she was given a chance at pictures and accepted. And did very well in a half-dozen films leading up to her elegant appearance in "Sinners in the Sun."

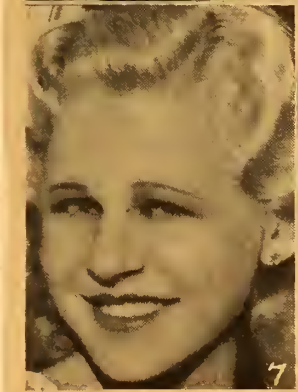
Claire Dodd is one of those rare cases of Turned Tables, or Local Girl Makes Good in the Big Town. After appearing as a show-girl in the film of "Whoopee," she was picked by the late lamented Florenz Ziegfeld to go back and add glory to his "Smiles." There her blonde hair and green eyes and five-feet-six-inches and one hundred and twenty pounds of slim loveliness brought her glory that sent her skimming back to Hollywood. She has had minor rôles in about a dozen Paramount pictures, none as yet very prominent. (She is, for instance, the lovely corpse in the mystery drama, "Guilty As Hell.") Like the other youngsters at the studio, she is being coached by the old master of juvenile talent, Stuart Walker, and soon she'll be up there trading profiles with the best of them.

One of Paramount's biggest bets is also one of the year's most unusual "finds"—Lyda Roberti. This platinum-haired Polish comédienne, whose hair is as unruly as her sense of humor is contagious, has a style that is peculiarly her own. She is an original—no imitator of anyone now on the screen. You caught your first glimpse of her in "Dancers in the Dark," which she stole, and your second glimpse in "Million-Dollar Legs," which she also had no trouble walking away with. Now she is playing opposite Eddie Cantor in "The Kid from Spain," and he predicts that she'll automatically become a star when the picture is released. Another Paramount newcomer who'll bear watching is Susan Fleming, blonde chorus girl from Broadway, who is being groomed along more conventional lines. She's starting in ingénue rôles. (She was the feminine love interest in "Million-Dollar Legs.") But most of the feminine stars of to-day started that way.

RKO's pet is Gwili Andre, the Danish newcomer, whose beauty is positively startling. She came to America four years ago without movie ambitions—and rapidly became New York's highest-paid gown model. And then an RKO scout spotted her. She got her movie start opposite Richard Dix in "The Roar of the Dragon," which didn't give her much chance to act. Perhaps "Mysteries of the French Police" will do better by her. Another newcomer who, it is certain, can act is Katherine Hepburn, whom you'll see in "A Bill of Divorcement." Red of hair and with a boyish figure, she is one of New York's society debs and is said to have plenty of dough-re-me in her own right. Don't let that prejudice you, however. She came West after making a hit on Broadway in "The Warrior's Husband," the satire of the old days when women were the ones who went to war. Katherine played the warrior of the title, and nightly "brought down the house."

Among RKO's newest young ladies are Betty Furness, sixteen and signed the day after graduation from an exclusive school for girls in Millbrook, New York; Phyllis Fraser, also sixteen, signed the day after arriving in Hollywood to visit her aunt, Ginger

(Continued on page 90)



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Here's Who They Are

1. Virginia Bruce
2. Bruce Cabot
3. Gwili Andre
4. Mary Carlisle
5. Johnny Weissmuller
6. Susan Fleming
7. Lyda Roberti
8. Tom Brown
9. Ruth Selwyn
10. Alexander Kirkland
11. June Vlasek
12. Dolores Rey
13. Creighton Chaney
14. Adrienne Ames
15. Sheila Terry
16. William Gargan
17. Phyllis Fraser

LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF SNAPSHOTS IN HOLLYWOOD

A friend (?) of George O'Brien snaps him in the act of showing Marguerite Churchill how a sword-swallower would eat pie—and Marguerite seems to enjoy it. But wait 'til she marries him—if she does!

No sooner does George M. Cohan close his eyes than someone snaps his phyzog—all of which convinces the famous star-producer-playwright that there's no rest in Hollywood. He's studying his lines for "The Phantom President"

A tourist and five RKO starlets, all in bathing suits, spotted each other at the same time—but the girls couldn't get into the pool before he had their picture. (Fast boys, these tourists!) From front to back, they are Phyllis Fraser, Rochelle Hudson, Julie Haydon, Mary Mason and Harriet Hagman—and they shake a mean springboard

It all depends on your make-up—either you don't mind snapshots or you do. Paulette Goddard almost had her make-up in shape when the camera went "click." She's a brand-new "find" of Hal Roach, the first discoverer of Jackie Cooper

To keep the supple softness . . . the yielding firmness of a youthful skin

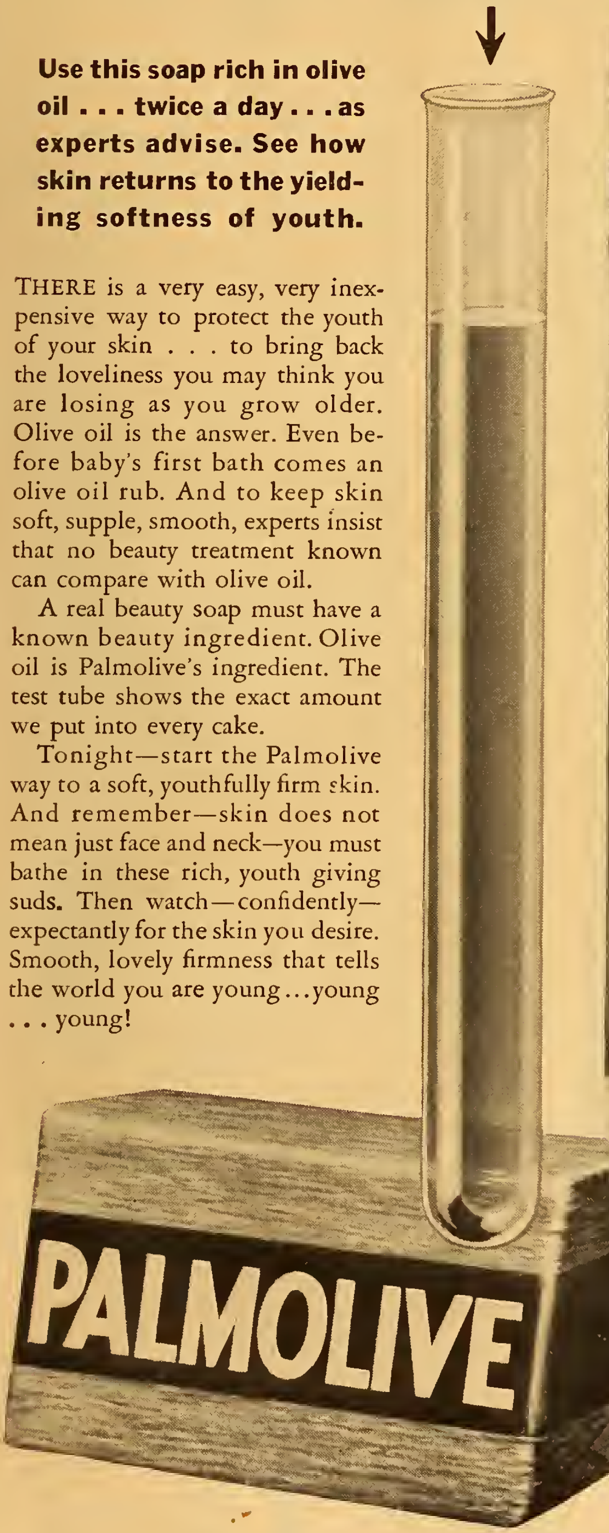
this much **OLIVE OIL** goes into every cake of Palmolive

Use this soap rich in olive oil . . . twice a day . . . as experts advise. See how skin returns to the yielding softness of youth.

THERE is a very easy, very inexpensive way to protect the youth of your skin . . . to bring back the loveliness you may think you are losing as you grow older. Olive oil is the answer. Even before baby's first bath comes an olive oil rub. And to keep skin soft, supple, smooth, experts insist that no beauty treatment known can compare with olive oil.

A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. Olive oil is Palmolive's ingredient. The test tube shows the exact amount we put into every cake.

Tonight—start the Palmolive way to a soft, youthfully firm skin. And remember—skin does not mean just face and neck—you must bathe in these rich, youth giving suds. Then watch—confidently—expectantly for the skin you desire. Smooth, lovely firmness that tells the world you are young . . . young . . . young!



A smooth, firm, youthful skin rewards the woman who realizes the beauty-value of olive oil. Reproduced from an actual photograph, the test tube at the left shows you the amount of olive oil that goes into each 10c cake of Palmolive Soap.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Over 30!

"I'm over 30" *says Betty Compson*

Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

Screen Stars know how to KEEP the radiant charm of YOUTH . . . .

SCREEN STARS have no fear of birthdays! A woman can be charming at *any* age, they declare, if she knows how!

"I'm over thirty," says the fascinating Betty Compson, adored screen star. "And I don't mind admitting it in the least. No woman need fear the years ahead if she knows how to take care of her appearance."

And Anna Q. Nilsson agrees! "Keeping young isn't a matter of birthdays," says this exquisite star, whose recent return from Sweden caused thousands of fans to rejoice. "Stage and screen stars have learned how to *keep* their youthful charm."

What is the secret the lovely stars know? *Guard complexion*

■

Who would believe this lovely star is over 30! "Actresses *must* keep youthful charm," she says, "and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for some time—it certainly does wonders for the complexion."

LUX

but gloriously YOUNG

"I'm over 30" says Anna Q. Nilsson

Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

beauty above everything else, they advise. Use Lux Toilet Soap, as we do!

On Broadway, as well as in Hollywood, this luxurious soap is the favorite complexion care. It is found in theater dressing rooms throughout the country.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap—so gentle, so beautifully *white* no other soap can rival it. It has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Surely *you* will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!

■

Over 30, and so amazingly youthful! "Keeping young is a matter of knowing how," says Anna Q. Nilsson, beloved star. "A smooth, clear complexion always says 'youth.' I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin always at its very best."

Toilet Soap

So *This* is RANDOLPH SCOTT!

Maybe he does look like a combination of Gary Cooper and Maurice Chevalier, and has Hollywood all excited about him—but he's the kind of chap you'd like to call "Randy" and treat as a pal!

By

TERRENCE COSTELLO

We nominated Randolph Scott for stardom in the June Motion Picture. Not only because of his looks and his poise, but because of the impression he had made in two brief appearances before the camera. We felt that, with a big rôle, he would do big things. We feel that way more than ever now, after reading his life story. Here it is. Read it and see if you don't feel the same way.—Editor.

RANDOLPH SCOTT (who makes plenty of people think of a combination of Gary Cooper and Maurice Chevalier) was born dead—on a certain January 23 somewhere around 1900, at his family's country place near Orange, Virginia. They slapped and pounded him until he started breathing—and oh my! oh my! aren't the holders of his contract glad that he did! For he grew up to be one of the most promising finds of many years. He can't miss—having, on a grand scale, What The Movies Need.

He is, for instance, not merely large: he is six feet two and weighs one hundred and eighty-two pounds, stripped. He learned acting under the tutelage of the gifted coach, Gilmor Brown. His virile good looks are second to none in all Hollywood. He is poised, charming and blond. And his voice—well, Mr. Scott ought to croon that song Mr. Vallee is going to write for Mr. Hoover, to lure Miss Prosperity back to the U. S. A.

And if Miss Prosperity doesn't respond to the dulcet tones of the Scott voice, she'll be a lot different from the local young ladies. Following the precedent set by Lupe ("Hot-Cha") Velez herself, the gals have been outdoing themselves to see who can tumble the fastest for the huge, mild Virginian. But Randy (and this is perhaps another reason why they go on crashing as they do) isn't particularly interested by all these gurgling, burbling falls.

In Love Twice, He Admits

"AH'VE been in love twice," he says in that soft, Southern accent. "And Ah got hurt bad both times. First with a girl down South. That went on foah ten yeahs. Her mothah didn't approve of me and broke us up. The othah time was out heah and recent. Naturally, Ah can't talk about it."

Lest you strain yourselves leaping to wrong conclusions, it should be said that this last case of heart trouble was not occasioned by La Velez. Randy is *not* inflamed by the Mexican Jumping Bean.

"She's a mahvelous little kid," he testifies. "And Ah think that the stage—wheah the colah of her puhsonality will show up bettah—is the best place for her. She's mahvelous—even though she doesn't have much use foah me."

And that, ladies and gentlemen, recalling just how much the

(*Continued on page 82*)

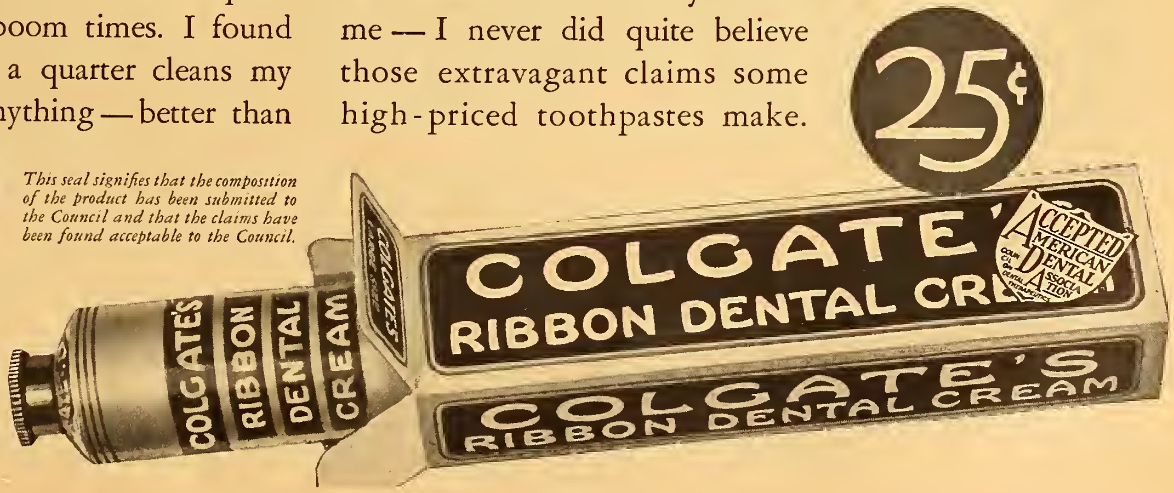
"COLGATE'S ?– WHY CERTAINLY! NOTHING CAN CLEAN THEM BETTER. AND WHEN THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOUR TEETH, YOUNG LADY– YOU MARCH RIGHT DOWN TO MY OFFICE."

"My dentist and my purse suggest the same toothpaste"

Dad said we had to come down to earth—and meant it—so mother and I started to cut corners. Necessity brought me to my senses—in more ways than one. Fifty cents *did* seem a lot for toothpaste—even in boom times. I found Colgate's at a quarter cleans my teeth—if anything—better than ever—and it tastes better, too. And you should have heard the recommendation my dentist gave Colgate's. So here we are—saving a quarter—and a lot better off—because between you and me—I never did quite believe those extravagant claims some high-priced toothpastes make.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.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The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

MOVIE CRAZY

Lloyd's Latest A Nifty—Don't Miss It: The first preview of Harold Lloyd's latest comedy ran nearly three hours in a San Diego theatre. When we saw it, it was still considerably over-length, but from the constant outbursts of immoderate mirth that greeted every gag, we were impressed with the colossal task that confronts the film editor. There can be no higher praise for a comedy. Lloyd has one of the funniest pictures he ever made in "Movie Crazy."

It would spoil your enjoyment to detail any specific gag. Suffice it to say there are a wealth of riotous situations in this story of the experiences of a movie-struck youth in Hollywood. Lloyd has keenly satirized the studios he knows so well. Of course, there is a girl, in this case Constance Cummings who shows greater promise than ever before. Lloyd, himself, is more romantic than ever before.

There are a hundred good reasons why you should go "Movie Crazy."

DOWN TO EARTH

Just Made For Will Rogers—Interesting: Styled for the peculiar talents and personality of Will Rogers, this story of the newly-rich oil man afraid to face his butler's cold disapproval when he crumbles bread in his soup is neither worse nor much better than the usual Rogers vehicle. In fact, it is difficult to disengage it from the others dealing with the adventures of the same family, the fate of any sequel perhaps.

Rogers mingles his humor with salty comments about the depression and his bucolic simplicity stands out in sharp contrast to the sumptuous sets. The scene where he tries to impress the bankers with the rigid economy of his household while his wife (Irene Rich as usual) decorates the luncheon table with ropes of gardenias is very funny. "You notice, I hope," stutters Rogers, "they ain't orchids."

One protest we must register, and that is the unnecessary rudeness of his speech to his guests at the fancy dress ball.

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD

Connie Bennett Film—Satisfying: Connie Bennett's qualifications as a dramatic star are almost unnecessary in the convolutions of this involved plot. Early in the story the audience is let into the secret of a murder in an elevator. Knowing that Connie is going to be suspected of the crime, though innocent, the heroine's trial scene by the newly appointed District Attorney who is in love with her is so familiar one seems to have seen it before.

Since the murdered man was a "heel" who deserved a little killing, and since the motives for the crime were properly noble with everyone trying to shield everyone else, the complications fall a trifle flat. The acting and the title are two noteworthy things about the picture.

Despite the rather rubber-stamp plot, however, Connie's blonde beauty and peculiar contemporary charm have never been better displayed and her leading man, Neil Hamilton, is very becoming to her.

DOWNSTAIRS

Gilbert Comes Back Strong: What ho! John Gilbert is more like his old self again than in any previous talking venture. And he authored the story for himself. His characterization is totally unsympathetic, being that of a scoundrelly chauffeur. Women and blackmail are his line. He never stoops, but what he conquers. It is only when he attempts to add the butler's young wife to his conquests that he meets a well-deserved fate. The way in which the avenging husband disposes of him is novel, to say the least.

The title "Downstairs" has bearing on the action of the piece which takes place in the servant's quarters of a Viennese castle. The performances are nearly all first-rate, Paul Lukas being particularly effective as the butler. Virginia Bruce, who will soon be Mrs. Gilbert, plays the butler's bride. With the exception of a certain photographic beauty, she offers the picture nothing.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE

Fine Mystery—New Thrills: At last a mystery picture which doesn't depend for its thrills on skeleton hands, disappearing bodies and secret passages. The degeneration of a fine old family supplies the horror theme for this logical and splendidly acted and directed story of an old house and its secret shame.

Two parties of incongruously assorted human beings—a soap baron, a chorus girl, a war-wrecked gentleman and a quarrelsome couple are driven by a storm —one of the best movie storms we have seen in ages—to seek refuge in a lonely and ramshackle house, presided over by a hideous deaf-mute servant. (Boris Karloff).

It is hard to focus the praise on any one or even two performances—without exception everyone of the large cast gives a characterization as detailed as a portrait. Suspense is hoarded to last to the final moment. Eva Moore, as the witchlike chatelaine of the House, is exceptional.

STRANGE INTERLUDE

One Of The Great Pictures Of All Time: If you like your drama tense, your dialogue powerful, and your acting flawless—here is the picture you have been waiting for. It looks like THE picture of the year.

They have done right by Eugene O'Neill's great drama of a frustrated woman who goes from youth to age, always thinking of the past or future, considering the present "a strange interlude"—and cheats herself of her one great love. There is little action, but the intensity of the characters' emotions makes up for this. You are amazingly aware of their inner thoughts.

In the difficult rôle of *Nina*, Norma Shearer lives her lines, gives her greatest performance. It is unquestionably her picture. Clark Gable, as her lover, *Darrell*, is a new person—intensely sensitive. Alexander Kirkland, as *Sam*, her husband, is convincingly Rotarian. Ralph Morgan, as *Marsden*, who has a mother-complex, is sharply amusing. You won't forget them.

(*More Reviews on Page 68*)

With a skin naturally MOIST and LUSCIOUS does LUPE VELEZ *need Creams — too?*

LUPE VELEZ . . . PHOTOGRAPHED IN HOLLYWOOD BY STEICHEN

Hollywood dermatologist says "Yes". Advises her to preserve that firm skin roundness, so childish and so seductive . . . by using Woodbury's Creams.

•

Shiny cheeks look young, Lupe Velez believes. But a skin has to be immaculately clean and fine to dare to follow that fashion. Lupe Velez softens her skin with cream, washes it with soap and water, powders lavishly, but then rubs the powder off again . . . to give her face those youthful highlights.

•

If you have dry skin, you need creams, obviously. One application of Woodbury's COLD Cream on a rough, parched skin will show you at once how much your skin has hungered for those softening oils.

But Lupe Velez hasn't dry skin. Characteristic of her ardent southern type is her rich "plummy" complexion. Her skin never flakes or peels. It blooms like the lush flowers of a tropic night. Yet the dermatologist who guards the complexions of famous screen stars advises Lupe Velez to use Woodbury's Creams regularly. Because, he says:

"Underneath a baby's skin, a supporting layer of fat cells keeps the skin full and firm. When that cushion of fat falls away, the skin loses its rounded fullness and begins to sag and wrinkle. Exposure, poor circulation, the dry-heated air of our homes, low-calorie diets, all these tend to exhaust that youthful layer of fat beneath the skin. Even if your skin is not dry on the surface, use Woodbury's COLD Cream to replenish that deep, natural cushion of fat which keeps the skin firm and smooth. Woodbury's COLD Cream is excellent for this purpose, for its fine oils are readily taken up by the skin tissues.

"Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (used as powder base) spreads a film over the skin which protects it from exposure, prevents it from drying out, keeps choking dust and impurities out of the pores."

• • •

Give YOUR skin this same wise care . . . Woodbury's COLD Cream twice a day for softening and smoothing the skin . . . Woodbury's FACIAL Cream under powder before going out. Both on sale (with other Woodbury Scientific Aids to Loveliness) at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.

WOODBURY'S SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . Melts at skin temperature. Its fine oils soften and smooth the skin—50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . An exquisite finishing cream. Use it to protect the skin and as a powder base. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . The lightest and "meltiest" of creams. Penetrates deep into the pores—flushes the dirt to the surface. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . A luxurious emollient cream. Use it to prevent and correct lines and wrinkles and for excessively dry skin. 50¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . Refreshing—stimulating—refines texture. For normal and dry skins. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER . . . Spreads evenly. Does not clog the pores. Comes in several carefully blended shades. Exquisitely perfumed. 50¢ and $1 the box.

USE THIS COUPON FOR DAINTY SAMPLES AND PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6322 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○ Flabby Skin ○ Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○ Pimples ○

For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp. Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

*Name*________________ *Address*________________

*City*________________ *State*________________

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Tune in on Woodbury's, every Friday evening, 9:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Leon Belasco and his Woodbury Orchestra. Hear Janet Parker's authoritative beauty talks. WABC and Columbia Network.

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 66*)

SKYSCRAPER SOULS

"Grand Hotel" Pattern—Fairly Good: With only the slimmest resemblance to the novel from which the first half of its title was taken, the director has made a fairly successful attempt to follow the formula of "Grand Hotel." Every scene in this story of young love and seasoned villainy has been taken within the confines of a modern skyscraper, including sequences in a bank where the hero works, a broker's office where the heroine is a secretary, and the pent-house atop the building where the middle-aged (wealthy and married) aspirant to her Youth and Beauty (played suavely by Warren William) holds the indispensable orgies.

Maureen O'Sullivan, adequate as usual, is overshadowed by the part of the middle aged and bitterly wise secretary which should give Verree Teasdale, new import from Broadway, a sure place on the screen.

BACK STREET

Human And Convincing—See It: Let those who have tears prepare to shed them now. The more sympathetic who see this story of lifelong love out of wedlock and the lonely lingering old age of the woman who lived on the "back street" of a man's life will be in their element here.

The director knows his heart strings, and both Irene Dunne, as the woman who gave so generously, and John Boles, as the man who forfeited the privilege of protecting the woman he loved, rise above their usual excellent level of performance.

The most conventional cannot object to the theme in view of the long-drawn out punishment of the heroine for her mistaken love—the latter scenes of loneliness and mounting terror of poverty are cumulatively heartbreaking. It is, of course, a question whether their changes are fitted for a picture, but these are well done.

ONE-WAY PASSAGE

Real Drama — Something Different: No sooner has one sighed "there is nothing new in the way of stories" than a brand-new plot comes along. This story of a man and a woman, each condemned to a limited span of life, who meet and love in the shadow of death is both novel and poignantly beautiful. William Powell, as the escaped convict under sentence of execution, and Kay Francis, as the society girl travelling to forget that she has a fatal heart ailment, do the best work of their respective careers, avoiding the temptation to pile on the agony and handling the delicate situation with fine restraint and even lightness.

The director, evidently fearing audience tears, has interspersed the story proper with a comedy theme which is rather overstressed. We cannot remember a more striking closing scene in a picture.

THE FIRST YEAR

Gaynor-Farrell Fans Will Like It: Once a huge Broadway success, this story of early married life is definitely dated. Its stilted speeches have a quaint ring, its humor is just a trifle old-fashioned, and this coupled with the fact that neither Charlie Farrell nor Janet Gaynor seems quite young enough for such very young young love throws the whole story out of touch with the times.

There may be communities where young men are afraid to kiss girls, and where girls lift their eyes heavenward when they talk of Love, but it's safe to say most audiences don't live in them. Nevertheless, it gives Gaynor and Farrell fans everything they ask, tears and trembly smiles, and sweet romance.

It follows the play faithfully. Both stars are well cast, but they can do better things —they have proved it.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP

Bankhead Picture Better Than Usual: This story of a jealous husband, a woman who draws men's eyes, and one of the men who looks on her, seethes with the less subtle emotions. From the beginning, in the tropic atmosphere of an African seaport to the close in a violent downpour of rain it is Movie—and excellent Movie.

Tallulah Bankhead, as the sultry and turbulent wife, is technically faithful to her stout naval-commander husband, but one hardly blames him for his suspicions of the handsome young submarine officers who reek with her perfume and appear to rescue her from his jealous rages.

Despite the Bankhead magnetism, the honors of the pictures go to the murderous, ungainly husband, magnificently and even sympathetically played by Charles Laughton, with Gary Cooper, handsomer than ever, a rather poor third.

LADY AND GENT

It's Convincing—You'll Like It: We like to believe that people are like this. We radiate approval when the rough prize-fighter and his fancy woman are touched by the plight of a little child and promptly give up their former lives to take care of him. Without quarreling over the naïveté of this view of human nature, George Bancroft and Wynne Gibson make these two unsavory people sincere and convincing.

Their characterizations never waver from the moment we glimpse them in a cabaret to the moment we leave them silvery haired, about to make a long-delayed marriage.

Bancroft has seldom found a rôle that fitted his personality as well as this inarticulate, blundering, wholly likable fighter. A series of anti-climaxes toward the end rather bewilder the onlooker who thinks the picture is over before the final scene.

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These signs tell you where to go for the greatest value you've ever had on Kotex and Kleenex...indispensable accessories to every woman's comfort, daintiness, fine grooming.

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Revolutionary, new!

There is no other pad like it!

The new Phantom Kotex—form-fitting, flattened, tapered, sanitary pad—is made to fit. It ends all fear of telltale outlines, even under the smoothest fitting dresses. You've never known perfect sanitary comfort like this before. There's nothing remotely like it.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the New PHANTOM-KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. Here is your chance to try the New PHANTOM KOTEX at a revolutionary low price!

KLEENEX TISSUES

For handkerchiefs—for removing cold cream and cosmetics

You know KLEENEX, the softest, yet strongest, absorbent tissues. Invaluable for handkerchiefs . . . to remove cold cream . . . as a substitute for linen, towels, napkins . . . for dozens of home and office uses.

Made of rayon-cellulose

KLEENEX is a dainty, downy square of tissue, handkerchief size. It is many times more absorbent than linen or cotton. Gentler, too—and luxuriously soft, because it is made of the finest rayon-cellulose. The softest yet strongest tissue on the market! Because you get a big supply for so little cost, you destroy each tissue when used.
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FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

THE IDOL OF SEVILLE

A couple of months ago, I reviewed the first of the Kendall-De Vally Operalogues—and tipped you off to the fact that the movies are giving you grand opera at last, in condensed form. This is the newest of the series, and the best to date—because it has a little action. The abbreviated opera this time is "Carmen," and besides getting a fairly good idea of what it is all about, you get an excellent assortment of the best arias in the opera. A great deal of the singing takes place in the open—which takes away much of the artificiality of grand opera. The singing—chiefly by Rene Donny, Ivan Edwardes and Jack Howell—is excellent. (Educational)

HOLLYWOOD ON PARADE

This breezy little song-dance-and-comedy number is an echo of "The Hollywood Revue" and "Paramount on Parade"—and, just between you and me, it's also an attempt to find out if you'd like feature-length musical revues again. You can't complain about not having diversity of entertainment here. Fredric March is the capable master of ceremonies; Jack Oakie and Ginger Rogers do a romantic travesty; Mitzi Green scores a hit by singing "Was That the Human Thing to Do?;" the Three Brox Sisters do a triple imitation of Marlene Dietrich; Eddie Peabody strums a mean banjo; and there is some snappy dancing. (Paramount)

PISCATORIAL PLEASURES

Whoever thought up the title for *this* one never had his eye on the box office, but it's a little feature that should go over with all and sundry, if they'll only stay after the main feature to see it. In plain English, "piscatorial pleasures" means "fishing for the fun of it"——and in this case it means deep-sea fishing of the exciting variety, with the off-screen voice of a funny fellow named Pete Smith tipping you off to what's what, as well as handing you a succession of healthy snickers. Maybe you think you wouldn't be interested in seeing what it's like to wrestle with a shark in a small boat, but you'd be surprised. Watch for this one. (M-G-M)

C'EST PAREE

Here's a musical novelty all in color—which is something new in featured shorts. It's too bad that the script also isn't original, but it will do for a beginning. This is the first of a series, which promises well if the boys will only knuckle down and think of some new gags, and some new ways of putting across song numbers. The present sample is pretty routine. It all has to do with doughboys in Paris which is overrun with chorus girls. There is a bit of comedy, a bit of singing, and plenty of group dancing. The dancing and a good banjo act are the best parts of all, because of their contagious rhythm. The Technicolor is refreshing after staring at a black-and-gray screen. (Vitaphone)

ARTISTIC TEMPER

Ruth Etting, the former Ziegfeld "blues" singer, is worth your time any day (or evening either, for that matter). Particularly since the gentlemen who had the bright idea of getting her into the movies—even if only in featured shorts—give her songs a background of plot. In this one, for instance, she is an ex-actress married to a doctor, who dislikes most stage people. When he goes away on a trip, she gives a party for old stage friends; and when he returns suddenly, finds them there, and gets mad about it, she ups and leaves him to help out in a charity benefit her friends are staging. She gets across three songs, no less, as only an Etting can. (Vitaphone)

YOUNG ONIONS

They should have a better title for this little comedy—it deserves one. For one thing, it introduces a new comic—a smooth Englishman named Forester Harvey. For another thing, it draws an amusing picture of married life among those who like to eat. On the fifth anniversary of his wedding (to Dorothy Granger), Harvey's main ambition in life is to eat and sleep—but she craves romance. At this point the plot thickens. An ex-suitor tries to persuade her to go to Tia Juana with him; and Harvey gets a chance to go to Malibu on a gay party. The couple quarrel and part; and then each imagines what the other is doing. These fancies of theirs are amusing. (Educational)

SMART WORK

With practically all the movie stars getting divorces this month, this comedy is timely. While it doesn't have anything to do with the divorces of movie stars, it does have to do with divorces—and dizzy ones, at that. It has a novel plot—which is marred by slapstick most of the way, but makes up for it in the "kick" at the end. In divorce comedies, as you must know by this time, there always has to be a detective—and in this instance Billy Dooley is the man. Imagine his surprise, in trailing the husband of his client, to discover that the villain is driving around with his (Dooley's) wife! Addie McPhail plays opposite. "William Goodrich" (Roscoe Arbuckle) directed. (Educational)

HIS ROYAL SHYNESS

Every actor has a secret ambition to play a dual rôle—and Andy Clyde gets his wish at last in this burlesque of the life of a king. First, he plays the shy, wistful character his fans cry for (this time he's a doughboy who doesn't know the War is over); then, again, he plays a tipsy king who makes wisecracks about borrowing money from America. The king is kidnaped, and Andy (whose resemblance to him is "amazing") is drafted to take his place. The real king's enemies don't know the difference, and they're out to assassinate him just after he has taken a royal bath, and before he can eat a royal dinner. It's a "surprise" comedy. (Educational)

"To be sure of good light at low cost

Use this lamp"

"If EVERY WOMAN would remember that the *only* reason she buys lamps is to get light, only lamps that give *all* the light possible at the lowest cost would be used.

"Many people fail to realize that the true cost of light is the cost of the lamps *plus* the cost of current. If you pay for current that is wasted, instead of being turned into light, you are using the most expensive lamp made, no matter how little you paid for it.

"And because the only *sure* way of getting all the light you pay for is by purchasing a lamp made by a reputable manufacturer, I sell nothing but General Electric MAZDA lamps in my stores."

The reasons F. J. Pekoc, former president of The Ohio Retail Hardware Dealers Association and alert proprietor of 3 successful stores in Cleveland, Ohio, gives for selling only General Electric MAZDA lamps, are the same reasons that prompt so many outstanding industrial and commercial concerns, public institutions, great railway systems and steamship lines everywhere to specify General Electric *efficiency* and *economy* for every lighting purpose.

When buying lamps, just look for the initials G. E. in a circle on the end of every bulb. Then you are sure of true lighting economy. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight Lamps.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
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"Her great-great-grandmother's? How'd she dare wash it?"

"IVORY SNOW, silly! That's as gentle as the soap you use on your face."

No soap spots to strain cobwebby threads —with IVORY SNOW. Fine, sheer fabrics need delicate handling. If a flake of soap flattens into the mesh, it takes rubbing to rinse it out and if it dries in, it makes a stiff, brittle spot where the threads break easily. That is why Ivory Snow is so safe for washing precious laces, trousseau lingerie, fine woolens, sheer silk stockings. Ivory Snow has no flat particles that can cling and make soap spots! Instead of being cut into flat flakes, it is BLOWN. Each particle is soft and *round*, so that it melts even in *lukewarm* water like snow itself.

Instant suds without using hot water. No danger of plunging your fine things by mistake into too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow! For with Ivory Snow you can *start* with safe, LUKEWARM water. In an instant you'll get thoroughly dissolved suds that won't redden your hands . . . that will be gentle to fabrics and colors . . . that will rinse quickly and clearly away.

PURE as the babies' bath soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. Where can you find as safe a soap for costly fineries as Ivory, which doctors advise for a baby's tender skin? Be economical. Get Ivory Snow from your grocer and take care of all your good things with this pure soap. The big box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢.

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When Two Producers Flipped a Coin For a Star

(*Continued from page 60*)

have started a small war between two of the largest picture studios.

Gloria came to Hollywood's notice when she played *Masha* in "The Sea Gull" at Pasadena's highbrow Community Theatre. Paramount officials saw her and sent for her to offer her a contract. Serenely unaware that movie contracts are what little blondes cry for, Gloria said, "I'll let you know tomorrow. They've asked to see me at Universal and I have to go there before I decide."

The Paramount executive, wise in grand bluffs on the part of penniless movie aspirants, nodded his head wisely, smiled knowingly and let her go. Universal offered her twice as much money "so, of course I took the contract," Gloria explains.

How Laemmle Won Her

THE Boston Tea Party had nothing on the furore that contract started. Paramount insisted that it had a prior right to her services and rushed to the Will Hays office, where the matter was laid before the Arbitration Committee.

"It's a matter of principle," said Paramount's representative.

"You had an opportunity to get her and muffed it," said Carl Laemmle.

And so the argument went on, and on, and on, into the night. Neither side would give an inch. That is, not an inch of Gloria. Night was turning into day when Mr. Laemmle had a brilliant idea. "Let's toss a coin for her," he suggested.

The Paramount official groaned. "I'll lose then," he said, "because I never won anything in a toss yet." But he agreed.

The coin was tossed. Laemmle won. *By the flip of a coin Gloria Stuart became a Universal player.* The great minds of the motion picture industry had settled another momentous question. You will see her in Universal's "Old Dark House" and "Air Mail" and you are going to see her "built up" for stardom. If she takes your breath away, it won't be for the same reason she took *mine* away when I went to call on her.

They told me to park my car at the bottom of the steps and walk up. What they didn't tell me was that I must drive up one of Hollywood's highest mountains and, when the pavement ended, to keep on climbing; that I must park on the edge of a precipice at a forty-five degree angle and hope that when I returned the car would be there. And they didn't mention that to reach the house, one must climb hundreds of steps cut right out of the side of a mountain. Not concrete. At the top there was Gloria, and her three dogs, which probably hadn't seen a stranger for weeks and weeks. There was a gorgeous view.

Her Home Has No Electricity

A CHEERFUL fire burned in the grate in the living room, a room almost bare of furniture: a box spring covered with a Navajo rug, a chair and a chest—and that was all! And minus electricity! All about the room were candles, half-burned. She followed my gaze.

"This is a fine house, compared to the house we lived in at Carmel," she smiled. "But in Carmel it doesn't matter where you live. I understand it does matter in Hollywood, but in Carmel you are judged by what you *are* and not what you *have*. We lived in a tiny house in a wood-yard up there and loved it."

She offered me the one chair in the room.

"I've been learning my lessons," Gloria said, pointing to a number of screen magazines strewn about the box couch in front of the fire. "You see, I don't know anything about pictures or picture people. This is just a step. I expect to be on Broadway in five years, but it will take money to get there," she said, as she served tea and ginger cookies that she had made herself.

The reason why Gloria scarcely ever went to picture shows is because she just didn't have the time. At the University of California she majored in philosophy, but her spare time was occupied with appearances in school plays and at the Berkeley Playhouse. (Can your imagination go so far as to picture a motion picture actress majoring in philosophy?)

And then she fell in love with Blair Gordon Newell, a young and talented—but penniless—art student. The two decided to marry and, with characteristic promptness, left school, each determined to find a job. Gloria intended to get on the stage, if possible. Gloria's parents objected—strenuously—but when they saw that Gloria had made up her mind, they relented and insisted upon a very proper wedding in Santa Monica.

"Disinherited" Their Families

THAT is all that the young couple would accept, however. Not one cent would they take from anyone. Their families didn't "disinherit" them so much as they "disinherited" their families. They were determined to make their own way. They went to Carmel to live in the artists' colony there. Gloria acted with the players at the Theater of the Golden Bough and worked as associate editor of *The Carmelite*, a small paper. Her salary as actress was exactly nothing; her salary as associate editor was twenty dollars a month. Her husband worked at his sculpturing and wood-carving, and their net earnings amounted to forty dollars and sometimes forty-five dollars a month.

They lived, happily, on what they earned. Their home was a small shack in a woodyard. Built on the side of a hill, it had been left standing on stilts when the earth beneath it caved in and fell away.

"Many of our friends in Carmel are famous artists and live in magnificent homes, but they visited us in our shack and thought nothing of it," said Gloria simply. Gloria, who had always lived in a lovely home; who had never been called upon to make a sacrifice or do a bit of hard work in her young sheltered life.

"I like to live that way. I do my own work here. We are so homesick for our Carmel friends we don't know what to do," she declared fervently.

As to society—her first Hollywood opening failed to impress her, she said. And likewise Hollywood parties.

Her "Fifty-Fifty" Marriage

"OUR parties in Carmel were simpler, but we had more real fun," she said. Perhaps it's because Carmel is an artists' colony and she feels that her husband would be happier there, that the place has so great a charm for her. Certainly nothing about her own career seems to thrill her so much as the success that is beginning to come to him.

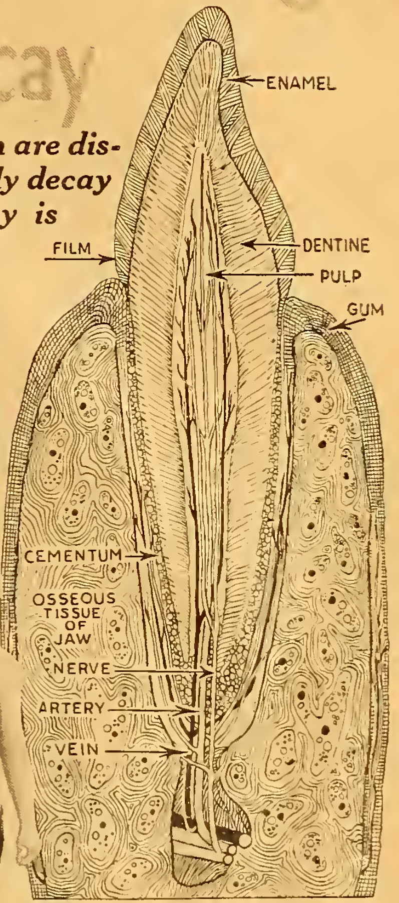
"Gordon has two commissions," she told me excitedly. "I was more thrilled when he got them than I was when I signed my contract."

Upon his success as an artist depends, to some extent, Gloria's success as an actress. She believes that marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition. There is going to be no "Mr. Gloria Stuart" around that house. She is able to help him get his start now, "but when I leave pictures to go on the stage, I will need *his* help," she explains.

There is no electricity in their little home, it is true, but it isn't needed. The moon rests on their chimney tops, the stars peek in the windows, the sun is on the front doorstep. The house sits on a cloud, which is as it should be for a very new star.

Science Throws New Light on Tooth Decay

Pain is nature's warning that teeth are diseased. The cause of pain is usually decay and an important cause of decay is the invisible film on teeth that science calls "Bacterial Plaque"



Cross-section of a tooth showing the intricate structure beneath the enamel.

Contrast the attitude of savage at the left who files his teeth with that of the modern young woman who keeps her teeth white and beautiful through daily use of Pepsodent.

Modern children may well be expected to have far better teeth than their ancestors.

THE actual cause of the aching tooth is now believed to be due to gases, formed inside the tooth during the process of decay, that may or may not be visible to the dentist from the outside. These gases expand and press on the sensitive nerves of the teeth.

Dental science answers the question of what leads to toothache by saying that food particles have been permitted to remain between the teeth and under the gums, to decay. Germs, or bacteria, formed in and by this decaying food, make acids which attack the cement-like structure of the teeth and dissolve out the material between the enamel rods.

The germs that cause the decay-producing acids, have a friend in the film-coat, or mucin-plaque, which forms on teeth. This film glues the bacteria to the teeth, providing a sort of warm shelter for them and even supplies them with food to thrive on.

Removal of film has therefore become an important problem for dental science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of the Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any toothpaste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the best toothpaste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others both in effectiveness and in safety required several years. The ablest scientific minds in the country were consulted repeatedly.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste exclusively. Because it is twice as soft as the material most commonly used, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. Today Pepsodent is known as the special "film-removing" toothpaste in 67 countries.

FREE! Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles

HERE are two great gifts for radio admirers of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs.

Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. To get one simply write name and address on the inside of an empty Pepsodent Toothpaste or Pepsodent Antiseptic box and mail it with coupon below. Send one empty box for each puzzle and name the one you want.

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I enclose empty Pepsodent carton for which send me Jig-saw Puzzle of........................

Signed ....

Street........................

City........................ State ....

Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

(Continued from page 55)

hosts and guests whose names have long since flickered out of the mazdas. Many pictures that have made movie history were actually filmed on these sixteen thousand acres of park, forest and shore line.

Here von Stroheim brought his company to make his most famous picture, "Foolish Wives." It was to be the most realistic society picture ever filmed up to that time, and fabulous sums were to be spent on it. And then, to his horror, von Stroheim discovered that the "extras" brought from Hollywood simply did not look like aristocrats! The manager of the Del Monte Hotel had a brilliant idea. He went personally to the great homes along the Seventeen Mile Drive, and in nearby Burlingame and Montecito, and asked the society folk—all of them in the Social Register—if they would work as "extras" in a motion picture.

They would get five dollars a day, he explained, and they would have to furnish their own costumes. The novelty of the idea appealed to the Four Hundred of the West Coast. They accepted—and probably worked harder during the next six weeks than they ever had before in their lives. They rose early to be made up and on the set (built across one of the drives) by nine o'clock; they meekly endured von Stroheim's Teutonic bursts of rage at their clumsiness; and they stood faithfully in line after the day's shooting to get their pay envelopes.

Here Is Ronnie's Hideaway

PERHAPS the most faithful guest of Del Monte is Ronald Colman, who brings his well-worn volumes of Tennyson and Browning to read in his well-hidden bungalow to-day, as he did in the days when "Stella Dallas" was being made around the hotel swimming pool. Here the dark, agonizingly shy British actor finds the privacy that all his wealth cannot buy for him elsewhere (as he recently discovered on his trip around the world).

You seldom see as informal a photo of Ronald Colman as this. It's the way he looks when fishing at Del Monte

"In Hollywood," Ronnie once epigrammed to me, "one cannot be as bad as he chooses, but in Paris he can be as good as he likes." He might have added, "or in Del Monte." Here are no eyes, prying, curious or admiring, to watch movie stars with the same childish fascination as the eyes that gaze at the animals in the zoo. Only once has Ronnie left his Del Monte solitude to greet a stranger, and that was when someone mentioned the fact that the new actor, Clark Gable, was staying at the hotel.

"Really?" asked Ronnie. "I met him once at a tea—probably doesn't remember me . ." But presently, with British courtesy, he appeared at the door of the Gable bungalow to pay a call. And the next day he and Clark set out on a fishing trip to the Del Monte Ranch (a part of the enormous Del Monte properties), in all the masculine brotherhood of sweaters and old clothes.

Clark Gable's sudden transition from out-at-the-knees obscurity to bewildering fame has made his smile and rugged good looks so familiar that he literally flees northward after every picture. Hollywood reads a short item in the gossip columns, "the Gables are vacationing at Del Monte"—and the haunts of moviedom, and the tourists, know Clark no more, until the studio sends out a new call for him.

"The Spot for Garbo"—Gable

SO completely are celebrities allowed to do just as they feel like doing at Del Monte, and so little are they bothered (unless they want to be), that Clark recently spoke enthusiastically of introducing Garbo to the setting. "It's just exactly what Greta would love," he said. And when one considers that the elusive Garbo would have had five hundred miles of bridle paths, a thousand acres of woodland, and seventeen miles of coast as steep and picturesque as her native Sweden in which to hide from the world, one wonders why she has gone six thousand miles to Get Away From It All.

It was a motion picture that introduced Dolores Del Rio to the beauties of the American Riviera, as Monterey Peninsula has been aptly called. "Evangeline" demanded a "forest primeval, murmuring pines and hemlocks." Under the salt-bitten cypresses and storm-swept evergreens of Del Monte, Dolores was wooed and won—pictorially. And here Dolores and her new husband, Cedric Gibbons, spent their honeymoon—and also their first anniversary.

When famous honeymooners are shy, the hotel protects them vigilantly. But the harassed publicity man who stood between Gloria Swanson Farmer and the horde of newspapermen panting to ask her embarrassing questions, during her second honeymoon with Michael Farmer, will always remember gratefully those good-natured honeymooners, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. They posed for him, holding hands, in time for the next morning's editions. That satisfied the newspapers—and Bebe and Ben continued their honeymoon in peace.

Two of the most recent movie honeymooners at Del Monte have been Betty (*Peter Pan*) Bronson and her young husband, Ludwig Lauerhaus.

If Pola Negri does marry her mysterious "millionaire fiancé" and should go to Del Monte for her honeymoon, it might be because she has already had great experience with the romantic possibilities of the place. It used to be her custom to stay at the Del Monte Lodge (a smaller annex of the hotel, situated on the Seventeen Mile Drive), while her fiancé of the moment stayed at the hotel proper—and properly.

Ann Harding, another famous publicity-dodger, often forgets the movies and the headlines at Del Monte Lodge

Pola's Three Romances There

FIRST, there was Charles Spencer Chaplin, whose stormy engagement to the exotic Polish star was to bring two studios to the verge of nervous prostration, before it terminated in a crash of fireworks. Next Del Monte watched Pola—then at the height of her fame, and one of the greatest stars of the screen—wandering along the flowered paths with tall Rod La Rocque, who honeymooned there several years later with Vilma Banky. And, last of all, Pola would sit regally under a spreading live oak on the edge of the greens, watching Rudolph Valentino play golf.

But of all the movie romances that Del Monte has fostered, the hotel employees speak most warmly of Irene Rich's—even though her romance ended eventually in divorce. When she was married to wealthy David Blankenhorn in one of the bungalows of the hotel, she invited everyone who worked at the hotel to her wedding reception. "She wanted it kept a secret," one of the waitresses tells me. "Imagine two hundred people keeping a secret! But we did it. Nobody knew that she was married until she was ready to give it out, herself."

A frequent visitor at Del Monte Lodge is Ann Harding, who is notably publicity-shy. She has, in fact, been called "the feminine version of Ronald Colman."

Many years ago, before the advent of the automobile, Del Monte was the Ascot of America, and now that golf is receding as the most popular sport of the leisure classes in favor of polo, the horse is coming into his own again at this resort. At the races held on the Del Monte course, society—which in this section means Society with a capital S—mingles with the movie élite. Here Mrs. Sidney Fish, the Gouverneur Morrises, Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church Phelps and others rubbed elbows at the last races with Heather Thatcher and Bramwell Fletcher, the Clark Gables, and the Douglas Fairbanks, Jrs. (Joan Crawford). One of the races was named the Gable Handicap.

At its conclusion, Clark put a wreath of flowers around the winner's neck and grinned his bashful boy-grin at the cheering crowd.

The Sports That Tempt Them

A TASTE for sport is one of the new developments of Hollywood that is taking the present generation of stars to Del Monte in great numbers. Here is a wide variety of polite amusements. There are two polo fields, eleven tennis courts, a big swimming pool, bridle paths, a yacht harbor, steeplechase riding, and wild boar hunts and fishing at the Del Monte Ranch.

While Ronald Colman plays a flashing game of tennis, with the sureness of generations of British sportsmen behind his racquet arm, Clark Gable—who is quite honest as regards his past as a laborer, oil worker and linesman—takes lessons from the hotel professional, trying to improve his game. While Robert Montgomery, on polo pony, plays stick and puck down the field, laughing at his own clumsiness, Eric Tyrrell-Martin, high-goal British polo player, practises the most difficult shots known to the game.

Howard Hughes' yacht drops anchor in Monterey Harbor, where the Spanish galleons first moored almost four hundred years ago. The yacht that John Gilbert sold a few years ago to a director lies just beyond. They are surrounded by other small cruisers.

Practically the first thing that new arrivals from Hollywood do at Del Monte is to take a plunge in the pool. And then for a good lounge in the summer furniture in the patio—where it's summer weather the year around.

The new Hollywood Cricket Team, with H. B. Warner, C. Aubrey Smith and other English actors on it, recently introduced the good old English sport to Del Monte, holding a regular cricket match. The national amateur golf championship was played three years ago on the hotel links. Gary Cooper and the Countess Frasso, house guests at one of the Pebble Beach estates nearby, recently rolled up very fair scores on the same course, and it was here that Irene Dunne made a hole-in-one, with only her husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, and two greens-gardeners for witnesses.

Bobby Takes Jackie's Place

EVEN the youngsters have their sports. For many years, Jackie Coogan led the children's Easter egg-rolling contest on the South lawns. Now Jackie is too big, and his brother, Robert, has taken his place. While Jackie—about to enter the University of California—was a winner in last year's golf tournament.

"Between pictures" used to mean parties to Hollywood, glasses tinkling, shop-talk. It used to mean public appearances, staring eyes, off-screen acting. It still does to a certain extent, but Hollywood has passed beyond the stage of just spending money and is learning how to spend its time. "Between pictures," nowadays, means leisure—used as people who have possessed leisure for generations have learned how to use it. Hollywood at last is discovering how to play. And one of the places where it is learning is Del Monte.

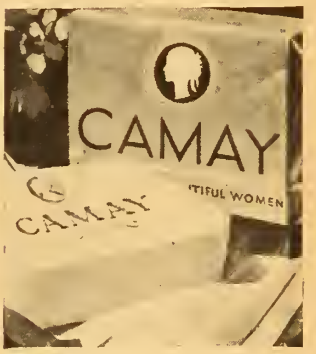
At Del Monte Prince George of England has danced with Hollywood's Lily Damita. At Del Monte Gary Cooper, Montana rancher, has played golf with an international champion. At Del Monte a multi-millionaire approaches Clark Gable, screen star and ex-oil well worker, and asks timidly, "Pardon me, but my wife would *so* much like to dance with you." At Del Monte Lon Chaney shunned the luxury of the Bali grill to talk with the gardeners and workmen on the grounds. At Del Monte, the movie stars get away from the atmosphere of Hollywood and become, "between pictures" at least, human beings who can play.

Three Girls competed in this BEAUTY CONTEST and she who Won had a Lovely Skin

If you are a woman, you are in a daily Beauty Contest. You are competing with every woman in your social set . . . with hundreds who are strangers to you. But if your skin is lovely, you will win! Let gentle Camay help!

"When she entered the room, she entered one of life's daily Beauty Contests. The other girls were as smartly dressed. But her *skin was exquisite. She won! The others lost!"*

Lather your face well with Camay and warm water. Then rinse with cold water. Now your skin is immaculately fresh—ready for your other beauty aids.



This is creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Look for it in the new green and yellow, Cellophane-sealed wrapper!

YOU'VE often heard it said, "Her face is her fortune." What is true of the woman with beautiful features is equally true of the woman with lovely skin. For if your skin is fresh and vibrantly alive, you've passed the most important test of beauty.

Then care for your precious skin with Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It's gentle and mild and creamy-white—the safe beauty soap for your complexion. And here's good news! Camay actually saves you money . . . at least 20% of the cost of other beauty brands. Do get a dozen cakes of delicate Camay today!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The Man Jean Harlow Has Married—Paul Bern

(*Continued from page 51*)

Paul Bern gave Jean Harlow his luxurious home as a wedding present—and with it this painting of Jean and some of their friends, disguised in Elizabethan garb. Beginning at the lower left corner and proceeding around the table, you will find: Irene Harrison, Gene Markey, Bebe Daniels, Lawrence Tibbett, John Gilbert, Carey Wilson, Irene Selznick, Jean Harlow, Irving Thalberg, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, David Selznick, B. P. Fineman, Edmund Goulding, Ben Lyon, Willis Goldbeck, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. This mural was executed by the Russian artist, V. Ignatieff

It is Paul who smoothes down ruffled temperaments and pours balm on injured feelings. It is Paul who pacifies an irate star when some cherished part is given to another. He is the producer of—Peace."

"Everybody's Friend"

HEDDA HOPPER also said to me, "Paul is for the downtrodden, wherever they happen to be. He is for the oppressed and for those in trouble, whether they are young or old, black or white, male or female. You hear of the sensational and exotic women he has befriended—the Barbara La Marrs and Joan Crawfords and Estelle Taylors and Mabel Normands—because you naturally *would* hear about them anyway. But you never hear of the dozens of obscure and humble persons he befriends, gives money to, gives time to."

Paul Bern is Hollywood's Little Father Confessor. This small, dark man with the ivory skin, the luminous eyes, the tender, listening smile, pays the bills for lean purses, teaches the dying to meet Death with a smile and the living to meet Life with a *beau geste*. It is Paul Bern who guides back footsteps that have strayed, fights for those who have fallen, dares public opinion and the scorn of the rabble to befriend someone in danger of scandal and disgrace. Paul Bern gives time and sympathy to those who are in difficulty. The first to help in adversity, he is the first to grasp the other fellow's hand when, on the other side of the slate, good fortune comes his way. Open-hearted, he is also one of the few real intellectuals of Hollywood. This is the man Jean Harlow has married.

And these are the deeds he has done:

Barbara LaMarr's Last Friend

WHEN beautiful Barbara La Marr lay dying, her open check-book rifled by her "friends," it was Paul Bern who paid the expenses of that long illness. And when she had gone, it was Paul who paid the funeral expenses and saw to it that Barbara was laid away as exquisitely as she had lived. And after all of that was over, it was Paul who supported Barbara's little adopted son until Zasu Pitts adopted the little boy.

But Paul Bern did more than that. For as Barbara lay dying, bitterly reluctant to leave life, she cried out to Paul, "I don't want to die, Paul—I am too young!" And Paul answered her, "You have already lived seven lives in one, Barbara—you are not being cheated when you go."

And so it was because of Paul Bern that Barbara did go willingly, his hand holding fast to hers as it had for hours and days and weeks before the end, making it possible for her to let go of life's warm, convulsive hand with less pain.

When a certain famous foreign tragédienne was here in Hollywood and her supposed husband gallantly announced to the world that they were not married and never had been, the actress shrank back in terror and disgrace. She was afraid to go out. She knew what the thin finger of scandal could do to her, personally and professionally. And then, one night, a huge box of orchids arrived at her home and with it an invitation to dinner and the theatre. The note and the flowers were from Paul.

She thanked him, but refused to go. And when the dinner hour arrived Paul Bern arrived, too, and literally dragged her from her house, took her to dine, took her to the theatre, and dared the world they lived in to cry "Thumbs Down!" on a woman who was, after all, the victim of a yellow gesture. That dinner party, that theatre party, those orchids were more than flowers and an invitation to the actress, who has since returned to the stage and to great fame. They were this man's belief in her—*they gave her back her courage*. They kept her great talent before the public. He helped Nazimova keep her spirit when her career was threatened.

Eased Mabel Normand's Going

IF Mabel Normand were to return to-day, she would have much the same story to tell as Barbara La Marr would have. For Mabel, too, had thrown too much grist to the mill and it was Paul who helped her husband, Lew Cody, to ease the last hard weeks and months of that stormy, ill-fated life. It was Paul who stood by her through all the scandals and threats of scandal her young life knew. Whether they were deserved or undeserved was no concern of Paul's. *He did not come to judge.* She was in distress, she was being stoned. He knew that her heart was hot and tender.

And at the last it was Paul who sat by her bedside and talked of other-world things so that the cherished, familiar things of this only world she knew might not be so hard to leave. He had, again, the faculty of making Mabel feel that she was not being cheated because she had to go so soon.

When Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey were in the first throes of their separation and Estelle was lonely and bewildered and a little bit afraid, Paul was there, to take her places, to amuse her, to entertain her. When an invitation came for him to a party—to which Estelle, rather ostentatiously, had not been invited—he declined, saying that he was sorry, but Miss Taylor was his guest for the evening.

He Americanized Lya De Putti

WHEN Lya De Putti first came to this country, she could speak very little English. She did speak German and so, of course, does Paul. She was ill at ease and fearful of the mistakes she might make. There seemed to be no one who cared enough to tell her what to do or how to do it. The heroine of "Variety" made some unpleasant mistakes. And then Paul Bern found her. He taught her English. He taught her, also, how to speak the language of the American studios and the American producers. It was Paul who found her places to live and showed her the places to go. Lya must surely be among those lovely women who have died with the memory of Paul Bern to soften their regrets about their lives.

When little Lucille Ricksen was dying of tuberculosis a few short years ago, it was Paul Bern, again, who sat by her bedside tragic day after tragic day and prepared this child (she was only fourteen, though a star) for death as she had not been prepared for Life. Holding fast to that kind hand, listening to those clear, compassionate words, Lucille found that Death seemed no more than another room in the bewildering house of Life and entered it unafraid. And when she had gone and the doctor's bills and the last sad expenses of living had all been paid, it was Paul Bern, yet another time, who saw to it that the tragic beauty was laid away.

It was Paul Bern who brought the pallid Jetta Goudal and her decorator-husband, Harold Grieve, together. Jetta was rather down and rather out. She needed work and the stimulus of doing something. Paul, with his uncanny instinct for hearing of those who are touching despair, gave Jetta his new house to decorate. She became ill before the work was finished and Harold Grieve was called in to help. There, in the house of Paul Bern, the two of them creating a home for him, their romance was born. Paul Bern watches the growth of life and love and happiness with as sympathetic and understanding an eye as he watches those who are leaving life and love and unhappiness behind them.

Believed in Joan and John

WHEN, a few years ago, Joan Crawford was attempting to struggle up, to grow out of the razzle-dazzle stage she was in, it was to Paul Bern that she turned for advice, for help, for counsel. From his belief in her she drew strength and determination. Tip-toeing, as she was, on the rims of pitfalls and passions, she saw Paul open other doors for her, and show her the road to the wisdom and development that are her life to-day.

Nor are women the only humans Paul Bern helps. When John Gilbert started on his toboggan ride from great fame to a threatened oblivion, when the mob of Hollywood hooligans were crying out, "He's through!", Paul Bern's voice was the one voice raised in denial. He went to the mat for Jack then and he has gone to the mat since. He fights for Jack. He believes in him. He says he is every bit as good as he ever was. He believes that he will stage a comeback as spectacular as his beginning in the days of "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade."

Hedda Hopper said to me, "Paul has the most astounding memory of any human being alive, I'm sure. If you just happen to mention casually, in his presence, that you have a fancy for yellow roses on some strange anniversary, you will *get* a crate of yellow roses on that day for the rest of your natural life——"

Met Jean Three Years Ago

PAUL BERN and Jean Harlow met for the first time some three years ago, at a party. Every so often during those three years, they had gone out together and had been seen together. No one in Hollywood suspected anything other than that Paul was holding out the helping hand, as he had done so many times before. (And had often been rumored engaged before.) Then the story of "Red-Headed Woman" became hot on the griddle of Hollywood. Competition was rabid. And it was learned that Paul Bern wanted Jean Harlow to play that title rôle, fought for her, insisted upon her. And finally, was going to marry her.

At forty-two, he had come to the place, at last, where the passion of pity and kindliness gave way to the passion called love. One wonders a little at the bond between them, considering the twenty-one-year difference in their ages. Then it is learned that Jean has cherished, for a long while, the desire, some day, to found a home for "unwanted" children, the foundlings of passion, the children of unwed mothers and unknown fathers. It may be that this mutual desire to help and not to judge is the call each heard in the other.

For Paul Bern, you see, there is no Right and there is no Wrong. There is no Black and no White. There is no Good and no Bad. There are only human beings, faulty, "born in sin," composed alternately of sugar and spice and everything nice and scissors and snails and puppy dogs' tails. Just *people* caught between the cradle and the grave, doing the best they know how in, sometimes, the worst of all possible ways, needing belief more than bread, a brother more than a judge.

This is the man Jean Harlow has married.

Darling,

YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE!

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Re-color your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the hair shaft—colors the hair where nature does. . . . Notox shades duplicate Nature's own. And remember, Notoxed hair can be washed, waved or sunned just like *natural* hair.

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●● *Send for free booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write Inecto, Inc., Dept. 6, 33 West 46th Street, New York*

Inecto Rapid **NOTOX**

Colors hair inside where nature does

Why They Go Back to the Stage

(*Continued from page 53*)

business which undertakes merchandizing on such a large scale. Let any producer of plays attempt to stage fifty-two shows a year and he would have forty-two bad pieces. *The movies attempt to do too much!*

Leslie Hates Treadmill

"APPRECIATING the problem, I refuse to be caught in the treadmill again. I will do more pictures, but only if I may appear in productions based upon plays which have proved themselves to be suitable for me."

And that, precisely, is what he is doing at the moment—putting "The Animal Kingdom" into celluloid. Watch for it—and if it has the same flavor as the stage play, you're due for two of the most enjoyable hours you ever spent in a theatre.

Fay Wray went back to the stage last year both for a change and to make her husband, John Monk Saunders, happy. He wanted her to play the title rôle of "Nikki," the musical stage version of the play you saw on the screen as "The Last Flight." She appealed to him as the girl for the part—and the critics thought so, too, which sent Fay back to Hollywood in high spirits.

Kent Douglass, who resumed his own name of Douglass Montgomery, gave up a sensationally promising career to return to the stage with Fay Wray in "Nikki." And he made his "goodbye" to Hollywood flat and final: "I was attracted to the films at first. The crowd is all for them, and that is always a healthy sign. As a young actor, I wondered if I should not be with the livest theatrical enterprise in the world. So I signed. It was a mistake. I am better suited to the stage than I am to pictures."

Despite his hit in pictures, this must have seemed like truth to him, following the great personal success he made in the plays in which he subsequently appeared. The writer was with him at the close of his engagement in Philadelphia. That afternoon (as had been the case on matinée days of "Nikki" in New York), it was necessary to have policemen get Doug through the crowd surrounding the stage entrance.

Likes to "Feel" His Audience

"THERE'S the thrill of the theatre," he exclaimed later in the hotel. "Playing directly to people, sensing them respond immediately, having them react and come around like that crowd—"

"But those girls," I pointed out, "were there to see the fellow who played in 'Five and Ten' and 'Waterloo Bridge' and 'A House Divided'—not just to see an old play done by a new young actor. You're completely wrong when you think you're not a picture type, and the crowds you're drawing ought to prove it to you."

His face clouded momentarily. "Maybe. Sometimes I think I shouldn't mind making pictures during the summer—if I could do the things I'd like to do. But then," and his expression resumed its usual brightness, "you've got to admit there's nothing like having your audience where you can feel it!"

Doug's home is in Pasadena, and he has been spending the warm months there, doing a summer engagement as guest star of the celebrated Pasadena Community Theatre, appearing in "Green Grow the Lilacs" and "Peer Gynt." The latter (in which his leading lady was Gloria Stuart) was practically his own production, in that in addition to doing the title rôle he designed the costumes and sets, and arranged the script!

Doug, in New York, has his name pretty consistently linked with that of Lois Moran, now lost to Hollywood for at least a year, by virtue of her appearance in the musical wow, "Of Thee I Sing." Lois terminated a *three-thousand-dollar-a-week* contract in pictures to enter this show, because it was a step farther along the path of her vocal ambitions. Few people know that this charming girl, who made her theatrical début at eleven as a dancer in the ballet of the Paris Opera, one day would like to return there as a featured singer.

Lois Has Big Plans

LOIS' next step is toward the lighter opera. She is looking forward to doing *Mimi* in "La Bohême" at the Metropolitan. That's why Hollywood isn't the place for her just now. "A good spot for a vacation, or to die," she phrased it one night in her dressing-room in the Music Box Theatre. "But not the place—all the time—for one with plans such as I have."

Also drawn to New York for musicals were Lupe Velez and Buddy Rogers, for Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha!" Buddy was discontented; Lupe craved excitement. With the closing of this show, Lupe has returned to California—but she is a very quiet Lupe, and seemingly misses the stimulation of New York. There is a rumor that Buddy will come back, too—but it will be with his orchestra to play at the Roosevelt Hotel, and not for pictures. He is sold on the idea of "appearing in person" and doing radio broadcasting with his band.

Lawrence Gray also went East for a musical, "The Laugh Parade," and it seems that he'll stay there. Larry likes singing—juvenile rôles—and they're pretty scarce on the screen. June MacCloy and Marjorie White have gone back to the stage to sing, dance and clown—all at the same time. Frances Dade also has shaken the brilliant dust of the film city from her trim heels in favor of Manhattan's crazy pavements.

The list of picture deserters grows. Rose Hobart and Ralph Forbes appeared recently in "Let Us Divorce" in Los Angeles. This may have been prophetic, for the play was directed by Forbes' wife, Ruth Chatterton—and shortly afterward a divorce was being arranged so that Ruth might marry George Brent. Forbes likes the idea of heading for Broadway—or even London. Rose Hobart, who feels that the movies have cramped her style, is open to more stage offers.

Ina Wanted Freedom Back

INA CLAIRE left the stage for the screen to make "The Awful Truth"—and it almost finished her as a screen actress. But then Ina went back on the stage (in Los Angeles) long enough to play in "The Royal Family of Broadway"—and won the lead in the screen version, which put her on top of the heap. Next she made "Rebound," another big hit. But "The Greeks Had a Word for It" made Ina's heart ache for the stage again, where she could pick her rôles, herself. And she and Samuel Goldwyn, by mutual consent, have torn up her handsome contract—and back to the stage she goes.

Harry Bannister, to whom Ann Harding gave a divorce for the ostensible reason that she wanted to see him make a name for himself again, has departed for London to play on the stage. Broadway will next see him. The movies made him positively unhappy, but he expects better luck on the stage. And it's an open secret that Ann has been dissatisfied with her last two pictures and has a hankering to go back to the stage, herself. Not to Broadway, however, but to the Hedgerow Theatre, the Little Theatre group near Philadelphia, where she learned her acting and where art is more important than fame.

Even Chevalier, who certainly looks contented on the screen, has to get back to the stage at least once a year—preferably on Broadway—to let off steam, and to get that audience contact once more. And it is reported that Wynne Gibson would like to take a leave of absence from Hollywood and have a try at Broadway this winter. She is both dramatically ambitious and restless.

Why Doug. Jr., Likes the Stage

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr. periodically plays on the Los Angeles stage, to Standing Room Only crowds, to get that audience contact that they all like. Laura La Plante and Edward Everett Horton have been touring up and down the West Coast in a stage play recently—not for the money, but for the fun. Al Jolson went back to the stage for what he thought would be a brief appearance in "Wunder Bar," and got such a kick out of it that he has been away more than a year and has just returned to make "The New Yorker."

Colleen Moore appeared locally, in "A Church Mouse," and was so good that her long-interrupted film career started again with a bang, via a long-term, high-salaried M-G-M contract.

Unfortunately, Charles Ray did not meet with the same good luck in his late sojourn in "The House Beautiful" at the El Capitan—the house where Joe E. Brown appears periodically just to keep his mouth in trim. It is a well-established fact that the closeness with which film executives watch stage performances is the reason for many of these ventures behind the footlights.

"If I could only do a stage play," Barry Norton exclaimed to me the other evening, "I know I could get going again." For some odd reason, it has been passed around in Hollywood that the handsome South American boy has an accent, and he hasn't worked much since the talkies arrived. A good play would be a career-saver.

Jean Broke a Record

ON the other hand, film houses long have been using picture names as a strychnine-and-iron tonic for anemic box-offices, by means of personal appearances. Providing they have that rare and precious thing known as Class, film players are becoming increasingly popular in New York showings. Jean Harlow, for instance, broke the house record at the huge Loew's State Theatre, topping the all-time mark set by another personality who has done time in the land of the flickers—Jack Dempsey.

Jean was reported on the way to being signed by one of the largest producers in the business for a musical; but immediately following her tour, she returned West to make her sensational "Red-Headed Woman," and we suppose it will be quite some time before she gets her wish—to go trouping on the road.

All of this is, of course, more or less in the way of being poetic justice. With the advent of the talkies, stage stars flocked to Hollywood in abundance—to take the majority of the best jobs from the established favorites. But now—equipped with the speech facilities which they soon found they needed for the great microphone battle; in short, "wired for sound"—the movie folk are turning the medal and winning many of the choicer engagements right on the thespians' own street!

And so goes the latest angle on the ancient battle between Broadway and Celluloid Boulevard, poles apart and yet in many facets exactly alike, warring continually—and between them ably supplying the theatrical fare of the world.

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

A **SHOCK, too, to gorgeous Jean** Harlow to be stripped of a large portion of her savings. But the way she accepted the loss is a good example of why we like her so. "Oh, well," shrugged the platinum one, "I might have done something foolish with the money anyway."

ONE of Jean's blonde competitors is changing her mind. Joan Blondell has snipped her hair short, and is letting it return to its own natural brown shade. That's a wig she's wearing now. And probably will continue to do so—if she doesn't come forth in her own colors—for it seems that bleaching makes her hair brittle or something.

JOAN was a little alarmed, the other day, when she received a call to come over to the studio. "What's it for?" she demanded. "What'll I wear?"

"Oh, don't wear anything," was the calm answer. "It's just for publicity pictures."

THOSE publicity cameramen, the "still" men, are among the great unsung pests of the industry. Swooping around between shots, at lunchtime and after working hours, they drive most players nearly frantic with requests for freak poses.

Irving Lippman, of Warners, is one of the most persistent—and thus most successful. The trouble that lad had with Barrymore and George Arliss before his good-nature in the face of rebuffs won the friendship of these two touchy gentlemen! Now George will strike any pose for him, 'tis said, even handstands.

WE'LL long remember the shot some *entrepreneur* of the lens got of Bill Powell. What price suavity—when you see the customarily dignified William in a striped skull cap and with a megaphone, supposedly leading a collegiate cheering section?

ONE of the cutest kids in town, by the way, is little Billy Powell, the seven-year-old son of Bill and his first wife, the former Aileen Wilson. Curiously, the small Powell resembles *both* his parents, as it happens they look enough alike to be brother and sister.

YEAR in, year out, Valentino interest keeps going on, like Old Man River. Now it is Richard Beghtol, the photographer, winning a lot of attention and new customers because he is taking pictures with a camera that once belonged to Rudy. Either the camera or Mr. Beghtol is very good, for his recent exhibition—notably some studies of Eric Linden—was one of the high spots of the month.

THAT'S a fine boy, that Linden. A poet of no small ability, he looks forward to the time when he can devote all his time to writing. He once had a 250-page manuscript of his work assembled . . . and lost by a careless publisher!

WE suppose that Elissa Landi has the four big requirements for screen greatness, for she has been chosen from one hundred and fifty applicants—among them Sylvia Sidney—for the rôle of the Christian girl in C. B. DeMille's extra-super epic, "The Sign of the Cross." Elissa is suited to the part, according to C. B., "because there is a depth of the ages in her eyes, to-day in her body and tomorrow in her spirit." And all the while we've been thinking she was just another movie star!

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—it makes stockings fit

Those dowdy little wrinkles at the ankle and heel . . . seams that ride around . . . do you know why *they happen?*

When your stockings are *new*, they fit smoothly and hug the leg closely because the silk threads are *elastic*. They *give*, then spring back into shape.

But when elasticity is *lost*—then the stockings wrinkle and bag where they should fit most snugly! Seams are apt to ride around and if you fasten garters more tightly to try to keep them in place—then the lifeless threads *break*. Another run starts!

Don't take chances that may ruin stockings! Lux is especially made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes stockings keep their flattering *fit*, and makes even sheer ones *wear*.

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with Blue-jay . . . Write a limerick and
WIN $100

Get Blue-jay at any drug store, six for 25c. Put it on corn. Adhesive strip holds medication where it belongs. Pain stops immediately. Corn should lift out, core and all. . . . Write a limerick about Blue-jay and mail with Blue-jay box top (or pencil tracing) to Bauer & Black, 2532 S. Dearborn, Chicago. $100 first prize, ten $5 prizes, for best limericks received by November 15, 1932. Duplicate prizes to tying contestants.

WRITE A LIMERICK LIKE THIS

Until I got rid of my corn
I wished that I'd never been born.
I groaned and I cried,
Then—Blue-jay I tried,
And now all my agony's gorn!
(Edithe Neubert, Harvey, Ill.)

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CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK

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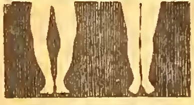

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Helen Hayes Keeps A Marriage Ledger!

(*Continued from page 31*)

could not be done or the roof would blow off. Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster have confessed that they have to have separate houses to lead a "happy" married life. Fannie Hurst, the novelist, has been a disciple of the separate apartment idea. And there are others. But Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur are not among them.

What Many Wives Forget

HELEN said, so seriously, "I think there must always be some bookkeeping done in marriage. *I keep a ledger with a debit column on one side, and a credit column on the other.*

"Too many married women get into the habit of saying, 'I simply can't stand Jim any longer. I hate the way he holds his cigarette. I loathe the way he whistles when he's shaving. I hate the way he speaks to the children. I cannot *stand* him any longer!' They harp and harp on the debit side, you see. They do not, and finally they cannot, look on the credit side—and *there always is one.* It becomes impossible for them to say or even to think, 'I love the way Jim gardens and makes flowers grow. I love the way Jim handles dogs. I love the way Jim takes the children on picnics and tries to make men and women of them.'

"In marriage one must always say, 'What am I getting out of this?' as well as 'What am I missing?'

"I have a debit and credit sheet in my life with Charlie. And I don't talk, or even think, very much about the debit side of it because it isn't, honestly, very important.

"On my debit side, for instance, is the absurd fact that Charlie is never on time for dinner. That can be very annoying to a punctual soul, of course, and I *am* punctual. The theatre has taught me to be. The curtain rises at eight-thirty and no one can be whimsical about it. But Charlie *is* whimsical about being on time for dinner or, for that matter, any appointment he may have. Then I look on the credit side of the sheet and—I think of how he treats me in the mornings.

"Mornings when I wake up feeling squeezy and out of sorts—and Charlie will not leave the house until *he has made me laugh.* He'll go to any ends to accomplish his ridiculous purpose. He'll make up like a clown and come popping in on me. He'll go to the most absurd ends to get that laugh and he won't stop until he does get it. And then I do laugh—and after that I give myself a little hug to think of the man I'm married to—and then, of course, the debit side seems silly and unimportant and the credit side shines and glimmers and winks at me.

To Charlie's Credit

"THEN, on the credit side of my ledger is the fact that, although people make a practise of saying, 'Poor Charlie, he's so irresponsible, we have to take care of him'—they also go to Charlie whenever they are in trouble or in grief, whenever they have a problem to solve, no matter whether that problem has to do with cold finance or with some warm, emotional knot. They go to him, not just once, but time and time again.

"Charlie is sensitive, sensitive to every person and to every situation. He can be hurt and so he doesn't hurt. He is sensitive to fun and whimsicality and prankishness and delicate, dancing things—but he is also sensitive to grave needs and urgencies. And it follows that he is also sensitive to *me*, and so I know that none of my real needs or demands or hungers will ever go unsatisfied. Which makes the debit side very insignificant indeed. Being married to Charlie, I can endure all kinds of plaguey things, even incredible lawsuits. And that lawsuit of Charlie's first wife *was* incredible to me. I couldn't have been more amazed if Mussolini had sued me. If such things as these belong on the debit side they are still overshadowed by the credit side . . . .

"And I must illustrate the credit side again by telling of a little incident that happened to us when we were returning from Europe this last time, just a few weeks ago. We were dining together at a small table for two. We always sat at a table for two! Well, this night we were talking, talking, *talking*, each tripping over the other's tongue in our eagerness. And Charlie was telling me funny stories and it kept getting later and later and we were laughing and having the most exciting and wonderful time—and then, quite suddenly, I realized just how wonderful a time it was, how wonderful that, after four years of marriage, we still had so much to say to each other, so much to laugh about, such *fun.* I pitied other couples you sometimes see and always spot as married folks, because they face one another across a table stony and silent and bored.

Believes in Women's Careers, If—

"I *DO* believe in a woman's having a career of her own if it doesn't jeopardize her home or prevent her from having babies. And if it is not the same career as her husband's. I do not believe in an actress marrying an actor. Jealousy is likely to enter in there. There can be no jealousy between us because, though we are working in the same field, we are in separate furrows. Charlie's work is creative. Mine is interpretative. The two do not conflict.

"Working as we do means that we have heaps of things to talk about, always. When I come home from the studio, it's such fun to tell Charlie about the people I've seen during the day—what Claudette Colbert said to me, and how Marlene Dietrich gave me some pictures of herself and her little girl, and of Tallulah's latest witticism—I do admire Tallulah—and how Freddie March asked us over to dinner one night next week.

"There is, perhaps, only one serious column of figures on the debit side of my ledger—and that is over with now. It is, or it was, the fact that it was Charlie who wanted me to go on the screen, who encouraged me, who believed in me. And that first day I spent in a studio I certainly made some big, black figures on the debit side. I was embarrassed. I was humiliated. I saw those velvety, satiny, sumptuous, beautiful girls in the studio and then I looked at myself and—well, you may imagine how I felt and *what I said to Charlie when I got home that night!*

"No, he didn't laugh it off. I didn't laugh, either. It wasn't any laughing matter at that moment. Do you remember the scene in 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet' where I entered the Paris café with Lewis Stone? When I went on the set that day, I was ready to go home and write *indelible* black things on the debit side—for I, who was supposed to be the glittering, central figure in that room, was by far and away the *homeliest girl there!*"

I murmured something about being a great actress and being merely a glamourous one—but Helen Hayes shook her head.

"There are no great actresses to-day," she said, "not as there were in the days of Eleanora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt. We do not work hard enough, or study hard enough. The field is too competitive. It is too much of a struggle to get to the top. We hurry, we push too fast and too furiously. Glamour *is* greatness to-day. Katharine Cornell, who is the First Lady of the American theatre, has glamour. Garbo, who is the First Lady of the screen, has glamour. And why not? It is that very glamour that reaches up to the man or the woman in the last row of the top balcony and drags them down to the stage by the nape of their necks. I think that the most important actress in the theatre to-day is Eva Le Gallienne. For she can do anything from *Peter Pan* to '*Juliet* and do it perfectly.

"But about my marriage ledger. I look at my ledger, full credit side and shadowy debit side, and I can say, most emphatically, that if I had to choose between my career and my husband and child, I shouldn't hesitate for one fraction of a second. I would say 'Goodbye' to my career and to anything else that might be in my life, and take my husband and my child. Nothing could make me give them up, nothing could begin to be so important to me.

Plans to Have Another Child

"I EXPECT, I plan to have at least one other baby. I wouldn't dream of bringing up one child alone. The next time, I should like to have a boy. Charlie wanted a girl the first time because he had theories about a boy. He figured that he would be jealous of a boy, that when sons grow up they are inclined to be overbearing and think they are better than Dad and borrow golf hose and ties and things. I should have been frightened to present Charlie with a son. But now that he has his girl, I am entitled to my boy.

"When my little Mary grows up, I hope that she will not be an actress. I'd much prefer her to marry and have a home and babies and live the perfectly normal life. I'd like her to do something, of course, but my hope is that she will inherit her father's writing ability.

"My credit side is top-heavy—and always will be. The first time I ever met Charlie was at a party in New York at Neysa McMein's. I was sitting in a corner, all by myself, and Charlie came over to me and fed me peanuts out of the shell and we started right in to have fun. And I think that the last time Charlie and I are together on this earth, I shall still be sitting in some kind of a corner by myself and he will come over to me and we'll be having lots of fun—"

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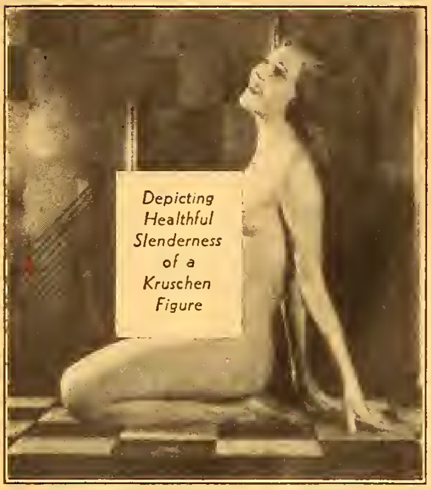

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So This Is Randolph Scott!

(*Continued from page 64*)

opposite of not-having-much-use-for-Randy was Lupe's attitude, may be put down as the month's most gallant remark!

A glance at Randy's background right away explains why said gallantry comes so naturally to him. He is of the Randolph and Scott families of Virginia, in a section where the first thing asked a stranger is: Who was your mother and who was your father? Randy's father was an administrative engineer and his mother charming. None of his family ever has been in the theatrical business, although his two sisters both studied for musical careers in Europe.

Scott received his high school education at Woodberry Forest, a preparatory school for the University of Virginia. Here he engaged in musical work as a member of the glee club, in musical productions and in stringed instrument orchestras. Through the influence of his friend, Jack Heath, however, he entered Georgia Tech to study textile manufacturing. At Tech he played a year of football with the Golden Tornadoes under Coach Heisman before sustaining the injuries which thereafter kept him from the game.

Enlisted in a Hurry

SUBSEQUENTLY, his family moved to North Carolina, and Randy entered the State university at Chapel Hill—his father believing that Randy should go to school and make contacts in the state where he intended to live. Here Randy drank his share of corn liquor, engaged in bull-sessions at the Kappa Alpha house, and the days slid by lazy and bright—until suddenly the world went sick with the futile sickness of war.

Like so many other romantic collegians, Randy enlisted at once, despite his youth. Presently, he found himself in France as a member of the 2nd Trench Mortar Battalion of the 19th Field Artillery. Those with War memories will recall that this was the outfit that brought off the St. Mihiel drive. Randy spent thirteen months on that beautifully executed maneuver. He dismisses its success modestly.

"We couldn't fail—the whole thing was so well-planned. It was Puhshing's first attack, and he wanted it to be right. Most of the fightin' at that time was in the Ahgonne, so we went 'way ahead of ouah objective. We had it easy."

Just before the Armistice, he was ordered to Paris to the War College to study for his commission. With the cessation of hostilities, he stayed on to get his bars—along with two thousand others of the five thousand originally in the school. But the government suddenly decided that it did not need any more officers—so in lieu of commissions for those added months in France, the boys were given a week on the French Riviera and the chance to go home at once.

Kept "Somewhere in France"

RANDY was just embarking when orders came that he was to report back to Paris to stand examinations that would enter him in West Point. His well-meaning family, intending to hurry him home, had stopped his departure! So back to Paris, where Scott proved the dumbest rookie in the history of the college. He (intentionally, of course) could not answer one question: did not know the name of a single port, the name of one President of the United States, nothing. In fact, about all he could do was yell that the one thing he wanted was no more studying in France!

Eventually, his family heard of his plight, and orders came that Randolph Scott was to be sent home on the first boat. Though actually signed by Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, these were pigeonholed by a lieutenant who did not like Randy, and he sat around France for five months more. When at last he was allowed to leave, for two weeks he had to wash the boat on which his pals, who had gone back to the college and got their commissions, were to be carried home in state!

Generally, during this period, Randy was utterly without money. He sold his tobacco ration to the French for a franc a bag. He lived on graham crackers and canned peaches. On pay days his luck at gambling, never good, got steadily worse. He was, he contends, "fit to be tied."

But then there was the reverse of the medal—plenty of time for thought, and things to think about. Laughing boys of a few weeks before, now lumps under small white crosses. Scores of churches demolished with the altar and the crucifix always untouched. Families destroyed, lands ruined, towns wiped out—fiendish details of a useless and terrible something which must not happen again. Randy grew up—and grew up kind and thoughtful, because of those years he put in in wartime France.

Discovered by DeMille

BUT, home, all of that activity and color and careless living had left its mark. He found himself unable to settle down to engineering with his father. He tried it for a time, then started out with Jack Heath, as restless youth has so consistently done for these past few years, to see what Hollywood was like—perhaps to get a chance in pictures.

They knew Howard Hughes' (now ex-) wife, and Howard got the two Southern boys a chance at Pathé. Excited, they went out to the Culver City plant—to find that they were to be only noises in a sound recording. Heath was a lion, Randy a tiger. It was pretty depressing, until Cecil DeMille happened to see Randy, and tested him for "Dynamite"—for the rôle that subsequently shot Charlie Bickford up there.

DeMille was interested by the big Virginian, and advised him, if he hadn't anything more pressing to do, to stick it out in pictures—that a break unquestionably would show up for him. Elated, Randy decided to become an actor in earnest. He went over to the Pasadena Community Theatre (as a thin blonde girl—who had named herself Karen Morley for the occasion—also did about this time) and caught on with Gilmor Brown.

There Randy stayed for eight months, learning the difference between a stage brace and a make-up box, before going over to Los Angeles to do several shows which culminated in his engagement with Leo Carrillo and Dorothy Burgess at the Hollywood El Capitan in "The Broken Wing." As the romantic young aviator, Randy stood out like a dozen lighthouses. Paramount got to him first.

"Sky Bride" was his first picture, and in it he was so attractive that the Warner Brothers—those consistent talent watchers—borrowed him for "A Successful Calamity" with Arliss. Soon he will be playing opposite Nancy Carroll in "The Island of Lost Souls," and he is preparing for "Lone Cowboy", which will launch him on his way to being Paramount's new out-of-doors star.

Willing to Play Anything

THAT'S all right with Randy; he doesn't care what kind of parts he is given, so long as they are popular ones. "Mah outlook is pu'ly muhcenary," he confesses. "Ah want to do the sawt of thing the public wants—and nothin' else but! Ah think playahs ah foolish who find themselves set in a populah type of pohtrayal, and then want to change and do somethin' else. Give me a good type—and see me stick to it!"

Popular though it seems inevitable he will become, nevertheless it will surprise a great many people if Randy ever becomes a financial wizard. For he likes very much to try to guess which horse will beat the other horses, and into which slot the little roulette ball will drop. He does not care for cards, but he does like the ivory cubes. He also likes suits of Harris tweed and soft felt hats. He says "poke" for "purse," and he does not care for polish on his fingernails.

Randy is one of a family of six children. He likes to read, preferably biographies of "The Rise of the House of Rothschild" order. His favorite book, however, is a little volume called "Aeneas Africanus," the story of an African slave during the Civil War—an admiration he shares with George Arliss. He uses lemon in his tea, and his watch is fastened to his wrist by a heavy linked band.

Randy's favorite foods are chicken, ham and lettuce. He drinks little liquor, but much tea. He smokes cigarettes in public and a pipe at home. Blue is his favorite color, and you will see it in his shirts, neckties and automobiles. He is crazy about good automobiles.

How He Relaxes

"EVER since Ah can remembah," he admits, "they have been mah one luxury. Ah'll have a good cah if Ah have to go without food to do so. Ah feel bettah behind the wheel than Ah do any othah time, and whenevah Ah'm upset oah have things to think out, Ah jump behind the wheel and drive—sometimes fo' hundreds of miles—until Ah'm moah oah less straightened out."

Not for years (and this tells a story) has he been called "Randolph." It's always "Randy" or "Scotty." His teeth and his health are perfect. His back is a yard wide and he takes a daily work-out in the studio gymnasium. He is as powerful as one of the trench mortars he used to tend, but his whole manner is one of extreme gentleness, sweetness and charm. In short, here is one deserving of that much-abused term, "a swell guy."

In addition to being modest, Randy also is hazel of eye, square of jaw, broad of forehead. His hair in life is much lighter than it photographs. His skin is very tanned. He spends as much time as possible on the beaches. He also rides, plays golf and tennis. And is not, he says in a manner shatteringly different from that of the usual Hollywood young man, "much good at any of them."

And though he will tell you that he is "jus' an ohdinary human bein' like evahbody else," don't let him fool you. Because he's going to be a movie star—and perhaps a great big glittery one—as sure as you're born!

Did You Know That--

Randolph Scott is going places with Wynne Gibson?

Will Rogers is likely to sing in his new picture, "Jubilo"?

Mary Pickford, at the opening of "Strange Interlude," remarked into a microphone: "I know that the Academy cannot help but award the trophy for the best performance of the year to Norma Talmadge"—when she meant Norma *Shearer?*

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1
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OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS
2
LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA
3 A MONTH LATER he found out
YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING
A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!
4
WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY TODAY
5 NO "B.O." NOW to spoil his chances
I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?
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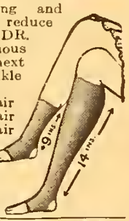

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Screen's Newest Sheik Isn't Telling About His Love-Life

(*Continued from page 47*)

out of the corner of his mouth—or they had heard he did. Yes, they guessed he was a pretty hard citizen (as Damon Runyon might put it).

Not even about Clark Gable have so many rumors gained so much popularity. It seems that George had once been a professional boxer, and you know about *that* profession, my dear. Strong-arm guys! But these and far more exciting reports were almost quaint kiddie stories, compared to George's reputation with the ladies.

When our appointment for luncheon was made, I don't know exactly what I expected of Hollywood's "new sensation." Something of a cross between a gunman and a Don Juan from lower New York, I suppose. But I hadn't expected the George Raft I met.

Don't mistake me. I'm not going to try to sell you the idea that he is just a "misunderstood boy." I think he has been plenty of places and done plenty of things. He is the sort of man (incidentally he is twenty-seven) over whom a great many women have probably carried a "torch." He is almost deliberately attractive to women. His hair is as black and smooth as two coats of lacquer. His eyes are designed for sex. When I asked him if women hadn't cluttered up his life pretty badly, he gave another one of those startled "Who, me?" looks and performed in general as though women were a subject he had barely ever touched upon before. Noel Francis walked into the studio café just then and took the table next to us. George silently sized her up. I think the Francis girl rated, though he made no comment.

No Romance With Billie Dove

HE said politely: "Sure, I admire women a lot." (I had heard that just the previous day he had told a male reporter after they let down their back hair that "all dames are alike . . . so what?") "I think that Hollywood women are just about the most attractive girls in the world," he continued, determinedly gallant. "Take Carole Lombard. She's a knockout, that dame—I mean that girl."

He *doesn't* talk out of the corner of his mouth, but occasionally words slip out—words like *dame*.

"I've been lucky enough to have several real fine girl-friends in Hollywood," he continued, in the manner of one of God's greatest little respecters of Womanhood. "Billie Dove, for instance. We've stepped out together and I've been over to her house several times and I guess that was enough to get those 'that way' rumors started. But that's silly. Billie and I are just the best of friends, see? I don't know much about this picture game and Billie is always trying to put me onto the ropes. It certainly makes it pleasant to have somebody as beautiful as Billie putting you onto the ropes."

One thing that George is said to admire most about Billie is that she helps him with his English, correcting certain pronunciations and phrases that conversationally trip him. (He is frank in admitting that he didn't have much more of an education than could be stuffed in a shoe box.)

"When I was in New York, a reporter there printed a story that I was afraid might make Billie sore. This writing wren said that *I* said Billie was my favorite actress, both on and off. Now, I ask you, is that anything to say about a girl who has been as nice to me as Billie has? I didn't say it, and when I explained that to Billie she just laughed and said it didn't matter anyway. You ought to be able to see by that how Billie and I are just friends. Can you imagine a *sweetheart* laughing anything off?"

Kids Himself as a Sheik

MARION ("PEANUTS") BYRON and Molly O'Day were, according to George, just other "Hollywood friends" of his—just pals, buddies, you understand. That Molly O'Day is supposed to have shed bitter tears over George and that "Peanuts" was rumored secretly married to him is just so much news to George. It is a continual source of mystery to him how such gossip gets started.

"Like when I was in New York, making personal appearances," he protested. "I was joking and kidding with a woman reporter about things, including romances and women. And she asked me if I wasn't having a swell time in New York with all the girls who were writing mash notes to the theatre, and everything.

"'Heck, no,' I told her. 'How can I have a good time with women when you reporter dames are taking up all my time? Here I am the hottest shot since the burning of Rome' (I was kidding, of course) 'and maybe there are lots of women who gave me the go-by before I got over in Hollywood who would be glad to step out with George Raft. But, no! I don't get any privacy at all. You dames with your pencils and pads are in my dressing-room, in my favorite speakeasies, and in my hair. What chance have I got to be a real sheik?'"

"Well, I guess she took my kidding seriously, because she wrote up an article all about George Raft, who was the Hottest Thing Since the Burning of Rome, and was standing up all the New York girls because he didn't have any time for them. If that wasn't a fine how-do-you-do!"

Tells About His Background

SUDDENLY, Mr. George Raft, who had been stringing me just a little bit, I'm afraid, leaned across the table and said sincerely: "Listen, you can't tell me much about what they're saying about me. I've heard it all and more." He didn't look sheiky, or polite about women. He didn't look as though he minded splitting an infinitive or mispronouncing a word, either. He looked like someone who wanted to say something straight from the shoulder. He looked very young, and a little distressed and very, very likable.

"Say, I'm not pretending to put on any act. I'm just a guy from New York—and not the Park Avenue district, either. I was brought up in a tough neighborhood with tough kids. I've been looking out for myself almost ever since I can remember.

"I didn't get much education, either. You know what I mean? I didn't learn to talk correct . . . correctly. I put the accent on the wrong syllables, like calling Detroit '*Dee*-troit' and things like that. Until I began to get up in the Broadway world, where people like to pretend they've got something of a background, I was pretty close to a 'dem, dese and dose' guy.

"I got up on Broadway pretty young because I could hoof—dance. I don't know which way I'd have turned if I hadn't got away from my own environment. One of the kids I used to pal around with became—well, a well-known party in the underworld, to put it mildly. Sure, I still know him. There's no such thing as not knowing kids you grew up with. When they become racketeers, believe me, it's a lot safer to know them than it is *not* to! But because I could hoof it pretty well, I got out of any rackets idea while I was still a kid.

Guesses He Was a Gigolo

"AT that time there wasn't any such word as gigolo. I've been accused of having been one. But if it means being hired by a café to dance with unescorted women patrons—then I guess I was one. I was paid by the café, though. Not by the women. Only, once in a while, they'd give us tips, the same as they would to waiters. Some of them were man-crazy.

"It wasn't long before I was making big money on Broadway, appearing in cafés there—and in Europe later. I was making big money in my own racket, dancing. I certainly didn't have any need to become interested in any other, as some of these people are trying to make out.

"You know how I got started in Hollywood? It's been printed lots of times about how I was out here in Los Angeles on a little vacation and one day I was sitting in the Brown Derby when director Rowland Brown came in. A friend of mine introduced us and Brown asked me how I would like to try the movies. He said there was a part for me in 'Quick Millions.' Two weeks after I finished that picture I got a call for 'Scarface.' After that 'Dancers in the Dark' and this long Paramount contract. It was as simple as that.

"I guess everybody figures I'm lucky. But I don't know. I like the picture end of the game all right, but do you know something? I've been actually threatened to 'come across with my real life-story about who I really am, and all about my supposed marriage,' or somebody is going to do something about it. I've been told there's no use stalling—they've got the goods on me. I'm telling you, honest, I don't know what it's all about."

"*Are* you married?" I asked.

George said: "I'm not married!"

"Were you ever married?"

He repeated: "I'm *not* married." If it ever comes out that George *has been* married, you can't say that he really fibbed to me—too much!

How Hollywood Stands on Prohibition

(*Continued from page 30*)

cut out that particular cancer. But now that the cancer is removed, we can go back, with no misgivings, to a wet Constitution."

Morris Voting Against Speakeasies

"DIDN'T we take on a greater evil than the saloon," argues *Chester Morris*, "when the Eighteenth Amendment brought the speakeasy into such abundant being? Repeal is the only cure for the speakeasy, which is reason enough to vote for repeal."

Irene Dunne advocates resubmission. "Personally, I am in favor of light wines and beer, but, in fairness, before anyone decides it for the people of the United States, they should have the chance to re-vote on the whole question."

Robert Armstrong makes an unusual statement when he says, "Contrary to popular belief, the big bootleggers and beer barons favor the return of light wines and beer. The reason is that they own the vast majority of breweries in this country and are now making illicit beer, paying protection, using gunmen, fighting hijackers—with the constant fear of being murdered. If beer should come back, legally, they would be in a dandy spot, since they would be in a legitimate business, all set to start going. They could still make a handsome profit from beer because they would not be operating under expensive protection, high-priced labor and distribution. For the first

(*Continued on page 87*)

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*(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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Are you learning all you can from these salesmen—the advertisements in this magazine? They come from the market places of the world. They bring the latest facts about the things you want and need, suggest other things you might want or need. They can make life more pleasant, efficient and economical. But you—and you alone—are the judge!

Can you afford to deny an audience to *these* salesmen? They do more than try to sell you something. They bring you the news of what your neighbors and your countrymen are doing in the world of business.

Advertisements do not ring doorbells—but they receive cordial reception from intelligent, discriminating people everywhere. Again and again they point out the only true bargains—sound merchandise at fair prices. When you read the advertisements, you are helping yourself to better things!

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By J. E. R.

The Age of Consent—The problems of the younger generation, set forth with both power and finesse. Eric Linden, Arline Judge, Richard Cromwell and newcomer Dorothy Wilson are the four believable young principals (RKO).

American Madness—The movies' first real attempt to show what caused the depression, and what may end it. Wall Street won't like it, but the Forgotten Man probably will. Strong, swift-moving drama with Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien and Constance Cummings (Col.).

Big City Blues—That up-and-coming juvenile, Eric Linden, goes from a small town to a city, and there runs up against Joan Blondell and some adventures that are like an exciting nightmare. Good melodrama (W.B.).

Blessed Event—This is the comedy that inspired all those others about gossip columnists—and it's still the wisest and wittiest of them all. Lee Tracy is superb as the smark-aleck, scandal-seeking columnist whose bluff gets him by. Don't miss it (W.B.).

Bring 'Em Back Alive—An exciting jungle picture, with nary a woman in it. Frank Buck, the handsome he-man who catches wild animals alive for zoos, shows how he does it. You won't forget the fight between a python and a tiger (RKO).

Congorilla—The season's second jungle picture—a diverting travelogue of wildest Africa, produced by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. The sound effects were made right on the spot (Fox).

Doctor X—Here is a thriller all in Technicolor, believe it or not. That finished actor, Lionel Atwill, is the doctor who has to detect which one of his students is sending corpses to the morgue (F.N.).

Grand Hotel—Vicki Baum's ironic drama of hotel life, with some of the irony removed, but still great drama. You can argue for days as to which does the best acting—Garbo or Joan Crawford or Lionel Barrymore or John Barrymore or Wallace Beery (M-G-M).

Guilty as Hell—Behind this unfortunate title lurks a surprise mystery drama, in which the audience knows the murderer, but sees the police and reporters trap an innocent man. Edmund Lowe, as a reporter, and Victor McLaglen, as a thick-headed detective, keep up their comedy battling (Par.).

Hold 'Em, Jail—The most insane of the efforts of Wheeler and Woolsey, and consequently the funniest. This time the rapid-chatter boys are in prison and on the prison football team. Delirious satire of football (RKO).

Hollywood Speaks—Like "What Price Hollywood?", this details the rise and fall of a movie star. Genevieve Tobin turns in a good performance as the lucky-unlucky girl. Less witty, more sentimental than the picture it will be compared with (Col.).

Igloo—A distinct novelty, being a saga of the life of the Eskimos, especially of their annual battle against starvation. Played by Eskimos throughout, with one Chee-Ak—the Clark Gable of his race—as hero. Silent, except for a musical score and brief explanatory remarks (Univ.).

The Last Mile—Stark, compelling tragedy about the last days of a condemned man in a death cell—and likely to tear your heart out. Howard Phillips has the rôle that Gable had on the stage—the rôle that led to Gable's discovery (World Wide).

Madame Racketeer—Alison Skipworth, Marie Dressler's closest rival, gives a human characterization of a clever crook who fools even her own children. Much more wholesome comedy than the title indicates. George Raft and Richard Bennett are also present (Par.)

Make Me a Star—"Merton of the Movies" returns as a talkie—with Stuart Erwin even better than any of his predecessors in the rôle of the pathetically amusing grocery clerk who wants to become a movie star. Intelligent comedy (Par.).

The Man Called Back—Conrad Nagel, an outcast, fights his way back to self-esteem after meeting Doris Kenyon—and then, when her husband dies of poisoning, is involved in her murder trial. Well-done melodrama (Tiffany).

The Man from Yesterday—A post-war drama, in which ex-soldier Clive Brook tries a novel way of committing suicide, in the belief that this will make Claudette Colbert happy. Slow-moving and morbid (Par.).

Million-Dollar Legs—One of the talkies' dizziest comedies—about a mythical kingdom that enters some funny people in the Olympics. Strangely enough, Jack Oakie isn't as funny as Lyda Roberti, W. C. Fields or Andy Clyde (Par.).

The Most Dangerous Game—A novel horror picture, in which a madman jungle hunter (stage-famous Leslie Banks) hunts human game. You'll hear people talking about what Joel McCrea and Fay Wray go through to escape him (RKO).

My Pal, the King—A novelty for Tom Mix. As a performer in a Wild West show, he visits a mythical European kingdom in which a boy is king—and the two become pals, luckily for the king, whose life is in danger (Univ.).

Pack Up Your Troubles—The second feature-comedy starring Laurel and Hardy. This time they're ex-soldiers who try to keep their promise to a dying buddy to take care of his little girl. Both human and funny (M-G-M).

The Purchase Price—A night-club girl (Barbara Stanwyck) Gets Away From It All by marrying a farmer (George Brent) through a matrimonial agency. They are a long, dreary while in discovering they love, not hate, each other (W.B.).

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—The talkie version of Mary Pickford's early hit, with Marian Nixon as the orphan who's mistreated but still looks on the sunny side of things. Somehow, it's hard to sympathize (Fox).

Red-Headed Woman—Jean Harlow causes all kinds of sensation by wearing a red wig and becoming a gold-digger who doesn't mind marrying her men. She's bold, but she's also amusing—and you're likely to like her (M-G-M).

The Roar of the Dragon—A group of whites in Manchuria, led by Richard Dix, barricade themselves against an army of rabble. The result is capable, old-fashioned melodrama. Gwili Andre, the new Danish beauty, makes her début with little to do (RKO).

The Stoker—The first of a hard-hitting series starring that old favorite, Monte Blue. In this, he forgets heartbreak by shipping to South America as a stoker and then running head-on into an army of bandits (Allied).

A Successful Calamity—George Arliss, who gets the notion that his family loves him only for his money, pretends he's ruined—and their reactions surprise him. Sentimental, but Arliss' acting puts it across (W.B.).

Tom Brown of Culver—The famous military academy serves as a novel background for a simple story of courage and cowardice, which doesn't need any "love interest" to make it interesting. That promising young man, Tom Brown, is the hero (Univ.).

Unashamed—Based on an actual murder case, this courtroom melodrama isn't as true to life as the original, but it has suspense. Helen Twelvetrees is the girl who turns against her brother (Robert Young) when he is tried for the "honor slaying" of her suitor (M-G-M).

Unholy Love—Based on Flaubert's famous novel "Madame Bovary," this modernizes his story of a girl who takes her love where she can find it. Joyce Compton is the daring girl, with good support from H. B. Warner, Lila Lee and others (Allied).

The Vanishing Frontier—A chunk of early California history, wrapped up as a colorful, romantic surprise package. John Mack Brown is the daredevil hero, who helps California pass from Mexican into American hands (Par.).

The Washington Masquerade—Lionel Barrymore, as an honest Senator, bucks the Big Interests and goes down fighting. Chiefly through his efforts, this political drama is worth seeing (M-G-M).

What Price Hollywood?—Doing the best acting of her career, Constance Bennett details the rise of a waitress and the fall of a star, in a story about Hollywood that has comedy, pathos, romance, scandal—just like the real Hollywood. But Lowell Sherman, as a shrewd director, almost steals the picture (RKO-Pathé).

The White Zombie—A variation of the "Dracula" idea, with Bela Lugosi again on hand, this time as a character who can make the dead do everything but think. Weird, but not as chilling as intended (U. A.).

How Hollywood Stands on Prohibition

(*Continued from page 85*)

time in years, they could ride in limousines with ordinary glass windows. The lesser gangsters do not want legalized beer, but the big fellows do. They are the ones who are likely to get contracts from the government."

Harry Bannister has more to say in the same vein. "There are very few bootleggers, however small, who do not favor the return of wine and beer. To most fellows who contact the ultimate consumers, handling light liquors is simply an accommodation. Their profits are but little, compared to the 'hard' stuff. Yet they take as big a rap for a bottle of beer as for a bottle of whiskey. Modification will not stamp out the bootlegger. We must repeal the whole Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Act to be rid of him."

E. H. Griffith, the director, offers still another angle on the subject. "Prohibition has created a lot of private jobs all along the line that people will be loath to give up. Repeal will be violently opposed by a crowd of Volstead satellites, both legally and illegally created. There are probably more professional drys than there are professional wets."

Women Drys Want Repeal

IN conducting the poll four years ago, as we previously stated, we found many wet drinkers voting dry for policy's sake. This year there appeared a surprising number of teetotalers and exceedingly moderate drinkers opposed to the state of existing affairs.

For example, *Ann Harding*, whose limit is a single cocktail, says, "Prohibition was originally a moral issue, the right and wrong of drinking. It quickly lost sight of its own morals after adoption. I do not believe it is the intention of the law to regulate individual lives and I object to having mine regulated."

Jeanette MacDonald, who has the distinction of ordering lemonade in the Ritz Bar in Paris, doubts if Prohibition really prohibits. "I was surprised at the lack of excesses in foreign capitals. Rarely do you see a drunken person. Even Americans come to regard their liquors as easily obtainable and therefore to be enjoyed in moderation. The first few days usually bring about a readjustment in habits and they no longer drink until the bottle is empty. It is strange how the mere fact that knowing you can get what you want, when you want it, causes you not to abuse a privilege."

Estelle Taylor very fairly states her views. "Personally, I have never drunk because I dislike the effect alcohol has on others. But I believe everyone is entitled to live his own life in his own way and that includes taking a drink if he wishes it."

George Raft says he has danced professionally in too many night-clubs even to wish to drink. "And if you had seen what I have seen," he says, "you would have no stomach for this Prohibition thing, either."

Both *Ricardo Cortez* and director *Richard Wallace* voice nearly the same thought. "With the condition of business what it is," they say, "never have people needed the tonic effect of mild imbibing more than now."

But it is *John Miljan* who, in throwing all hypocrisy aside, best expresses the attitude of the Hollywood majority. "It is my privilege," he says, "to vote as I drink. I'm voting wet."

And if the hearty reception that wet speeches in our newsreels gather from audiences all over the country is any criterion, so is America. Check the crowd's applause the next time you go to a theatre.

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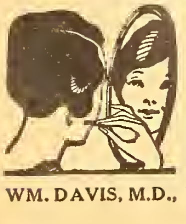

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. The trapeze performer pictured on page 14 is not Estelle Taylor, as you may have guessed, but Mary Duncan in the garb in which you will see her as one of the "Thirteen Women" in the picture of that name.

2. Maurice Chevalier has asked the French courts to free him from the marital bonds which have tied him to his wife and former dancing partner, Yvonne Vallée, for about ten years. Although his name has been romantically linked with Jeanette MacDonald, Marlene Dietrich, and Irene Bordoni, Chevalier says he has taken the step only because he wants to be free.

3. Ann Dvorak, who made her big hit as the sister in "Scarface," refused to go on making pictures unless there was an adjustment made in her salary. Ann, who is playing star parts, said she was still receiving only $250 per week while Warners were paying $1,000 per week to Howard Hughes, to whom she has been under contract. What burned Ann up was the fact that a baby who played a small part in one of her recent pictures received $500 per week. Can you blame her?

4. Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's recently divorced spouse, likes them young, too, if the rumors of his betrothal to Nancy Lyon, the 18-year-old daughter of State Senator Charles W. Lyon of California, are true. Miss Lyon is playing a part in "The Kid From Spain," the Eddie Cantor picture.

5. Rudy Vallee has enrolled as a student of law at the Brooklyn Law School, so that in the years to come, when he is through with crooning, he will not be idle. Rudy wants to be a criminal or corporation lawyer, with headquarters in California, where he recently purchased a $100,000 home for his wife, Fay Webb.

6. A daughter was born to Sue Carol and Nick Stuart on July 18th, weighing seven pounds. They have named her Carol Lee Stuart.

7. The film colony mourned the death, on July 22nd, of Florenz Ziegfeld, well-known stage producer and husband of Billie Burke. Miss Burke, who returned to the screen to appear in "Bill of Divorcement" for Radio Pictures, has been asked to return to New York and carry on the famous producer's plans for the future "Follies." Ziegfeld did not actually produce any pictures, but supervised the making of "Whoopee" and "Glorifying the American Girl."

8. Apparently, Lina Basquette's alleged suicide attempt, which she was reported to have blamed on the fact that she couldn't go on without Jack Dempsey's love, took on the appearance of another publicity stunt when the doctors reported they found onion soup and milk instead of poison in her stomach. A short time ago, Teddy Hayes, Dempsey's former trainer, accused Jack of stealing Lina away from him; but recently, Lina and Hayes were supposed to have made up, with Dempsey hinting that his "engagement" was only a publicity hoax. Lina was secretly Mrs. Hayes all the time.

9. George Raft is the motion picture player who is never seen around Hollywood without his bodyguard. It may be just for effect and then again it may be the result of playing in the underworld picture, "Scarface."

10. While appearing in a musical, "Footlights," on the stage, Dorothy Lee, diminutive screen player, announced her engagement from the stage by singing a cute little ditty mentioning the names of her former flames, which included James Fidler, writer, from whom she was recently divorced; Fred Waring, band leader, to whom she has been reported engaged off and on; and lastly named Marshall Duffield, the football star, and wound up the song by saying she was going to marry him soon.

11. The young lady is Loretta Young, who has taken quite a liking to George Brent, with whom she has worked on the screen and made personal appearances. George Brent and Ruth Chatterton expect to be married as soon as Miss Chatterton returns from Paris, where she went to get a divorce from her husband, Ralph Forbes. Loretta feels it was a nice friendship while it lasted, anyhow.

12. John Miljan, screen actor, became the legal father of two fine boys by a formal adoption. They are his wife's sons by a former marriage, their real father being Creighton Hale, also a screen actor.

13. Charles Boyer is lucky to have won a girl as sweet as Frances Dee. He wanted to marry her before he went back to France, but Miss Dee hesitated and said she would rather wait until he returns. Evidently Frances doesn't feel that distance lends enchantment, etc. Boyer was born in France, where he appeared on the stage and in French films. In Hollywood, he made French versions and more recently played in "The Man From Yesterday" and "Red-Headed Woman." It has been said that Ruth Chatterton took quite a liking to him, too, in the days before Brent.

14. Buster Keaton, the frozen-faced comedy star, has been sued for divorce by his wife, Natalie Talmadge, charging mental cruelty. Several months ago, they quarreled because Buster took their two children on a 'plane trip forbidden by Natalie. When they made up at that time, Buster presented her with a $100,000 yacht. Now it is said that the most recent trouble started over a yachting trip. Natalie is the sister of Norma and Constance Talmadge.

15. Believe it or not, but Estelle Taylor turned down an offer to play the rôle of *Dacia*, the dancing girl in "Sign of the Cross" because she felt she would feel "almost naked" in the costume she would have to wear.

16. John Gilbert was married to Virginia Bruce on August 10th, a few days after his divorce from Ina Claire was made final. Virginia was Gilbert's leading lady in "Downstairs," his latest picture.

17. Lee Tracy has been plenty burned up about the rumors that he can't be depended upon and often fails to show up at the studio and that producers, who consider him an excellent actor, hesitate to assign him to rôles because of his heavy drinking. Tracy, who admits he takes a drink now and then, insists he does not do it to excess.

18. Mona Rico, the dark-eyed beauty from Mexico and a Hollywood movie actress, was injured seriously when the airplane she was riding in crashed on a mountain top near Mexico City.

How Does Garbo Get That Way?

(*Continued from page 41*)

filled with the silent sufferings of Greta Garbo at the hands of Hollywood. She has been pestered and annoyed. The theme song of the Garbo historians has been: *Hollywood has persecuted Garbo.* You know the stories; there have been hundreds of them. Even the fans took up the cry that Hollywood did not know how to appreciate a real artist. It was the legend of the Garbo fame.

Was "Mystery" Ingratitude?

BUT now wonderings and doubts were appearing. Had Hollywood, for lo, these many years, mistaken what in anyone else would have been rudeness and ingratitude for Garbo "mystery?"

In Sweden (or so the Swedes told reporters) they do not mistake the artist and the woman. Granting her great artistry, would Greta, in Europe, merely rate as an ungracious and indifferent woman? Consider:

The cry of indignation that went up in Hollywood when Will Rogers and Wallace Beery pulled the now notorious "gag" of burlesquing Garbo at the Hollywood première of "Grand Hotel." Stars, directors and executives who did not even know Garbo rose in indignation and "walked out" on Will and Wally. Other stars, who have contributed largely of their time and money to Hollywood charities, who have worked for the welfare of the community, who have lent helping hands to the unfortunates of their profession, have never drawn such a tribute as this girl who has consistently ignored Hollywood.

When it first began to be rumored that Greta was returning to Europe at the expiration of her contract, a reporter went to Louis B. Mayer, president of M-G-M and asked him to verify the rumor. He was quoted as saying, "I do not know Miss Garbo's plans. I have not seen her in a year."

When it was found that Greta would not talk business terms, it is said, an executive was authorized to offer her $15,000 weekly—twice her former salary—for two years' work. As it was proved to be impossible to make an appointment with Greta at her home, he attempted to see her on the set, but she wouldn't see him! It makes Garbo nervous to be watched, even by an executive with $15,000 weekly in the offing. If Hollywood heard aright, negotiations for a new contract (now reported signed) were made through an intermediary.

Ignored Great Tributes

GREAT stars of the stage and screen, crowned heads of Europe and social lights of two continents have visited Hollywood with the desire to meet Greta Garbo. Lady Mountbatten was one of those whom Garbo refused to meet. When the Crown Prince of Sweden lunched at the M-G-M studio several years ago, Garbo was too "ill" to conduct him through the studio. Jane Cowl expressed a desire to visit the Garbo set—but the desire was as far as it went. The tributes of fellow screen stars have made even less of an impression on Greta, to all appearances. Marlene Dietrich was almost naïve in her desire to meet Garbo. Two influential men of their respective studios tried to arrange for Greta and Marlene to have tea. It was Greta who finally decided she didn't want any tea!

Once when Marion Davies found it impossible to reach Garbo by telephone, none other than Mary Pickford personally called at her home to extend Marion's invitation. Greta was "sorry. . . ."

Polly Moran (so the story goes)—lovable, likable Polly—asked Greta for an autographed picture. It isn't among her collection. Greta is said to have reminded Polly that she does not give autographs.

Joan Crawford's dressing-room has been next to Garbo's for several years. They spoke once during the making of "Grand Hotel." Co-workers on the set say that Greta cautioned Joan, with a little frown, "We must be quiet . . ."

And Hollywood, already beginning to look upon Joan as the girl most likely to be queen of the screen now, says approvingly, "Joan will never put on the high-hat—or a mystery gag, either!" And others remark: "When Joan was still Billie Cassin, she was a dancer in night-clubs; when Garbo was still Greta Gustafsson, she was a clerk in a millinery shop. Does that make her any better than Joan, or the Prince of Sweden, either, for that matter?"

Bernhardt Was Never Thus

OTHERS attack the legend that Garbo is the greatest actress that the world has ever seen, and that she is therefore to be excused for being "temperamental" and aloof. They ask: "Did you ever see Sarah Bernhardt or Eleanora Duse act? They thrilled the world—and didn't turn around and give the world the cold shoulder afterward. And when they left America, they at least said 'Goodbye'—and they said it with smiles, wistful smiles. There was even the suspicion of a tear or two."

And then there is that little matter of the "going away" present of Irving Thalberg. When Irving, production head of the M-G-M studio and husband of Norma Shearer, heard that Greta was taking off for parts unknown, he ordered a traveling bag for her. Never had Hollywood heard of such a traveling bag. It was described as "genuine Morocco leather, maroon-colored, twenty-two inches long and six and a half inches high." The leather came from England and the gold from France. The glass containers were hand etched and trimmed in solid gold. It was purchased from an ultra-exclusive shop.

The monogrammed bag was sent to Greta with the "bon voyage" wishes of the studio. Reporters were unable to learn how Garbo liked the gift.

And now Greta and her bag, and her reputed fortune of two million dollars and her glamour have gone from Hollywood, the town she "hates." She didn't say "goodbye." She didn't say she was "sorry" to go, or that she "hoped" to come back. No gestures at all.

Hollywood used to call it "mystery."

Did You Know That:

The advertisement of "Grand Hotel" in the New York papers of July 31 carried a public invitation to Garbo to attend the showing that day, which seemed to indicate that M-G-M had not known her sailing plans—for she had sailed the day before?

She went aboard the *S. S. Gripsholm* twelve hours ahead of sailing time, and that her suite was guarded by two detectives during that time?

Before she left America, it was reported—and neither confirmed nor denied—that she had signed a new contract, at $15,000 a week?

Before she reached Sweden, it was reported that she intended to buy the elaborate Summer residence of the late Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish "match king," and convert it into a motion picture studio, where she would produce her own pictures?

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The New Babes in the Hollywood

(*Continued from page 57*)

Rogers; Betty Grable, a seventeen-year-old hot-charmer who *adores* Bing Crosby, the Cocoanut Grove, musical comedies, boys, parties and dancing; and Harriet Hagman, a slender, willowy blonde from Finland by way of Earl Carroll's "Vanities."

Rumors of "Another Bow"

AT this studio also are Dorothy Wilson and Julie Haydon. Dorothy was that crashing little brunette who used to trot around the company's offices as a typist until one day she happened to trot in where David Selznick, the big executive, was pondering who would be right for the lead in "The Age of Consent." He asked Dorothy if she would like to have a try at acting; Dorothy hesitated, but finally said "Yes," and in the picture she is so good as to start that "another Clara Bow" business going again. (We nominate Dorothy for stardom on page 42 of this issue.—Editor.)

Julie Haydon used to troupe around Los Angeles as Donella Donaldson. Julie made her début in a local stock company, and worked along obscurely until a performance in "The Lower Depths" attracted the attention of Mrs. Fiske and she was cast with that grand actress in "Mrs. Bumstead-Leigh." After that came "The Bad Penny," "Man and Superman" with Ian McLaren, and "Hamlet" with Ian Keith. Then pictures starting with "Symphony of Six Million," a Western opposite Tom Keene, and next "Thirteen Women." Julie is perhaps best described as a younger, fresher Jeanne Eagels. Watch for her. She has what it takes to make good in this town.

RKO has two young he-men who won't let Gable and Weissmuller have all the picture plums. These two lads are Creighton Chaney and Bruce Cabot. The first, as you must know by now, is the son of the late Lon Chaney, looks a bit like his father, but refuses to attempt the things his father did. He is determined to make good in his own way, and from the set of his jaw, he looks capable of doing it. You'll see him briefly in "Bird of Paradise," and then, as a build-up for those he-man features, he'll play the two-fisted hero of the serial, "The Last Frontier."

Bruce Cabot is one of the handsomest of the newcomers—and one of the most retiring. After banging around the world a bit, working in the oil fields, tramping around Europe, and scrubbing decks on cattle boats, he landed in Hollywood with letters of introduction—and refused to use them to get a break. Instead, he took to managing a night-club, met movie celebrities informally, took dramatic lessons on the side from Josephine Dillon, who taught Gable his acting, and only then let himself be "discovered." His first rôle was a big one for a newcomer—one of the leads in "The Roadhouse Murder." The result was a long-term contract, and promises of more big parts. And a prediction from Josephine Dillon that he would become Gable's most dangerous competitor. Watch for him in "Kong."

A "Second Jimmy Dunn"

FOX executives also believe they have a find—in the person of Arthur Pierson. He is their "second Jimmy Dunn." Born in Oslo, Norway, he played stock all over this country up to the Denver engagement which gave him the Hollywood chance. He reads heavy literature and wears light clothes. He likes being single and acting—any sort of part. His favorite pastime is handball, and though a shade shorter than

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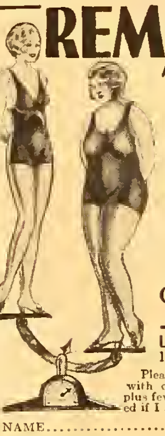

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Dunn, like the Irisher, he has light brown hair and blue eyes.

Fox also has three pretty and equally ambitious little blondes—June Vlasek, Janet Chandler and Vivian Reid. The first has been on the stage since she was five, semiprofessionally. Her real début was in "The Temptations of 1930," in Los Angeles. She was doing extra work when she caught the eye of John Blystone, the director, during the making of "Young Sinners." She got a test and a contract. June is a sort of handy girl to have around. She can cook and sew, play the piano and tennis and golf, drive an automobile and an airplane, and do ballroom dancing. You'll see her in "Chandu, the Magician."

Janet Chandler used to have brown hair, but now she's as blonde as the others. She grew up locally, and did child rôles for Vitagraph. She was an extra for some time, and a concert dancer for five years, at the same time studying voice under the tutorship of Nance O'Neil. She is well-equipped for that big chance when it comes along.

Vivian Reid is a Pittsburgh girl whose family, like Janet's, moved to Hollywood while she was still a child. All three of these girls are refutations of the argument that there is no chance for the "extra" girl to advance herself. Vivian worked along as atmosphere at Fox in "The Movietone Follies," "Daddy Long Legs" and "Young Sinners"—and finally was tested and signed.

Working at this studio also is Alexander Kirkland, one of the legitimate stage's most talented young men. After making a great smash in the Theatre Guild play, "Wings Over Europe," so intense is Alec's nature that he broke down from overwork and came West to recuperate. Pictures grabbed him, and he has appeared in a number of films. His big chance, though, was not until "Strange Interlude," on loan to M-G-M. Now he should go far—and fast.

And Don't Forget *Tarzan*

FAMILIAR to you now is Johnny (*Tarzan*) Weissmuller, at M-G-M, winner of thirty-nine national swimming championships and hero of the Olympic games in Paris in 1924 and Amsterdam in 1928. Drafted for the jungle picture, due to his tremendous physique, this greatest swimmer of all time soon proved himself to be a competent actor as well. The future lies ahead of him as bright as a Kleig light.

Metro also has a lot of blonde young women—Virginia Bruce, Ruth Selwyn, Muriel Evans, Helen Coburn, and Mary Carlisle. Virginia is coming along the fastest. Appearing (like Claire Dodd) in the movie, "Whoopee," and then in Ziegfeld's "Smiles," presently she was known as "America's Most Beautiful Chorus Girl." Of course, the moom-pitchers couldn't resist a title like that, and she went back West, to grow up and be a great big actress. Lately, she has been in "Are You Listening?" and "Winner Take All," and she has just played the lead opposite her fiancé, John Gilbert, in "Downstairs."

Ruth Selwyn is the versatile young wife of Edgar Selwyn, the producer and director. She has done a number of shows in New York, and once produced a revue, herself ("Ruth Selwyn's 9 O'clock Revue"). She'll get along. As should Helen Coburn, another Broadway actress of authentic charm. Muriel Evans, on the other hand, is not long out of school, but she knows all the answers. A statement which also holds true for the little blonde from Boston, Mary Carlisle, whom you'll recall as the lovely young bride in "Grand Hotel." Keep your eyes on Mary.

A girl who looked like one of the big finds of the M-G-M year, until she ran away from Hollywood, was eighteen-year-old Margaret Perry, the daughter in "New Morals for

(*Continued on page 96*)

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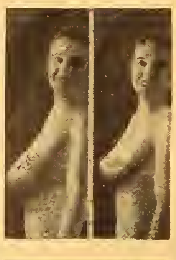

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Why Broadway's Greatest Star—Katharine Cornell—Won't Act for the Movies!

(*Continued from page 35*)

worked and studied, for the progress they have made these past few years. Their work and study and concentration show beautifully in their performances.

You know, I believe that work, hard work and concentration are seventy-five per cent of talent in the theatre. Whenever a young girl or a young man asks my advice about leaving college or school for the stage I advise against it. I believe in bringing everything possible of depth and knowledge and sensitiveness and experience to the theatre.

She Gives Her Reason

"BUT Hollywood is not for me. It is a different medium. It has a different point of view from the point of view of the theatre—which is my point of view.

"I do not wish to sound too 'precious.' I do not wish to appear to have a Mission in Life. Nothing so smug. But the simple and entire fact is that—*I love the theatre.* I *love* it. And loving it as I do, feeling as I do about it, knowing the losses and deprivations it has undergone these past two to three years, I feel that this is not the time to leave it."

With those words Katharine Cornell gave her complete reason for not making pictures. She is a woman with one love and no possibility of promiscuity.

"When I am 'arguing' with producers," Miss Cornell went on, "or with those interested in bringing me to the screen, I am unable to refute their arguments. They out-talk me on every point. There seems to be no reasonable reason for my side of the argument. I have to hold fast to my instinct.

"They bring out the points and also, undeniably, the *facts* that pictures offer a larger field, a larger audience. To the player, these are undeniable appeals. The physical limitations of touring prevent one from appearing in all the cities that should be visited. Furthermore, the screen goes around the world, of course, and takes the actor to China, to Burma, to South Africa, everywhere. This challenges an actress' pride in her work, increases her desire for greater exhibitionism, and gratifies a far-flung ambition that the stage cannot hope to do.

"My only answer to this point is that nothing, no territorial expanse, simply nothing at all could compensate me for the direct contact with my audience, the direct audience reaction—the most precious, the most vital thing the theatre has to give.

Doesn't Care About Money

"THERE is the financial aspect, too, of course—the money. More money and more publicity are, really, the only things that pictures can offer me. I prefer my personal contact with my audience to the latter, and I do not want the former. It doesn't tempt me. Too much money is a responsibility, and I am happier without that responsibility. I prefer a simple, independent life, free from the complications of unnecessary luxury.

"In the theatre, as well as in my personal life—and with me both are one—I can do as I wish. I can choose my own plays. I produce them and I can act them where I like and for as long as I like, or as long as the public cares to see them. There is no one who stands between me and the thing I am doing *except myself.* Necessarily, in the film world, this would be different. I doubt that I would be happy working any other way than, fortunately, I am able to do in the theatre.

"There is, also"—she smiled—"the possibility that I might not photograph. They tell me that I would. I have never gone so far as to have a test made. I have never gone so far as to discuss money. Somehow, we have always stopped short of that.

"They also tell me that I can do both—that I can remain in the theatre and also make pictures. I am afraid of compromise. I do not believe that it would work out that way. I feel that the two mediums are too different and too distinct and that to attempt both would be to fall somewhere between the two.

"There is, perhaps, a business angle to this instinct of mine. I might not be successful in pictures. I might make, let us say, two or three pictures—they might not come up to expectations and—I should make no more. And those who know me in the theatre would say, humanly enough, 'What is the matter with Katharine Cornell, I wonder? Hollywood doesn't want her—'

Won't Promise Either Way

"IT would be absurd for anyone to say that she will *never* do a certain thing. No one can tell what the future holds or when to-day will have nothing to do with to-morrow. A bromide, but a truth. I do not say that I shall *never* make a picture. I do say that I do not *think* I ever shall. I do say that I shall not make one now, or in the immediate future. Science is making such enormous discoveries and advances that, just around the corner, there may be coming an invention that would forcibly change my entire attitude toward the screen.

"But now—right now—I feel that I want to live and die in the theatre. I am content to grow old, if only I can grow old on the stage. If the time comes when I do not act any longer, I shall want to have some association with the stage—direct, produce, *anything,* so long as I am close to it.

"It is not a lack of admiration for the films and for the notable artists who are making them that prompts this 'No' of mine. It is a greater and deeper love for the theatre. This is my reason—my only one."

Katharine Cornell loves the theatre as a woman loves one man—a woman who may be interested in other men, but to whom the notion of a divided love is unthinkable and impossible. She cannot divide her allegiance. She is incapable of compromise. She is, it may be, the one woman in the world who has not that vaunted thing, "her Price;" the one woman in the world to whom money and mass-fame are less important than the thing she cares about doing, *only because it is dear to her.* Instead of doing "The Barretts" for the screen, she wants to do Sidney Howard's new play "Alien Corn," for the stage.

She has no sense of sacrifice. She can turn her back on small, social pleasures as well as on world publicity and a million dollars. And does. When she is working, she never dines out or goes to pictures or plays, or entertains or is entertained. She leads a strict, Spartan life. She says that when "The Barretts" comes to a close, she is looking forward to just one thing—a good cold in the head. It will be so luxurious and relaxing to be *able* to have a cold. She is not burdened with lavish ménages. She keeps an apartment in New York and a small hide-out up the Hudson. She can turn her back on small pleasures, on 'big money,' on Hollywood. And there is no sense of sacrifice involved. She says, "There can be no sacrifice involved when it is for the thing you love. And I have made none."

That's Hollywood!

(Continued from page 16)

California Family to a New York millionaire.

The other mystery of the month has been solved. What was that bit of embroidered cloth Constance Cummings used to carry around with her everywhere? It turns out that Connie's mother asked her, long ago, whether she'd be a success. Baby Constance, for answer, waved vigorously a tiny garment whose name we blushingly refuse to state. Now Connie carries the Unmentionable as a good luck piece.

OUR strangest-job-in-Hollywood department springs to life again with the news that a girl earns $75 weekly, at one studio, for following a careless star around and seeing to it that the seams on her stockings stay straight. How's the depression treating *you*?

DO you know that cobwebs on the screen are made of rubber, and spun by hand? That Joel McCrea gets Tired of It All and pitches a lonely tent 'way up the beach, where he lives between pictures? That Billy Haines paid a bigger income tax last year on his antique shop than on his picture contract? And Johnny Weissmuller, swimming in exhibitions four times a day, gets blisters on his feet and ears from the rush of water—whether it's romantic or not?

FOR no reason at all everyone in town is amused at the fellow who twisted the title of the new picture, "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" to "The Bitter Yen of General T"—and we can't think about the film seriously.

Nevertheless, Nils Asther, who just got rid of his Swedish accent, had to acquire a Chinese one for this film, and he steps into the rivalry for toughest-make-up by wearing a disguise that takes three and a half hours to put on.

PARAMOUNT, a studio which has been looking high and low for what they blithely describe as a "panther girl," for a forthcoming production, adds cautiously that all applicants should bring with them at least enough money to live in Hollywood for a year. To the right girl they will pay $200 weekly, with a chance of a contract later, but in the meantime there's always a chance of a slip-up. All of which shouldn't discourage you Panther Girls!

More good news for film aspirants is contained in the dictum of Sam Goldwyn, who has decreed that the seventy inexperienced girls working on Eddie Cantor's "Kid from Spain" shall be called bit-players, not extras, that each one shall receive her own personal publicity, and in addition, be given the best possible camera-angles, etc., with a contract to anyone "who shows unusual promise."

Add to that the fact that Garbo's exit leaves her throne vacant, and you'll see why the casting offices are looking forward to a busy month!

LYDA ROBERTI, this department's enthusiasm of the moment (you've seen her in "Million Dollar Legs"), sang "Muddy Waters," the Southern Mammy song, for her try-out. Lyda has a strong Polish accent and she admits that the total effect may have been amusing. . . . Lee Tracy, who holds some sort of record for having interested, then disillusioned, half the studios in town, has been behaving admirably at Columbia, and hasn't delayed production a minute. . . . Russell Hopton, a young fellow who has appeared in dozens of pictures in his two years in Hollywood, can't understand the trouble stars have avoiding enthusiastic mobs. "If they don't want to sign autograph books," he demands quite sensibly, "why don't they stay home? Or if they do go to premières—why not admit they like it!"

SEEN about town: Clark Gable practising his golf drive on a Beverly Hills practice green. . . . Charlie Bickford, very hard-boiled in costume as a rough and ready sea-man, eating a double vanilla ice-cream cone. . . . Connie Bennett at the beach, with a swell tan. . . . Richard Dix, nursing a bad burn caused by a back-firing Roman candle on July 4th. . . . And Ramon Novarro, for his vacation, went to live on a ranch and reports that he has been pitching hay and tending cows. . . .

GARY COOPER'S pet monk, Toluca, has been such a success in gaining cute, whimsical items in the press that all the other stars are going in for monkeys. Douglas Fairbanks brought one—Gagi is the name—from his recent trip to the South Seas, for instance. Meanwhile Toluca is planning to keep a corner on the news by acquiring an education; Gary has hired a tutor to teach her to dress herself, ride a bicycle, and eat with a knife and fork. She's *not* going into the movies, Gary promises. . .

EVALYN KNAPP and Don Cook, who have just announced their engagement, met each other on the Warner lot. Then Don's contract lapsed, and then Evalyn's. Now they're both signed up at Columbia. We always believe in taking such coincidences seriously, as Omens, and make the suggestion of teaming Don and Evalyn in pictures—like Gaynor and Farrell or Dunn and Eilers.

LITTLE accidents department: Irene Dunne fell asleep on the beach and spent a few days in bed with sunburn. . . . Edna May Oliver, who told us once that she couldn't live without her early morning swim, caught a wave the wrong way, was knocked breathless, and now doesn't dare go near the ocean. . . . Ricardo Cortez, whose favorite horse went lame last month, now walks over the bridle path for his morning constitutional. . . . And Barbara Stanwyck continues to fight the fire jinx. Her Malibu home burned down twice; she was severely burned while making a picture, and the other day a trick wall, in flames, fell upon her at the studio and she just avoided serious injuries.

AS for the embattled Mr. Von Sternberg, without a mention of whom no monthly report could be complete, we hear that he is sulking again. This time a wandering executive is said to have wandered onto Joe's set, where cameramen had been clicking away for some time. The exec decided the unions wouldn't like it, and asked Joe to give them a rest.

The director maintained that he was going good and no one had a right to stop him, and the poor "Blonde Venus," in the meantime, must be turning paler every minute.

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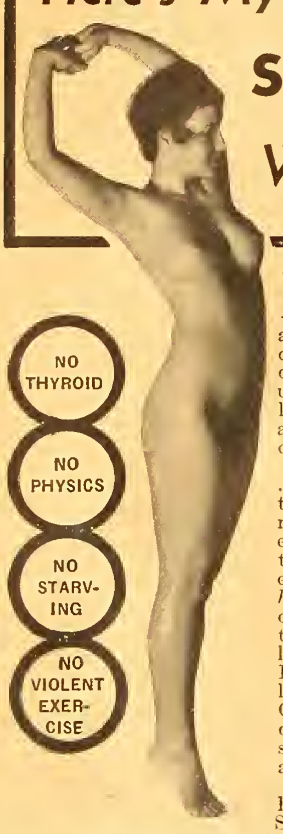

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Chevalier Isn't So "Naughtee" as He Seems

(*Continued from page 33*)

How many of us who watch this assured, debonair lover win the hearts of the ladies in the audience, as well as those on the screen, would guess that this poise and confidence are acquired virtues! Fortunately, he possesses an immense amount of courage and determination, which will never allow him to give up trying when he has decided what he wants to do. This has helped him to conquer many of his weaknesses. After seeing his handwriting, my opinion of his abilities has risen to a great degree. Let me point out to you the characteristics revealed by his script, and I am sure that you will feel the same way about him.

Of course, the rhythm and swing in his writing, and the wide margins (which show his artistic ability) indicate that there is no other vocation for which he is more suited than music, dancing and the stage. He is too restless and temperamental to be satisfied with any routine work that would give him no opportunity to express himself, either emotionally or actively.

The charm and grace of his capitals and the long sweeping underscore in his signature make me think of the suave and easy way he carries himself through the somewhat embarrassing situations in which he sometimes finds himself in his pictures. What in another type of man might seem lewd and offensive seems, in his case, to be only a playful gesture and a desire to entertain and amuse you.

What Proves He Isn't "Naughtee"

AGAIN, we can look to his handwriting for the explanation of this ability. The result would be quite different if his note to me had appeared very smeary, black and muddy-looking in pressure. But his handwriting is very light in pressure, and this with the high upper loops that give almost an ethereal appearance to his script, indicate that he is not coarse and sensual by nature. This light pressure may show that he is somewhat lacking in vitality and he probably tires easily when he takes time to relax; but it also proves that his sense of artistry and love of the beautiful will prevent him from being gross and vulgar under any circumstances. His long lower loops are a proof that he is not entirely idealistic and altruistic in his outlook, but will appreciate money and what it can buy. I will wager that he is not apt to give his services unless he receives an adequate return, either in money or satisfaction. Yet he is not stingy, but almost extravagantly generous when emotionally moved.

Notice how the spaces between the words and the size of the letters vary, and also see how fast is the tempo with which these words are written. This shows a nervous haste and tenseness; and the "t" crossings, which are far in advance of the letter, show impatience. I venture to say that he finds it hard to keep still for very long at a time without moving around, or twirling whatever he may be holding in his hand, or smiling, whistling or frowning. I am also afraid that he will behave like a naughty little boy if he is kept waiting for someone or something that he wants very much.

Haven't you seen a youngster twist and squirm and scowl if he cannot get off to see the circus as soon as he is ready? Then you know how our "cher Maurice" often feels, either outwardly or inwardly—although he may be waiting for the word "camera," or the signing of an important contract, or his best friend, instead of the circus. Also, like the little boy, all his temper is gone when he gets his way, and he will be so happy and charming that one forgets that he was ever anything else. That is where he has the advantage over us ordinary mortals—he is able to carry things off audaciously and to get away with it when most of us would fail to do so.

Quick on the Mental Trigger

HIS capital "R" in the word "Rice" and the breaks between some of his letters show his intuition and extreme rapidity of thought. Thus, with no apparent effort, he is able to keep people guessing and to puzzle a more logical person by his quick decisions, which are correct as a rule.

The letter "M" in the word "Maurice" is very illuminating when one comes to study his character from his handwriting. He uses the old-fashioned way of starting the letter at the basic line, which always shows a somewhat conservative nature. I doubt if many of those who read this article ever suspected him to be a conservative, and hope that this will not injure his reputation as an unconventional lover on the screen.

He also makes the first point of the "M" higher than the second one. That indicates the kind of pride that hates to admit failure, and that would almost rather die than to be entirely ignored. For he loves admiration and praise, although he is not a vain or egotistical person otherwise. These qualities help him to surmount difficult situations in order to get to the "top of the heap," either in his profession or in personal affairs.

When disappointed or angry, he undoubtedly acts like a spoiled child, but he also has a good deal of common sense. The ability to keep his own counsel is shown by the tightly-closed capital "D" in the word "Dear," which is not usually found in such a flowing type of handwriting. You may be sure that he can talk most convincingly—and say nothing of any real importance, when necessary for his own protection or that of others. Thus his own family or friends, who think that they know Maurice Chevalier *intimately*, will have another guess coming in regard to some of his secret thoughts and feelings. This secretiveness comes from sensitiveness, more than from a desire to deceive or mislead people. I cannot imagine anything that would hurt him more than ridicule or unkind laughter. He has an excellent sense of humor and loves amusement and laughter—but he wants you to laugh *with* him and not *at* him.

How He Loves to Love!

I AM sure that you are holding your breath, waiting for me to tell you about his love nature, and wondering if he is really as fond of kissing as he appears to be on the screen. To tell you the truth, he *is* ardent, affectionate and demonstrative when he really loves; but he must be *awfully* bored by having to do so much of it. While he is shrewd enough to realize that his charming love-making brings him a box-office success and fat salary checks, there is more to his nature than emotion. There is no doubt that he would enjoy something more virile and active for a change.

I can imagine his wondering how you would like him in a part like *Arsene Lupin* or *Raffles*. Of course, there would *have* to be some love interest in the picture, as well as action, or he might end up by kissing the police chief. All joking aside, the point I am trying to bring out is that he is more than just a "one type" actor, he is more than just a gay lover. He is versatile and can forget himself and his reactions in whatever part he plays, so long as it is not too consistently moody. His ready smile will bring a laugh, but there is a serious side to his nature and he can bring a tear to your eye if he chooses. No matter how old he may grow, he will always stay young and romantic in spirit.

Love of home, of family and friends is a very important part of his existence—as the rightward inclination and the margins in his writing show that he belongs to the Vital-Artistic Type, to whom those things are necessary for happiness. He likes women (pretty ones), but prefers the company of men. This does not necessarily mean that he is fickle—it is simply that he must have more than love alone in order to satisfy his pride of achievement. He will never be entirely satisfied with what he has, but will always be seeking something more, like the child who finds the flowers in the *next* field more brilliant than the ones he is picking.

When he does rest, however, he can be very lazy and enjoy being waited on as well as the rest of us. Things like music, moonlight, perfume and beauty of all kinds will always bring him a thrill, but his enjoyment of them will be more mental than sensuous. His tent-shaped "i" dots show that he can be very critical of what does not measure up to his personal standards, and he is sometimes rather difficult to manage.

Gay and moody; wise and impulsively unwise; demonstrative and reserved; poised and impatient; shrewd and too trustful—a bundle of contradictions, like a kaleidoscope with its fascinating change of colors. That is Chevalier—"R-r-right now."

Sylvia Sidney's Tired of All Those Rumors

(*Continued from page 27*)

in black and white for all the world to see.

They first became meat for the columnists during Ben Schulberg's recent trip East for the purpose of watching his son graduate from Deerfield Academy. Sylvia had a New York vacation at the same time, and it must be said to her credit that she didn't let the gossips spoil her holiday. Night after night she and Ben appeared together at all the approved night spots. The tabloids began shuddering with excitement, and set their best implication-artists to work.

"They thought it very significant that I came to New York and took a suite alone at a hotel," said Sylvia, "though my parents have 'a sumptuous apartment in midtown'!" She stopped to chuckle at this description of the old homestead. "It's so perfectly silly. I've always lived alone, ever since I've been on the stage. I do in Hollywood. My mother went out there and stayed with me while I was getting settled, but as soon as my house was finished she came back to join my father. When I come to New York, they don't expect me to do anything else but live by myself.

"I'm very close to my family, but we don't get possessive or jealous about each other. We've always let each other alone."

Can't Afford Expensive Things

ENSCONCED in one of the Waldorf's luxurious tower suites, Sylvia sat up straight like a little girl and with wide eyes protested that she had no money for extravagant things.

"All this talk about the beach house I rented for fifteen hundred dollars a month is nonsense, too. I got myself a little house at Malibu—just a place to lie in the sun. The papers immediately carried the story that the first and most expensive rentals of the season were the beach houses of B. P. Schulberg and Sylvia Sidney, at fifteen hundred dollars a month each.

"Why, it's absurd. Where would I get the money?" she naively inquired.

Another report that Sylvia got all worked up about was that she was the cause of the Dietrich-von Sternberg-Paramount row over "The Blonde Venus." The idea seemed to

(*Continued on page 97*)

Grouchy Irritable Wives!

"DON'T speak to me," she cries. "I'm all upset and want to be alone."

Why is it . . . as soon as a woman's nerves become excited she hurts the ones she loves?

No husband can understand the reason why! What has changed her into a silent, moody woman . . . always grumbling and flying into a rage over a trifle?

Those dreadful headaches and backaches . . . that bearing-down feeling and fits of dizziness . . . *these things only a woman knows.*

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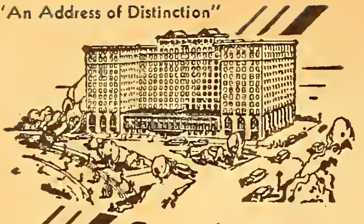

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The New Babes in the Hollywood

(*Continued from page 91*)

Old." This talented daughter of the actress-playwright, Antoinette Perry, had made a tremendous hit on the stage in the same rôle, when the drama was called "After All." A preview criticism of the picture, which panned Margaret, led her to think she had failed utterly, and she left without telling anyone. Subsequent reviews belied the first one. M-G-M is now trying to persuade her to come back.

Three More Barrymores

ALSO, don't forget Ethel Barrymore's three offspring—all of whom are being given a screen chance in "Rasputin," supporting their mother and uncles John and Lionel. They are Samuel Colt, 22; John Drew Colt, 20; and Ethel Barrymore Colt, 18. Still another M-G-M "discovery" is Helene Barclay, who is no less a person than the wife of McClelland Barclay and the model for many of his magazine covers. The couple came to the West Coast on a vacation trip, and Helene immediately received screen offers; McClelland, before thinking, urged her to sign—and then he had to go back to New York, while she remained on the Coast. She'll just have to make good, or he'll never forgive himself.

A welcome dark note in this platinum paradise is black-haired Tom Brown, Universal's big bet among the newcomers. A New Yorker, Tom attended the Professional Children's School, and has acted ever since he could walk. From ten to thirteen he spent with the Gleasons in "Is Zat So?" His last play, at seventeen, was "Many a Slip," with Sylvia Sidney and Kent Douglass. Then radio work and pictures. He scored heavily in "Information Kid," and in the picture that was named for him, "Tom Brown of Culver," made on the campus of the historic school. Now he is making "Liberty Road," with Richard Dix. He is another who looks as if he can't miss.

Universal also has an apparently bright-futured young lady in Mrs. Blair Gordon Newell—Gloria Stuart to you. Gloria is a Santa Monica girl who did three and a half years' majoring in philosophy at the University of California before going dramatic via the little theatre route. So swell was she in her last engagement in that field—in Isben's "The Sea Gull," at the Pasadena Community Theatre—that Junior Laemmle grabbed her. Blonde, dimpled, artistic, literary and five feet five, she has been in "Street of Women" for Warners, and "Air Mail" and "The Old Dark House" at her own studio.

Working for the honor of the old U also is Lucille Browne who was a model for the aforementioned McClelland Barclay, before Fox contracted her West and then let her go, subsequently to see her signed by the former company, which at once started to make good use of her charming Southern voice and photographically delightful combination of brown eyes and blonde hair in the serial, "Danger Island."

From Textiles to Talkies

A COUPLE of Lucille's co-workers, both big dark fellows of whom nice things are expected, are William Daly and Onslow Stevens. The former is a former textile broker who went theatrical when you know what happened to the textile market, playing "extra" in New York and stock in Mt. Vernon until a test brought him to the Coast; while Stevens is another graduate from the Pasadena Community Theatre who made the movie leap. Like Gloria Stuart, he was signed after appearing in that famous organization's production of "The Sea Gull."

Warner Brothers-First National returns to the "blonde crazy" angle with Sheila Terry and Patricia Ellis. Sheila is a descendant of John Wycliffe, one of the translators of the Bible. Her real name is Kay Clark, and after some stock experience she got a break in New York in the musical comedy, "The Little Racketeer." A film test followed, and a contract. She has already appeared to advantage in "Week-End Marriage." But watch for her in "Big City Blues" and "The Crooner."

Patricia Ellis isn't acting under her real name, either. She is the daughter of Alexander Leftwich, one of the most successful stage directors in New York. With such a father, Patricia, naturally, has worked on the stage since she was old enough to walk. Her education has not been neglected, however, and when pictures drew her from a swanky finishing school in the East (she is only sixteen), it was only with the understanding that she must attend the little schoolhouse on the studio lot for three hours each day. The rest of the time she is working.

And James Cagney had no more than done his walkout before Warners lighted on a lad who looks as if he might step into Jimmy's shoes. He's red-headed, has a grin a mile wide, and his name is Dick Powell. He lost his self-consciousness early, by starting out in life as a theatrical master of ceremonies—first in Louisville, then in Pittsburgh. He got his screen start as a butterfly boy in "Blessed Event"—and proved he was clever. The Pittsburgh folks are hoping he'll get a chance to do the Cagney sort of thing. (We nominate him for stardom on page 42 of this issue.—Editor.)

Joan Crawford's New Hero

WHEN Joan Crawford landed the rôle of *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain," she had a break in more ways than one. She was the first girl to play opposite William Gargan, United Artists' new contribution to the Handsome Hero ranks. In fact, it's claimed that he is so handsome that they had to put a make-up scar on him in the rôle of the marine to make him look real! Believe it or not. But whether you think he's good-looking or not, you'll have to admit that he knows how to act. He got his training on the Broadway stage.

Now that Ziegfeld is gone and the "Follies" are all over, Dolores Rey may be the last "Follies" girl to be "discovered" by the movies. She is small and blonde, with an authentic "Follies" figure and Columbia, which "found" her, has rushed her into the mystery picture, "By Whose Hand?"

Every season turns up a Spanish beauty who seems likely to make a bid for stardom. This year it is Maria Alba, who happens to be from Spain, not from Mexico. After playing in Spanish versions for two years, she was picked by Douglas Fairbanks to play the South Sea siren in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe"; and no sooner was she back than she was chosen by Mack Sennett to play the heroine in "Hypnotized." It looks as if she's going to be kept busy. And, if it is true, as rumored, that she already has Lupe Velez worried, her future looks promising. She should know how to take direction, certainly, for she is the bride of director David Todd.

It's a fascinating game for Maria, as it is for all these new and promising youngsters. One and all, they are determined to make good—and in no small way. Among them, doubtless, are the great stars of tomorrow. Which ones are you betting on?

Sylvia Sidney's Tired of All Those Rumors

(*Continued from page 95*)

be that she wanted to play the leading rôle, and that because of her reputed "influence" with Schulberg she was going to get it, over the dead bodies of Marlene and Joe, if necessary.

"It's ridiculous," she says in disgust, "to think that a rôle written for Dietrich would be any good for me. Or that I'd get it if I wanted it. I'm the last person on the Paramount lot who would ever fight over a part. I never have anything to say about that. I think they know a lot better than I do how to handle me. They've proved it. I made an awful mess of choosing parts for myself on the stage, and I think they've done pretty well by me in pictures so far. There isn't much similarity between 'An American Tragedy' and 'Confessions of a Co-Ed' and 'Ladies of the Big House' and 'Madame Butterfly.' I'd be the last person to complain about my pictures."

No Romance with Romney Brent

THEN there was the matter of Romney Brent. The papers couldn't make up their minds just what to hint at in the case of Sylvia and her ex-boy friend from Broadway. Some of them insisted that she had been in love with Romney until quite recently and that, ah-ha!, a mysterious new Romeo had supplanted him. Others tried to stir up trouble by picturing Sylvia as palpitating at the stage door when Romney's play opened in Los Angeles, completely forgetful of her big executive. Sylvia denies both, and says she never was in love with Romney.

"He was just a good friend," she says. "You know—there was always Romney. And it wasn't the opening night—it was the second night." And that disposes of Romney.

Sylvia incites people to gossip because nobody knows much about her. She isn't seen around Hollywood a great deal, and this state of affairs is due solely to her own efforts.

"At first I was invited to a lot of parties," she relates, "but I've refused so many invitations that now people have just given me up. I couldn't go to their parties if I wanted to. When somebody called up, I couldn't think quickly enough to say 'No,' right away, so I always accepted, and then at the last moment I'd call up and say I had a headache. I guess everyone got tired of my rudeness.

Too Tired to Have "Affairs"

"BUT I can't go out when I'm working, anyway. I must be sort of anemic, I guess, because I can't do anything but go to bed. I don't even take my make-up off till bedtime. It always amazes me when I hear about the many love affairs of some movie actress. I simply don't see how she has the energy to do it."

After breaking the public into the idea of seeing them together in New York, Ben and Sylvia have gone back to Hollywood to show the natives how they look at a ringside table. According to Winchell, the super-Cupid, they "don't care who knows it now." So maybe nobody will take an interest any more. It's too easy.

Sylvia is now making "Madame Butterfly," which is one of the biggest feminine rôles of stage history—that of a Japanese girl who falls tragically in love with a white man.

When asked if she intends to get married, little Miss Sidney will only say, "That depends on who asks me."

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MARIE DUNNE, Dept. K-10

122 FOURTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

banding into a union. They claim that the amateurs are ruining the business with their accidents.

IN the "Stars Who Have Vanished" story, in the August MOTION PICTURE, a Hollywood impression was stated when it was said that J. Barney Sherry, the famous character actor of early films, had "died several years ago." We are happy to report now that this impression is incorrect, and that "Mr. Sherry is very much alive, and living retired in a palatial home near the site of his childhood days in Olney, Philadelphia." The authority for this statement is no less a person than his sister-in-law, Mrs. John V. Reeves. Three more mis-impressions that we wish to correct are: (1) that the wife of Bert Lytell is Helen Menken—his wife is Helen's sister, Grace; (2) that Olga Petrova is "single again"—she is still married to Dr. John D. Stewart; and (3) that the late Maclyn Arbuckle was an older brother of Roscoe Arbuckle—they were no relation.

SPEAKING of Roscoe Arbuckle, he has at last won his eleven-year fight to act before the cameras again. In the September, 1931, MOTION PICTURE we ran a story entitled "Doesn't Fatty Arbuckle Deserve a Break?", reviewing his case, telling how he had borne his suspension from the screen though adjudged innocent by a jury of the crime with which he had been charged in 1921, and asking the public if they would like to see him again. The response was overwhelmingly in his favor; hundreds of letters were received, and only one in a hundred opposed his return to the screen.

Arbuckle was offered acting contracts on the basis of this, but said that before he accepted any, he wanted to make sure that these letter-writers represented the whole movie public. So this past summer he set out on a vaudeville tour, to test public reaction to his re-appearance. He met with such success that he won a contract from Vitaphone for a series of two-reel comedies, which he will write and direct and in which he will star. The series will go into production almost immediately.

EVA MOORE, who plays the little old witch lady in "The Old Dark House," is Jill Esmond's mother and a famous and beloved actress in London. After her triumph at the preview of the picture, everyone took it for granted that she would remain in Hollywood. "Oh, I couldn't," she demurred, shocked. "Why, the flowers in my garden back home will be blooming! I must go back to see them!"

MIRIAM HOPKINS certainly started something when she adopted a baby in Evanston, Illinois, without asking Hollywood's advice about it. Rumors about the age, size and parentage of the infant have been thick in the air of this friendly village ever since. One report had it that the child was a large three-year-old, who—gossip whispered—was really Miriam's own by one of her marriages. But again the gossipers are going to have to eat their words—for Miriam's new "son," whom she calls "Junior," is a tiny baby only a few months old. He is still being cared for at the foundling home, by the way.

HERE'S a funny story about Kay Francis and Paramount: It seems that her old studio wanted to borrow Kay from Warners for a featured rôle in "The Honest Finder," with Herbert Marshall and Miriam Hopkins. It was to be an Ernst Lubitsch production and almost any actress in Hollywood would have jumped at the chance. But Kay wanted to go to Europe with hubby Kenneth MacKenna on a belated second honeymoon.

She didn't want to turn down the offer, either, so she figured that if she put her salary so high that the studio wouldn't meet the terms, she would be free to evade the production without actually refusing it.

For days they dickered. Paramount said, "Too much money." Kay morally agreed, but stuck to her guns. She was so sure that Paramount was going to refuse the salary that she went ahead and engaged passage to Europe.

Five hours before she was to leave Hollywood, she received a telephone call that the "terms" had been met! "Poor Kay" didn't get to go to Europe—but she won't be any poorer because she delayed the jaunt!

VINCE BARNETT, the practical joker of Hollywood who used to make a living by hiring out to play pranks and who was so good as the *Secretary* in "Scarface," has a swell new movie contract and a pretty new wife. And now Vince knows something of the dismay he cast into other hearts in his "insulting waiter" days. Several previous victims got together and had a succession of soft-voiced, cooing girls call Vince late one night on a trip to Catalina. Each time the bride answered, until at last she began to wonder, "How come—?"

WE hear that John Considine, Jr., the young movie executive, is a mighty surprised man. The other day, he was informed that he had been left a legacy of several hundred thousand dollars by a man whose name he couldn't place. Racking his brain, he remembered that this fellow had gone to college at the same time as he, and that once Johnny had knocked down a bully who was tormenting him. Evidently, this knightly deed had remained in his college acquaintance's memory for many years.

"THERE are only three natural blondes in Hollywood," a famous beauty expert declares. "They are Garbo, Ann Harding and Marlene Dietrich." To this trio must be added Gloria Stuart, the new Universal white hope. (See story on page 60.)

THE lad all the studios are after is Frank Buck, whose "Bring 'Em Back Alive" packed in customers all over these United States. He is everybody's idea of a handsome he-man—a "natural." He says, by the way, that "all women like jungle pictures—if they're brutal enough."

SOMEBODY taught little Sheila Lanfield (the infant daughter of Shirley Mason and director Sidney Lanfield) to give "the razzberry." This proved amusing to everybody but the proud papa. Sid thinks it was a mean trick.

SURPRISES from the studios: Chaplin may add sound effects to "The Gold Rush" and re-issue it . . . Lewis Stone and Jackie Cooper are making a father-son picture, and it's possible that the youngster will later make one with Lionel Barrymore . . . Wynne Gibson, starred in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane" and "Lady and Gent," has a supporting rôle in "Night After Night" . . . Mickey Mouse and his creator, Walt Disney, have joined United Artists, thus uniting with Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson and company . . . Creighton Chaney, six-feet-two son of the late Lon, will be the two-gun hero of "The Last Frontier," a new serial for RKO . . . The cast of "State Fair" at Fox may include Will Rogers, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, James Dunn and Sally Eilers . . . Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler are already teaming up again, to make a comedy for Columbia . . . Harold Lloyd, with "Movie Crazy" off his chest, plans to take a year's vacation . . . Lew Ayres won't play the title rôle of "Laughing Boy," after all, because no amount of make-up could make him look like an Indian.

You'd probably feel like day-dreaming in de luxe style, too, if you were in Tala Birell's place (and in Tala's ultra-modern lounging outfit). The Roumanian beauty is scheduled to play the title rôle in "Adventure Lady," after which will come "Nana," if the censors promise they won't object

The measure of YOUR BEAUTY is the COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical, Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon

A new thought . . . to give *color* first place over features . . . as the "measure of your beauty?" Yet how *true* it is. And how *comforting.* For while your *features* may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking . . . through rouge!

Ah, yes; but not the *usual* rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. *It must seem color coming from within the skin.* It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but *absolutely natural.*

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious . . . many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual *one tone* rouges. But Princess Pat is *DUO-TONE.* The *only Duo-Tone* rouge . . . and therefore absolutely different from *any other rouge you ever knew.*

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CLARA BOW
by
MARLAND STONE

14 FEATURE STORIES

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ALL THE HOLLYWOOD NEWS AND GOSSIP

READ ABOUT THE NEW CLARA BOW.... PAGE 47

The Soap that Keeps Beautiful Women Beautiful!

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Camay is proving the sensation of the beauty soap world. For never in your lifetime has such a fine soap, so beautifully wrapped, so delicately perfumed, sold for so low a price!

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BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Motion Picture

NOVEMBER
1932

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIV, No. 4

It's a *"Second Career"* For CLARA BOW

The most famous of all the redheads is returning to the screen in "Call Her Savage"—but she does not call her return a "comeback." Clara says that, instead, she is starting "a second career." What does she mean?

Since she is now avoiding interviewers and seldom appears in public, the rumor has sprung up that Clara is either imitating Garbo or has suddenly turned timid. Can this be true?

In a Clara Bow story in this issue, you will find the answers to both these questions. You will discover that there is a new Clara Bow in the making—and you will learn what her plans are for her newly-promising future.

FEATURES

Kalm, Kool and Kollected—that's Karen . . . . Charles Grayson 27
Hoover and Roosevelt Will Fight It Out in Movie Theatres . . . . Jack Grant 28
Movie Couples Are Crying for *Babies* Now! . . . . Faith Service 30
You Can't Put Anything Over on Janet Gaynor . . . Louise Rice 33
De Mille Puts Hollywood's Unemployed Extras Back to Work . . . . Dorothy Donnell 34
"I Want to Fall in Love Again with a Man Like Gary Cooper," says Lupe Velez . . . . Gladys Hall 40
We Nominate for Stardom—Your Future Favorites 42
Clara Bow's *Future* Life-Story . . . . Dorothy Manners 47
Did $26,000 Outweigh a Honeymoon Trip for Kay Francis? . . . . Faith Service 51
They Name Their Next Mates Before They're Free from Ex-Mates . . . . Mark Dowling 52
Where You'll Find the Stars at Play—Agua Caliente . . . . Dorothy Calhoun 54
The Stars Can't Break That Hollywood Habit . . Terrence Costello 56
Jimmy Dunn Is Still Dodging Matrimony . . . . . Nancy Pryor 60
Indifferent to Girls—Gene Raymond . . . . . Charles Grayson 64

DEPARTMENTS

Letters From Our Readers 6
What The Stars Are Doing . . . . Marion Martone 8
Featured Shorts . . . . James Edwin Reid 9
Tip-Offs on the Talkies . . . . J. E. R. 11
The Movie Circus . . . . Frank Morley 12
Your Gossip Test . . . . Marion Martone 14
That's Hollywood . . . . Mark Dowling and Lynn Norris 16
News and Gossip 36
The Picture Parade 66

Cover Design of Clara Bow Painted By MARLAND STONE—Decorative Background By ALEXEY V. ERMAKOFF

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*
DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill. by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.*

Copyright 1932 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Single copy 15c. Subscriptions for U.S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.80 a year, Canada $3.30, Foreign Countries $3.30. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President-Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

LETTERS
FROM OUR
READERS

Here's a reflection which reveals an actor who is as painstaking in answering letters from his admirers as in reading them. If you haven't already recognized the gentleman, he is Ralph Bellamy

$20.00 Letter
Popularize the Classics

COLUMBUS, O.—It occurred to me some time ago that the motion picture industry was overlooking a possibility in not exploiting the idea of popularization that every branch of science has gone through within the past few years. There lies, in my opinion, a very definite opportunity in bringing to our present movie audience some of the contributions that have gone down in the literary field as classics. There have been a few movies popularizing stories taken from our standard list of classical reading. But there are hundreds of other volumes, equally as classic as, let us say, Dumas' "Camille," and to my untutored eye, equally as adaptable for filming, that would be eagerly welcomed by an intelligent audience.

Books written by such artists (and I have in mind a particular volume from each pen) as Anatole France, Gustave Flaubert, Thomas Mann, Andre Gide, Knut Hamsun, are well fitted for picturization. These men have contributed much to the field of classical literature and yet their works are probably unknown to most of the regular movie fans. If the lay public has eagerly sought out the popularized versions of some of the more abstruse sciences, surely there will be a similar response to this, and at the same time the movie industry will be contributing its share toward educating the public reading taste to higher levels.

Without being classed as either an intellectual or one of the snooty highbrows, I do place myself within that group (and I know it is composed of a goodly number) who are discriminating readers and who would appreciate the efforts of production companies in filming a few more of the well worth reading and well worth seeing masterpieces. *Bertha B. Roth.*

$10.00 Letter
Chinese Portrayals Laughable

REGINA, CAN.—Could you tolerate in your lustrous columns my dull and unworthy remarks about pictures? I am a Chinese fan. I left my native land some years ago and have been educated in various universities of this continent, so have much of the American viewpoint on most questions. But, I am unable to view with entire approval the various attempts at interpreting my race on the screen, which I see from time to time, especially those films having American players made up as Chinese.

In the Old Country, I have seven sisters who are also fans and when they see these strange dramas, with fine and authentic Chinese background *but white people playing Chinese* they laugh heartily, thinking them comedies. In some way, the idea has gone abroad that Chinese women take little mincing steps when they walk and that men of high degree always stand with hands folded over the stomach. The only time a Chinaman places his hands so is when he has a pain there, and as for the girls of my race they do NOT act like timid Victorian ladies, at least not in this modern era. The tiny steps may have been done in the period of bandaged feet, but look funny nowadays.

As for that invariable hint of the subtle and treacherous which your producers incorporate into Chinese drama that is but a half-truth. You will find more throat-cutting and knifing-in-the-back among other races I could name. But try giving us real Chinese players and they will demonstrate correctly our character and behaviour. *Su Ah Hui.*

$5.00 Letter
The Greatest of the Barrymores

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Let the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady sing the praises of the be-dimpled Gable, or the Weissmuller torso. My vote goes to the actor who can make you forget the man himself—the actor who lives his parts—Lionel Barrymore.

The greatest of a great family, Lionel is neither a Great Lover nor a Menace; a Hero nor an Adonis. But when he steps into a scene, that scene belongs to none other than Mr. L. Barrymore. If his support is good, Lionel makes it seem even better. If it is indifferent, one hardly notices it, being too absorbed in Lionel's characterization.

I know of no other actor who can make convincing the wide variety of parts that Mr. Barrymore has played in the last year. He throws himself with gusto and vitality into every rôle, and with every picture his star shines brighter.

Let us hope the producers will not attempt to capitalize on his growing popularity by placing him in cheap and unimportant pictures. Mr. Barrymore deserves the best. *J. S. H.*

Dressler's Talents Wasted

PORTLAND, ORE.—I'd like to add my own personal bravo to the multitude of tribute which has gone to magnificent Marie Dressler. Last year, she was awarded the Academy prize—and now I see that a recent nation-wide poll has declared her the greatest box-office lure of them all.

This, obviously, is proof that Mr. Public is a pretty wise judge and no fool—a fact that producers are prone to disbelieve.

I cannot be convinced, however, that our Marie's popularity has been attained by virtue of such feeble instruments as "Caught Short," "Reducing" or "Politics." Rather, I insist, she is the universal favorite *in spite of* such obvious and trite productions. Simply because she is a great soul—and is able to transcend hokum.

When we have viewed her portrayals

(*Continued on page 87*)

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

ALUM AND EVE Thelma Todd and Zasu Pitts, the Leading Ladies of Laughter, have a nifty in their latest twenty-minute comedy. It is not only an uproarious rib-tickler; it moves with high speed. The scene of the hilarity is the receiving ward of an emergency hospital, where Thelma takes Zasu for treatment for a dog bite. The difficulties the internes have in getting Zasu aboard an operating table, and her gymnastics thereon, are devastating—as are her facial contortions after drinking some water in which alum has been spilled. The laughs are loud and long. (M-G-M)

THE GOLF CHUMP Edgar Kennedy, who is about as Irish and has about as much hair as the cartoon character, *Jiggs*, seems to share *Jiggs'* fate. He's eternally henpecked. In fact, he's the star henpecked comedian of the screen—as he has been proving in his "Mr. Average Man" series of comedies. This is the latest and one of the funniest. He goes to an exclusive country club to play some golf, but his wife, mother-in-law and brother-in-law go along, too. The way they spoil his fun, and the way he explodes after giving up his endurance test, should make even an usher laugh. (RKO)

NEIGHBOR TROUBLE One of the most frequent comedy plots is the one about the sheiky salesman with a jealous wife and the flirty girl next-door with a jealous husband—but every so often the plot is given some new pep. That happens in "Neighbor Trouble," from the fun factory of Mack Sennett. Arthur Stone, by accident, gets acquainted with the girl next-door, who happens to be Dorothy Granger—and their respective mates, when they find out about it, demand explanations that just can't be made. The comical Stone is the type only a jealous husband would suspect of being a Don Juan. (Educational)

THE LAST FRONTIER For those who like action piled on top of suspense, serials fill the bill. (Ask the youngsters!) Particularly serials of the high order of this one. Based on a story by Courtney Riley Cooper, it rebuilds the good old drama of the winning of the West, when the white man had to fight the red man. The hero is newcomer Creighton Chaney, handsome and husky son of the late Lon Chaney. He is a newspaper publisher in a frontier town, who sets out to ride down the gang that is supplying firearms to the Indians. Each reel is packed with good, old-fashioned excitement. (RKO)

IF I'M ELECTED Like "The Dark Horse," here is a comedy that kids the gentle art of electioneering, does it brightly, and gets away with it. But it goes about its kidding in an entirely different way from "The Dark Horse." The candidate actually makes a speech. And in that speech he tells what civic improvements he will bring about if he's elected. Cut-in sequences let you see what he is imagining. For one thing, he'll see to it that garbage collectors are genteel. His other promises are on the same nonsensical plane. It's good, healthy satire—and timely. (Vitaphone)

JITTERS, THE BUTLER Clark and McCullough are to Broadway what Laurel and Hardy are to Hollywood. And the Broadway boys are now supplying some competition for the Hollywood pair in talkie comedies. Like their rivals, they are strong on slapstick—but do less pantomiming and more talking. Their smart cracks are their stock in trade. In their newest effort, they spray the microphone with a constant barrage of them—and the microphone bears up surprisingly well. Losing their jobs as street cleaners, the boys promptly break into society, with results only a pair of comedians could imagine. (RKO)

THE PIE-COVERED WAGON Here is something new under the sun. Here is a comedy that features some real baby stars—not "baby stars" in name only. The entire cast is composed of youngsters barely out of their bassinets, and not altogether out of their didies—years younger than those in Our Gang. And the adult way they deliver their lines and go through their paces is more than cute; it's acutely funny. They set out to do a burlesque of "The Covered Wagon," and do it riotously—showing how the early pioneers might have routed the attacking Indians if they had only had pastry ammunition. (Educational)

HEY, HEY, WESTERNER Another Technicolor musical comedy—with the color adding considerably to the entertainment, which has class. It is built around Eddie Nugent, as a Broadway playboy who is given the chance to inherit a fortune if he goes out in the great open spaces and stays there, far from Broadway, for a year. Eddie does it, but he takes his night-club atmosphere right along with him, to pep up ranch life. Seeing cowboys do their stuff to music is a novelty, and they do some singing you should like. It's both an eyeful and an earful. (Vitaphone)

FREE · Margery Wilson's
"CHARM-TEST"

What are your sins against Charm? Just what impression do you make—when you are introduced to a distinguished person—when you attend a social function—a dinner? Are you one of those charming people everybody likes to know? Are you invited to the smartest and most interesting places? Are you sure of yourself in any society? Do you radiate the vibrant charm that commands attention and quickens interest?

LET Margery Wilson, America's foremost authority on Charm, show you the way to social poise and beautiful self-expression, as she has done for so many social leaders, business and professional women, famous stars of stage and screen.

Are you self-conscious when entertaining? Do you know how to be a "smart," gracious hostess—put people at ease—do and say the right thing?

Are you embarrassed when all eyes are on you? Do you know how to walk gracefully—what to do with your hands and feet?

Do introductions bother you? After the usual "How-do-you-do," can you bridge the gap with fashionable small-talk, or are you tongue-tied?

Distinguished Tributes

Norma Shearer writes: "To capture the elusive spirit of Charm and analyze it for personal cultivation, as you have done, is indeed a boon to all who wish to enhance their power."

Betty Compson writes: "Your secrets of Charm are priceless, and will indeed be a help to everyone who is interested in the subject, and who is not?"

Ruth Chatterton writes: "Margery Wilson's 'Charm' is all that the title implies and more."

Bebe Daniels writes: "I wish that everyone in the world might have the benefit of this knowledge."

Rupert Hughes writes "You have given a golden prescription. You have solved the true mysteries of Charm and shown that it is as available to the homely, the poor, the ignorant and the old as to the beautiful, the rich, the sophisticated and the young. People who will follow your advice will have charm and enjoy its mystic powers."

Learn to be Charming

Would you like to have Margery Wilson instruct *you*, personally, in the cultivation of social poise and magnetic charm? Would you like to learn all the methods by which the dramatic stars and social leaders enhance their charm?

Heretofore, Miss Wilson's instruction has been available only at tremendous fees. Now she has prepared a scientific home-training method. Grateful pupils write that her instruction has opened the door to social life, friendships, popularity, business advancement.

Mail the Coupon . . . and Discover Your Innate Charm

So that you may see just what this training will do for you, you are now offered, for the nominal charge of only $1.00, Margery Wilson's Special Lesson in the Cultivation of Charm, which includes her famous method for overcoming self-consciousness. And you will also receive the "Charm-Test" *free.*

Margery Wilson,
1148 Fifth Avenue, NewYork, N.Y.

FREE! Margery Wilson's CHARM-TEST
Margery Wilson, Dept. 511
1148 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Wilson: I enclose $1.00. Please send me your Lesson in Charm and the free "Charm-Test"

Name……………………………………

Address……………………………………

Town……………………State……………

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *The Mask of Fu Manchu*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *Rockabye*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hoit, Jack—playing in *This Sporting Age*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *A Very Private Scandal*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—playing in *The Animal Kingdom*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *The Big Broadcast*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Janney, William—playing in *Wild Horse Stampede*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jolson, Al—playing in *The New Yorker*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jones, Buck—playing in *The Forbidden Trail*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *That's My Boy*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

LETTERS TO YOUR FAVORITES MAY BE SENT TO THE STUDIO ADDRESSES GIVEN HERE

Karloff, Boris—playing in *The Mask of Fu Manchu*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—latest release *Speak Easily*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kennedy, Merna—playing in *Come On, Tarzan*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—playing in *Central Park*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *This Sporting Age*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *The Sign of the Cross*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Laughton, Charles—playing in *Payment Deferred*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lee, Lila—playing in *False Faces*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Linden, Eric—playing in *Little Orphan Annie*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *Virtue*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—recently completed *Chandu the Magician*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *The Mask of Fu Manchu*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *Rockabye*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Rackety Rax*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—latest release *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *This Sporting Age*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

MacMahon, Aline—playing in *Silver Dollar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Manners, David—recently completed *They Call It Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *The Sign of the Cross*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Marian—playing in *Sport Page*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marshall, Herbert—playing in *A Very Private Scandal*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maynard, Ken—playing in *Between Fighting Men*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

McCoy, Tim—playing in *The Western Code*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—playing in *Sport Page*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Rackety Rax*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Madison Square Garden*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *A Farewell to Arms*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *Second Fiddle*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *Tom's In Town*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Tinfoil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Polly—recently completed *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morley, Karen—playing in *Animal Kingdom*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Breach of Promise*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Muni, Paul—playing in *I'm A Fugitive From A Chain Gang*—Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nissen, Greta—playing in *Rackety Rax*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—playing in *Madison Square Garden*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *The Man of the Nile*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Madison Square Garden*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Golden West*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *Payment Deferred*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—latest release *Skyscraper—Souls* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pichel, Irving—playing in *Wild Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *The Lowdown*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Night After Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—playing in *Red Dust*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Silver Dollar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Ginger—playing in *You Said A Mouthful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *Jubilo*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *False Faces*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—recently completed *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *False Faces*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—recently completed *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *The Mask of Fu Manchu*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Torrence, Ernest—playing in *Sherlock Holmes*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Washington Merry-Go-Round*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Twenty Thousand Years In Sing Sing*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Trenker, Luis—playing in *The Rebel*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—latest release *Unashamed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—recently completed *Kongo*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry B.—playing in *Central Park*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

William, Warren—playing in *The Match King*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—latest release *Life Begins*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *The Kid from Spain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood., Cal.

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By J. E. R.

The Age of Consent—A picture of co-ed college life that is slightly different—for at times it has both power and finesse. A talented newcomer named Dorothy Wilson, Richard Cromwell, Eric Linden and Arline Judge are the young principals (RKO).

Back Street—Irene Dunne and John Boles reach new heights in this poignant Fannie Hurst story of a secret love that lasted a lifetime. It will give your heart a wrench, so go prepared (Univ.)

The madcap Marx Brothers pay a visit to the college speakeasy in "Horse Feathers," their new incentive to hysterics

Big City Blues—Eric Linden goes from a small town to a big city, and there encounters Joan Blondell and some adventures that are like an exciting nightmare. Good melodrama (W. B.).

Bird of Paradise—That famous old drama of the defiant love of a white man and a brown girl, who seek an island paradise all their own, becomes a warm, throbbing talkie—with Dolores Del Rio as the girl and Joel McCrea as the man (RKO).

Blessed Event—This is the comedy that inspired all those others about gossip columnists—and it's still the wisest and wittiest of them all. Lee Tracy is superb as the know-it-all, tell-it-all columnist, whose bluff gets him by. Don't miss it (W. B.).

Blondie of the Follies—A success-and-romance story, American style, in which Marion Davies, as a tenement beauty, becomes the toast of Broadway—and is wooed and won by Robert Montgomery. Slight, but well done (M-G-M).

Bring 'Em Back Alive—Exciting real-life drama, in which one man outwits the jungle. Frank Buck, the handsome chap who catches wild animals alive for zoos, shows how he does it. There's a fight between a tiger and a python that you won't forget (RKO).

Congorilla—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson debunk some popular jungle legends, with the aid of cameras and microphones. A diverting travelogue through wildest Africa (Fox).

The Crooked Circle—Half-mystery, half-burlesque of mysteries, this packs both exciting suspense and gales of laughter. It features Ben Lyon and that comical pair, James Gleason and Zasu Pitts (World Wide).

Crooner—An uproarious glimpse of the rise and fall of a Great Lover of the Air Waves, played to perfection by David Manners, who is outdone only by Ken Murray as his brilliant, breezy, weary press-agent (F. N.).

Devil and the Deep—Once again, Tallulah Bankhead is unhappily married—but this time the drama mounts to melodrama, with the scene a sunken submarine. Gary Cooper is her handsome lover, but Charles Laughton, a subtle newcomer, walks off with the acting honors as her insanely jealous husband (Par.).

Doctor X—A thriller all in Technicolor, believe it or not. That finished actor, Lionel Atwill, is the doctor who has to detect which one of his associates has taken to a novel kind of murder. Gripping mystery (F. N.).

Downstairs—John Gilbert, once the Great Lover, will surprise you this time. As a chauffeur in a sombre Balkan castle, he turns fascinating villain, with his villainies finally mounting to a stupendous peak. You'll talk about this one (M-G-M).

Down to Earth—The post-depression adventures of the newly-rich Oklahoma family you first met in "They Had to See Paris," with Will Rogers sprinkling salty wisecracks right and left. Human and humorous (Fox).

The First Year—Light comedy about young married life, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell as the misunderstanding newlyweds. Less romantic than most Gaynor-Farrell pictures, but more amusing—with Charlie outacting Janet (Fox).

Goona-Goona—A simply told, photographically beautiful picture of a tragic love on the South Sea island of Bali. As in "Tabu," which it resembles at times, the believable cast is all-native (Principal).

Guilty As Hell—The surprising title hides a surprise mystery drama, in which you know the murderer, but see the police and press trap an innocent man. Edmund Lowe, as a reporter, and Victor McLaglen, as a slow-witted detective, keep up their comedy battling (Par.).

Hold 'Em, Jail—Wheeler and Woolsey, sent to prison, get on the prison football team—and the result is a delirious satire of football. Droll Edna May Oliver helps the boys mightily (RKO).

Horse Feathers—The Four Marx Brothers land on a college campus, which promptly loses all appearance of sanity. And they stage a football game that is the dizziest in history. Grand and glorious nonsense all the way (Par.).

Lady and Gent—Like "Min and Bill," this has an inelegant title, but has everything else you could demand—from comedy straight through romance to pathos. George Bancroft, an ex-prize fighter, tries to find out what happiness is all about in company with Wynne Gibson, an ex-night club girl (Par.).

The Last Man—A freighter is found drifting, with only one man alive and that man demented. What follows explains what happened—and it makes exciting melodrama, featuring Charles Bickford and Constance Cummings (Col.).

The Last Mile—Stark, compelling tragedy about the last days of a condemned man in a death cell, and a riot of the doomed. Howard Phillips, Preston Foster and George E. Stone are the principal convicts. The ending may disappoint those who saw the play (World Wide).

Miss Pinkerton—That's what George Brent (who'll give Gable a run yet) calls Joan Blondell, when she helps him solve one of the talkies' best murder mysteries (F. N.).

Movie Crazy—Harold Lloyd faces the cameras again in a fast-moving, hilarious comedy about the difficulties of getting into the movies—and staying there. The whole family will get tummyaches from laughing (Par.).

My Pal, the King—A novelty for Tom Mix. As a performer in a Wild West show, he visits a mythical European kingdom in which a boy is king—and helps the youngster keep his throne in diverting fashion (Univ.).

George E. Stone, condemned convict, begins the march to the electric chair that gives "The Last Mile" its title

The Night-Club Lady—Adolphe Menjou, trying a new type of rôle, becomes a dapper detective, who avoids romance but solves a good, baffling mystery about the murder of a heavily guarded night-club hostess (Col.).

The Old Dark House—A storm forces some travelers to take refuge in a dark, lonely house—and what happens there makes one of the most novel horror tales of the talkies. Boris Karloff, newly hideous, has a big part in the suspenseful happenings (Univ.).

One-Way Passage—A novel and poignantly beautiful story of a man and woman, who meet and love in the shadow of death. With William Powell and Kay Francis as the lovers, it is compelling, without being morbid (W. B.).

As detective *Thatcher Colt*, Adolphe Menjou blossoms out in a new rôle in the exciting mystery, "The Night-Club Lady"

Pack Up Your Troubles—The second feature-length comedy starring Laurel and Hardy. As two ex-soldiers who try to keep a promise to a dying buddy to take care of his little girl, they add a little drama to their inimitable brand of comedy (M-G-M).

A Painted Woman—As a pretty derelict in the South Seas, Peggy Shannon learns what it's like to have men fight over a girl and then be accused of murder. Routine melodrama, in which she shares honors with Spencer Tracy (Fox).

The Sign of Four—Arthur Wontner, the Englishman who seems to have a habit of playing *Sherlock Holmes*, again does nobly. This time he anticipates a crime, instead of solving one after it is committed—which is a novelty (World Wide).

Skyscraper Souls—A well-done melodrama of intrigue, chiefly involving a tricky banker (Warren William) and his love affairs. The brisk action all takes place in one crowded skyscraper (M-G-M).

Speak Easily—A dry-as-dust college professor, Buster Keaton, innocently invades the night-life of Broadway, where Jimmy Durante knows his way about, and the two turn out a comedy that does both of them credit (M-G-M).

Strange Interlude—Eugene O'Neill's powerful drama of a passionate idealist, who let life cheat her of a great love, loses some of its intense irony on the screen—but it becomes one of the few great talkies. Norma Shearer is the woman, and Clark Gable the man who almost makes her happy (M-G-M).

A Successful Calamity—George Arliss, believing his family loves him only for his money, pretends he's ruined—and their reactions surprise him. Sentimental, but Arliss puts it across (W. B.).

Two Against the World—Suspected of murder, Constance Bennett is put on trial by the man she loves (Neil Hamilton)—and you can guess the ending. Tame Bennett fare after "What Price Hollywood" (W. B.).

The Vanishing Frontier—A chunk of dramatic early California history—with John Mack Brown as the daredevil hero who helps the state to pass from Mexican into American hands. Colorful, romantic Western (Par.).

War Correspondent—A triangle melodrama laid in embattled China, with Jack Holt a daring aviator who loses Lila Lee to weak-kneed Ralph Graves, war correspondent—but doesn't carry out his idea of revenge. Old-fashioned melodrama in a new setting (Col.).

The White Zombie—Bela Lugosi, better known as *Dracula*, practices a little witchcraft in the Caribbean and makes the dead arise, for no good purpose. So weird that it's amusing in spots (U. A.).

The Movie Circus

Top to bottom, Eric Linden, Dorothy Wilson, Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge put the finger on you—and suspect you're like one of them as they appear in "The Age of Consent"

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By

FRANK MORLEY

JIMMY DURANTE is the month's most disappointed man. Twice he has been humbled. Once by the Olympic committee, who turned down the offer of his schnozzle as a springboard for the divers in favor of a little sissy plank; and once by the public safety moguls of Hollywood. The Snoz was all set to plant his nose in a block of wet cement in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese, where the movie great ordinarily leave impressions of their hands and feet. But the safety department vetoed the plan with the statement that such a large hole would be dangerous in front of a theatre!

JIMMY consoles himself, however, with poetical fancies. He has been toying (perhaps the wrong word) with the idea of how his bugle, Gable's ears and Joe E. Brown's mouth would go together.

EDDIE CANTOR, too, has been having fancies. The pop-eyed one's favorite "yen" is writing epitaphs for his eventual tombstone. His best effort thus far seems to be:

> "Here in the arms of earth I nestle
> Safe at last from Georgie Jessel."

C. B. has at last found the girl he was looking for for the part of *Ancaria*, the sensuous singer and dancer in his opus. Her name is Joyzelle, and she's been around town for some time, although newly-discovered all over again. And that seems strange, for we can't understand how anyone could stay in the background for long who possesses the qualifications demanded by the director for the part. These were for a girl who has eyes with the flash and fire of Lenore Ulrich's, hands with the delicate grace of Pavlova's, legs with the symmetry of Marlene Dietrich's, Josephine Baker's seductive, blues-singing voice, Gilda Gray's torso-tossing dancing ability, and Cleopatra's mysterious allure. Miss Joyzelle, say we, should well repay a passing look!

Mr. DeMille, the big director mans, is like M. Durante, currently a bit upset. He doesn't like being identified so closely with bathtubs, and rises to state that he has used this article of ablution in only seven of his fifty-nine productions.

Florence Vidor was his first bather in "Old Wives for New." Gloria Swanson went into the first sunken tub in "Male and Female." Body dunking followed in his "Saturday Night" and "Don't Change Your Wife." In "Dynamite" the old master introduced the glass tub. For "Madame Satan" such scenes were confined to canaries in a bird-bath. But he comes back with a splash in his new one, "The Sign of the Cross," when Claudette Colbert bathes in a pool of milk, with only a fountain of spray to clothe her!

BUT the portion of this super-super upon which our eyes will glue with glee will be that having to do with the antics of the *Nero* of the English newcomer, Charles Laughton, who is our personal vote—after seeing "The Devil and the Deep"—as one of the greatest actors yet to strike celluloid. Huge, fat, homely and ungainly, he has such power as to make Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper fade right off the screen in their scenes together. He's making his stage success, "Payment Deferred," now, and with its release he'll be well on his way to being bigger than Jannings. Watch.

With humor in such demand, Hollywood's usual inability to take itself other than seriously is one of our greatest puzzles. We find a sharp commentary in the manner in which film people refuse to have their names listed in the telephone book—when prominent in the London directory is that of the King of England!

AND then such revealing stories are always cropping up like the one about George S. Kaufman, the playwright, going over the contract of an actor friend. The pair considered every clause carefully, and all seemed well until George sighed, "But they've forgotten the most important thing of all."

"What?" demanded the alarmed thespian. "What's that?"

"Simply," Kaufman answered, "that you can't act."

JUST how much the world appreciates these chaps who make it laugh is evidenced by the reception everywhere being given that grand team of Laurel and Hardy. Stan and Babe were mobbed by admiring fans in Glasgow—and London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna gave them nearly as big a hand. We hope they can stand the strain.

WATCH also for "Horse Feathers," with the mad Marxes going like a general alarm. Those insane mugs have been bending preview audiences of this picture into pretzels. And the odd thing about them is that (unlike most comedians) they are just as hot after laughs in life as they are professionally.

(*Continued on page 79*)

LIFE

• New York hails a new hit!

"Life Begins" draws greatest critical ovation in years on Broadway. Read every word of these sensational opinions by famous critics—for every word says "You must see it!"

"A film for all the women of all the world. And for every man born of woman, too. Startling, tensely dramatic, would wring weeps from a stone god—or a living one ... 'Life Begins' fulfills every promise, every hope." *N. Y. American*

•

"Warner Brothers develop a new idea ...'Life Begins'... ought to be seen." *Arthur Brisbane in his column "Today"*

•

"A true, simple masterpiece of motion picture drama . . . It is a great photoplay . . . " *N. Y. Journal*

•

"Ought to make Hollywood sit up and respect itself." *N. Y. Post*

"A searching human document that will stir the heart and mind and soul of every man and woman who views it ... will linger in the memory of everyone long after most pictures have been forgotten." *Film Daily*

•

"Refreshing, terrifying, astounding." *Hollywood Reporter*

•

"Four stars . . . Film epic . . . Genuinely dramatic film." *N. Y. News*

•

"Strong drama, powerful pathos, rich humor, everything which goes to make an entertaining movie went into this one." *N. Y. Mirror*

"'Life Begins' turns all eyes to
WARNER BROS." — N. Y. American

BEGINS

With Loretta Young . . . Eric Linden . . . Aline McMahon . . . Preston Foster . . . Glenda Farrell
Directed by James Flood . . . . . Co-directed by Elliott Nugent . . . . . A First National Picture

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1. Why did a certain young male star refuse to play a leading rôle opposite Janet Gaynor?

2. Can you name the famous comedian who brought suit against his former wife to prevent her from starting their sons on movie careers?

3. Who is the Olympic aquatic champion who has been signed to a movie contract?

4. What well-known film star, now abroad, had the furniture in her Beverly Hills mansion attached?

5. Now this is a hard one. Are you familiar with the raven-haired beauty pictured on this page?

6. Do you know the movie star who was, before his marriage one year ago, known as Hollywood's most confirmed bachelor—and now is about to become a daddy?

7. How is Ruby Keeler related to Al Jolson and what is the latest news about her?

8. Alienation-of-affections and libel suits against what motion picture star were privately settled recently?

9. Can you give the name of the star who was married to her screen leading man on August 13, the day after her divorce?

10. Do you know the star who, so the rumors would have us believe, is not getting along very famously with her husband of a little more than a year?

11. Who is the very attractive blonde who reports to work in a luxurious imported car despite the fact that she is playing only a minor rôle?

12. To whom did Warner Brothers offer the rôle of *William Jennings Bryan* for the historical picture, "Silver Dollar"?

13. Can you name the man to whom Bette Davis was married on August 20, in Yuma, Arizona?

14. When Mrs. George Jessel divorces her husband, whom will he probably marry?

15. A screen actor died of old age at 14. Can you name him?

16. Why is it possible that the Countess Frasso may appear in a picture with Gary Cooper?

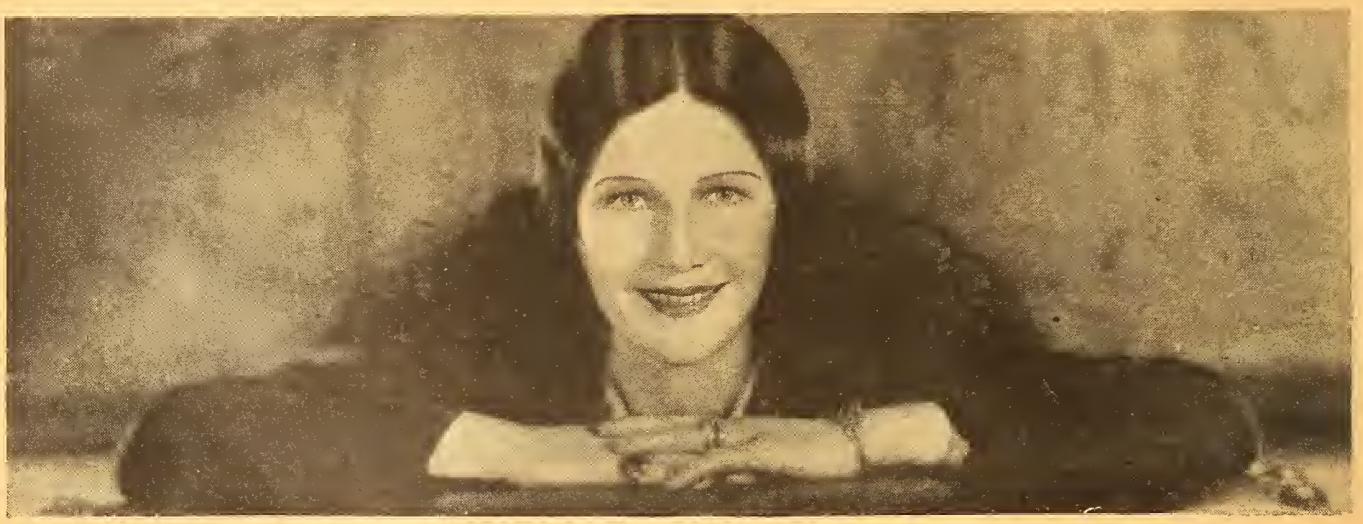
17. Do you know the former juvenile screen star who is now playing a mother rôle in real life?

18. Who is being accused of breaking up the Johnny Weissmuller-Bobbe Arnst combination?

19. What very famous and mysterious movie star has filed a court request to have her name changed?

20. How good are you at naming the popular male whose wife changed her mind about wanting a divorce?

(Answers to these Questions on page 84)



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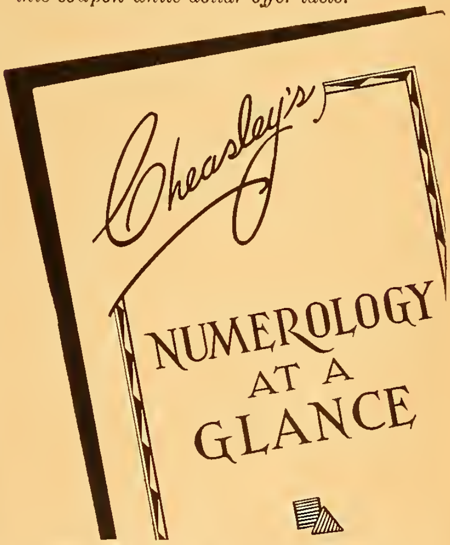

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Okay, Santa Monica! It's at the beach resort that Bebe Daniels finds complete relaxation. Here we find her parked on a ledge overlooking the patio of her seaside home

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

That's Hollywood!

BY MARK DOWLING and LYNN NORRIS

GRETA GARBO **is undoubtedly the** only screen star who could travel halfway across the world and still remain a recluse in good standing—probably the only one who has tried. The month's Garbo anecdote does much to explain the flurried way she handled reporters on her trip. "Please go away. I'm going to Sweden. *Please* go away!"

The star's dentist has an office in one of Hollywood's few attempts at a skyscraper, and one day when Garbo happened to be the only passenger descending in the elevator, the girl running the machine stopped the car between floors. Greta's alarm at this unusual behavior can be imagined, and it was not lessened when the girl faced her in a grim and determined manner.

"I know you don't usually give autographs," she said abruptly. "But I want one!"

Whether the autograph was delivered or not remains a mystery, but with such approaches a daily matter, wouldn't *you* feel a little jittery about meeting strangers?

IN "Rasputin" you will hear the choir of the L. A. Orthodox Greek Church, a publicity sheet informs us—"One of the most singing organizations in the West." This bit comes from the colloquial M-G-M studio—itself one of the very movie-est organizations in Hollywood.

SPEAKING of the first picture to pre-sent the three (count 'em!) Barrymores, no more, no less, someone 'phoned the cafeteria to ask if the "Rasputin" company had arrived for lunch. The man couldn't get the name. Marie Dressler, standing nearby, summed up things when she said, "Just ask him if the company has got back from the Front!"

MARIE, by the way, has started accepting invitations again for the first time since her illness. Someone asked her if she intended buying a lot of new clothes. "Nothing doing!" Marie laughed. "The last time I went shopping I was getting ready to go to Europe—and I went to the hospital instead!"

THE tangled social situation in Hollywood was made clear to us by an expert who is handling publicity for Ruth Weston, new starlet. Ruth, he tells us, considers herself the only bona fide society girl in pictures. Other actresses playing in drawing room comedies are a disgrace to the drawing rooms, or something.

"Of course," he added naively, "Ruth's name isn't in the Social Register. She didn't want to pay the five dollars. No, she doesn't belong to the Junior League either. Never bothered to join." Oh, well . . .

DID you know that Mae Marsh got her start in pictures by playing a part in a grass skirt—after Mary Pickford refused? That C. B. DeMille always addresses the players on the "Sign of the Cross" set by their character names? That Harpo Marx is the only American clown to be asked by Max Reinhardt to act in pantomime for the Moscow Art Theatre? He left Hollywood by airplane, complete with harp and red wig.

DICK POWELL no sooner arrived in Hollywood than he began to take Joan Marsh here and there. Joan seems to catch all the new ones as they come.

Dick is the Hollywood femmes' latest heart throb, the boy who played the rôle of crooner in "Blessed Event." In the film other characters made fun of him, as a typical la-de-da radio songster, but preview audiences seemed to agree with the old lady in the picture who considered him simply grand. The nancy manner he employed in the rôle was a difficult assignment, but Dick, being a good actor, played it to perfection.

ANOTHER newcomer, Preston Foster, wants it definitely understood that any fan letters addressed to him should include his middle initial—S. He went to a numerologist the other day, who said he needed another letter to make his name lucky. He promptly added the S and insisted that Warners' change all his billings to

(*Continued on page 88*)

Oh Lady, Be Sweet —

Oh, lady, wherever you are and whatever your age, be sweet. Be sweet in thought. Be sweet in manner. And above all, be sweet in breath. For halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. Its presence nullifies every other charm you may possess. The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach is to use Listerine, the quick deodorant with the pleasant taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night—and between times before social or business engagements. Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. It puts you on the polite and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE

THE QUICK DEODORANT THAT ENDS HALITOSIS

Today Mrs. Longworth guards her skin's freshness with the same two creams she used and praised *seven years ago*

This message from a brilliant woman—one of the vital figures in the political and social life of today—who has continued to use the same two creams for over seven years—gives you the clue to their extraordinary following all over the world.

Mrs. Longworth in 1925, *when she said that Pond's Creams were "the foundation to a clear healthy skin."*

Mrs. Longworth Today—*fresher, more vital looking. "Pond's Two Creams are all one needs," she says.*

"I NEVER USE MAKE-UP . . . I have never had a facial in my life . . . What I do believe in, is keeping the skin *clean* . . . *oiling* it to keep it supple . . . *protecting* it reasonably from dust and exposure.

"And Pond's Two Creams do just those things. I use them because I know they are *pure*. I never use anything on my face that I am not absolutely sure of."

So speaks Alice Roosevelt Longworth, with delightfully Rooseveltian forthrightness.

Mrs. Longworth is one of the most vivid personalities in American life.

Today she looks fresher, more vital, actually younger for her age—than at any other period in her mature life. And she is utterly practical about caring for her skin!

The two creams she found years ago to be "all one needs" to keep her skin in perfect condition—Pond's Two Creams—are still the only creams she depends on.

"I use them a great many ways," she says.

• • •

Here are some of the special uses for which hundreds of American women depend upon Pond's Two Creams:—

Pond's Cold Cream . . . A Grand Cleanser. Gets your skin both clean and refreshed at the same time. Not heavy, can't clog the pores. Not extra-light and drying.

To Take Away a Drawn Tired Look. After cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, give your face a fresh creaming and *let it stay on* a few minutes while you rest. You both feel and look like new! The fine, rich oils in Pond's Cold Cream make the skin supple and *rested.*

Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . To Protect from Chapping. Marvelous for that! Forms an invisible film that keeps the skin from drying and cracking.

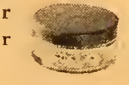
To Heal Roughnesses. Softens and smooths away tiny particles of skin about to scale off.

Holds Powder—Keeps Pores Clean—Not only makes a smooth base to which powder clings, but keeps dust and dirt from pores.

3 Exquisite Pond's Preparations

The Cold Cream—The Vanishing Cream—The Soft, Absorbent Tissues of which Mrs. Longworth says, "I couldn't do without them."

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.



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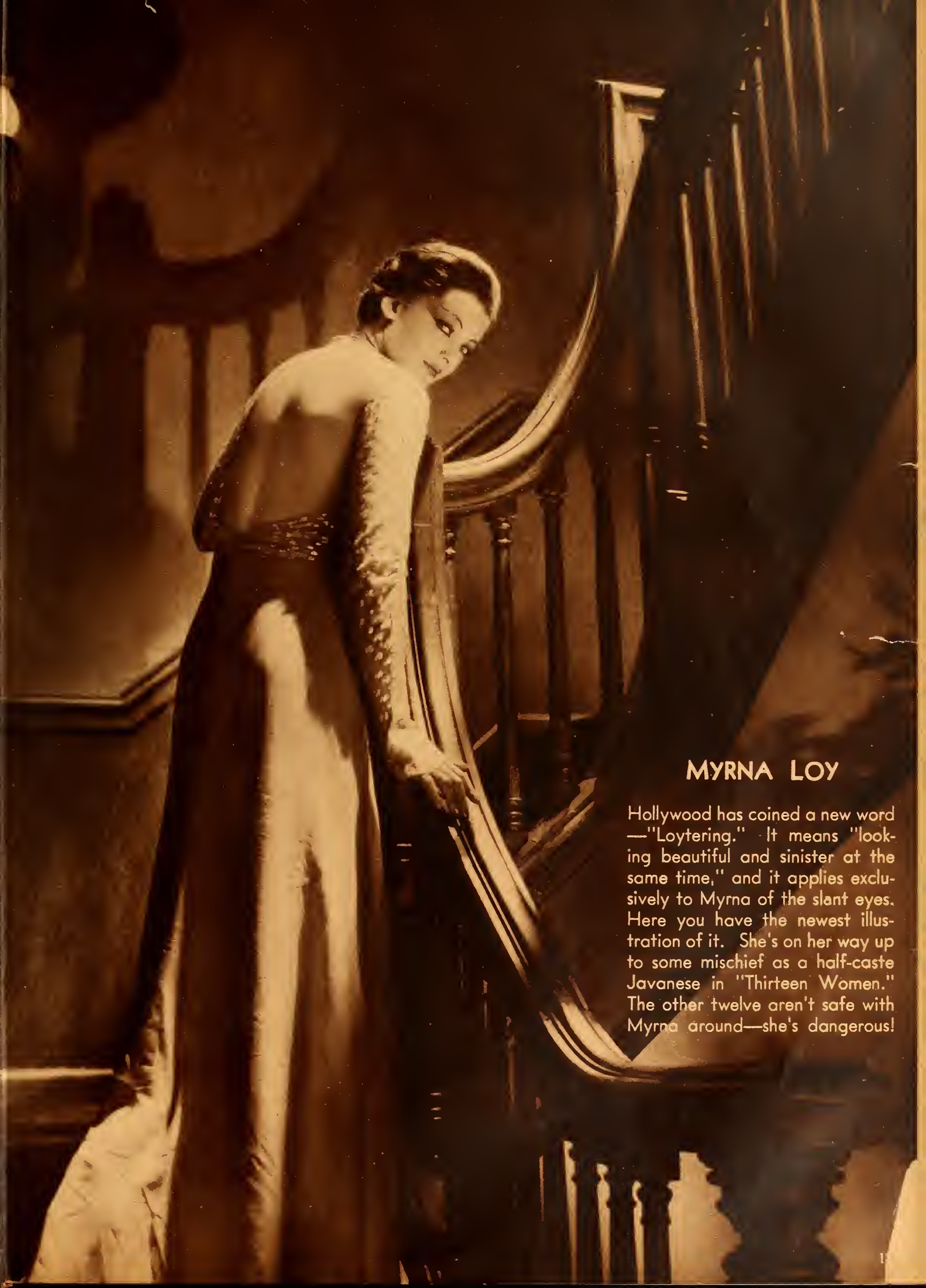
Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Continuous dance music rhythmed for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network



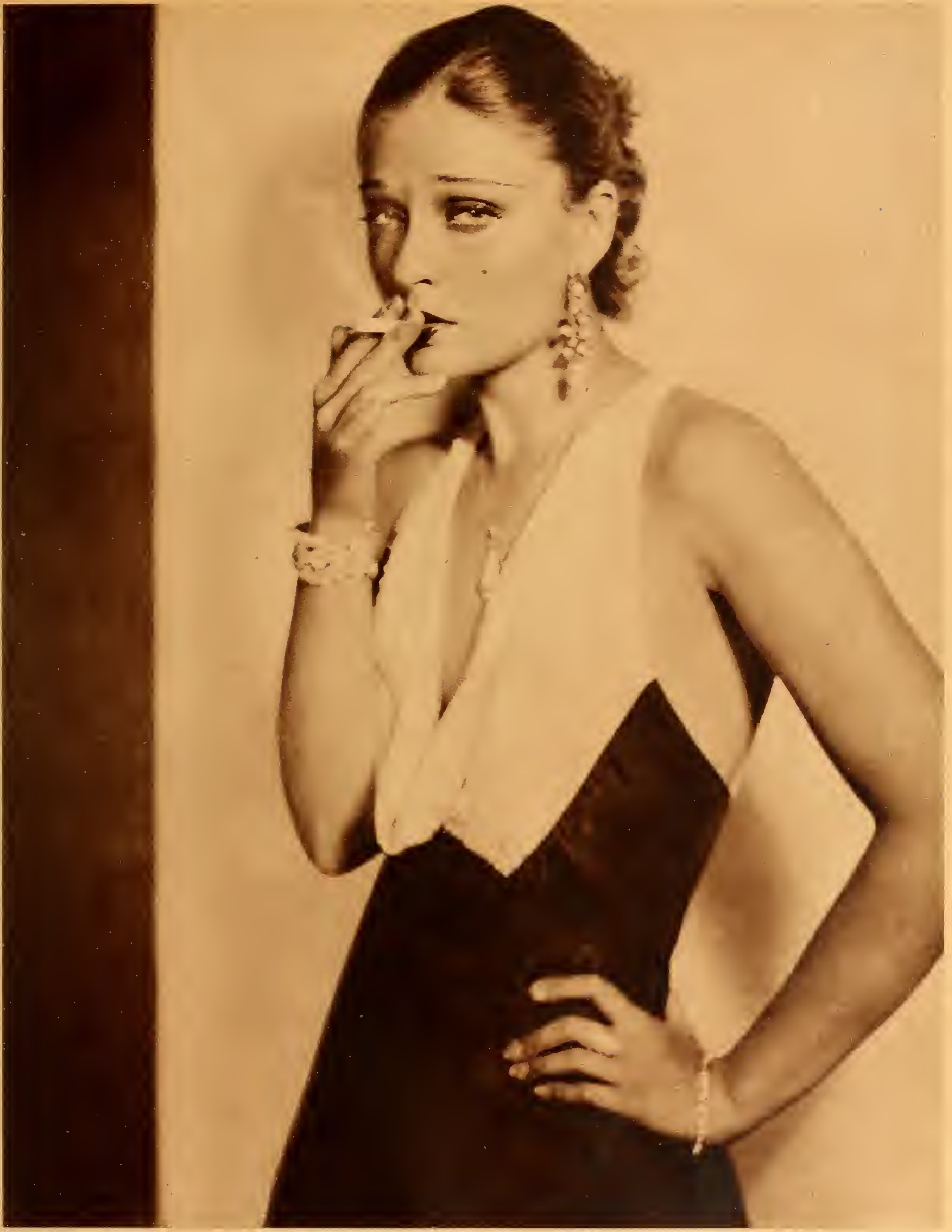
MYRNA LOY

Hollywood has coined a new word—"Loytering." It means "looking beautiful and sinister at the same time," and it applies exclusively to Myrna of the slant eyes. Here you have the newest illustration of it. She's on her way up to some mischief as a half-caste Javanese in "Thirteen Women." The other twelve aren't safe with Myrna around—she's dangerous!

Lippman

George got there by push, not pull—and now that he's there, he's still keeping in training. It's a habit he acquired as a bantamweight boxer, back in the days before he grew those sideburns and danced out of the ring into cafés and thence into the movies. There's no waste flesh about George, and no waste motion, either. The new sheik clicks again in "Night After Night"

GEORGE RAFT



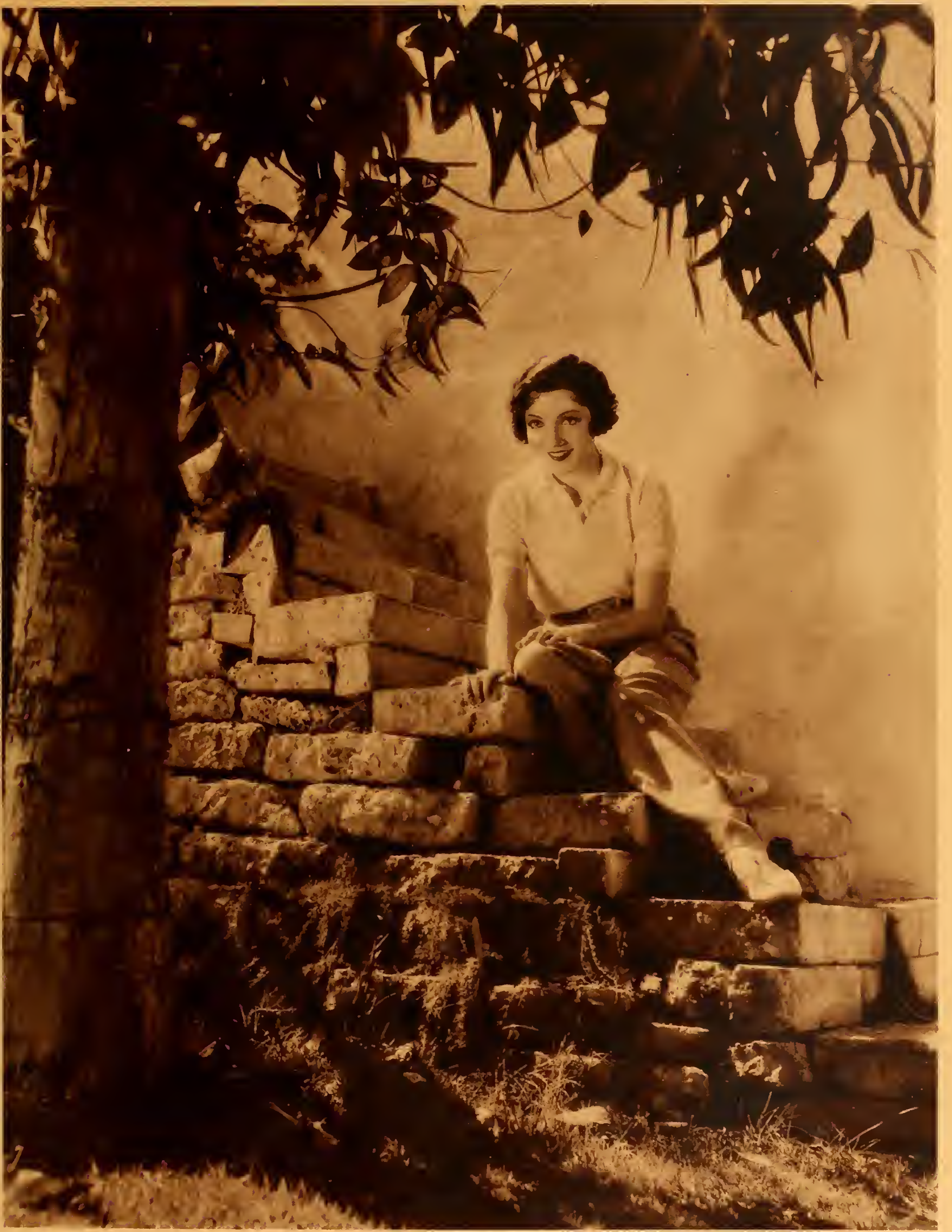
Ruth Harriet Louise

ANNA STEN

This girl with the haunting eyes is so new to Hollywood that you haven't seen her yet—but as soon as she learns English (and she's acquiring it fast), she is scheduled to play opposite Ronald Colman. She is twenty-two, brunette (at present), and gave up her career as Soviet Russia's most famous screen actress to start her screen life anew in the American manner. Well, Garbo did it!

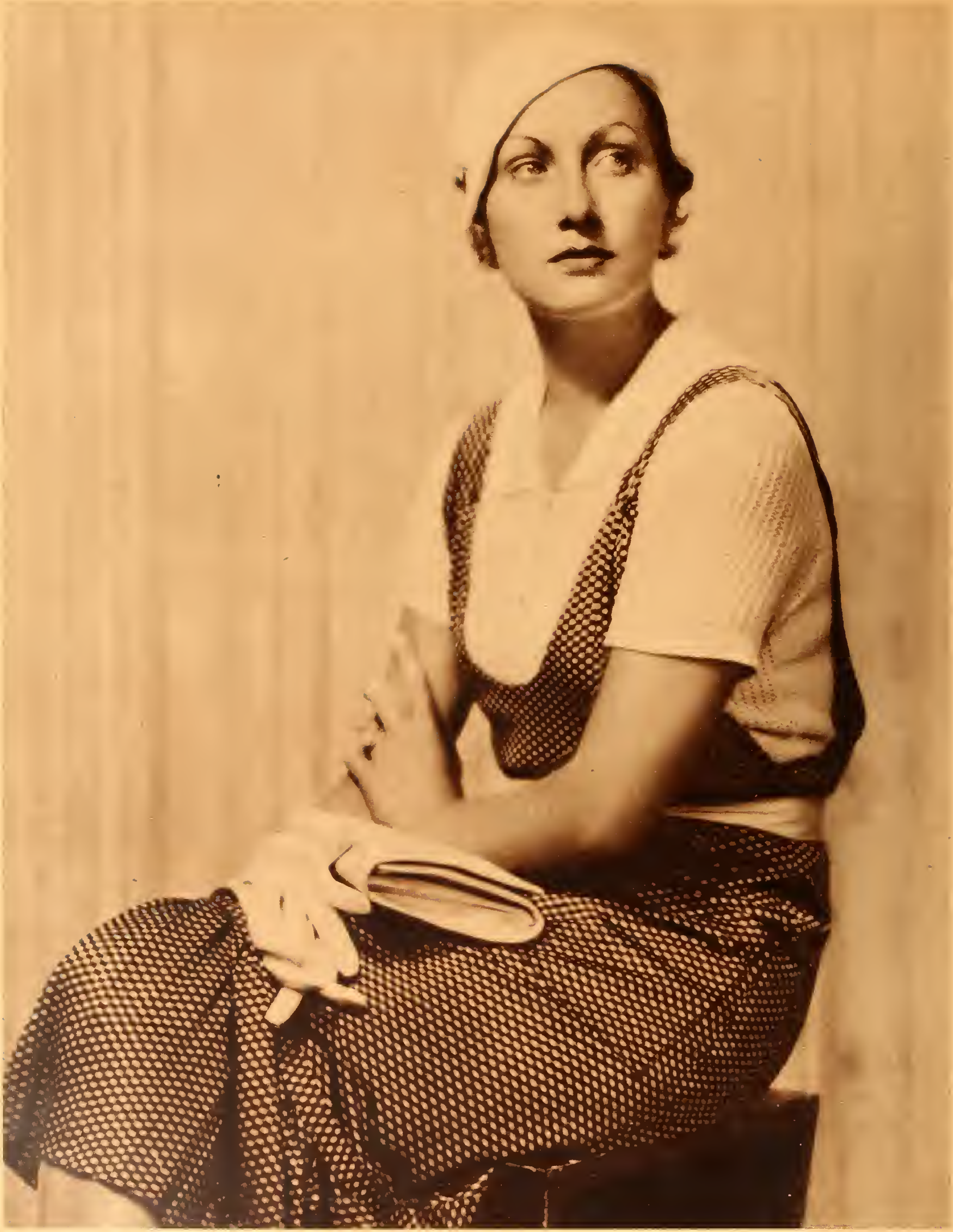
If there's such a thing as a typical American, George M. Cohan is undoubtedly IT. They call him the Yankee Doodle Dandy of Broadway for the way he has glorified the good old U. S. A. with his plays, his acting, and his songs. He turned down a million dollars in movie offers before he was tempted into the talkies—by the chance to play TWO Americans in "The Phantom President"!

GEORGE M. COHAN



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

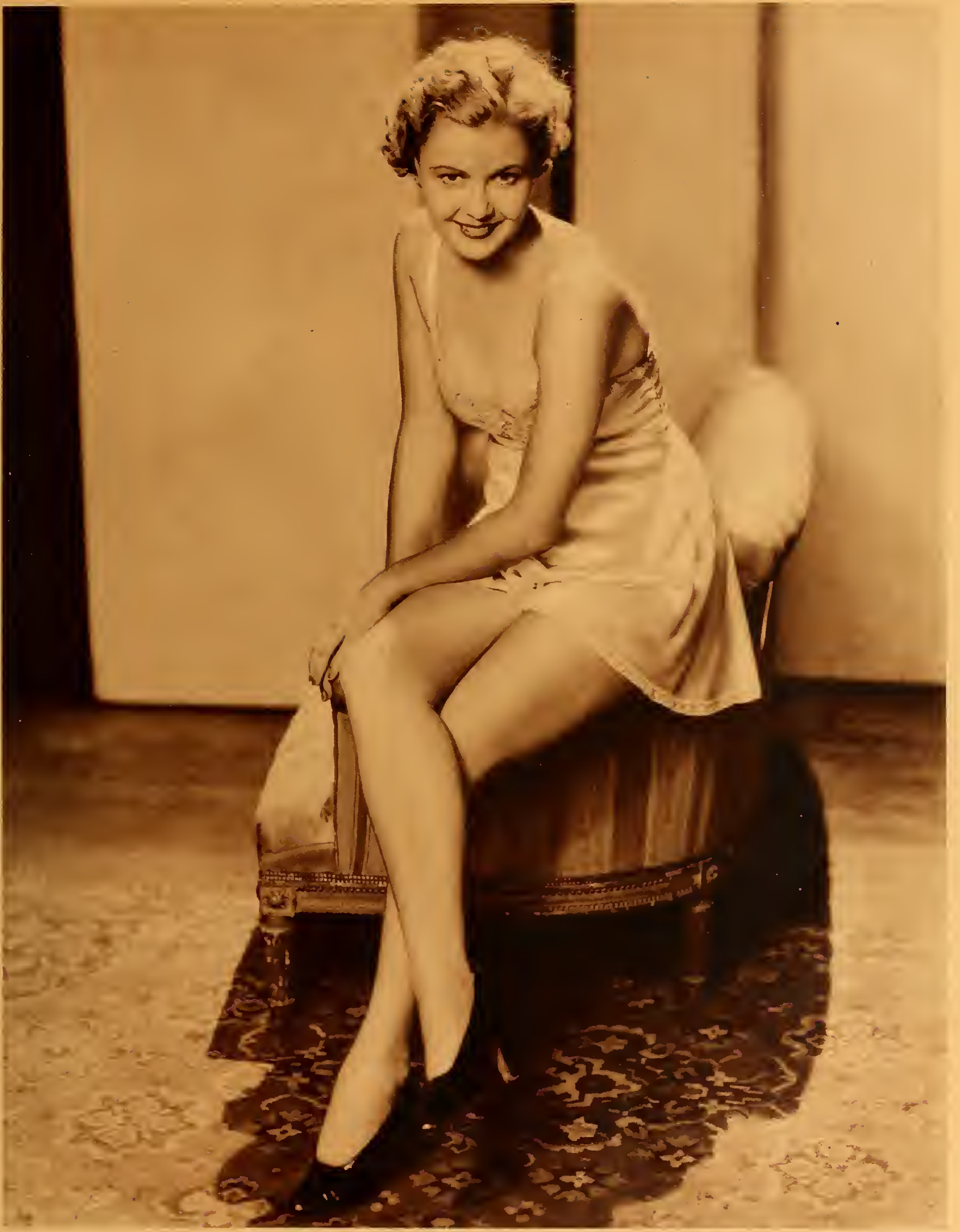
From the unique old steps of her new house, Claudette can overlook all of Hollywood—which is one reason why those dark eyes are lighted up. Also, she isn't a bit downcast by the fact that she was the girl chosen to play opposite the one and only Mr. Cohan in "The Phantom President." And she's delighted at the chance to be a siren—the sensational kind—in "The Sign of the Cross"



Freulich

Perhaps you saw Tala in "The Doomed Battalion." If so, you became acquainted with Hollywood's latest Viennese sensation. She has poise and bearing and an exotic appeal—qualities which have placed her right in the front-line trenches of stardom. The air of watchful-waiting assumed here, is because of Tala co-starring with Paul Lukas in "Nagana." She hopes you'll like her as well as you do those waltzes that distinguish her native town

TALA BIRELL



Ray Jones

CECELIA PARKER

If there is a type of story certain to bring forth a winner it is the serial. Remember Pearl White's long reign as the serial queen? You've got to have youth and looks and vitality for the exacting rôles of these "continued" stories. Which is why Cecelia was chosen. She took the hurdles for stardom so neatly in "The Jungle Mystery," that "The Lost Special," the next serial on her active program, was just as easy as eating a piece of apple pie

Hurrell

Aloof, yet dreamy-eyed—that's a rare combination. But Karen is a girl of rare charms all around, as you'll discover in the story opposite. She isn't as old as she looks; she isn't as cold as she looks (sometimes). Her poise isn't a pose; she has always had it. She succeeds in dodging Hollywood parties, for a very special reason. She's part of the mystery of "The Phantom of Crestwood"

KAREN MORLEY

Kalm, Kool and Kollected —*that's* KAREN

BY CHARLES GRAYSON

KAREN MORLEY was born Mildred Linton, December 12, 1910, in the town of Ottumwa, which is in Iowa. Nor does she care who knows it. And that is typical of this young lady—for she is one of the don't-caringest girls in all this wide, wide world.

Already her poise is a Hollywood legend. And like all good characteristics, there is a reason for it: Karen isn't impressed with anything that has to do with pictures—from her high-sounding screen name to the swooping rise that took her from "bit" rôles to the point of being one of the most sought-after people in the business. She looks on her presence in pictures as "all an accident."

That's why Karen doesn't take her present enviable position seriously. To her, Hollywood is just a bowl of cherries, stirred mysteriously. And Hollywood, in that funny way it has, has reacted as it always does toward an independent spirit—it has grabbed for Karen. For Hollywood believes that indifference and excellence are twins. (Ask Garbo!)

Such may be the case, and Karen's casual attitude toward the galloping tintypes may be proof to the movie-makers that she is Little Miss Hot-Cha in person. But I seem to remember that indifference was her long suit even 'way back there when we were fellow-students at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Was Unhappy in College

MILDRED—Karen rather—was not a popular co-ed. As a matter of fact she had a pretty miserable time in college. She didn't have the money to join a sorority or to buy the clothes she wanted, and as a freshman and sophomore (she stayed only two years) she couldn't take the interesting courses that she wanted to take; they were third and fourth year courses. And then she thought that the men of the campus, to put it bluntly, were a swell collection of spoiled heels.

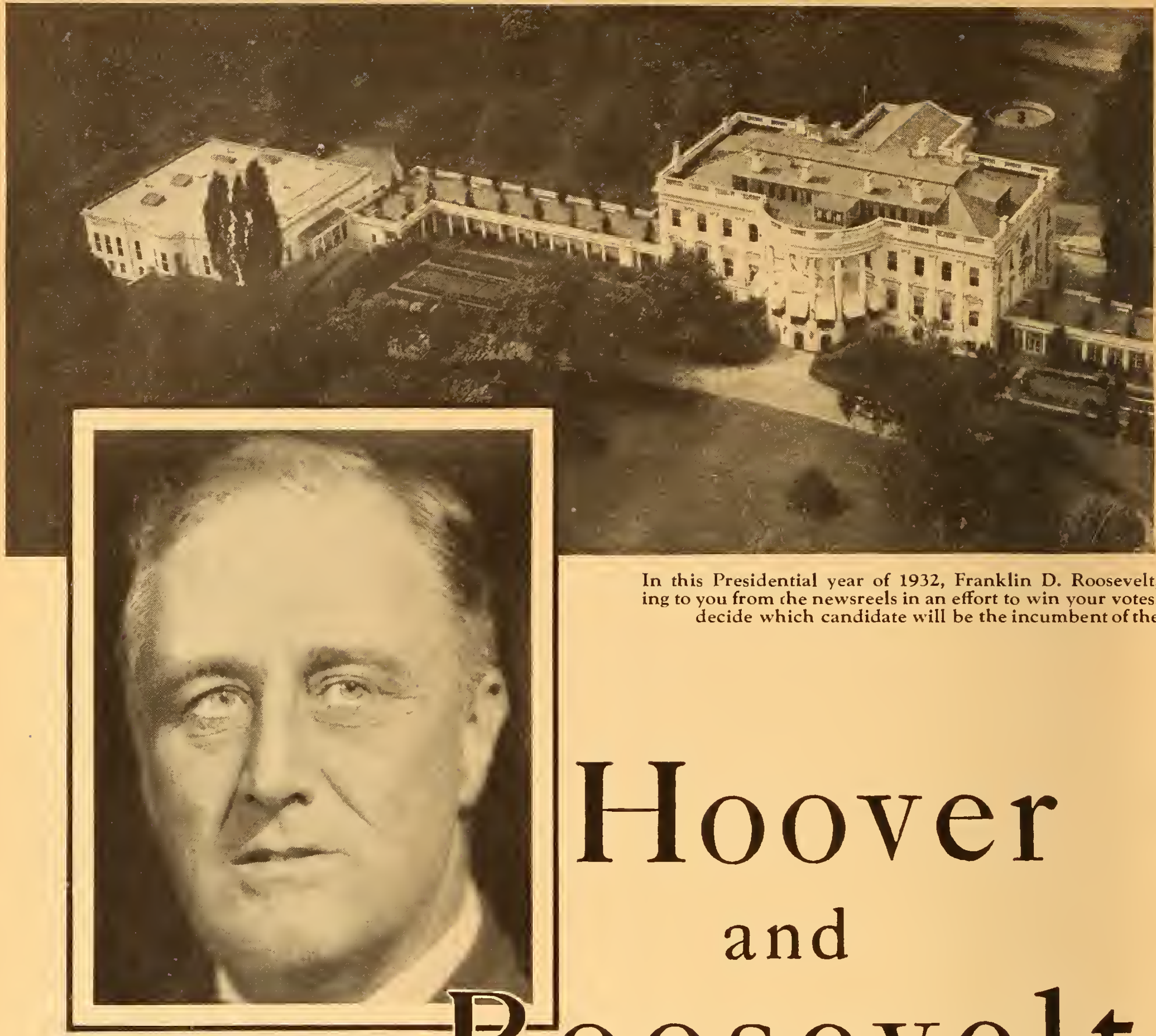
This criticism was brought about by the fact that at that time at U. C. L. A., the ratio was seven girls to every more or less male student. Consequently, a cool and intellectual lass like Karen, who didn't belong to a sorority, got a great deal of side-stepping. It was far from pleasant for her, but her aloof attitude did not change. That simply was Karen, and she wasn't going to switch herself around for anyone. Her self-possession, then as now, covered no quaking lack of self-esteem.

"I am so sick of the way so many people think," she insists. "They're certain that a calm exterior is the cover for an inferiority complex. I've never been afraid of people, and never remember being shy with them. Of course, I dislike being mortified—having my eyelashes fall in the soup, or anything like that—but people themselves . . . why let them bother you?"

Karen carried this assured attitude over to the Pasadena Community Theatre when at last she decided that she simply was wasting her time making passes at the

(*Continued on page 86*)

There are very few actresses who have more poise than Karen Morley, and because of it she is accepted as very independent. Her manner of minding her own business has Hollywood interested—but the girl is indifferent to movie talk, as she is to the frenzied social whirl of the movie town. Being completely poised, she has a firm grip on herself. Hollywood is not kidding Karen, nor is Karen kidding Hollywood



In this Presidential year of 1932, Franklin D. Roosevelt,
ing to you from the newsreels in an effort to win your votes.
decide which candidate will be the incumbent of the

©Martin Vos, New York

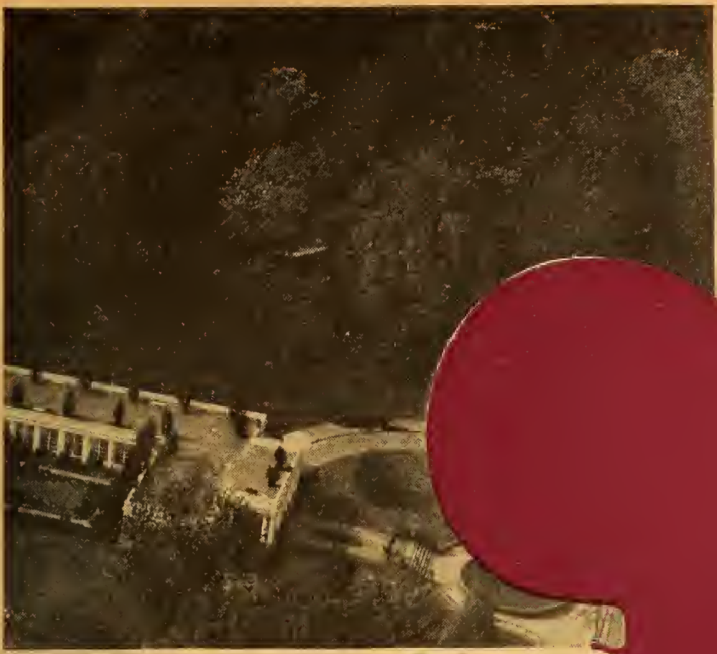
Hoover and Roosevelt Will *Fight It Out* in Movie Theatres

IN THE Presidential campaign this year, the Republicans and Democrats are confronted with a new factor—denoted by the traditional X. This unknown quantity is the talkie newsreel. It is going to make votes or lose votes for either Herbert Hoover or Franklin D. Roosevelt. It is going to elect one, and defeat the other. Moreover, they know it.

In the 1928 campaign, the newsreel swayed few votes—for then it was just learning to talk; it did not reflect personalities so vividly as it does to-day. Nor did public personalities know how to use it as they do to-day. But this year it assumes a sudden and unheralded importance as a medium of political showmanship. Newsreels are viewed by the greatest audience in America, comprising more voters than can be reached by any other form of personal contact—a much more intimate contact than that offered by a radio microphone. A speaker from the screen could not get closer to his auditors unless he sat in their laps.

Both Presidential candidates have appeared in the newsreels every week since their parties nominated them. This is as it should be. As candidates for the highest office in the land, they *are* news. And, most significant of all, they are aware of the importance of making a favorable impression on audiences, especially at the start of the campaign, comprising more than enough voters to swing any election.

BY JACK GRANT



left, and Herbert Hoover, right, are speak-
It's up to you, after such intimate contact, to
White House for the next four years

The newsreels are taking a hand in the Presidential election. Not a week has gone by since the candidates were nominated that the candid camera has failed to capture their personalities and bring forth their vote-getting powers. Both Hoover and Roosevelt are aware of the importance of making a favorable impression in movie theatres—whose audiences CAN SWING any election!

The fact remains—and it cannot be ignored—that the next President of these United States, whether Democrat or Republican, will be *elected by newsreel.* No less an authority than William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, once said, "The newsreel is more powerful than the radio, and the radio is more powerful than the newspaper."

Skilled as party leaders sometimes are in evading or manufacturing Issues, they are unable to sidestep the candid camera. Prohibition, disarmament, the cure for the depression and even the good old tariff can be as deftly obscured now, as in the past, by words, words, words. But actions are going to count in this year of 1932—because of the talkie newsreels. The present campaign resolves itself into a battle for histrionic supremacy. For the next tenant of the White House need not be the better man. *But he must be the better actor.*

You, as an individual citizen, cannot attend a theatre week after week and have Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt address you from the screen without your favoring one or the other. You are more vividly impressed by their personalities than by the governmental panaceas they propound. It

(*Continued on page 76*)

Movie Couples Are Crying FOR BABIES NOW!

Stars have had feuds before, but now they are having a regular war! If one star has a baby, her rival has to have one—or be over-shadowed. Girl babies are welcomed, but boy babies are triumphs. A family with only one child is looked upon as incomplete. A childless young couple is pitied. It's a battle royal—with royal babies the weapons!

THERE'S a saying that every woman star in Hollywood is every other's rival. Sometimes they have feuds. But never before has there been such a battle as is now in progress. They are warring over babies, trying to outdo each other as parents. Babies are what the stars are crying for, and the childless stars are the unhappy stars to-day.

Time was when the fair matrons of Hollywood fought with other weapons. They vied with one another in the disporting of gorgeous gowns and sumptuous cars and lavish parties and de luxe estates. A private nine-hole golf course on one estate was the battle cry for an eighteen-hole course on another estate. When a William Haines carpeted the floor of his dining salon with gardenias, a Tallulah Bankhead retaliated by carpeting her dining salon with Peruvian orchids. When Norma Shearer stuck in her thumb and pulled out a juicy picture plum, Joan Crawford danced up and down, and wanted one, too.

John Miljan was so tickled to have a son of his own that he went to court to adopt two more boys. He's the new champion father!

Husbands and boy-friends were sometimes used in the feminine rivalries of Hollywood. Gloria Swanson had a Marquis. Then Constance Bennett check-mated and had the same Marquis. Greta Garbo waved John Gilbert above her head as a trophy of war, and Ina Claire stepped in and waved John about as a husband of war. Gene Markey squired Gloria Swanson about and then Ina Claire and, finally, and to the altar, Joan Bennett. But husbands and boy-friends are now passé as weapons. Who cares for *them* when there are exclusive, brand-new babies to fight with? Babies are the weapons of the day!

Florence Finally Won

TAKE the famous Vidor-Heifetz case. It will be recalled that Eleanor Boardman twice interrupted her career with the desire to give her husband, director King Vidor, the son that had not arrived when Florence Vidor had been Mrs. King Vidor. Twice Eleanor failed. Meanwhile, Florence, who had borne one Vidor daughter, married Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, and the battle assumed startling proportions. She would show, it was said, that an heir could be had. She had one Heifetz baby—it was a girl. Check and double check. But wait, the battle line had not yet receded. There, for the moment, was Eleanor with two girls, and there was Florence with—ditto. But Florence marched on to victory. There was a third child and—it was a male. On the same day as the birth of the Heifetz heir was announced, the news broke that Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor were planning a divorce.

Time was, in the old days, when ladies had babies because it was a pleasant and normal and convenient thing to do. There were no ulterior motives. Sometimes babies just happened along, as babies will, and were welcomed as blessings, mixed or otherwise. The patter of tottering baby feet, the buying of pink and blue layettes, the crooning of lullabies and the sound

Harold Lloyd, above, was one of the first stars to marry with the definite intention of having children—a sort of pioneer, as it were. And he has a large family for Hollywood—three children. Left to right, they are Peggy (adopted as a companion for his own little girl), Harold, Jr., and Gloria. Left, Nick Stuart and Sue Carol proudly exhibit their new pride and joy—Carol Lee Stuart, the envy of all their friends

By Faith Service

Helen Hayes, left, has perhaps won the battle to have the most famous baby. When little Mary MacArthur was born, she was called "the Act-of-God baby," because her arrival closed Helen's play in a hurry

When Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were divorced, Ann won custody of their small daughter, Jane—and now Ann is a leader in the battle to have the most-guarded child

Connie Bennett is supposed to be envying Gloria Swanson her new baby, Michele Farmer (above)

of an infant's voice were reasons enough for babies. But not so now.

There are still a few old-fashioned girls, such as June Collyer Erwin and Sue Carol Stuart and Bebe Daniels Lyon who have just *wanted* babies. They have had no special reason for being maternal-minded. Except that it is instinct. It is nature.

The Barrymore Name Goes On

BUT there are other reasons for other Hollywood babies. There are babies born that dynasties may be founded. There are babies born, as in the peerage of England, that famous family names may be carried on. John Barrymore may have said that he could see no reason for the birth of another John Barrymore, but a little bird tells me that several babies would have come into the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello home if this second one had not been a son.

There are babies born that marriages may be cemented together. There are babies born in the hope (the husband's) of keeping the wife off the screen. Such a case was the first Barthelmess marriage. It was Dick's hope, when he married Mary Hay, that she would have babies and turn into a housewife-mother. She had a baby, but

(*Continued on page 91*)

Acme

Barbara Bebe Lyon, daughter of Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, seems to have won the contest to be Hollywood's most-photographed baby. Unlike many film parents, Ben and Bebe aren't fighting to keep their child's picture out of the papers

The male stars battle to have namesakes. John Barrymore is one of the latest victors, Dolores Costello having presented him with John Blythe, II

HER FRAME OF MIND

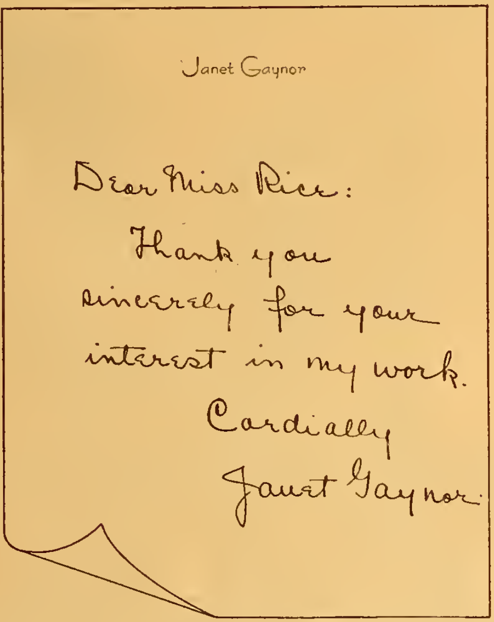
It all depends on your frame of mind whether you can resist the charm of Glenda Farrell, a newcomer out Hollywood way. Doubtless, she'll conquer you when you see her in "Life Begins." The girl doesn't miss. She left Broadway because "Little Caesar" called—and found herself on the spot. Naturally, she was rewarded. Just now she has placed herself in a frame of mind to keep Paul Muni from running away with the acting honors in "I Am a Fugitive."

BY
LOUISE
RICE

That's just one of many things Janet Gaynor's simple and plain handwriting reveals to Louise Rice, who's world-famous for reading character from handwriting

You Can't Put Anything Over On Janet Gaynor

AT FIRST glance, one may be a little disappointed in the simplicity and plainness of the letter formations in this note to me from Janet Gaynor. Her even basic line and carefully-rounded letters would appear childlike to the average person. They *do* show her loving, dependable nature, which is normal, sane and well-balanced under ordinary conditions. But those who try to impose on her, or think that she is not mature enough to know her own mind, will be very much disappointed, especially if they are trying to take advantage of her kindness and good nature.



Janet Gaynor

Dear Miss Rice:
Thank you
sincerely for your
interest in my work.
Cordially
Janet Gaynor

Note the plain, well-formed capitals, the wide margins and the "Greek E" which is like a reversed number 3, in the words "sincerely," "interest" and "Janet." By these graphological signs you can know that she has a real love of beauty and culture, poise and balance, and the ability to plan her life, her work, and her off-screen life constructively.

It is interesting to see that, though her letter formations are rounded, her "a's" and "o's" are closed and even tied with an extra motion of the pen. This adds the elements of caution and reserve to her character, in spite of the fact that the letter formations are widely spread and the letter connections long. For these last two qualities always show a tendency to be careless about some things, and to let ardor and enthusiasm make one waste one's energies in too many directions. Thus you see how fortunate she is to have the even basic line, which indicates self-control.

I would say that her success is based on something solid—something which is backed by conscientious-

(*Continued on page 82*)

Louise Rice Will Analyze *Your* Handwriting

You can get a *general* analysis of your handwriting by sending a sample of several lines to Louise Rice, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Be sure to *write* on *unruled* paper in *ink*, signing your name and enclosing self-addressed (3c) stamped envelope and 10c to cover clerical expense.

De Mille Puts Hollywood's Unemployed "Extras" *Back to Work*

Happy days are here again in Hollywood—the unemployed are going back to work! Cecil B. De Mille, famous director of silent film spectacles, is defying the Depression and making his first talkie spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross." That means that more than one-third of Hollywood's 14,000 extras, after two starvation years, are eating again!

By DOROTHY DONNELL

IT'S like old times in Hollywood these days. Vestal virgins and gladiators are ordering malted milks and ham sandwiches in the studio cafeteria, ramshackle cars bearing centurions in brass helmets roll up to the studio gates, long lines of extras stand in front of the pay window at five-thirty. Christian martyrs, slaves with beach tan showing under their leopard skins, Roman matrons and sybarites mingle with the crowds on the Boulevard. The movies are themselves again. The extras are eating again. Cecil B. De Mille is making another movie spectacle!

It's like old times in Hollywood! C. B. wears the knickers and knee-length leather boots of movie tradition. Megaphones are back, and hordes of assistant directors. And the respectful chorus rises as of old from scenario writers, supervisors, set designers, "Yes, Mr. De Mille! . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes, Mr. De Mille."

It's like the good old days in Hollywood. Extras have money in their pockets, bill collectors wait at the studio casting offices, and the wolf slinks away from many a bungalow door. De Mille is shooting! And when De Mille shoots, things happen out in Hollywood! The Depression in Hollywood isn't what it used to be. . . .

When the first word went out in January that C. B. was planning to make "The Sign of the Cross" as the first talkie spectacle, the siege began. Eighteen hours a day his telephone buzzed, letters swamped his desk, crowds waited in front of the casting office. The tenor of their words was the same: "Work! For God's sake, use me, Mr. De Mille! I haven't had a day's work as an extra in months—the Assistance League has been feeding my family. . . . Use *me*—I've got a sick baby. . . . Use *me*—they're going to put us out of the house next week. . . . Use *me—me*. . . . Please, Please, Mr. De Mille *use me*—"

Hated to Turn Down Any

"IT WAS heart-breaking," says De Mille with that curiously sweet smile of his. "They'd lie in wait for me wherever I went. 'Don't you remember me, Mr. De Mille?' they'd say. 'I worked in the saloon scene in the first 'Squaw Man,' or 'I

Right, some of the extras in "The Sign of the Cross" taking part in a Roman street brawl in one of the opening scenes of Cecil B. De Mille's "Sign of the Cross." Nearly five thousand extras—more than one-third of all the extras in Hollywood—are finding work in the picture, which is a comparison, on a gigantic scale, of the modern world and the Rome of Nero's day. Below, a close-up of three extra girls as Roman street types

Like thousands of extras, Claudette Colbert is finding something new to do in "The Sign of the Cross." As the *Empress Poppaea*, wife of *Nero*, she is playing a wanton beauty for the first time in her career. Below, Cecil B. De Mille, on platform, gives his extras their orders before a mob scene

knew your mother, Mr. De Mille,' or 'When your daughter fell off her horse one day in Griffith Park, I helped her'—anything to hold my attention. Choosing the extras for this picture was cruel work. We would interview a crowd of a couple of hundred for a banquet scene, and pick out fifty. The look on the faces of the others—well, it *hurt*. I don't suppose anyone in Hollywood has heard as many hard-luck stories as I have these last months."

"And yet we can't check up to see whether they are all telling the truth or not," says his assistant, dubiously. "There was the pretty blonde girl I saw watching us shoot a scene one afternoon at the beginning of the picture. She was shabbily dressed and looked hungry. I went over to her after the scene, and asked how she had got in. She explained that she had climbed over a high wall. 'I was desperate,' she added. 'I haven't had anything to eat for two days.' We had coffee and sandwiches there and I told her to help herself, and then get into a costume and we would use her. The scene was a street fight, with the populace jostling and shouting. After a couple of rehearsals she walked off the set. 'There are too many people,' she told me. 'I don't like to be pushed around.' And off she went!" Nearly five thousand different extras and bit players are being used in "The Sign of the Cross"—think what that means to hard-up Hollywood! Some will get only a few days' work, some will play throughout the picture. In one scene the Roman centurions shoot a flock of arrows into a crowd of Christians, secretly worshiping in a grove beyond the walls of Rome, killing a number of them. The extras pleaded piteously not to be the ones "killed" because, once "dead," they could not be used in the picture again! De Mille, who realized what loss of work would mean to some of them, tried to spare the destitute ones.

(*Continued on page 94*)

COAST FLASHES News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

A man has died in Hollywood who is more deeply mourned there than most of the stars who have crossed the Great Divide. His name was James Quirk—"Jimmy" to all who knew him.

To some, it seemed ironical that his heart should suddenly have stopped beating in the very town for which it had always beaten so warmly. But that is how Jimmy would have wished it. He loved the movies, the stars, the world of make-believe that is Hollywood. And the movies loved Jimmy. He was one of the best friends they have ever had, or ever will have.

He was that rare type of man—an idealist who could fight, a fighter with ideals. As publisher of "Photoplay," he hoped not only to make the public movie-conscious, but to make the movie-makers conscious that the public was intelligent. From the first, he was in there fighting for better pictures—and giving credit where credit was due, when they came along. He was a dynamic man, but he didn't let his enthusiasms or dislikes run away with him. He saw to it that his readers knew Hollywood as it was.

For many years, Jimmy Quirk was a competitor of ours—and also a friend. They say there can be no higher tribute from a rival than respect. MOTION PICTURE respected his honesty and his fairness as a publisher; we liked his attitude that publishing was not so much a business as a great game of truth-telling and fighting for ideals. He was a grand fellow, with a grand sense of humor, honesty and independence. With Hollywood, we mourn his passing. Every movie-lover has lost a friend.

TALA BIRELL has stolen Prince von und zu Lichtenstein right from under the lovely noses of Ina Claire and Lily Damita. And, what's more, she flaunted him before the world at the opening of "Back Street." But, alas, there is no pictorial proof—for the cameraman took the picture of Tala and the Prince on the same negative as that of Tom Mix and his wife. Tala says, "It is nothing—he is only a friend from my own country."

IT IS this Prince who is suspected of a sense of humor and who relates the sad tale of how a modern Delilah got him to shave off his mustache of three years' careful tending. He was visiting Lily Damita at her invitation.

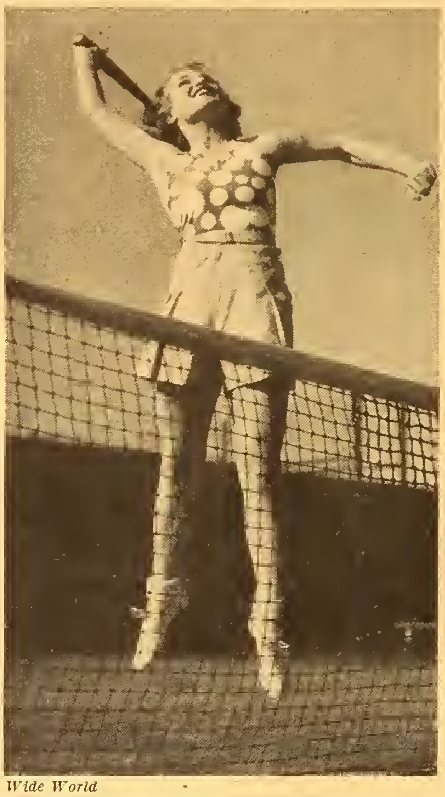
"Miss Damita took one look at me," recounts the Prince, "and said like a bolt from the blues, 'Why, you look perfectly ghastly with that mustache!'

"So I, what you call, 'geeve in.' Quickly I find a razor and poof!—that mustache is off. Once more I step into the room to greet my hostess, and do you know what she said? I can never forget those words. 'Now you look worse!' "

WHEN Kenneth MacKenna and Kay Francis married, he was a golf addict. But Kay does not care for the sport; there is too much walking in it. So Ken sought a mutual hobby. Finding that Kay was a good sailor, he bought a yacht. They enjoyed it for some time, then planned a trip to Europe. He rented the yacht to Weldon Heyburn for four months. The European trip was called off, and now Ken and Kay are without a boat! They have compromised on tennis.

THE parting of the Johnny Weissmullers was one of those unexpected partings—despite all the advance rumors. When Johnny went East on a tour and wifey Bobbe Arnst stayed at home, Hollywood thought it was a gesture of their faith in each other!

UP IN THE AIR SO HIGH



Wide World

Page Helen Wills Moody!—and let her look at Constance Cummings playing tennis. Connie's shorts may set a new style

TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S DENIAL:

I repudiate word for word the statements attributed to me in the September issue of MOTION PICTURE Magazine and reprinted in TIME Magazine. The story is filled with vicious misquotations and distortions, and for that reason I demand an immediate retraction. Practically all of the conversation related to motion pictures. I made none of the many damaging utterances credited to me. Tallulah Bankhead.

JOAN AND DOUG BACK

Cosmo-Sileo Co.

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., return from Europe all smiles—even though work called them home

IT ISN'T a publicity stunt—Ronald Colman's being a hermit. That is proved by the fact that he has bought a huge tract of land on the wild Big Sur coastline, sixty miles south of Carmel, and intends to live there some day. The tract is so wild that he will have to build a road to reach the house that he will have to build. Deer, wildcats and mountain lions are to be found on his rocky, wooded land, which includes a half-mile of beach. He is said to be plotting retirement there after making two more pictures.

# of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

MERMAID ENTERS FILMS

Acme

Like Johnny Weissmuller, Eleanor Holm won fame as a champion swimmer—and then had movie offers. Warners won her

ANNA STEN is still around. The low-down seems to be that she was a bit slower in learning English than they expected, and also a bit more reluctant to reduce. "Baumkuchen," a German pastry she adores, was her undoing. But now the Russian girl is going to work at once.

At the opening of "Back Street" the other night the All-American football team, making a football picture for Universal, had its first experience with fan crowding. When Red Cagle was asked, afterward, how it felt, he grinned. "The Notre Dame game was just a little tougher," he said.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has set a new fashion by appearing at ultra-formal dinner parties these days attired in a black satin Japanese kimono. Perhaps that same admiration for things Japanese, explains why Charlie is bringing twenty dainty geisha maids over to the United States as his guests next month.

TO prove that Clark Gable and his wife are people of simple tastes, their new house, we are told, has but seven rooms and lacks a swimming pool—a luxury which most movie stars feel is essential. It rents for a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

HOLLYWOOD can't get over its old habits. At the Olympic Ball, the ballroom was filled with the greatest athletes in the world, and the spotlights trailed the motion picture guests, who were seated at the tables of honor!

A rather amazing warning to unmarried Hollywood men appeared recently in a trade daily, telling susceptible bachelors to be careful of a dazzling blonde just arrived from Reno to break into the pictures, as she had an ex-husband who was a notorious gambler! Since nearly all arrivals are blondes and as dazzling as possible, it is hard to identify the young lady though several names are mentioned.

RUSSELL COLT, son of Ethel Barrymore, turned down a part in "Rasputin," lest it be thought he got the offer because of her. He is now at Fox—without benefit of relatives.

ROSCOE ("Fatty") **ARBUCKLE**, who has just finished his first short comedy in his acting comeback, wears the same make-up as of old. He now weighs 240 pounds—a loss of twenty-five pounds.

The latest idea in contests is going to puzzle those fans who like to enter them, whether they are beauty, dance, or limerick. This is the brain-storm of the Warner boys, who offer a year's contract in their company to the first baby born in September. This was the date, by the way, when the first maternity picture, "Life Begins," was released. All claims must be accompanied with doctors' affidavits, and the lucky baby will be brought to Hollywood to work in the movies!

TALK about unostentatious weddings! Certainly that of Virginia Bruce to Jack Gilbert was the *unostentatiousest* ever staged in Hollywood. Half an hour before it took place Virginia wore the rags and grimy make-up of the trader's daughter in a South Seas picture! Irving Thalberg, himself, was Jack's best man, and only seven or eight close friends were present. The ceremony was performed at the studio.

THE THREE BARRYMORES (NO LESS) AS RUSSIANS

For the first time, the three Barrymores are seen together in one dramatic production, "Rasputin, the Mad Monk." Lionel, left, has the title rôle; Ethel plays the *Czarina*; and John plays *Prince Paul*. Wonder which will "steal" the picture?

CHARLES VIDOR, young Hungarian director recently signed by Metro, and Karen Morley are very much That Way. Since Karen has not figured much in romance stories, *that's news.*

JANNINGS' SUCCESSOR

Lippman

That's what they're calling Charles Laughton, English newcomer to films. He plays *Nero* in "Sign of the Cross"

CLARA BOW has rented a new house. Her bungalow in Beverly is occupied by Papa Bow and his new wife. Clara's bedroom is done in peach-colored satin and pale green, which with her crimson hair ought to be a remarkable sight. She was given a huge birthday surprise party at the new home the first night of her occupancy.

We do think Arline Judge is the most accommodating actress in Hollywood. Here we have been announcing for three months that she was going to have a baby. It seems we were a trifle previous. It wasn't so—at first. But now *Arline really is going to have a baby!* She saved us the embarrassment of admitting we were wrong.

JUAN ZABALA, who ran 26 miles in the Olympic Marathon to victory, did not know, perhaps, that he was running into a movie contract. But the gallantry of his gesture, as tottering with exhaustion, he snatched the Argentine flag from a friend across the finish line and waved it above his head, won the hearts of two movie executives who promptly dashed down onto the field to make him offers.

COLLEEN MOORE says she knows that she'll be working shortly because she asked the studio to give her two weeks' warning before they were ready, and they sent her word just the other day, to reduce two pounds in a week! The two pounds, Colleen explains, are coming off her face.

Paul Muni says he expects that "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," the picture he is making for Warner Brothers and for which he was loaned by the stage to make in four weeks, will be censored in the South, where they have chain gangs. "You know, I'm the censors' actor," he sighs, recalling the trials of "Scarface."

IT IS a well-known Hollywood joke that when a big producer enters a restaurant a dozen agents choke on what they are eating and rush to greet him, but we have just heard the ultimate tale of an agent's opportunity. When Junior Laemmle went to the Hollywood Hospital recently to have two wisdom teeth pulled, Nat Goldstone, players' agent, took the next room to his and had his tonsils removed!

NEXT MRS. BANNISTER?

Fryer

Nancy Lyon, 18-year-old blonde newcomer, is rumored to be the fiancée of Harry Bannister—but likes to deny it

HAROLD LLOYD and Doug Fairbanks didn't miss a session of the Olympic Games. Usually Mildred and Mary were with them, and all the athletes knew them. Doug wrote his name on more Olympic sweaters than he could count. Harold sat very quietly, and almost unnoticed. Without his familiar lens-less spectacles he prefers to be unrecognized.

BUT Harold is an autograph fan himself. He possesses the signatures of some of the world's most famous people, though the selection is a trifle odd, boasting prize fighters, ball-players, kings, surgeons, six-day "bike" racers, aviators. One of the Mayo brothers (America's most famous surgeons) autographed his picture to him with this crack—"From one cut-up to another."

BOTH ACTING AGAIN

Mary Astor, recently a mother, and Kenneth MacKenna, recently a director, resume their acting in "Those We Love"

A CERTAIN little contract actress is torn between two desires, that of keeping her contract and of claiming the honor of belonging to the Caterpillar Club. This club, be it known, consists of the fliers who have made a jump in a parachute to save their lives. The little actress, unknown to her studio, has been taking flying lessons for almost a year on her afternoons off from pictures, and has won a coveted pilot's license. But there is a clause in her contract which makes it null and void if she leaves the ground. So well has she kept her secret her studio is blissfully unconscious that she has ever been off the ground. If they knew that last week as she was flying over Arizona first her propeller came off, followed by the engine, and lastly the wings buckled, so that she was only saved by jumping with her parachute!

Ann Harding tricked Hollywood by appearing at a recent opening in a black wig, black eyebrows and lashes and a Southern accent. She wore a gorgeous new evening gown. "Which in itself was enough to disguise me," smiles Ann. "Hollywood isn't used to seeing me dressed up!" She sat beside Director Mamoulian the entire evening and he told her she ought to take a screen test! Only Evalyn Knapp recognized her!

ESTELLE TAYLOR has a new romance that looks quite serious. Lyle Talbot is the latest. Estelle is already beginning to tell him what he ought to do, and what sort of ties to wear and when a woman gets motherly—well, you know what that means. The other night a café manager introduced Lyle as "Edmund Burns." Not recognizing Estelle's escort, he supposed the young man was Eddie—mentioned in a gossip column a few days previously as Estelle's Latest!

A LOCAL columnist, by the way, who loses no occasion to take a crack at 'Stelle for personal reasons, said the other morning in her column, "Estelle Taylor was at the Brown Derby lunching with eight men." Now what we want to know is, was that meant as a crack or a compliment?

LOOKS LIKE A CLEAN-UP

Michle

Harry Langdon and Al Jolson, both missing from the screen too long, return as hobo clowns in "The New Yorker"

LIONEL ATWILL, famous Broadway actor who has just starred on the screen in "Doctor X," is staying in California: "I'm one of those few stage actors who really like the films, and admit it."

BABY PEGGY BRINGS BACK HER TWO PALS, TOO

Carl Day

Remember Baby Peggy—the child star of silent comedies? She left the screen at 5, and has been growing up on a Wyoming ranch. Now 13, she returns to the screen (in short comedies) as Peggy Montgomery, bringing along her pony and her dog

WE ARE told that the technical director of "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" got the job because he had escaped from a convict camp. But the story got so much publicity that he heard there were officers sent from Georgia to bring him back, so he fled in an airplane for parts unknown. We give you the tale just as the publicity lad at Warners gave it to us—without comment.

The Dance Marathon (yeah, we have it in Hollywood, too) drew many movie notables, who wanted a novelty to fill up their evenings. One of the boxes at the front was marked in huge white letters "Reserved for Celebrities." The funny part of it is, the movie people all drifted to that box! Saw Harold Lloyd and Mildred there the other night. It's the first time Harold has ever admitted he was a Celebrity!

GARBO'S trip from Hollywood to Sweden sounds like a Pearl White thriller, disguises, doubles, chases and all. We loved the shuffleboard game interrupted when Greta saw a passenger pointing a Brownie camera in her direction. We loved the steward who told the reporters, "I am not allowed to say Miss Garbo is aboard. I am not allowed to tell you that her cabin is number 26. I cannot even tell you that she had her breakfast served there an hour ago."

"I AM NOT returning to Hollywood for a long while," says Greta. She will talk, it seems, to Swedish interviewers.

LIONEL BARRYMORE went to see a picture the other night (the stars often do) and beside him were parked a couple of ladies who Know It All. "My dear," said one to the other in a raucous whisper, "I went to a party the other night and all the Barrymores were there. Do you know, I hear that Lionel . . . " And Lionel had the pleasure of listening to choice gossip. When the picture was over and the lights went on, the two chatterers recognized his familiar face, in horror. But he merely smiled the crooked ironical Barrymore smile, "Okay for sound, ladies," said Lionel.

It looks like better times for Hollywood extras. With DeMille shooting Romans and Christian martyrs, dancing girls and gladiators, with the Rasputin picture using 550 extras in a dance scene at the Winter Palace and with Warner Brothers putting a hundred and fifty extras under contract "because ordinary by-the-day extras don't dress as well as they used to, and we want to be sure of having well-dressed extras in our scenes."

ELEVEN BARRYMORES had their pictures taken together recently. And, by the way, Samuel Colt must be the one who drives the "all-white-even-to-the-upholstery" sports car that parks in front of Mama Ethel's place.

GEORGE BRENT and Ruth Chatterton spent their honeymoon in her swanky dressing-room bungalow on the Warner lot, where they successfully dodged inquiring reporters, while prepar-

(*Continued on page 75*)

"I Want to Fall in Love Again With a Man Like Gary Cooper," says LUPE VELEZ

Gary Cooper will always be Lupe's type of man

The Lupe who has been called "The Mad Velez," "The Hollywood Hot-Cha" and "The Mexican Tamale" may still be a madcap on the surface, but 'way down deep she is not so happy

"*I'M through with trouble*", Lupe said to me, quietly—

She didn't shout it at me, tumultuously, as she would have done once, two, three years ago.

She *looked* tumultuous, at first glance. She wore white slacks and a thin, tailored silk blouse. Her dark hair was as riotous as ever. On one arm glittered, magnificently and unsuitably, a bracelet of diamonds and pigeon-blood rubies. It wasn't unsuitable to Lupe because she is the type who can adapt herself to the most flamboyant outfit. She carried her scrap of a Mexican Chihuahua, tenderly, on one arm. While she lunched he nestled in her lap. When you looked more closely you saw that the tumultuousness was more a matter of the slacks, the wild hair, the diamond and ruby bracelet than a matter of Lupe herself; it was a veil, rather thin, over a face from which some sorrow looked you in the eye—

I thought, "*Somebody has been hurt.*" I wondered what had caused that troubled look.

"I'm through with trouble, I tell you," Lupe insisted. "Do you know what I am going to do? The ver' nex' time I see a man looking in my direction I'm going to make a hideous face at him—an oogly face—like this—" and Lupe made a very oogly face, indeed, in (much to his surprise) the direction of Ralph Forbes, who was lunching in the Metro Commissary not far from us.

"I'm tired and seek of trouble," Lupe went on, elbows on table, face near to mine, voice subdued, but none-the-less passionately positive. "I'm tired of being accused of breaking up marriages when I'm minding my own business. I'm tired of being accused of wrecking romances. I'm through with men. I'm tired of men. I'm tired and seek of all of that—"

Lupe, the newspapers have lately intimated, has been seen here and there with young, bicepy Tarzan Weissmuller. There seemed to be a storm brewing and Lupe seemed about to be the centre of the storm. She was resentful about it, naturally.

In this business which is part hard labor and part fun and frolic, where young married men and young married women as well as single individuals of both sexes work together, lunch together on the lots, have work and ambition in close common, it is not uncommon for that interest and that friendship to be carried off the lot and into the home swimming pool or over the ping-pong table. Appearances, among these movie mummers, are not so much deceitful as deceiving. They call each other "darling" and "sweetheart," indiscriminately and, for the most part, meaninglessly. They are

Here's a different Lupe Velez—one whose tempestuous, intense, fun-loving moods have given way to sober and serious thinking, particularly where her own heart is concerned. Her late romance with Gary Cooper has given her a new outlook on life. That it still flowers in her memory is proved by her desire to fall in love again with the Gary type of man

By GLADYS HALL

No sooner did Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha" close, than Lupe was back in Hollywood to renew her screen career. You'll be seeing her in "Kongo" in which she plays a half-caste

Johnny Weissmuller swims in Lupe's pool

used to each other, on the sets and around the lots, in all kinds of story situations, in all sorts of garments, under all conditions. Naturally, this freemasonry makes for a familiarity that would not be normal in the more conventional drawing room or country club. It is normal in a studio. Sometimes this sort of thing is understood and no one pays any attention to it. Sometimes it is not understood and the kettle of trouble is put on to brew.

Live and Let Live

AND so, Lupe said, "This Johnny business—we are friends, that is all. I am not in love with Johnny. If he is in love with me he hasn't told me so. He comes to my house, with his brother and other people, and swims in my pool and plays backgammon and ping-pong. We had a lot of fun together. But when I hear all this talk about it I tell him he mus' stay away from my house, never come in it again, never say more than 'Hulloa' to me. I don' want no more trouble.

"You know me, Gladys, you know that I tell the truth. When I am in love with a man, as I was in love with Gary, I tell the whole world about it. I can't keep it se-cret. *You can't help love.* No one can. I don' care what anyone says about it—if they tell the truth they will say that when love happens to you you can't help yourself. And you don't tell lies about it. I wouldn' do that—I wouldn'. If I fall in love with some man, no matter who he is or what the conditions, I go through fire and water and hell and heaven to win his love. But if I am not in love with him, I don' want any trouble.

"I'm tired of fun, too. I've had too much fun, too much clowning in this twenty-two-year-old life of mine. I'm fed up on it. You get fed up on fun more quicker than on those other things—

"I wan' to live my own life in the way I wan' to live it and to kiss that ol' man Trouble goodbye—

"I'm tired of jewels and fur coats and parties and wise-cracks and practical jokes and everything like that—

"I have changed in this way, too. I am more kinder to people than I used to be. When I was in the Ziegfeld show last year mos' all of those girls there came to me with their troubles. I listen' to them and I advise them and I lend them my ermine coat and my sable coat and my dresses so they can go out looking like a million dollars. I am more considerate, now, of my mother and my sister. I am interest' in them—that they have a good time and nice things and everything. I care about other people and I don' want them to feel bad about anything.

Not So Happy Now

"OF COURSE, I act crazy still. People think I am crazy. Let 'em. What right have people to know the real Velez? What business is it of theirs, what I am like inside? Why should they know? And if they did, what would they care?

"I told you a long time ago that my firs' memory was of my father flicking hot cigarette ashes into my mother's eyes . . . yes, I yell 'Hulloa, darling, my pet' to this one and to that one—they call me 'The Mad Velez' and 'The Mexican Tamale' and 'Hollywood Hot-Cha' and other names—but *I am remembering other kinds of things.*

"We are supposed to act on the screen, act parts—we are paid to act. Well, we should act off the screen, too—that pays, too, in a different way.

"I am not so happy any more. Not so happy as I was three years ago. I'm not so happy and so I try to act crazier than ever so that people won't know—but now I have to *try* where before it came natural. I keep on trying so that people won't suspect—*It hurts a wound worse to have a hand touching it.*

(*Continued on page 89*)

We Nominate *for* STARDOM

ALINE MACMAHON

WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL

EVER since the audience straggled out of the first preview of "Five-Star Final," in which Aline MacMahon played the lovelorn secretary, people have been asking, "Who is she?" In pictures filled with dazzling beauties and handsome men, her glamourous plainness stands out more startlingly than conventional blonde prettiness. At parties, men crowd around her, drawn by the subtle fascination of a complex, intellectual and somewhat mysterious personality.

"What do you think of domesticity?" a studio asked her. Happily married to Clarence Stein, famous New York architect, Aline made the answer, "It's a good life. I think of it often." In her year's work in pictures, she has crossed the country six times to see her husband, while he has crossed five times to see her.

She is part Irish, part Scotch, part Russian Jewish—and the mixture of races shows in her thoughtful eyes, fine forehead and wide, generous mouth. She has few interests besides her husband and career, which started on Broadway and led to stardom there.

We Believe in Her

Because she does not remind one of any other screen actress, but stands alone, unique. *Because* she can play anything from witty, glamourous charmers, as in "Once in a Lifetime," to drab, unloved old maids. *Because* she makes a small part, such as that of the head nurse in "Life Begins," stand out unforgettably. *Because* she is already known as a "picture-saver" and is in demand by all the studios. *Because* her success does not depend on a passing style of hair or profile, but on personality, so that she can go on acting for twenty years if she chooses.

SERIES NUMBER 7

ALINE MacMAHON and WILLIAM GARGAN are the seventh set of newcomers that MOTION PICTURE has Nominated for Stardom. All twelve of their predecessors, who were hailed by this magazine before any other, are doing big things to-day.

GWILI ANDRE, the Danish beauty, is marching on toward stardom in "Mysteries of the French Secret Police." TALA BIRELL is about to be co-starred with Paul Lukas in "Nagana." GEORGE BRENT is now co-starring with Ruth Chatterton in "The Divorce Racket." BRUCE CABOT is the hero of the sensational "Kong." ANN DVORAK has just made two more hits in "Crooner" and "Three on a Match." DICK POWELL is stepping upward in the new Will Rogers picture, "Jubilo."

GEORGE RAFT veers toward hero rôles and stardom in "Night After Night." Eddie Cantor predicts stardom for LYDA ROBERTI after "The Kid from Spain." RANDOLPH SCOTT has just finished "Heritage of the Desert," which makes him the newest outdoor hero. GLORIA STUART is the heroine of the big football picture, "All-America." DOROTHY WILSON has scored a tremendous hit in her first picture, "The Age of Consent." ROBERT YOUNG is drawing the romantic attention in "The Kid from Spain."

They are all going places and doing things, these Nominees for Stardom. Watch for the Nominees to come, and watch for the pictures featuring those who have already been nominated.—Editor.

WILLIAM GARGAN

RKO-RADIO

THE first movie he played in was "The Misleading Lady," in which he was more or less submerged; the second was "Rain," in which he played Joan Crawford's lover—and that is making the whole world Gargan-conscious. Hollywood, in fact, is expecting this handsome chap—whose scar as the marine lover in "Rain" is only make-up—to be the next great lover.

The date given for his birth on the studio biography makes him twenty-seven, and there is no reason for doubting his age, although his first stage rôle was that of a sixty-five-year-old beachcomber, which he played for sixty-nine weeks on Broadway. Before that he was a salesman, a collector and a payroll guard. He used to wonder if the elocution medal he had won at St. Francis Xavier didn't mean something. Evidently it did. He has been an actor seven years.

He is six feet tall, broad-shouldered, blond. Unfortunately for Hollywood ladies, Pat Kenny saw him several years ago and married him. They have a three-year-old son, Barrie.

We Believe in Him

Because his directors say that he is technically skillful and doesn't need to be told how to act. *Because* blond heroes are scarce on the screen. *Because* he made a big hit on Broadway in "The Animal Kingdom," even though Leslie Howard was the star. (Both are in the movie.) *Because* five women stars have already asked for him as a leading man. *Because*, although he has lived in Hollywood several months, he lives so quietly that Hollywood hasn't met him yet. *Because* any newcomer who could stand out in a picture starring Joan Crawford must be good.

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming

Fryer

ALINE MacMAHON

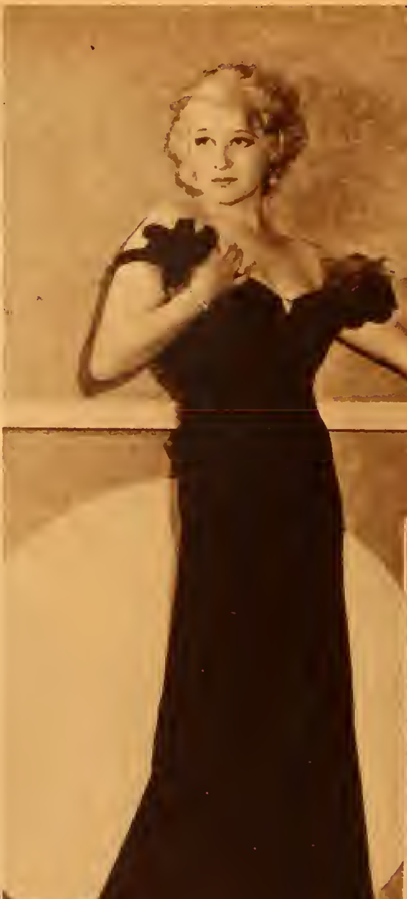
An unusual screen type, she has not yet played a heroine—but she is on the brink of stardom. You forget the heroine when Aline's around!

WILLIAM GARGAN

He's the newest he-man to have the girls excited. They're all jealous of Joan Crawford — he was her lover in "Rain"!

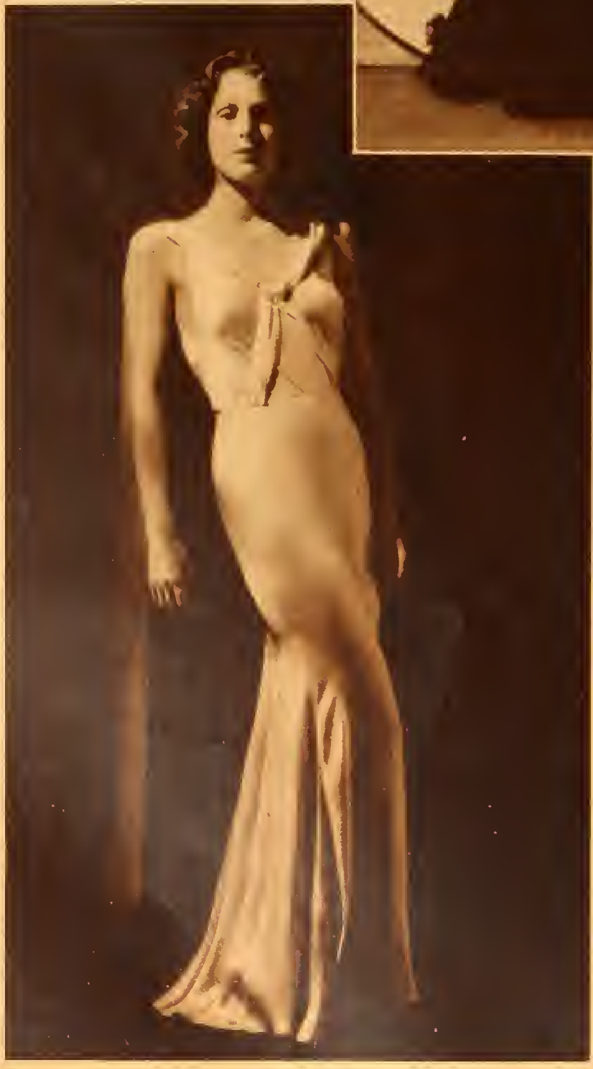
Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites

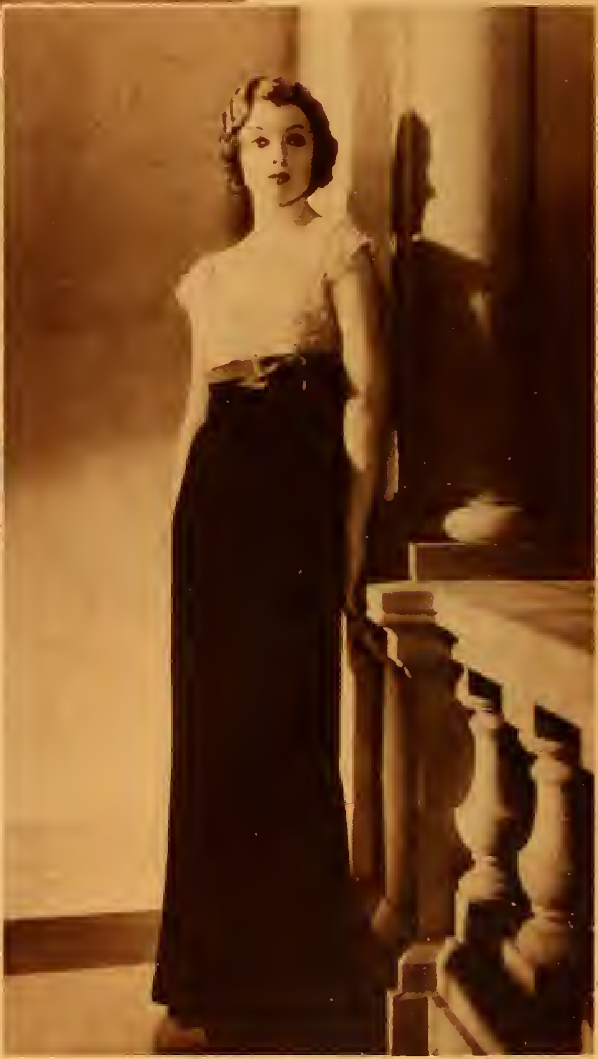
FALL STYLES ARE ALLURING AND FEMININE



This new Fall gown, worn by Greta Nissen, is fashioned in sheer black mousseline de soie. Note that the shoulders are left bare by the graceful neckline and that the flowers and the double box pleating, which outlines the hemline, are of the same material

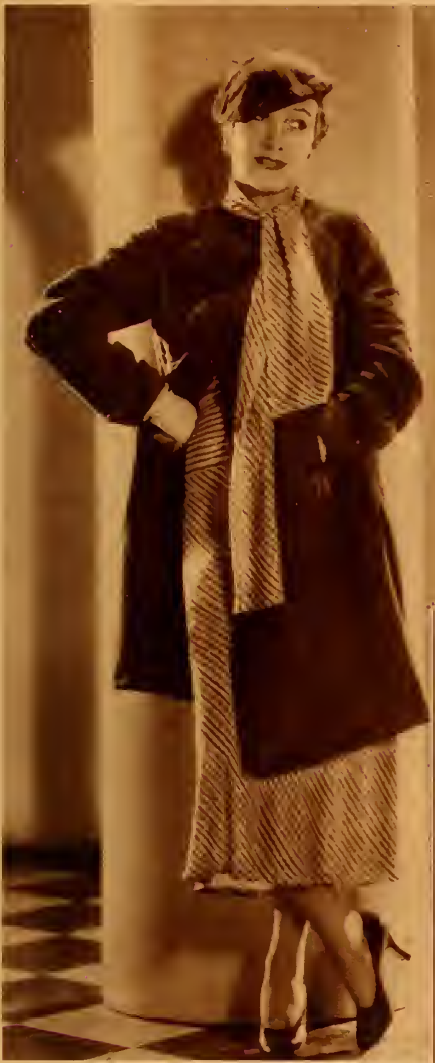
The stunning pearl evening gown that carries out the trailing classic lines, which are so important in formal clothes this Fall, is adorning beautiful Frances Dee. Although the waist and the skirt are snugly fitted, there is plenty of fullness below the knees



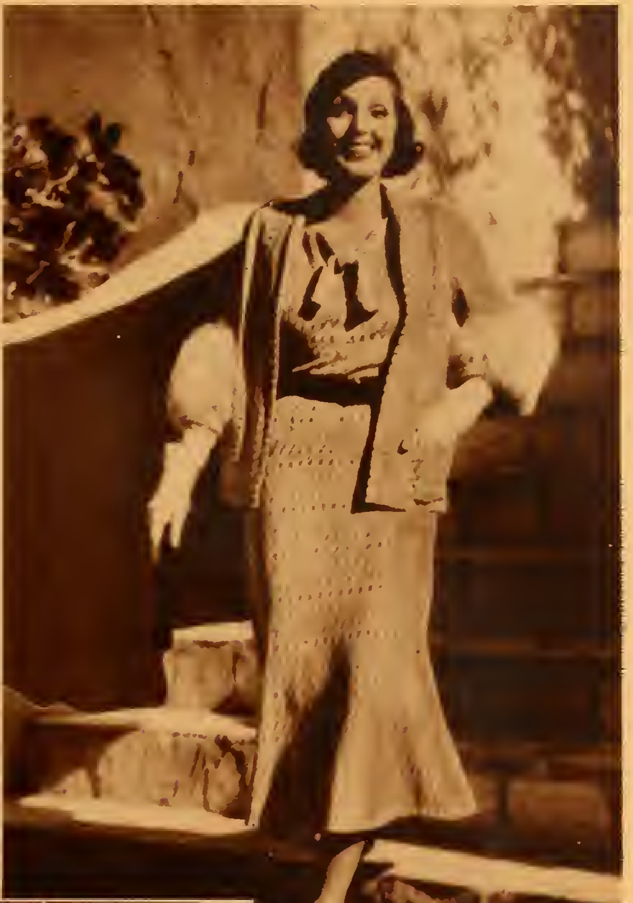


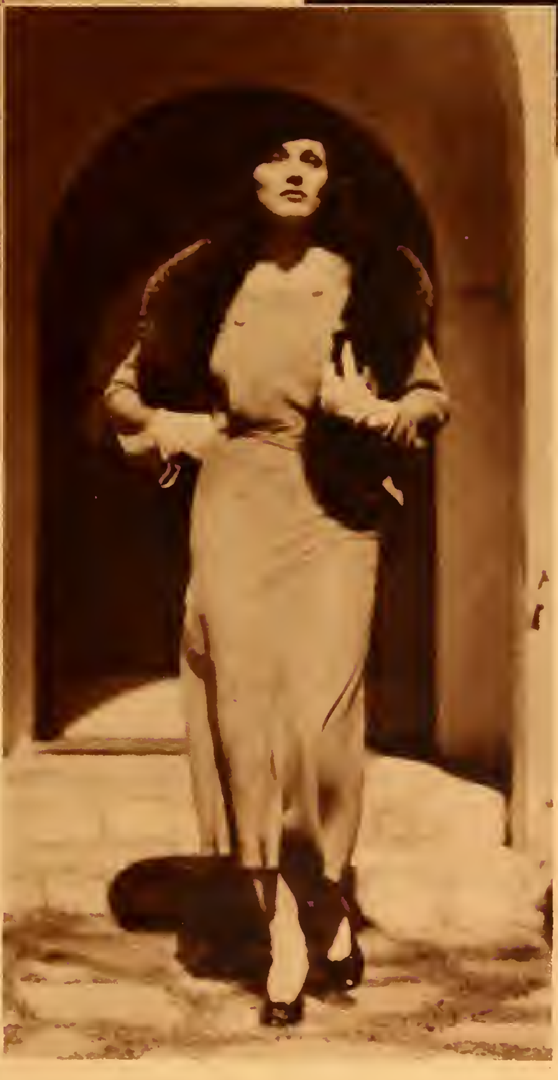
Myrna Loy's Empire evening gown for Fall combines sophistication with femininity. The clinging velvet skirt extends up above the waistline to meet the bodice of cream-colored lace, joined in ruffled effect. It has short cap sleeves and a square-cut neckline. The girdle is of bright green grosgrain

Early Fall Fashions Usher In The First Football Game Of The Season



A striking street outfit in bright shades of blue. The blue leather coat and beret, which Marjorie Gateson (above) wears modishly tilted over her right eye, are worn with a blue and white striped dress of sheer wool. The scarfs are being worn longer and the one Marjorie is wearing is made of the same striped material as the dress





For the first football game of the season, Adrienne Ames suggests the dashing suit she is wearing in the picture above. It is of brown and beige tweed, trimmed with Russian lynx. Brown accents are found in the wide suède belt, suède beret, oxfords and handbag. Adrienne's suède gloves are beige, the same color as her hose. Sheer woolen material in bright colors will be favored for Fall and, at the left, Miss Ames is wearing a coral frock with a very short jacket which ends and ties at the waist and which is bound with silver fox. Black felt hat, black kid shoes and beige slip-on gloves complete the outfit

There are moments of relaxation for the stars—even in the studios where the cameras are incessantly grinding out their scenes. Ernest Hemingway's great novel, "A Farewell to Arms," is a vivid, moving story—and Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes are making it a vivid, moving picture. But, as you can see, they've taken a little "breathing spell" between scenes to catch up with the latest happenings in Hollywood. Naturally, they turn to MOTION PICTURE to learn all the interesting events transpiring in the movie city—just as all the other stars turn to MOTION PICTURE to read up on their lives and careers

You are about to see a brand-new Clara. She says she isn't making a "comeback." She is, instead, starting on a "second career." This story tells you how she has changed—and what her new ambitions are!

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

CLARA BOW'S *Future* Life-Story

THE first thing to be said of the *new* Clara Bow is that she has forgotten the old Clara Bow and wants Hollywood to forget her. Clara has a name for her screen "comeback" (officially titled "Call Her Savage" by the Fox company). Clara calls it the beginning of her "second career." Not a "comeback." Not a "return to the screen." But a "second career". . . .

A new start . . . an elimination of all the sensational things the former Clara was supposed to have said or done—that is almost the theme-idea of the new Clara Bow. She has changed in both looks and outlook. The new Clara Bow is mature. The flapper has vanished, and in her place is a serious, ambitious actress.

She has even taken a new home. "I want to look out of my windows with a brand-new slant on Hollywood from now on," Clara said to the agent who closed the deal on the new house. Not that the old place in Beverly Hills wasn't comfortable, but it was too crowded with unhappy memories of all the heartaches and headaches that resulted from her "name in headlines." And so, from the valley of Beverly, Clara and her husband, Rex Bell, have moved to the hilltops of Hollywood in Laughlin Park. It is an exclusive and pretentious neighborhood. At the foot of her hill is the former estate of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. Near her are the beautiful landscaped grounds of the Cecil DeMille home.

In fact, so anxious was Clara to shake the dust of her former surroundings that she moved bag, baggage and Rex, not to mention a cowboy cook (brought from their ranch) into the new house before the draperies were up or the carpet was down. Between story conferences at the studio and clothes fittings for the new picture, she managed to find a few spare moments to shop for furniture. In post-haste she installed a divan, a table and a radio for the living-room; a table and chairs for the dining room; a stove for the kitchen; a bar of soap and a few towels in the bathroom, and furnished one bedroom. Then they moved in. Like a couple of happy, camping hermits they have remained there.

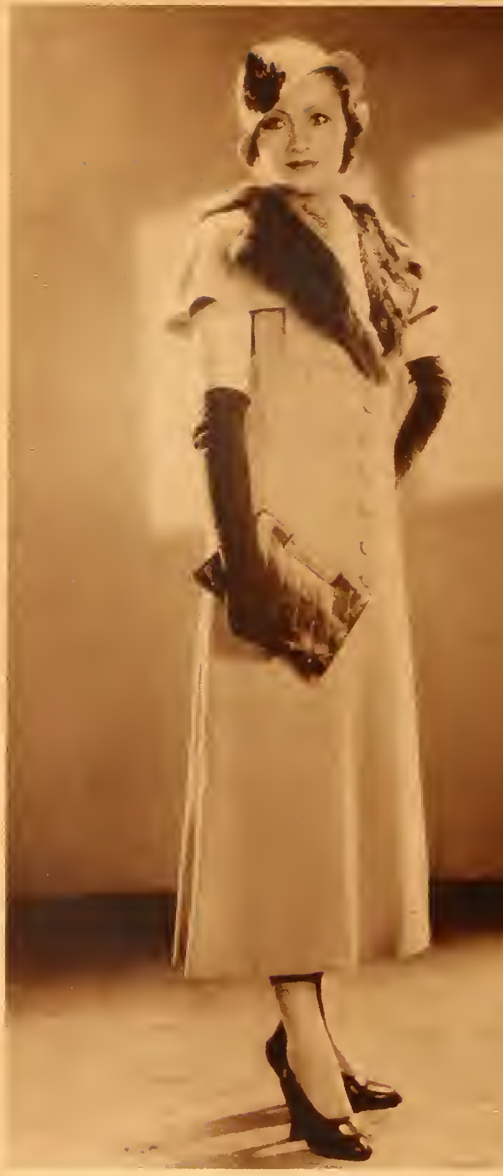
Has Clara Gone Timid?

THERE are many "rumor stories" about the new Clara Bow floating about Hollywood. Because she will not see reporters or interviewers, it has been said that the "new Clara Bow" is pulling a Garbo. Another story has it that she has a fear-complex—that she is frightened of people. That Clara, who used to be so gay and so happy, has become timid and super-sensitive. The sob-sisters would have you believe that Hollywood has broken the spirit of Clara Bow.

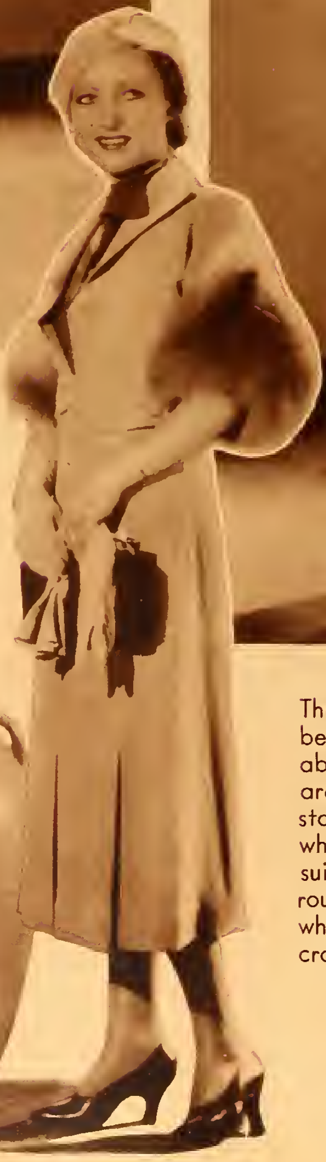
"Clara used to be so friendly . . . so glad to see people . . . even reporters," they point out. "And now look at the way

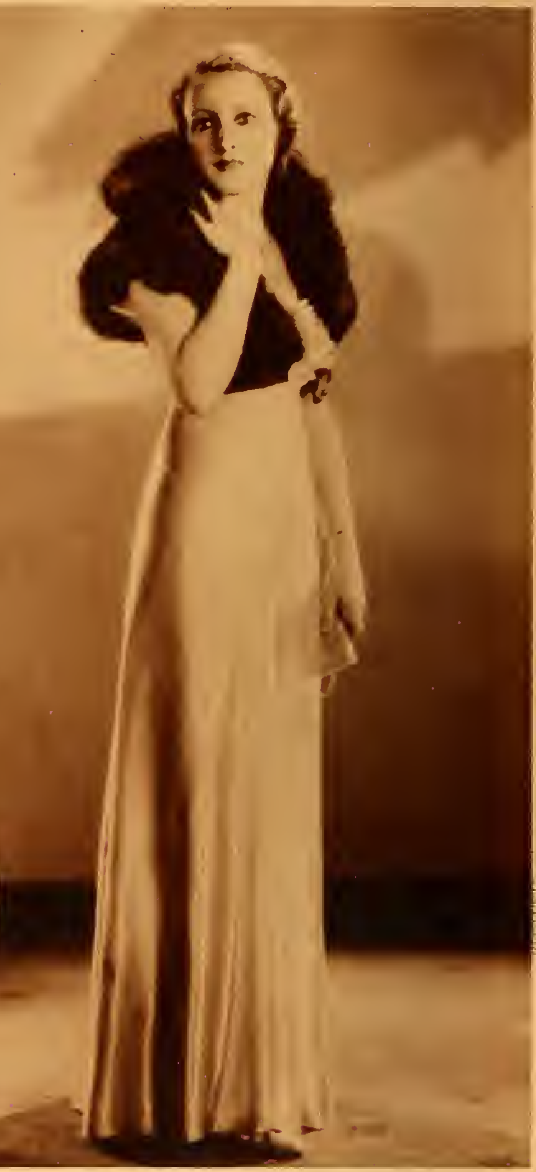
(*Continued on page* 74)

THE COLLAR EFFECTS ARE AS IMPORTANT AS THE COLOR EFFECTS IN JILL ESMOND'S FALL WARDROBE



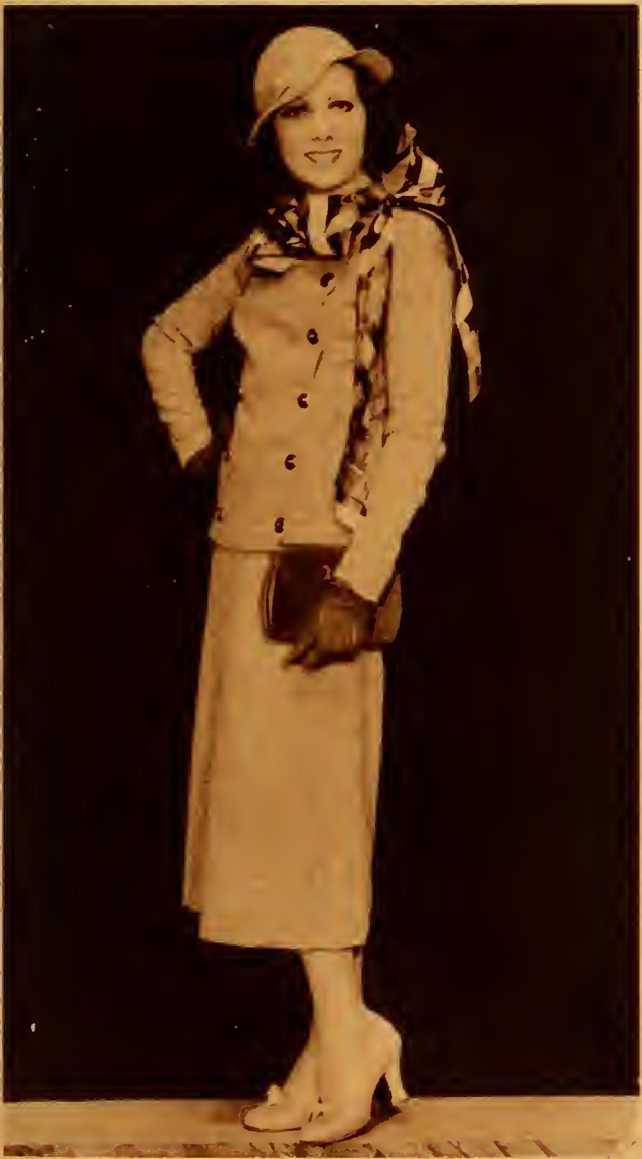
The row of buttons down the front, the tiny cape effect and the mannish lapels of sable all help lend a military touch to this coat-dress of tan broadcloth. Note that Jill Esmond, who is displaying the costume, wears long brown suède gloves that almost meet the cape because it is sleeveless. Tan felt hat, trimmed in brown, and brown bag and shoes complete the ensemble



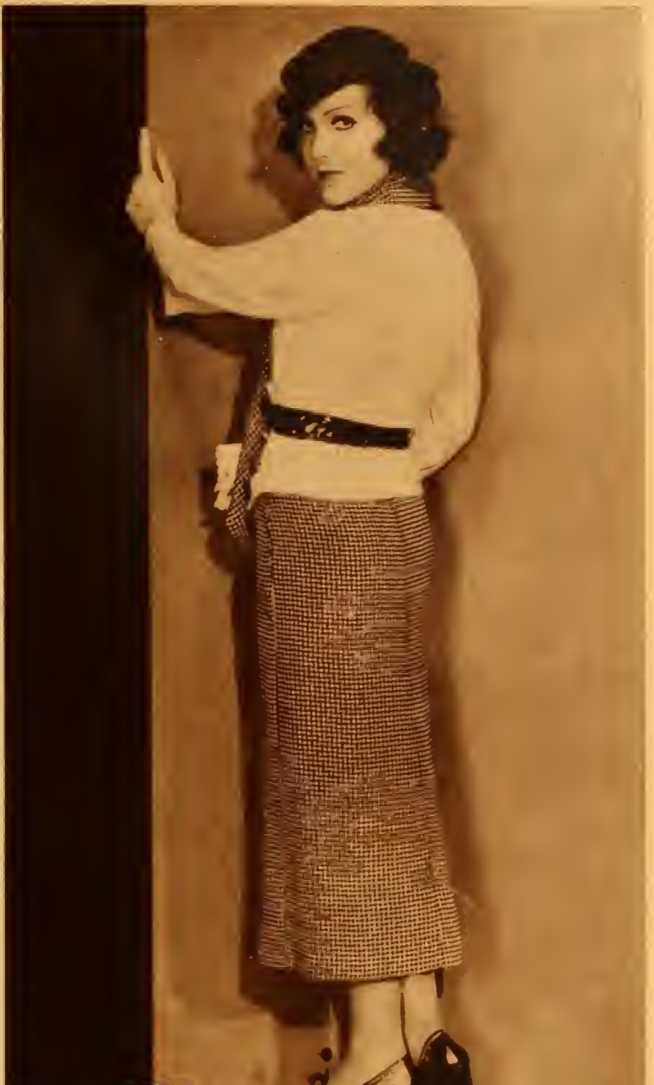


The tones of pale yellow and golden brown blend beautifully in this lovely evening creation worn above by Miss Esmond. The gown and jacket are of yellow satin, and the jacket sleeves and stand-up collar are of golden brown sable. And what could be more elegant than the little street suit Jill wears at the left? It is fashioned of a rough-weave woolen material in tan, with a jacket which closes by means of diagonal strips that cross and button on either side. Tan fox trims the elbow-length sleeves

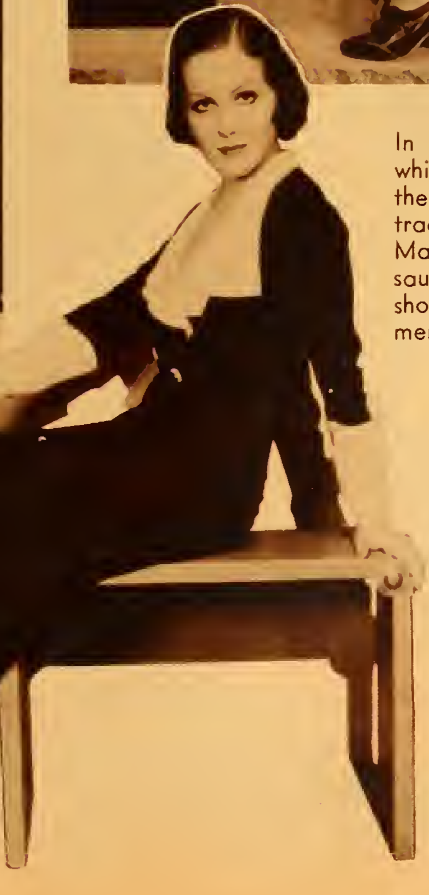
SERVICEABLE, BUT SMART— THOSE ARE THE WORDS FOR THE FALL OUTFITS MARY BRIAN IS WEARING



An advanced Fall suit of unusual creation is worn above by Mary Brian. It is grayish-tan tweed, with a straight skirt and a double-breasted jacket that fastens with stamped steel buttons. The neckline of the jacket is collarless and has a two-yard scarf of plaid taffeta in shades of blue, which ties on the shoulder. The felt hat and kid shoes are gray, and the bag and gloves are blue



In wool crêpe, black and white checks, combined with the plain white, form an attractive Fall ensemble for Mary Brian, above. The saucy black French felt hat shows the flat crown treatment, which is the newest thing in Fall millinery



And doesn't Mary look sweet, perched on the bench in this serviceable, but smart frock for autumn daytime wear? It is made of heavy black flat crêpe, and its collar and deep cuffs of white are the outstanding features of the dress. The black kid shoes that tie at the sides are the very newest thing in footwear

Fryer

Gaze on Kay Francis—the dark-haired beauty who gave up a European trip which was to be her belated honeymoon with Kenneth MacKenna, her husband of almost two years. And she gave it all up, not because of the dollars involved, but because of the director. Paramount's offer of $26,000 for a part in "A Very Private Scandal," didn't have much attraction for Kay, but to appear under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch was something else again. The Master's Voice, you know! The story opposite tells you how Kay weighed the matter and made her decision

Did $26,000 *Outweigh a Honeymoon Trip* for KAY FRANCIS?

"Not a bit of it!" says Kay, who postponed her long-delayed holiday abroad with husband Kenneth MacKenna to accept a picture offer at the last moment. But what DID tip the scales in favor of Hollywood? In this interview, she tells you—and you get a glimpse of one star who weighs everything she does!

By FAITH SERVICE

IN Kay Francis' dressing-room, on the first working day of the new Lubitsch picture, "A Very Private Scandal," was a mass of pink roses and a spray of waxen gardenias. The card attached to the flowers read: "For you on the first day of your picture—because we did not go to Europe. Ken." (Ken—need I explain?—is husband Kenneth MacKenna.)

For Kay, you know, did not go to Europe on her honeymoon trip. Just five hours before their scheduled departure, with trunks all packed and most of their goodbyes said, there came the siren call of a big rôle in an Ernst Lubitsch picture and—the sum of $26,000.

Warner Brothers had given Kay a four months' leave of absence after completing "One-Way Passage." That leave of absence was to be Kay's and Ken's honeymoon—their first "long one" in a year and a half of married life. They had planned it for months; they had dreamed about it. And then came the call, and Kay could have her honeymoon or—she could have the Lubitsch picture and the sum of $26,000, which was Paramount's offer to her for the part.

And Kay got out her delicately balanced scales—the scales upon which she weighs life and all its values, like a beautiful, cool figure of Justice. With this difference: Kay is not blind.

She says, "When you weigh things, you know exactly where you stand and what you want. You know that this is worth so much and that the other is worth so much more—or less. If you do this, you cannot do that. If you get one thing, you give up another."

Like Justice, Kay Francis weighs her decisions—whether they concern work, play, her future or her married life

Didn't Stay for the Money

"AND so," I said to Kay, "you weighed the value of the honeymoon trip against the twenty-six thousand dollars and decided that the twenty-six thousand weighed heavier on the scales?"

Kay shook her night-black head. "No," she said. "No, twenty-six thousand dollars was NOT worth more to me than my honeymoon. But the chance to work in a Lubitsch picture was. The money didn't matter; the money had absolutely nothing to do with it. I proved that because, shortly before Lubitsch asked for me, I had had an offer of another picture on the Paramount lot. The same sum of money was involved. I turned it down. I wouldn't even consider it. But when it came to working for Lubitsch, when I weighed my honeymoon against the honor this meant, against the things I would learn under his direction—well, Lubitsch won. He tipped the scales."

Kay Francis weighs all of life on these scales of her own adjusting. So much for so much. One side balancing or outweighing the other side. She takes Fame, for instance, and the popularity and recognition her screen work has brought her.

She said, "On one side of the scales, it's lots of fun. When I go to premières, for example, I expect people to recognize me. I'd feel badly if they didn't. I expect to autograph albums and speak over the 'mike' and be applauded and, I hope, admired. But on the other side—well, there is the time Ken and I went to Coney Island when we were last in the East.

"I wanted, awfully, to ride on the roller coasters, and to have a bicepy male with an East Side accent guess my weight, and I wanted to shoot guns at funny little ducks and win some preposterous prize, and I wanted to ride the unicorn on the merry-go-round and grab off the brass ring, and I wanted to buy lemonade and popcorn and have *fun*. I couldn't do

(*Continued on page 78*)

They Name Their Next Mates Before They're Free From Ex-Mates

Wide World

John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, married on August 10, were "engaged" 'way back in May—so far in advance of his final divorce decree that Hollywood suspected a press-agent stunt!

ONLY a week after Ralph Forbes had gone to Reno to establish residence for a divorce, George Brent more or less stunned Hollywood by announcing that he and Ruth Chatterton, who had just gone to Europe, were going to be married. This "engagement" announcement was regarded as decidedly premature, considering the fact that Ruth was still Mrs. Ralph Forbes and that no divorce suit had actually been started yet.

Ralph Forbes, up to that time, had persistently denied the rumors of a romance between his wife and George Brent, averring that at least six other men were as attentive to his wife as George. "I am as devoted to Miss Chatterton as if she were my sister," Ralph said on leaving for Reno. "And I think she shares the same feeling for me." Which hardly sounded like the remark of a man whose wife was "engaged" to another chap!

George Brent gave his bombshell to the press on July 9, just before he left Hollywood for a personal appearance tour. He said, "We plan a marriage," adding reasonably, "The time and place are a little indefinite because of the divorce." He explained that they might wed as soon as Ruth returned from Europe, the middle of August. And so they were. Ruth reached New York from Europe on August 12; Ralph received his divorce (on the grounds of "divergence of tastes") the same day; and on August 13, Ruth became Mrs. Brent in a New York suburb.

Ruth and George were hailed immediately as breakers of tradition—though they were, in fact, only following Hollywood's latest fashion. For the stars of Hollywood, not content with offering the world a startling social phenomenon with the present rage for "amiable" divorces, such as "The Kiss Divorce" of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister and "The Civilized Divorce" of Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey, and the "Still in Love Divorce" of the Chevaliers, have also invented a new sort of "engagement" and provided fresh material for the future historians.

The latest discovery, the Hollywood "engagement" of the moment, differs in only one respect from the ancient and approved kind that is always associated with banns, engagement rings, and tinware showers. The difference however, is

©1932, Maurice Seymour, Chicago

Do Norma Talmadge and George Jessel have marriage plans? Once George asked, "How can we get married when we're both married already?" Later he was quoted as saying, "Of course, we're going to marry." Now what do you make of that, Watson?

Before Ralph Forbes had given Ruth Chatterton her freedom, George Brent announced that he and Ruth had marriage plans. Before John Gilbert was legally free again, he was engaged to Virginia Bruce. It's the new Hollywood fashion—planning a new marriage before the old one is finished!

By MARK DOWLING

important. It is what you might call a *previous* engagement—anywhere from a month to a year previous.

One or both members of the "engaged" couple is already legally bound to a perfectly good, if not always satisfactory husband or wife! Just how binding this novel way of entering the matrimonial state will prove cannot be determined as yet. In the meantime, the stars are going right ahead and making them!

Thus John Gilbert's engagement to a young lady named Virginia Bruce was announced in the papers on May 25, even though Mr. Gilbert shyly hesitated to confirm the news, and though various suspicious persons used the coincidence of Virginia Bruce's rôle as leading lady in Mr. Gilbert's new picture as reason for dismissing the whole matter as a bit of clever press-agentry. But Virginia asserted that the "engagement" was a fact, and she wore a diamond engagement wrist watch and a huge engagement solitaire, and drove a shiny new engagement sports car, as if to prove it.

Lippman

When Ralph Forbes left for Reno to give Ruth Chatterton her freedom, George Brent couldn't withhold the good news that he and Ruth would marry as soon as Ralph had his decree

Now, there would have been nothing so very startling in all this but for that little fact that legally Ina Claire would still be Mrs. John Gilbert until the fourth of August—which put the former great lover of the screen in the presumably embarrassing position of possessing both a wife and a fiancée, at one and the same time.

Some stars remarry as soon as possible after a divorce, but Gloria Swanson won the prize for impulsiveness by marrying Michael Farmer *before* her decree was final

Was Ina Old-Fashioned?

INA CLAIRE said, "My divorce becomes final August fourth, and that winds me up as Mrs. John Gilbert," and since she refused to say whether she, herself, intended to marry again or not, it was hazarded that her trips to New York had kept her away from a knowledge of Hollywood's latest fashions in engagements. Or maybe Ina was just old-fashioned. John and Virginia were married on August 10.

Just how unsettling the new type of "engagement" can be to everyone was evident in the report of a well-known Hollywood columnist. In commenting upon the appearance of B. P. Schulberg, the producer, and Sylvia Sidney at the Frolics, she wrote, "There have been rumors that B. P. was interested in Miss Sidney, but until his recent trip to New York, when both were there at the same time, no one ever saw them together in public." And then added, almost pathetically, "The Schulbergs have definitely separated, although there has been no divorce . . ." For it is really practically impossible to keep track of the latest romances in town if the parties in question haven't yet gone to court to divorce their wives or husbands. In this case no engagement was announced by the principals; the columnists did the announcing .

Still more puzzling were the reports of an engagement between Norma Talmadge and George Jessel. The couple, you remember, were seen together a good deal abroad—and then, on their return, started a personal appearance tour together. In this case *both* of them were married, and even Hollywood found itself a little startled. "Can it be just a publicity stunt?" Hollywood wondered. For if Norma did get the divorce from producer Joseph Schenck which she once said was "just too much trouble," Mrs. George Jessel, the former Florence Courtney of vaudeville, seemed to stand in the way of any Talmadge-Jessel engagement.

"How can we get married when we're both already married?" George Jessel asked of reporters, logically enough. Later on meeting Norma after two weeks' separation, his feelings overcame him and he was quoted as crying rapturously, "Of course,

(*Continued on page 92*)

Where You'll Find the STARS at *Play*

SERIES NUMBER 4

Agua Caliente: the Mexican Monte Carlo, where the stars week-end abroad—in search of excitement, sport and health—and relax in a foreign atmosphere

This is the fourth of a series in MOTION PICTURE, telling you the stories of the places near Hollywood where the stars like to spend their spare time—forget work and worry, take time for real romance, go in for sports or just relax, and, in general, forget that they are famous. These are the places where they are likely to be just themselves.—Editor.

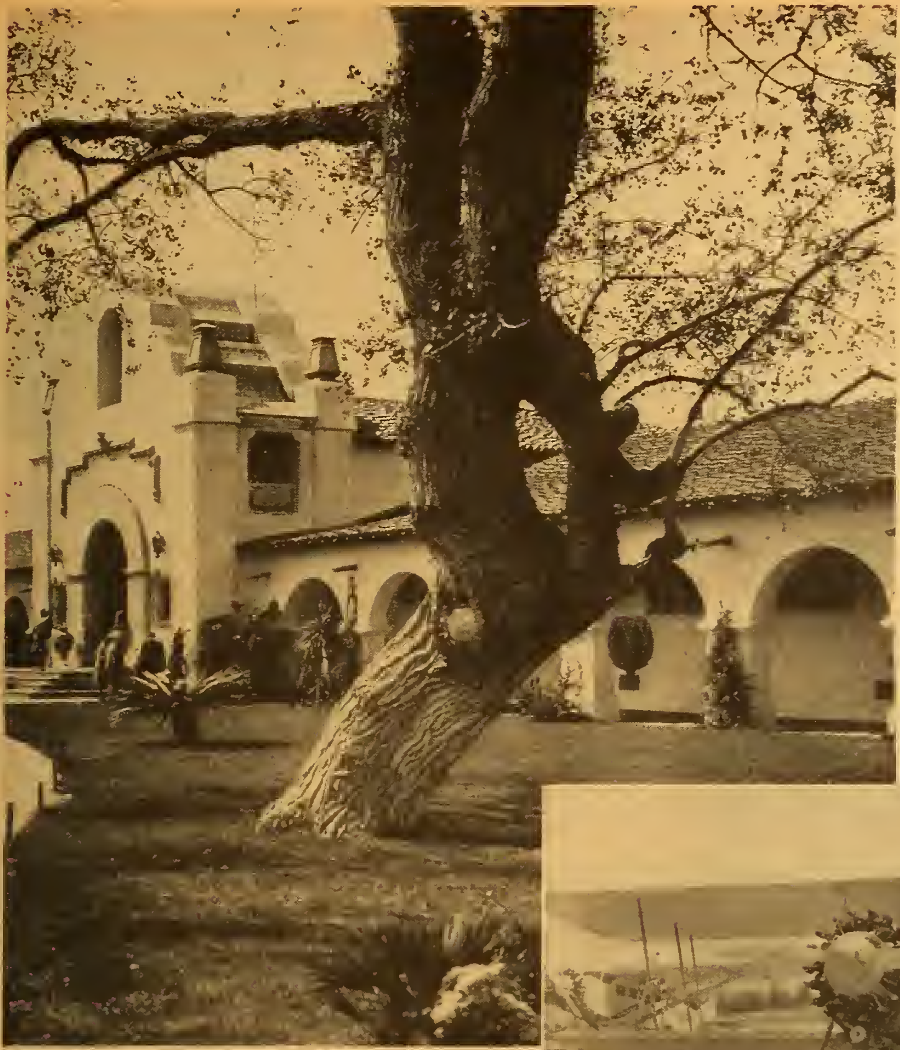
Fulmer

Directly above, a view of the Agua Caliente racetrack and grandstand, with a fast race in progress. These races draw the largest crowds from Hollywood. Left, Nancy Carroll congratulates the girl winners of an Agua Caliente race run with women jockeys

Alex Montoya, maître d'hôtel at Agua Caliente, is an old friend of the stars. He went there from the Montmartre Café in Hollywood

AGUA CALIENTE means "Hot Water," but it might as well mean "Hot Time" or even "Hot-Cha!" It lies three hours by motor, and one hour by airplane from Hollywood, and it's one of the greatest pleasure plants in the world. Ask any movie star—ask Al Jolson, for instance, or Buster Keaton, or Charlie Chaplin, or any picture player who has a reputation for knowing how to enjoy himself. Ask people whose ideas of enjoyment differ as widely as Ruth Chatterton's and Lupe

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN



Above, the entrance to the Hotel Agua Caliente —center of the gaiety at the Mexican resort. The wing at the right houses the Casino, where the stars try to win fortunes with small change. In the left wing, they dine and dance

Velez'. Ask bachelors like Gilbert Roland and Gary Cooper — or married couples like Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon. Ask stars of any age from Jackie Cooper to Marie Dressler.

The three Mexican miles that lie between this resort and the border of the United States are the secret of Caliente's charm. The land of the speakeasy and "blue laws" seems far away from this gaiety and freedom. There in the famous Gold Bar the stars may sip leisurely and absolutely legal cocktails; in the Casino the best-known actress may enjoy the thrill of the whirling ball or rolling dice without a qualm; there in the grandstands the most famous actor may openly wager his salary check on the world's fastest horses. And it is a tribute to them that they prefer to take their fun in open, aboveboard fashion at Caliente rather than to patronize the hideaway gambling places and hidden speakeasies of Hollywood.

The picture colony works in the United States five days, and spends week-ends in a foreign land with alien customs and amusements. And Caliente accents the foreign note. Brown dikes wall in the dazzling white Spanish buildings, keeping out the tiny Tia Juana River, which goes on a rampage every Spring. Slender bell towers stand out against a sky of startling blazing blue. fountains splash and guitars twang, and the sound of castanets vies with the click of roulette balls and the tinkle of glasses.

Some of the Local Color

THE spirit of the resort is one of perpetual holiday. What stagecraft lies behind the seeming carelessness and merriment of the place only the hard-working management could tell. The machinery of pleasure is never anywhere visible. Everyone seems to be having a glorious time—the little brown Mexican waiters with their crimson sashes; the smiling Spanish dancer in the yellow lace mantilla; the strolling players wandering among the luncheon tables in the patio; the croupiers, who seem as excited as the players; and the race-track boys in som-

(*Continued on page 80*)

Above, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon arrive at the Agua Caliente airport for a round of golf. This time they left their own 'plane at home and flew down in one of the Gilpin 'planes, which make the trip several times a day. By air, Hollywood is one hour away from the Mexican Monte Carlo

Above, the Spa, built over the natural hot springs that gave Agua Caliente its name. Many stars take health baths here. Right, the Campanila (Tower of Chimes)—a landmark near the golf course

Tunnel

The Stars Can't Break *that* Hollywood Habit

Actors and actresses may break away from Hollywood, but they can't stay away. Once the movie fever gets in their blood, they can never get rid of it. Ask Alice White, who was made unhappy by Hollywood—but has built her home there. Ask Leslie Howard, who once left bitterly—and now is back. Ask any of them. With two exceptions, they always have come back!

Alice White was let down by Hollywood just when she was reaching her peak—but Alice still looks upon it as home

By TERRENCE COSTELLO

Last month, in MOTION PICTURE, you read an article entitled "Why They Go Back to the Stage." It explained why successful movie players like Leslie Howard and Kent Douglass and Marguerite Churchill and Lupe Velez had given up perfectly good movie jobs to head for Broadway. This article is an answer to that one. It explains why, once they do leave, they cannot stay away. —Editor.

©Underwood & Underwood

Marguerite Clark left the movies for good when she left them. Few do it

CLARA BOW drew in the waistline of her dresses—and a new fashion, "the Hollywood line," galloped through the feminine world. Joan Crawford started going stockingless—and an industry trembled. Clark Gable took to wearing turtle-neck sweaters—and a nation followed suit. Such is Hollywood's effect upon the clothing of the world. But the power of this odd small town does not stop with mere influences upon wearing apparel. It has authority, in one way or another, in everything connected with Mr. and Mrs. Public—from manners of speech to ways of thought.

But if Hollywood has such importance to the people outside it, what do you think it does to those who once have resided within its gilded walls? The answer is—*plenty!* Wherever they go, they carry inescapable memories of it and (usually) a sharp desire to return to the circus city of Cinemania.

Two years ago the writer sat with Rex Ingram, the famous director of silent days, in a café in Nice. "Never," he answered a question as to when he was coming back to Hollywood. "I'm through with it. I always said I'd leave it as soon as I made enough money to do so—and I did. There," and he gestured across the Mediterranean in the direction of Africa, "is where I want to go next."

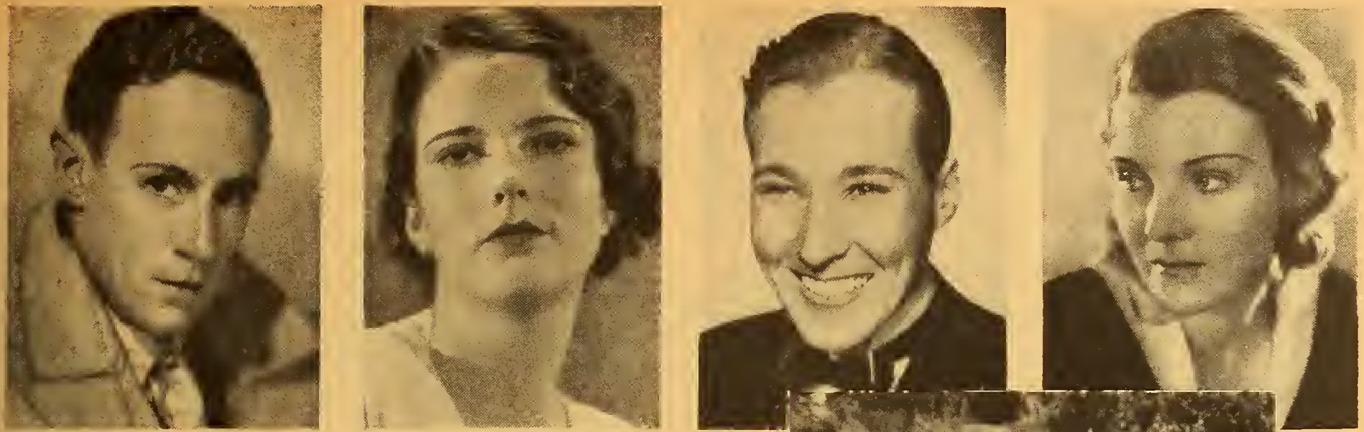
One other former movie queen who has stayed away is Pearl White, who now lives in Paris

Was Slow In Refusing

BUT if the defiant Rex ever leaves his beloved France, I'm betting it will be to return to California. Pleasant as life has been in Europe, he knows that his best pictures were made on the West Coast. And as an artist this cannot but trouble him. Clarence Brown recently offered him the lead in one of his forthcoming productions (Rex is much better-looking than many of the present screen stars), and Ingram was slow in refusing. When someone offers him the chance to return to Hollywood as a director, I do not think he will refuse. He'll come back. *They always do!*

Hollywood was cruel to little Alice White. It cast her out mercilessly at the peak of what should have been her best years. A vaudeville tour, personal appearances in movie houses throughout the country, recouped her finances and self-esteem. But, once secure, where was it that Alice went to build her permanent home? Nowhere except in Hollywood—which of all the cities in which she had lived in recent years had been the least cordial to her. *They can't stay away!*

What is this fascination that Hollywood exerts, so powerful as to change not only the unstable, but the strongest of minds? Its star-spangled history is flecked with hundreds of names of people who have quit it, with all kinds of vows never to soil their feet on its tinsel dust again—presently to reappear on its streets, unable to break the celluloid bonds that bind them to the strange hamlet



Hurrell

Phyfe

Across the top, left to right, are Leslie Howard, Marguerite Churchill, Kent Douglass Montgomery and Helen Chandler. All four of these strong-willed rebels left Hollywood to seek bigger acting opportunities. And were back less than a year later!

Like the four rebels at the top, Fay Wray sought new fields. But now she is back in her Hollywood rose garden

sprawled between Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. Hollywood addicts . . . and once the movie virus is in their blood, only death can release those who come under its dominion. Most habits can be cured—but the Hollywood one goes on, and on.

Leslie Came Back Smiling

NO ONE ever left there with more bitter statements than did Leslie Howard. "Movie studios are sweatshops, killing the best in actors," was one remark credited to him. "The drivel I've been making is not worth the film it's printed on," was another. "Hollywood is full of creaky stories and wheezy, time-worn plots." Then he got aboard a train.

When he left the Coast, the supposition was that he would not return. But here he is back again, and has been working in "Smilin' Thru"—which if not time-worn, is scarcely a brand-new piece. The elegant Howard has been called back by Hollywood because he has something that it wants. And you can bet your last nickel that it will keep calling him—with Howard answering—as long as that want exists.

Hoover Art Studios

Rex Ingram, famous director of silent pictures, says he'll never return from France. He recently turned down an offer—but very reluctantly

Leaving at approximately the same time as Leslie Howard, and all with flat statements as to the general nuisance of life in Hollywood, were Fay Wray, Helen Chandler, Marguerite Churchill and Kent Douglass Montgomery. *Every one of them is now back in Hollywood.* Of the group only Montgomery remains indifferent to pictures—but even he took a test for "Laughing Boy," and for a time was interested in the script of "Call Her Savage," the Clara Bow film. He will make pictures again—watch and see.

Lupe Velez, who left the screen last winter to make a big hit on Broadway in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha," because she liked the excitement of New York, came back to Hollywood almost as soon as the show closed last summer—and now is making films again. When Corinne Griffith "retired" a year or two ago, she hinted that she would like to spend the rest of her life in Europe; she now is back in Hollywood, and it is generally believed that she is in a mood for movie offers.

Colleen Moore, who also had "retired," married Albert Scott, a young New York broker, last winter; and she cut short her honeymoon to accept a stage engagement in Hollywood—an engagement that led to a screen contract. Charles Ray, who made a fortune as a star and lost it as a producer, recently came back to Hollywood for a brief stage engagement. Many people thought that Clara Bow, after her marriage, would never come back—but here she is, in brand-new glory. Many thought that Charlie Chaplin, who stayed away more than a year, would never return—but he, too, is back, with all indications that he is staying. Moreover, his brother Sydney—long absent—came back with him. Sessue Hayakawa was tempted back all the way from Japan. They always do come back, somehow.

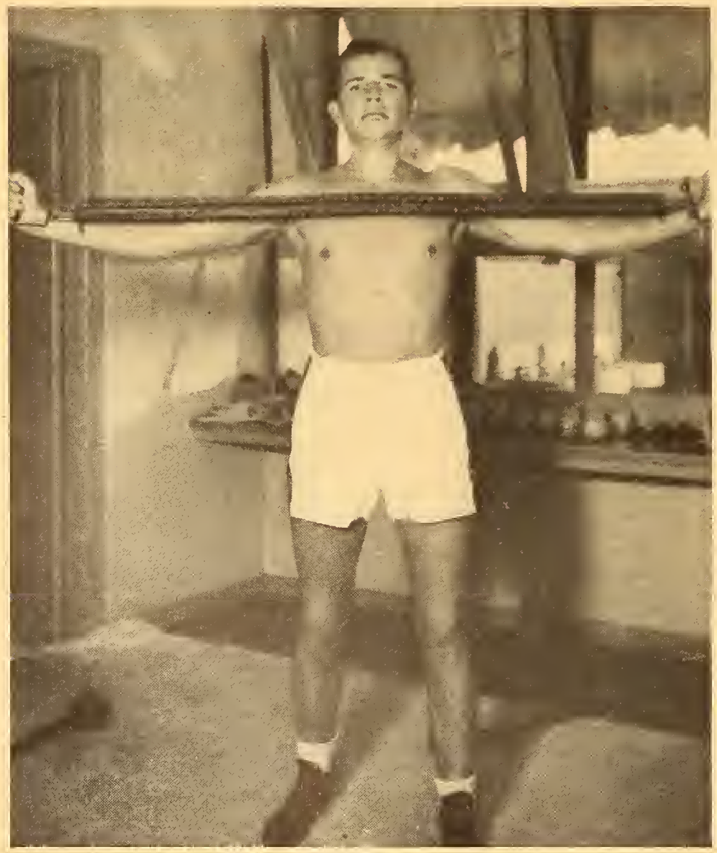
Who does not recall the savage reports that seeped back to this country following Maurice Chevalier's first return to France? His Paris interviews (as relayed back to America) fairly bristled with indignant phrases as to how hard he was worked in Hollywood, where he was "driven like a slave." He spoke of his return

(*Continued on page 90*)

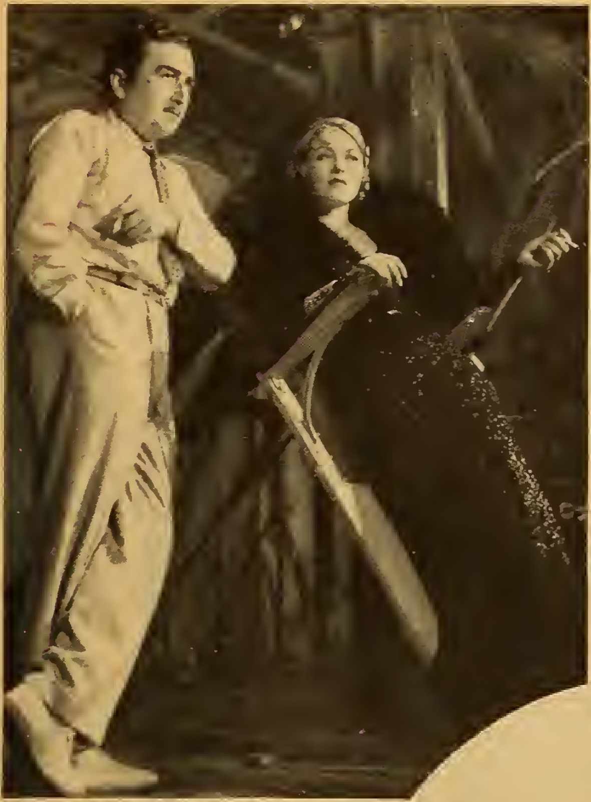
The Camera Catches Them in Their Off-Moments

It's sad, but true—little starlets have to go to school. And here's a snapshot to prove it (left). Professor Albert Lovejoy, who used to teach the Harvard boys how to acquire accents, now is RKO dramatic coach and teaches beauties how to trill like canaries. Left to right, his apt pupils are Betty Grable, Geraine Greer, Mary Mason, Marion Weldon and Harriet Hagman

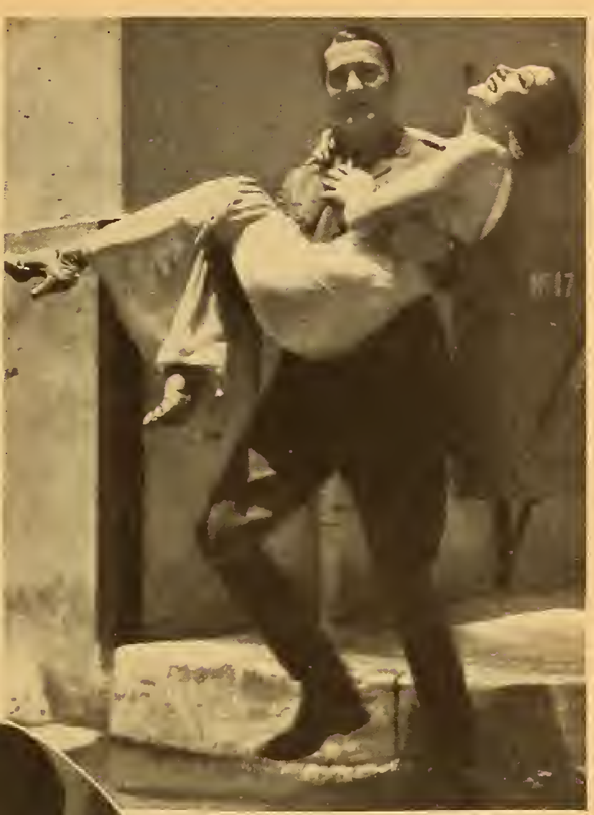
Below, it looks as if Bruce Cabot is doing a good long (and hard) stretch on the muscle-building springs. It's one of the penalties for playing he-man rôles, as Bruce is doing in "Kong." He spends so much time in the gym he's thinking of sleeping there



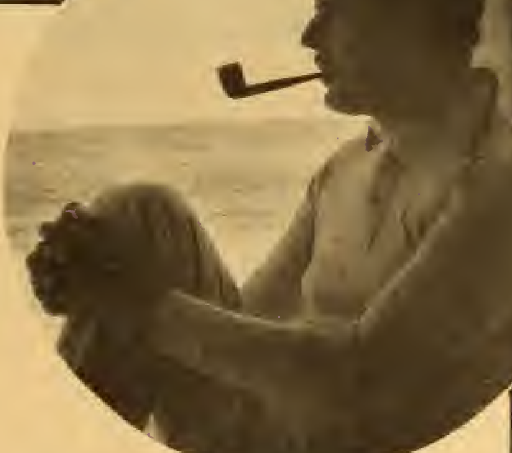
Little movie girls usually are pretty self-conscious when they show off the newest fashions—but Dorothy Layton doesn't look it. (What? Didn't she know the camera was there?) Hal Roach's new find was snapped in the latest garb for tennis—a fancy knit sweater, silk shorts and polka-dot socklets



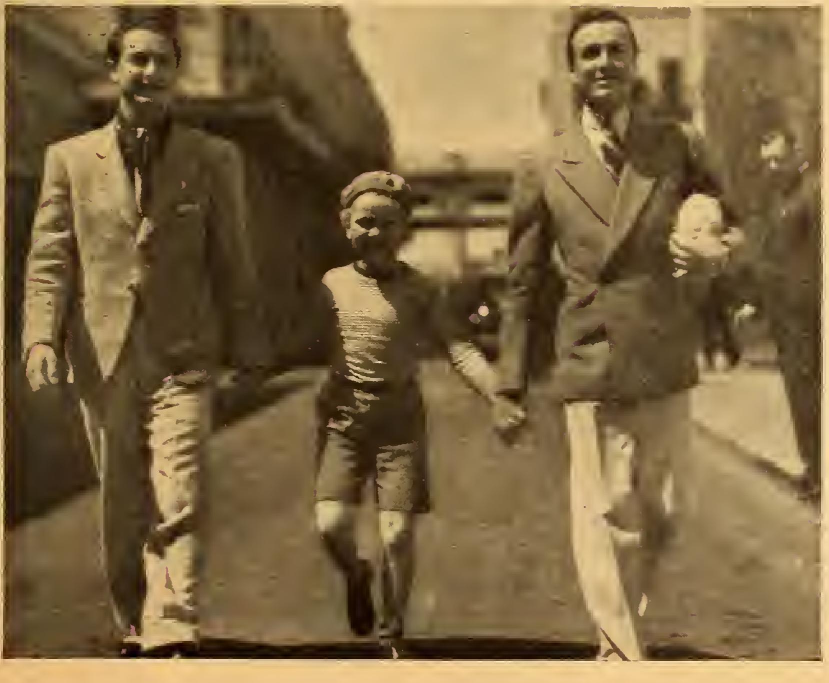
Above is a snapshot of a new wrinkle to avoid wrinkles in stars' gowns. Constance Bennett, between scenes of "Rock-a-Bye," is half-standing, half-reclining on a contraption invented by director George Fitzmaurice, at her side



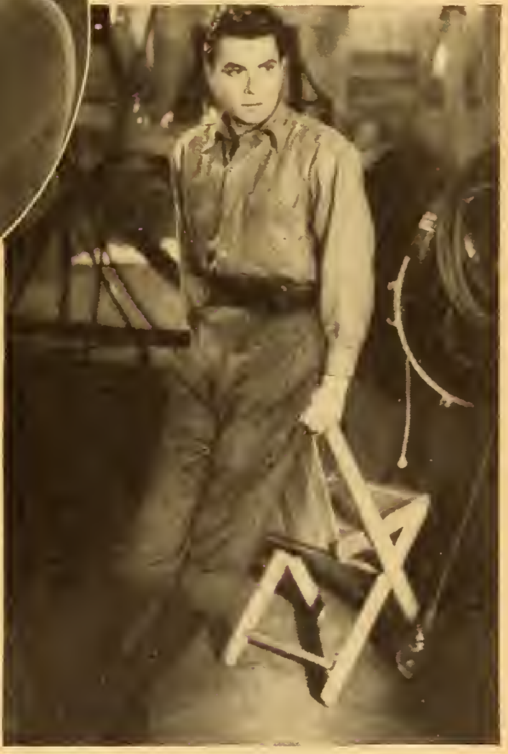
Sir Walter Raleigh only put down his cloak to help a lady across a mudhole, but Clive Brook gives the lady—who happens to be Claudette Colbert—a lift, as well as a laugh



You've been wondering where Warner Baxter has been these many months? Here's the answer (right). He has been loaf—er, resting—at his Malibu bungalow, meditating deeply about time and tide, before starting work on "Six Hours to Live"



Jackie Cooper gets away from his bodyguard (yes, he has one)—and is he gleeful? He put himself in the hands of Robert Young (left) and William Bakewell, who look as if they're out to show him the town. Page Mrs. Cooper!



Now you have an idea of how sad George Brent can look. Mrs. Brent (Ruth Chatterton to you) hasn't yet appeared on the scene. He's probably thinking how brief a honeymoon they had before starting "The Divorce Racket"

Jimmy Dunn Is Still Dodging Matrimony

The carefree, romantic Irishman, Jimmy Dunn, has no intentions of taking the aisle to the altar. He intends to keep away from marital entanglements—even though his name is constantly linked with romances. Mrs. Dunn's broth of a boy prefers to keep the home fires burning for her—and it's okay with Jimmy if the girls just consider him a pal

BY NANCY PRYOR

NOT since the good old days when Richard Dix was Hollywood's chief heart, and "engagement" breaker, has any young actor come along with so many rumored romances to his credit as James Dunn. Since the release of "Bad Girl" Jimmy has been in various hot and cold stages of engagements with such local nifties as Molly O'Day, Jessie Le Sueur, June Knight, Irene Ware and Maureen O'Sullivan, to name only a few. Considering it took Richard Dix several years to pile up a similar list of conquests, this should give Jimmy the honors. He has been in Hollywood only a little over a year.

When you bring up the idea to Jimmy that he is becoming something of an expert in dodging matrimony he is inclined to go gallant on you. I think the term that best describes Jimmy's personality is "just a big boy." He is quite given to harmless mischief like answering telephones in somebody's office and giving out wrong information. He especially likes answering telephones if the in-coming "call" happens to be someone he can "rib." He gets quite tickled if he can "insult" the guy who dropped the nickel.

Something tells me that Jimmy is one of those dangerous men who appeal to the maternal instinct in women. His restlessness just misses being the jitters—and when he gets excited about something he becomes almost breathless. His hair is never so carefully combed that an interested girl couldn't smooth it down a bit and he has to be "reminded" of practically everything from his business appointments to his Christmas cards and sometimes even his "dates." Left to his own devices for any length of time he will smoke more cigarettes than are good for him. He is a firm believer in the philosophy of "live for today; you may be taking a sleigh-ride tomorrow."

It is this creed of his which may, or may not, have been

(*Continued on page 72*)

AS YOU DESIRE ME

to make skin soft, youthful –firm yet yielding

this much **OLIVE OIL** *goes into every cake of Palmolive*➡

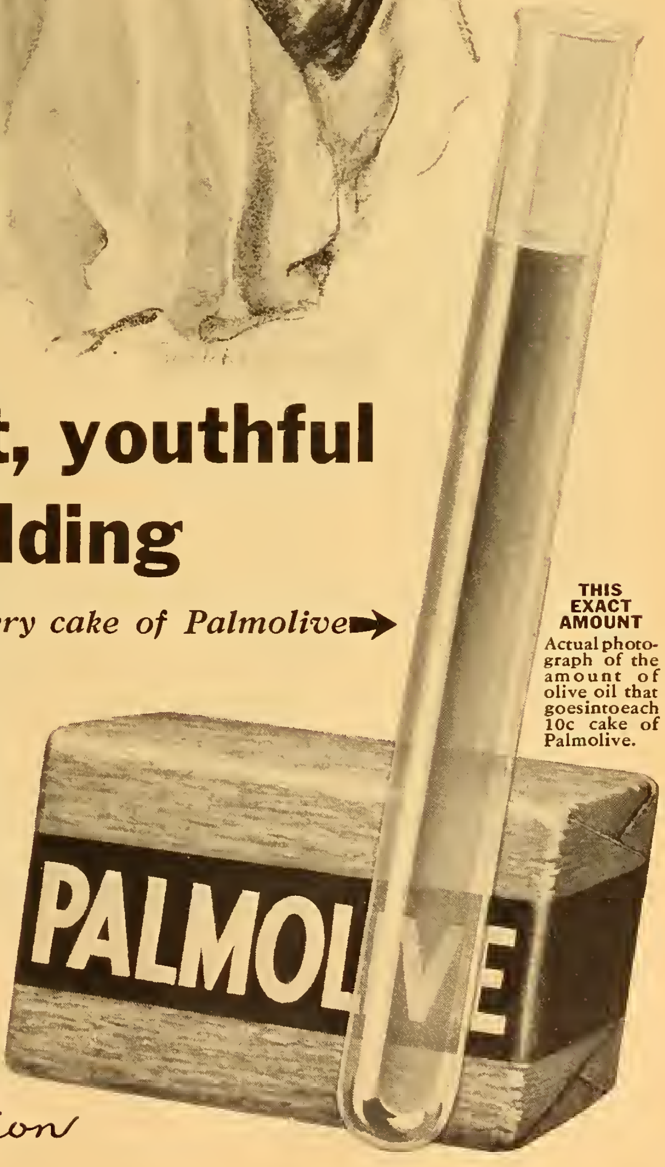
RIGHT now—touch your own skin with your finger tips. Is it soft, smooth, youthful? Is it firm yet yielding to your touch? Is it quite as you desire it?

Then think! How can you seem desirable to others?

Skin can be kept young indefinitely. But you must follow expert advice. Read the simple rule experts give you.

"Olive oil—the great beautifier." But how to use it? More than 20,000 beauty experts answer—in soap—in Palmolive—the one great soap the beauty ingredient of which is largely olive oil. Use it—they say—diligently, faithfully. Use it on face and neck—on the whole body. Rub the rich youth-giving lather right into the skin.

Your reward will be the skin of youth. Because Palmolive does soothe, smooth and soften skin. It does tone skin to youthful firmness. It will give your skin that charm—that something that makes you—keeps you desirable.



THIS EXACT AMOUNT
Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each 10c cake of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Which star do you *most*

"Beauty is not a matter of Birthdays"

screen stars declare—and these pictures prove it

WHICH of these lovely stars do *you* think most beautiful? Your choice may be charming little Virginia Lee Corbin, who is only eighteen. But, too, it may be the fascinating Nazimova, who is over forty!

Surely, you will decide, beauty is not a matter of birthdays! These recent photographs prove the screen stars *keep* youthful charm. You want to *share* their secret!

"We stars *have* to stay youthful," Hollywood stars explain. "So we're very careful about our *complexions*. Almost all of us use Lux Toilet Soap, because it's such a *sure* way of keeping your skin youthful!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap which is so beautifully *white!* It is *official* in all the great film studios.

"I'm 32"

GILDA GRAY

"I'm 34"

BEVERLY BAYNE

LUX

think
Beautiful?

"I'm 28"

MARIE PREVOST

"I'm 18"

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

"I'm over 40"

ALLA NAZIMOVA

"I'm 22"

NOEL FRANCIS

Toilet Soap

INDIFFERENT to GIRLS

There's no romance, light or heavy, in the life of Gene Raymond. While he likes the girls and is a perfect host to them, he prefers to be known as Old Man Indifference until he carves a career for himself. Maybe romance will catch up to him soon, as stardom awaits him just around the corner

By Charles Grayson

GENE RAYMOND was born Raymond Guion, August 8th, 1905. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He has light blue eyes and a jeanharlowish wave of blond hair. He was one of the prime favorites on the legitimate stage; but (if we are to believe the local prophets and a rapidly mounting fan mail) that favoritism was mild beside the popularity he is receiving three thousand miles out here in pictures. For he looks close to being the stand-out in the newer crop of young leading men.

He is not wildly enthused about his adventures in celluloid. "So-so," sums up his reactions to the films. "Naturally I'm impressed with the medium, but so far they haven't—for me—lived up to expectations. They've been sort of like that California scenery you hear so much about in the East—and can't find when you get out here." And that from the boy who scored so auspiciously in "Personal Maid," "Ladies of the Big House," and "Forgotten Commandments"!

But it is well to remember that he is no novice as an actor—one uncertain of his ground. Gene began his stage career at the ripe old age of five, for an engagement in stock. He left grade school in his fourth year and entered the Professional Children's School, an academy for stage kids. Among his classmates were Helen Chandler, William Janney and Marguerite Churchill. There he remained until he made his first real début, in "The Potters" in 1924.

From then on he was established, and things moved fast. He appeared successively in "Take My Advice," with Frank Morgan and Genevieve Tobin, a revival of "Sherlock Holmes," and then "Cradle Snatchers," in which he created the rôle of the dumb Swede and in which he toured the United States for more than two years.

Returning to New York, he was co-starred with Sylvia Sidney in "Mirrors," and later was with George Jessel in "The War Song." After that came "The Shotgun Wedding," and "Say When," a musical. But it remained for "Young Sinners" to bring him his greatest hit. In the part of *Gene Gibson* he played New York and the road for nearly two years, and scored with most of the critics as "the nearly-perfect juvenile."

Naturally the picture scouts were impressed—and those that scouted for Paramount got there first. Raymond was signed for "Personal Maid," with Nancy Carroll. At this time he was still known as Raymond Guion. When it was decided to select a more "box-office" name for his movie start, he selected "Gene Raymond," a combination of his own name and that of his most successful rôle.

Changes His Name

"CHANGING an established name is looked upon with horror by professional people," he admits. "But after having suffered with a difficult handle for so long I appreciated the chance of getting rid of it. I've spent hours trying to have people understand it over the telephone—the weird spellings on the tags returned with my laundry! I once worked for a producer for two years—and at the end of that time he called me 'Ginion.' Is it any wonder that I'm pleased with a simple name like 'Gene Raymond'?"

Gene is also very much pleased with horses. They are his principal hobby,

(*Continued on page 70*)

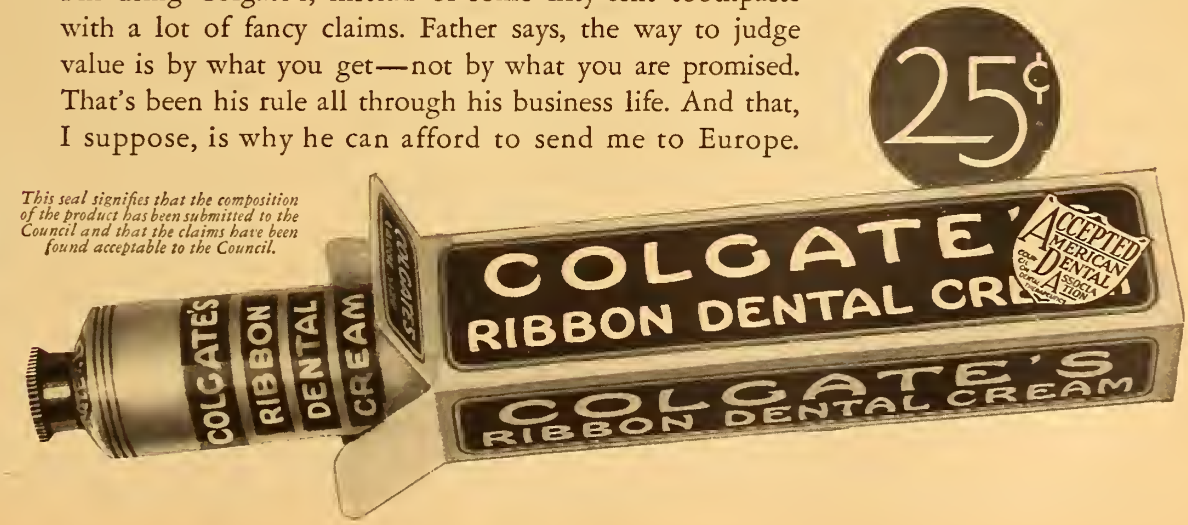
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'VE REMEMBERED EVERYTHING – INCLUDING A LAST CHECK UP WITH THE DENTIST AND ENOUGH COLGATE'S TO SEE ME THROUGH

The quarter saved on every tube of Colgate's means six francs to me in Paris

I'm willing to pay what I have to for the best—but not one cent more. So—since I like the taste of Colgate's—since it cleans my teeth—since my dentist says there just isn't anything better—and since it costs me only a quarter—I'm using Colgate's, instead of some fifty-cent toothpaste with a lot of fancy claims. Father says, the way to judge value is by what you get—not by what you are promised. That's been his rule all through his business life. And that, I suppose, is why he can afford to send me to Europe.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.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COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

LOVE ME TONIGHT

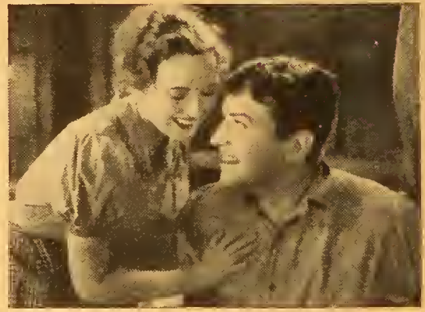
Chevalier In Gay Comedy of Errors: There's no getting around it—Maurice Chevalier has class that no one else on the screen approaches. And to help him prove it, his latest film fantasy is lilting with gaiety; an old story is deftly twisted into all sorts of new angles; the comedy is subtle; the music is catchy; the acting is above reproach; and the direction (by Rouben Mamoulian) rivals the work of Ernst Lubitsch.

Maurice, this time, is a gay Paris tailor who goes to an old chateau to collect a bill from the scapegrace son of the house (Charlie Ruggles)—and is passed off as one *Baron Courtelin*, to spare the family embarrassment. Even a *Princess* (Jeanette MacDonald) falls for the ruse—which Maurice, surrounded by stuffy old noblemen and their dames, comes to relish less and less. It is, to put it briefly, a comedy of errors, served up with music, spice and the one and only Chevalier.

THE CRASH

Stock Market Story—Fair Enough: Again Ruth Chatterton is presented as the discontented wife. Again one watches her count a sort of "eenie-meenie-miney-mo" between romantic impulse and marital duty. As the spendthrift wife of a young stockbroker (George Brent) she is humiliated to find that she cannot cajole the secrets of the "market" from an elderly Wall Street admirer, and to conceal her defeat tells her husband that she has the tip that stocks are going higher.

The crash of the market ruins them financially, and almost ruins them domestically. How she works out her eventual decision, with the aid of a Bermuda interlude and a session of self-support as a gown saleslady the picture tells adequately, if unexcitingly. Frantic Wall Street flashes, clicking tickers and unreeling tape try to create suspense, and succeed, after a fashion. But the plot, involving so few people, hardly dramatizes the crash of 1929.

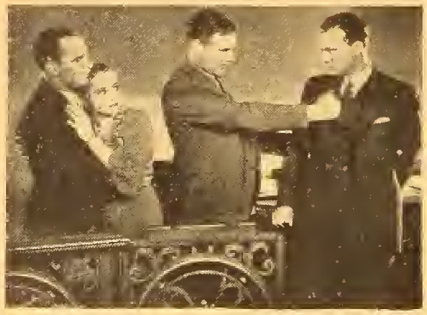


THE CABIN IN THE COTTON

Has Feeling and Rhythm and Barthelmess: This *genre* study of life in the cotton fields is well worth seeing—but not for the reasons that the producers expected. Admirers of Richard Barthelmess will squirm with embarrassment for him in the rôle of a gawky, shy country boy.

At times there are flashes of the boy Barthelmess of "Tol'able David," but in too many scenes he is hopelessly mature and his adolescent speeches sit incongruously on his lips. Nor does the rather tediously-told story of the wrongs of the tenant cotton-pickers and the injustice of the landlords always hold the interest.

But the natives have been gorgeously cast, and the scenes, in which they appear, ring true. Bette Davis, as the daughter of the rich planter in the Big House who tries to raise the boy of the people to the level of her lips, is unforgetably beautiful and beguiling with nothing at all to work with in the way of lines or part.



AMERICAN MADNESS

A Real Picture—Be Sure to See It: Everyone has a remedy for the depression. Columbia's solution of the financial problems of the nation, expressed by Walter Huston, as the president of a big bank, is to extend credit on character and make loans with faith as collateral. Propaganda, however, is nicely sugar-coated with action, and the inside workings of a huge banking institution make a fascinating background for the story of one man against the world.

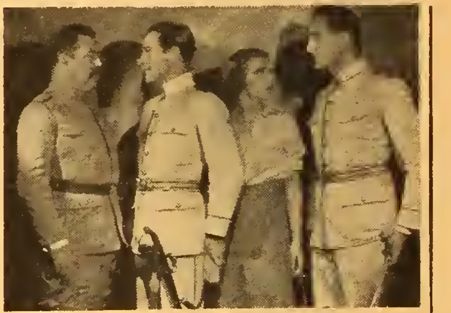
Huston, as that man, is so simple and natural that one hardly realizes that he is doing a piece of superb acting. Pat O'Brien also surpasses himself as the loyal cashier with a joke on his lips.

A hundred details of direction and fine sets make this picture one of the most finished in many moons. The climax of the run on the bank catches the breath and the vindication of the banker's creed leaves one wet-eyed. Not to be missed.

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE

Doug Entertains in a One-Man Show: This is practically a one-man picture. Douglas Fairbanks, as the one-man-production unit and scenario department, has achieved what every actor dreams of, a picture in which he does all the acting. He is also the one-man cast, unless you count a very charming monkey and a dog. They were necessary, because being a talkie, Doug had to have something to talk to. To be sure there are scenes of native dances and a yachting sequence, and toward the end the hero, stranded on a desert island to win a bet finds his "Saturday"—who, he explains, came after Friday.

"Saturday" is ornamentally played by Maria Alba. This combination travelogue, fairy tale and comedy will delight the juvenile audience and the audiences made up of those who are Children At Heart. And even the others will probably get a kick out of seeing Doug enjoy himself so wholeheartedly.



A PASSPORT TO HELL

It's Out Of The Ordinary: Another picture showing what happens to people's morals in the tropics—but with a difference. The difference is Elissa Landi, whose distinction and intelligent beauty dignify a rather routine part into an authentic characterization. As the *déclassée* Englishwoman adrift on the West Coast of Africa she endows her sordid adventures with so much glamour that it is only afterward that one remembers that the plot is familiar.

To avoid internment during the World War the heroine marries the son of the German post commander. During his absence from their jungle home she falls in love for the first time in her life, with his best friend, tenderly and gently played by the admirable Paul Lukas. Stolen maps, a confession to Save Another and all the claptrap of melodrama do not dim the impression at the end that one has seen a picture out of the ordinary.

(*More Reviews on Page 68*)

"*If you don't want to Reduce* don't bother reading this,"

SAYS SYLVIA . . . *the world's foremost authority on the care of the feminine figure*

[Why you must have sugar to lose weight *faster,* and more safely]

Out here in Hollywood, I've slapped, beaten, pounded . . . and dieted . . . many an overweight picture star into shape for the camera. And in New York, many a stage and social celebrity. I get $100 a half hour for doing it.

Now these Life Savers folks have asked me to tell you about my slenderizing method, because Life Savers are part of that method. We'll get back to them later—I want to tell you, in proper order, the things you've got to do to get rid of those bulges, bumps and rubber tires. I don't believe in shilly-shallying. And I'm going to give you my advice straight from the shoulder. If you're a sensitive creature . . . that's just too bad.

FIRST: Exercise sanely. A two-mile (or more) walk a day in the open air.

HELEN TWELVETREES, *RKO Radio Pictures' player*

SECOND: No fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces. And liquor? Don't let me catch you taking a drop!

THIRD: Here's where you get the surprise of your life. You'll think it's a misprint. But it isn't. Get this straight. Don't starve yourself on sugar!

Eat enough Sugar!

Fats are fuel; sugar is the flame. Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and most safely burns away the body fats. And you'll lose weight *faster* with the right sweet at the right time than you ever could without it.

Case after case of my own verifies these facts.

What is the right sweet? I give Life Savers to my clients. I don't let my stars suffer from the pangs of a normal sweets-hunger. I satisfy it . . . and help them reduce at the same time.

Why are Life Savers part of my slenderizing method? Because they are a *purposeful* candy for reducing. They give you quickly assimilated sugar energy without fat-producing bulk. They are hard, so you let them dissolve on your tongue. One Life Saver lasts 8 to 10 minutes. And gives you a lasting gratification of your normal hunger for sweets. You can slip one into your mouth whenever and wherever you like. And as often as your appetite calls for sugar.

Even the most finicky palate can find a flavor it likes, because there are many to choose from. Myself, I like Cryst-O-mints, the new mouth-cooling, crystal drops. But you may prefer Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-rice . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . Or the real fruit-tasting fruit drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape.

I like action . . . let's get started!

If you mean business . . . so do I. But I want to see evidence of your good faith. Show me you're in earnest about this weight-reducing and I'll make you a grand gift.

I have put down in a brief booklet, the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for.

Show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program. Buy at least two packages of genuine Life Savers right now. Mail me two of the wrappers and I'll send you this book which gives the net of my slenderizing instructions.

Mme Sylvia

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON; IF YOU DON'T . . . *Don't!*

MADAME SYLVIA
c/o Life Savers, Inc., Dept. MP-11
Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

*Name*____________________ *Address*____________________

*City*____________________ *State*____________________

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 66*)

OKAY, AMERICA

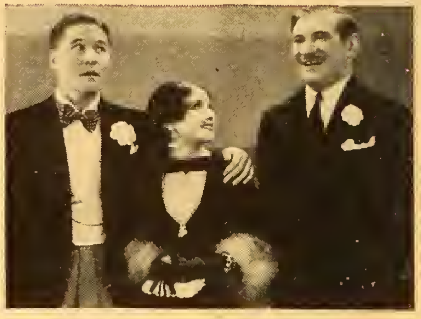
Lew Ayres Makes It Worth While: Lew Ayres is back with a bang! If you have ever thought that this sensitive young actor must have his pictures tailored for his personality, this portrayal of a wise-cracking column writer and radio gossiper proves once and for all that he is an actor, not a type. Not only is Lew likable, and romantic, but the story itself is a clever and original combination of the gang-and-gossip themes which holds the attention from the beginning to the incredible, but inevitable end.

The pace is swift, the dialogue brilliant and the possible objection that such things couldn't happen is easily answered. Such things *have* happened! This is one picture which you can see two or three times. It gives Lew Ayres an entirely new lease of screen life.

The plot revolves around the kidnaping of a Cabinet member's daughter and Ayres' efforts to bring about her return.

LIFE BEGINS

A Woman's Picture—Worth Your While: This is, we believe, the first time that a maternity ward has formed the locale for screen entertainment. The bravery of the producer in visioning a drama of Birth is matched by the delicacy of the direction and the sincerity of the acting. Yet the result is convincing. The courage and conquests of the quiet white rooms where life begins form an idea that will conquer every woman's heart. The types of the mothers, the melodrama of the insane patient searching for her imaginary baby, the actress who drinks gin and sings "Frankie and Johnny" in the maternity ward—these call for dramatic license. Some of the comedy seems out of place at times. Still, Loretta Young has never done better work. Eric Linden, as the young husband of the piteous girl-convict, is poignant in the final scene, and Aline MacMahon very nearly steals the picture as the nurse.



ONCE IN A LIFETIME

Take-Off on Movies—Has Its Laughs: Though we predict that the general public will get a lot of laughs out of this comedy of the girl so dumb she becomes a great picture star, the author who waited six months to see the producer, and the moron supervisor who shot the wrong picture, maybe Hollywood won't find it so funny.

To be a good burlesque there must be a recognizable likeness to the thing burlesqued and the Glogauer Studio, with page boys running about with signs informing people of the whereabouts of the producer, is not even faintly like a Hollywood picture plant. Jack Oakie struggles valiantly to put the nut-eating supervisor across, but he didn't "dead-pan" it enough. Sidney Fox and Aline MacMahon did well enough by their rôles. Those who saw the stage comedy say the picture doesn't come up to it. But there are hundreds of thousands who never saw the play—and they'll laugh over it.

HELL'S HIGHWAY

Okay If You Like Them Heavy: A depressing story of prisoners, tricked out with unshaven extras and clanking chains. Alumni of the rock piles may admire the fidelity with which the sordid details of prison life are portrayed. Other observers will get whatever pleasure this sad and brutal story affords in the exciting episodes of the fire and the escape of the convicts, and in the touching portrayal of the two brothers by Richard Dix and Tom Brown.

As the youngster, who worships his much older brother to the point of blindly following him into crime and punishment, this Brown boy is earnest and sincere, as an actor, far above the usual qualifications of the "juvenile." The final scene is a masterpiece of irony, as the self-satisfied citizens pass along the highway built at the cost of so much brutality and sweat and sin, and blandly admire the view. For those who like vicarious suffering.

70,000 WITNESSES

Murder Mystery—Fairly Exciting: A football picture with a mystery murder of one of the team for high light. The fact that seventy thousand witnesses watch a man fall dead as he nears the goal line for a touchdown without another human being anywhere near him explains the title and the picture's claim to attention.

You will probably be unable to guess the *macabre* solution, which, it is claimed, is based on scientific fact. As a mystery it's a better picture than as a football-and-college story. Oddly enough, this is the first time that Johnny Mack Brown, who came into the movies because of his fame as an All-American football player, has ever appeared on the screen in football uniform! Phil Holmes is absurdly miscast as the Hope of the Team. Dorothy Jordan as the college belle, gives a good performance. Fair entertainment value.

Charlie Ruggles, again a tipsy reporter, almost steals the show.

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

Sixty Exciting Minutes—Nuff Said: It is difficult to review this original picture without spoiling the story by giving it away. For sustained thrills, for suspense that steadily mounts to the very last scene, this picture of the ghastly sport of a madman on a lost and lonely island will be very hard indeed to top.

A trifle too much time is wasted at the beginning in establishing the theory of the famous big game sportsman that the chase is enjoyed just as much by the hunted animal as by the hunter.

He is soon given an opportunity to test the truth of his idea when his yacht is wrecked on a coral reef. A new screen personality, Leslie Banks, will trouble the dreams of sensitive folk with his remarkable characterization of the sinister huntsman. Don't miss sixty of the most exciting minutes of your life. Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are the hunted lovers.

Even a very *young* skin may wrinkle from *Dryness*

Myrna Loy

MYRNA LOY . . . PHOTOGRAPHED IN HOLLYWOOD ESPECIALLY FOR WOODBURY'S BY WILL CONNELL

Hollywood dermatologist advises even youngest screen stars to protect and preserve precious skin-freshness by use of Woodbury's Creams

Myrna Loy is only in her early twenties. But Hollywood's leading dermatologist, in recommending Woodbury's Creams, gave her this advice that every woman should heed:—

"A skin is only as young as it is moist, pliant, sapful. If it is allowed to dry, it becomes old, stiff, doomed to wrinkle, just as surely as though age were the cause. Many things contribute to skin-dryness . . . exposure to wind and sun, the dry air of heated houses, poor circulation, low-calorie diets. These are constantly robbing your skin of its natural moisture. Because of them, you must put back into your skin softening oils to keep it smooth and elastic. That you can do by the regular use of Woodbury's Creams.

"Woodbury's COLD Cream the skin will absorb eagerly 2 or 3 times a day. It 'quenches' the shrivelled cells, enriches and lubricates the skin, gives it *resilience* to *resist* wrinkles.

"Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (used as powder base) spreads a film over the skin to protect it from weathering, prevents the cells from drying out, keeps impurities from entering the pores."

• • •

YOUR skin needs this same care which Hollywood dermatologists recommend for precious screen complexions.

WOODBURY'S SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . Melts at skin temperature. Its fine oils soften and smooth the skin—50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . An exquisite finishing cream. Use it to protect the skin and as a powder base. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . The lightest and "meltiest" of creams. Penetrates deep into the pores—flushes the dirt to the surface. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . A luxurious emollient cream. Use it to prevent and correct lines and wrinkles and for excessively dry skin. 50¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . Refreshing—stimulating—refines texture. For normal or dry skins. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER . . . Spreads evenly. Does not clog the pores. Comes in several carefully blended shades. Exquisitely perfumed. 50¢ and $1 the box.

Woodbury's

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 6323 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked, also samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

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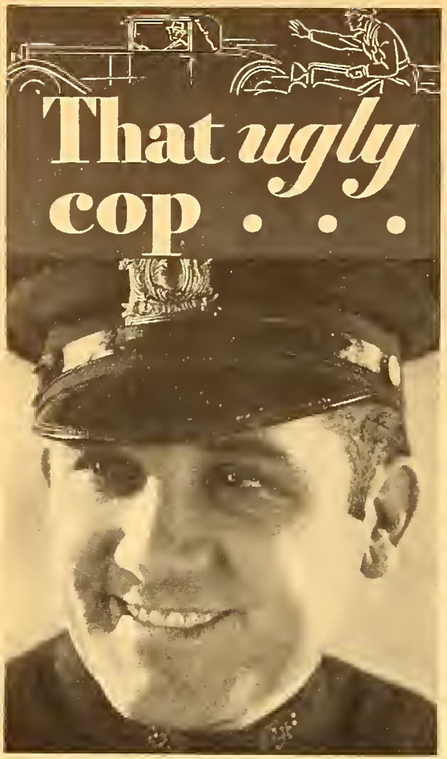
Tune in on Woodbury's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Leon Belasco orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.

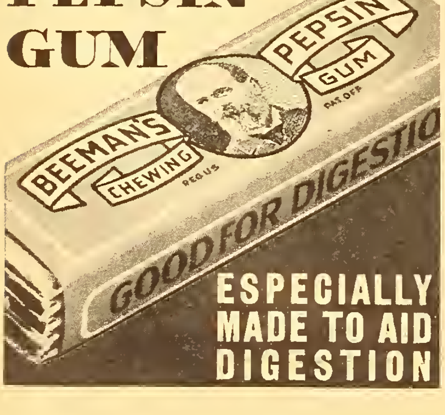


grinning!

Bawling out everyone . . . giving tickets left and right. Everyone in town said that cop was unfair . . . and then he found a way to end his indigestion.

Are you sometimes a bit irritable? It takes so little to make the difference between a smiling healthy person and one who is out of sorts. Beeman's Pepsin Gum is often a help in relieving digestive troubles. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he originated this excellent gum. A real aid to digestion and a most delicious flavor. Chew Beeman's every day.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



Indifferent to Girls

(*Continued from page 64*)

and of all the horsemen in the picture colony (now that a few of the boys have gone polo in such a big way) he can outride most of them. The jumps are his specialty. Oddly enough, the studio forbids him to play polo—but makes no complaint at his daily practice at the dangerous barriers. Perhaps this is because, while he once had his lips split by a polo ball, he has never been injured putting horses over the hurdles.

Horses and his work—these are the things that interest Gene. Toward the ladies he is Old Man Indifference himself. "Girls take your mind off your work," he says flatly. "If I can keep romance out of my life until I've done some of the things I want to do, I'll be lucky. Naturally, I want to marry—but that must be later, when I'm farther along. I don't see how a man who is undergoing all the painful processes of a career can make a go of a happy domestic life.

"How tough on a marriage to come home to your wife after an *average* studio day! My temper is pretty uncertain now, and I don't want to have to take it out on the girl I'll want to marry—which I probably would. So I think it's better to come home to an empty apartment. When I feel I've been kicked around, there isn't anyone who has to listen to me squawk about it."

Loves Solitude

SO young Mr. Raymond continues to live in solitary splendor at the Town House. With no wife upon whom to vent the crabbings of the kliegs, he rides his horses and goes for long rides in his car. He drives at night usually, and alone. He goes very fast and for long distances, and when he returns he feels much better.

"I'm addicted to solitude," he confesses. "Life is such a mixed-up proposition that trying to puzzle out even a small part of it requires, for me, a great deal of being alone. Of course, most of the time I fail in attempting to find any answer to it—but, once in a while I get a brief flash of what it seems to be all about. And that is ample payment for all the silly parties and dumb chatter I've passed up."

When quizzed about his theatrical work, he replied: "The attitude of so many people toward acting is a strange business. They seem to think that a success is due solely to a 'break.' To judge from most conversation about it, it is a 'break' and nothing more that puts one across in this business. No thought is given to those years that an actor must spend in learning his job. A great many theatrical people have the ax out for anyone more successful than themselves, with that old cry about 'the breaks'—when, actually, the reason for the stand-outs is nothing but good hard work."

Takes Life Seriously

GENE is fortunate in this, in that his work and his enthusiasm coincide. He loves to act; he never has wanted to do any other kind of work. He is a perfect example of the square peg in a square hole. In line with his mother's practical ideas he believes that in this country we wait too long before establishing ourselves in professions.

"In Europe," he continues, "children are trained for the professions, starting as babies, practically. Consequently, with the combined advantages of youth and training, they grow up to be artists in their line. But here, in most cases, we allow our young people to attain the early twenties before even starting a thought of a life work. With selective education the child can take a little of all kinds of education—with the result that, generally, the finished product is not equipped for any one thing in particular.

"This is a competitive world. To succeed in it one must be good in his chosen field, and the best way to be good in a chosen field is to start in it early. If a neophyte enters a work early enough and learns it thoroughly, ten to one he will get somewhere while he is still young enough to enjoy his success. And if not while young, surely he will, eventually, achieve a measure of distinction—in which he will differ from his competitors who have wasted years doing this, and that, and something else. This theory is opposed by many educators, but it seems sound to me. *If you want to succeed professionally, start early and concentrate!*"

Gene concentrates. And how! He also wears browns and blues in his suits, although green is his favorite color. He can eat anything. He wears no jewelry, and his favorite book is "The Three Musketeers." He reads and rereads this novel, attracted by its spirited movement. He loves action.

Studio photographers find it difficult to keep him still long enough to take publicity pictures. He plays a fast game of tennis. He prefers sailing-boats to motor yachts. He talks rapidly and impulsively in English—and is progressing with speed in his French and German lessons.

First Actor in His Family

GENE was the first actor in his family. Now, oddly enough, his younger brother is following him in the rôles which he first played—those perennial juvenile parts which have come to be part of our dramatic literature. And oddly, too, by another of those coincidences of casting, when he arrived to start rehearsing for "Personal Maid," he was welcomed by his "father" and "mother"—Donald Meek and Mary Boland.

Meek was Gene's father in "The Potters" and "Jonesy," and Miss Boland was his mother in the stage version of "Cradle Snatchers." The picture varied the tradition only in that in it Meek was Gene's father-in-law!

That part was the kind that Gene particularly likes—the unconventional (and therefore usually dramatic) young man. He has small use for "straight" parts. He also has small use for actors who are obviously—actors. Though the youngest member of the exclusive Players Club, which was founded by Edwin Booth, he suggests not so much a thespian as a former fullback now, hopefully, in the bond business.

But this is far from any ex-athlete trying to find himself. This is a young man with a wallop that would slay half the painted gentlemen in the business, and who has his feet well set on his destined road. His one great wish is for continual self-improvement, and from this rises his major criticism of pictures. This is:

"There is no chance to better a performance. In the theatre one has time to build up a certain quality. In the films we work so hastily that good 'takes' seem like acts of God. For the bad ones there is nothing to do but writhe around in your seat knowing 'There it is—and I can't improve on it, ever.'"

For most of us, however, the cinematic endeavors of Gene Raymond need small improvement. He has personality, talent, and the ladies' demand—sex appeal. Paramount smiles upon him like money in the bank (a sound bank), and are banking on him to become a great money-maker for them. And so thus do we have still another New York favorite who glitters entertainingly in the Hollywood heavens!

Gene may be indifferent to girls, but the girls aren't indifferent to Gene. Because they like him in love scenes (letters from them prove it) he and Frances Dee are going to be developed as a love team.

that unfortunate feeling of bulky, revealing outlines gone!

the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN

(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

SOMETIMES one offends unknowingly! Perhaps unconsciously *you've* overlooked certain things no fastidious woman should overlook. Those telltale outlines . . . those revealing wrinkles . . . that mar the outlines of your close-fitting dresses.

But now no danger of offending again. Kotex, originator of the modern sanitary napkin, presents the new Phantom Kotex. A sanitary pad fashioned to fit smoothly, invisibly, even under the filmiest fabrics.

Flattened, tapered

The ends of this new Phantom Kotex are flattened, and skilfully tapered. They leave absolutely no outline . . . not the slightest bulk. And because it is so self-concealing, you are almost unaware of this modern sanitary protection. It molds itself to the contours of the body.

In efficiency, softness, safety, the new Phantom Kotex is exactly the same Kotex you have always known. Wonderfully absorbent; disposable, of course. Hospitals alone last year used more than 24 million Kotex pads.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

And doubly important, today—you get this new, vastly improved product at no increase in price. Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history.

Be sure when buying it wrapped that you do get genuine Kotex. For your protection, each tapered end is plainly marked "Kotex." On sale at drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.*

To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2112A,
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed..

Street..

City....................................*State*...................................

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WOOLENS fluff up clean in IVORY SNOW

Use the new quick-dissolving IVORY SNOW when you wash your fine woolens. It is pure Ivory Soap . . . safe for a baby's tender skin . . . safe for all downy and silky fleeces.

DISSOLVES AT A SWISH IN LUKEWARM WATER

Ivory Snow is not cut into brittle, flat flakes, but BLOWN into soft round particles which melt like snow itself. You don't need to start with hot water and get your hands so hot that they can't tell when the suds have cooled enough for your woolens. With Ivory Snow you can *begin* with safe, *lukewarm* water and instantly get velvety suds.

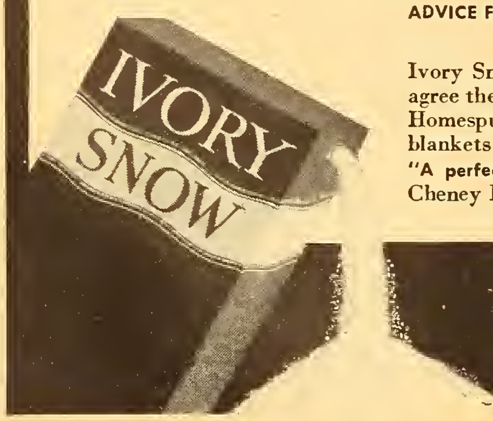
NO STIFF, DISCOLORED SOAP SPOTS

Ivory Snow dissolves *completely*. It has no flat particles that can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. That is why, when you wash your woolens or your silks in Ivory Snow, they look so new—so evenly soft and clear colored.

Use Ivory Snow lavishly — the extra-large package costs only 15¢. And here's a tip — it makes the quickest, thickest, soft - on - your - hands suds for dishes!

ADVICE FROM MAKERS OF FINE WOOLENS AND SILKS

Ivory Snow is "the ideal soap for woolens" agree the weavers of Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills. "A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu.



99 44/100 % PURE

Jimmy Dunn Is Still Dodging Matrimony

(*Continued from page 60*)

responsible for the dark blue "cheaters" through which he peered at me from behind an office desk in the publicity department. "Living for the day" frequently has a throw-back into the night before.

Steps Out With Them All

"HAPPY and irresponsible" just about sums up the boy who knocked them for a couple of loops in "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team." It is practically an irresistible combination to a great many ladies, yet Jimmy disclaims any attempt to imitate Don Juan.

"Gee," he says, "What fellow wouldn't like to step out with the pretty girls of Hollywood (the town's full of them) if he had the same chance I have to meet them? But there is one little detail I would like to clear up. I've never really been engaged to any girl. I like 'em all—sure, who wouldn't? But there's been nothing serious."

In spite of the fact that Jimmy insists on looking at his romances as mere social flirtations there was one young lady who most certainly had matrimonial designs on Mons. Dunn. She informed all her friends that she was "engaged" to him and that they would be married very shortly, if not sooner. Jimmy was giving out statements right and left that he was not going to be married until he had accumulated $100,000 . . . but the gal gaily went on planning.

We began to hear that Jimmy was beginning to be a little worried. In time the worry extended to the studio—the executive gentlemen of the Front Office weren't any too keen on Jimmy's being stormed with a barrage of rice and old shoes. It might have developed into quite a situation if this carefree Irisher hadn't hit on the bright thought of bringing out his mother from New York to live with him and Jimmy proudly announced that his mother was "his only girl" and that he was going to devote the next five years of his life to making her happy. That was the end of *that* rumor—and Jimmy's first success in dodging matrimony.

April, May, Then June

THE girl who, perhaps, held Jimmy's wandering attentions the most devotedly, for the longest length of time, was the pretty dancer, June Knight. June's interpretation of the rumba was something to write home about. Jimmy met June one night following a Hollywood Mayfair party where she had been performing her dance specialty. After that they were practically inseparable. There is little doubt in Hollywood's mind that if June hadn't been summoned East by the late Florenz Ziegfeld to decorate his "Hot-Cha," she and her pal Jimmy would have done a *Lohengrin* up the aisle to the altar and a *Mendelssohn* to the "getaway" car. But too many miles away from Jimmy is just too bad! The boy likes the girls too well to wear out his heart, pining alone.

Peggy Shannon's "stand-in" (or screen substitute), who is also the ex-wife of Joan Crawford's brother (anyway her name is Jessie LeSueur) was the next rumor on the list.

"I'd met Jessie on the Fox lot several times, and honest to goodness, all we ever did was to stand around on the set and kid and laugh. But the funny part of it is, if I ever felt like laying down my life for a girl it was over this kid. It happened this way: I was over in Catalina on location and Jessie was along as a 'stand in' for Peggy Shannon. About five o'clock one afternoon another fellow on the picture and Jessie and myself decided to drive down on the Island. The road was very narrow and steep and the chap who was driving the car suddenly lost control of the wheel. When I realized we were going over the embankment I tried to throw Jessie free of the car. Instead I tossed her right in the path of the crazy, careening thing! I took an awful wallop on the head, and when I came around all I could think of was that girl pinned under the car. I had visions, nightmares they were, of her face being ruined for life. I thought: 'My God, if anything happens to Jessie I'm going to spend my life making it up to her.'"

As Jimmy dashed down that embankment to investigate the condition of his current romance rumor he was probably never so close to matrimony. But once more wedding bells were dodged, for, with the exception of being badly frightened and shaken up, Jessie was completely okay.

Irene Ware came into the Dunn life as a swell companion to take to the prize fights and theatres. You can quite believe it when Jimmy insistently assures you that Irene was just a pal . . . it rings especially true if you have heard the rumors that the pretty little actress from New York is in love with someone else. There's no real need for matrimony-dodging when the lady's real interest is elsewhere.

Exit Irene, Enter Maureen

AS FOR Maureen O'Sullivan, well, it is a little difficult to know the status of the pretty little Irish girl and her equally Irish beau as the romance is still on the griddle, though some insist, in the language of W. W., that it has phfft. He met her when he was supposed to be practically aflame over June Knight and, in the beginning, he was loud in his indignation when the gossip reporters hinted romance. "Just pals," he insisted, "just pals."

However, our New York spy informs us that June didn't look on Jimmy's interest in Maureen in this light, at all. Anyway, something, or somebody, broke them up before June returned to the Coast, for Jimmy isn't so busy calling "pal" in regard to Maureen now. Of course, even they have had their little tiffs (a little blonde was one of them). If you can believe all you hear, Jimmy isn't the kind of beau that sulks in solitude during a lover's quarrel.

"No, sir," proclaims Mr. Dunn, "when I first came out to this town I was warned to keep away from night clubs, and girls, and practically everything that is any fun. At first I did. But I'm through with that sort of thing. I believe in having a good time—and I'm going to do it. If you can't be a movie actor and call your soul your own at the same time, then I don't care to be one."

Never have I met such an independent young man about the movies as Jimmy Dunn. He says he could give them up anytime—without a tear. Already he has his eye on several interesting radio and personal appearance engagements. Even without his screen team-mate, Sally Eilers, he managed to increase his bank account to the tune of five thousand dollars weekly during a recent personal appearance in New York movie theatres. It's funny to Jimmy—the idea a lot of people have that he and Sally have a mild "crush" on one another. Jimmy thinks Sally is a swell number—but he wouldn't bat an eyelash if he never made another picture with her. Jimmy thinks that picture teams are bad business—for both players. He and Sally have enjoyed proving they can draw crowds separately.

"It's hard to please one player—let alone two. A story can't be both a man's and a girl's at the same time—or not many of them can. Not that Sal and I don't get along great—but we'd be foolish in insisting on remaining a team and not trying to stand on our own separate merits. As for being in love with Sally—well, she's married!"

And so far as we know that is the best reason of them all for any young man to go sour on the thought of wedding bells!

Poor BUTTERFLY

so tired,
so unhappy . . .

• Until she learned One Simple Secret

What was wrong? Everything! So many irritations, every day—and she was too tired to cope with them. Too tired. She wasn't even pretty any more. Her eyes were dull—her skin blotchy and blemished . . .

Then—somebody told her a secret. A doctor. She must keep *internally cleansed* with a saline. *With Sal Hepatica.*

For Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as do the health springs of the famous European spas—Wiesbaden and Aix and Carlsbad—where the lovely continental goes to drink for new health, new vitality, new beauty.

All you need do is to stir Sal Hepatica into a large glass of water, and drink the sparkling mixture down. Gently, thoroughly, wastes and poisons are flushed from your digestive tract.

But because Sal Hepatica is *more* than "just another laxative," your system is cleared of poison. Even your blood stream is purified!

Your skin freshens, clears, looks young again. You're not tired any longer. You begin to enjoy being alive!

Sal Hepatica is splendid, too, for headache, upset stomach, colds, and rheumatism. It is an aid in reducing, also. Begin, today, with this splendid saline treatment!

SAL HEPATICA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. T-112, 71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name ______________________
Street ______________________
City ______________ *State* __________

LOST: RED MITTENS
FOUND: WHITE SILK GLOVES

Neglect and bad weather . . . make hands red, rough, out-of-date as mittens. No need to wear hands like that! It costs so little . . . to have the smooth-as-silk whiteness that Frostilla Lotion bestows!

Massage in a few drops morning and night. *See* it quickly disappear . . . *feel* its smooth after-touch . . . *know* that you are safe from chapping and coarseness — this luxurious, fragrant, yet inexpensive way!

★Don't be "switched" when you ask for Frostilla. 35c, 50c, $1 sizes at druggists. 10c bottle at 5 & 10c stores. (Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N.Y.C., Sales Reps.)

FROSTILLA LOTION for chapped hands

"My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most roughened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—*safely*. Golden Peacock acts *so fast*—you use *so little*—it's more economical than *all* other bleaches that *work*. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

ALVIENE SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE
and CULTURAL subjects for personal development—Stage, Teaching: Directing-Drama, Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Screen, Musical Comedy Elocution. Stock Theatre and platform appearances while learning. For catalog 36 apply M. P. Ely, Secy., 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

Clara Bow's *Future* Life-Story

(*Continued from page 47*)

she is acting. Hiding away from everybody, refusing to talk to the press. She has been so bitterly hurt that she is afraid of everything and everybody." When the skeptics could not reconcile the idea of the formerly-flashing and assured Clara in the guise of a brow-beaten little woman, the gossips would call their attention to Clara's long isolation on the Bow-Bell ranch.

But all you Bow fans, who loved Clara's verve and spirit, take heart! The new Clara Bow is not a timid, shrinking, beaten girl in spirit. We have the word of one of her few close friends that Clara has never been happier, or fresher in her mental outlook.

One of the main reasons she hasn't been "seeing people" is because she is under the doctor's orders to avoid nervous excitement as much as possible. Another very good reason is that Clara feels that she has always "talked too much" to the press. It was one of the mistakes made by the *first* Clara Bow. This new girl who is carrying on her name into a second career does not want to make any of the same old mistakes. It is not fear, but caution, that so conveniently helps Clara to develop an "earache" or a "headache" when pressed for an interview appointment.

Proof She Isn't Afraid

"CLARA, afraid?" scoffs her close friend. "Clara has never been afraid—even at that dark time a year and a half ago when she was on the verge of a nervous collapse. Clara has always been a fighter. It's part of that great personality of hers. I don't see how anyone who ever really knew Clara could believe she would be *afraid* of anything . . . even Hollywood.

"If Clara had ever been afraid, she would have come back to Hollywood anxious to accept any rôle offered her, timid about her popularity, fearful that she would not be wanted. Instead, when Clara's career was really at its shakiest point, she boosted her salary and refused more parts and offers than the average actress has in a lifetime.

"Before she accepted the Fox offer, another studio tried particularly hard to get her. I think they felt that Clara should be glad of the opportunity they were offering her, even though the salary would never make her rich. Clara's answer was very definite. She almost tripled the amount of money she had been drawing from Paramount at the height of her fame and told them she might consider their offer at that price! Does that sound like a scared girl to you?" Or you? Or *you?*

"If there really is any 'new Clara Bow,' the change must lie in this idea of hers not to be associated with anything that brings up past unhappiness to her. Just because Clara is not seeing reporters that does not mean that she is not seeing other people. Only the other evening she attended a party given in her honor and there were forty people there! Clara had one grand and glorious time, and was the life of the party, as usual. Something came up at the party that quite typifies Clara's new outlook: In a joking way someone said, 'Is this Clara Bow, the famous movie star?' 'Nope,' laughed Clara, 'I'm a brand-new newcomer . . . believe it or not.'"

How Her Ideas Have Changed

THE interior decorator on the Fox lot must believe it!

In an effort to be extraordinarily nice to the little red-head, the decorator went to the trouble of finding out the way her former dressing-room on the Paramount lot had been furnished. Discovering that Clara's favorite dressing-room colors had been black and gold, he set about to decorate Clara's new dressing-room on the Fox lot in black-and-gold. It was supposed to be a surprise! It was to the decorator. When Clara, the new Clara, got wind of the plans (just try to keep a surprise in Hollywood!), she cordially thanked the gentleman for all his trouble, but firmly added that she wanted the Fox dressing-room done in green-and-white!

The studio photographer is another who has learned (and how) that the new Clara Bow is not following along any routines and precedents set by the original flame of the screen. It happened this way:

Clara arrived in the portrait gallery one morning and sat for hundreds of publicity photographs. Clara is the type of subject who is best caught "off guard." Very few of her pictures are actually posed.

A couple of days later Clara received the proofs. Among those "unguarded" portraits were three or four of Clara winking gaily at the camera. Now, somebody took a very large pencil and marked up the winking photos. Surely you haven't forgotten that a "wink" was the most characteristic photographic pose of the former Clara!

What Will She Do Next?

CLARA has been quoted as saying that she is back in Hollywood for the sole purpose of "making enough money to be able to stay out of it" for the rest of her life. At her present salary that won't take so very long. Then Clara will probably retire to the Bow-Bell ranch for the rest of her life, delighting in the rôle of Mrs. Rex Bell. Or, at least, that is what she says she wants to do.

But entirely aside from the money she is making in her "second career," Clara has other ambitions. Before deciding that she would like to make "Call Her Savage," she had been reading scripts from practically every studio, considering rôles that had been offered to her. Besides the salary at Fox (said to be $125,000 for the one picture), she liked the script of "Call Her Savage," written by Tiffany Thayer, author of "Thirteen Men" and "Thirteen Women." She saw in it a chance to be dramatic as she had not been before. And more than anything, Clara is anxious to show the world what the critics have long suspected—that she is a great actress, as well as a great personality.

And besides the dramatic ambitions, she has ambitions to direct pictures. She helped the script writers adapt certain scenes of the new picture as she wanted them. She was given a voice in the selection of the cast. She and the director have consulted together constantly. The new Clara Bow has all kinds of possibilities! She isn't through surprising you, by any means!

Hollywood has never been so shocked by a sudden death as by the suicide of Paul Bern, motion picture producer and husband of Jean Harlow, on September 6, two months after their wedding.

Bern, little known to the public, was one of the most popular men in Hollywood—and by his generosity and by the aid that he had given others in trouble had won the title of "The Kindest-Hearted Man in a Heartless Town." In the October MOTION PICTURE, there was a long story about him, entitled "The Man Jean Harlow Has Married."

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

ing to start work on "The Divorce Racket." Some of their friends say that sentiment prompted the site for the honeymoon, as their romance is popularly supposed to have started there during the filming of "The Rich Are Always With Us." Others, however, say that it was a good way to save hotel expenses while shopping around for a house.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN won the first round of his battle to keep his sons—Charles, Jr., 7, and Sydney Earl, 6—from fulfilling a film contract that their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin, had made for them. And when the restraining order was handed down by Superior Judge H. Parker Wood, neither Charlie nor Lita was in court! The Judge issued an order modifying the divorce decree of the Chaplins, to include a provision prohibiting employment of the children without written consent of both parents.

Meanwhile, romance rumors about Chaplin are in the air again—this time linking him with Paulette Goddard, platinum blonde newcomer to films. She is in the Eddie Cantor film, "The Kid from Spain," and out of the sixty-five "Goldwyn girls" in the picture, she is one of nine who have won long-term contracts.

JACKIE COOGAN has entered college this autumn, which makes you realize that "The Kid" is almost grown up. He has entered Santa Clara College—Edmund Lowe's alma mater—at San Jose, California, for the four-year drama course, and is trying out for cheer leader. He will be eighteen on October 26.

BEBE DANIELS, off the screen these many months, returns opposite Edward G. Robinson in "Silver Dollar." Moreover, she appears to be a blonde again. Bebe went blonde once for the screen, you remember, but soon changed back again—and vowed that she would stay raven-haired forever and a day. But the heroine of "Silver Dollar," for some reason or other, had to be a blonde—so Bebe, despite the heat, put on a wig. Her next picture is likely to be "Radio Girl"—in which she will play a radio singer, a rôle not unknown to Bebe off the screen. Her principal accomplice, it appears, is likely to be Dick Powell, the peppy young master of ceremonies who made his screen début in "Blessed Event."

SPEAKING of Dick Powell, who was one of our last month's Nominees for Stardom, reminds us that some of his friends in Pittsburgh (where Warners discovered him) have written us that we were misinformed about his being unmarried. Upon investigation, it appears that they are right. He is married, but separated from his wife, who lives in the East. Hollywood is whispering romance rumors about Dick and Joan Marsh, who was lately rumored to be about to marry one Joseph Dunn (no relation to Jimmy).

JAMES CAGNEY, abandoning plans for a long European tour, returned to Hollywood from New York (where he and his wife holidayed quietly in a midtown hotel) to have some more conversations with Warners about his disputed contract. Both sides in the controversy are anxious to avoid a lawsuit, and there is every indication that

(*Continued on page 85*)

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"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"

Hoover and Roosevelt Will Fight It Out in Movie Theatres

(*Continued from page 29*)

isn't what they say, but how they say it. And if that isn't the chief attribute of acting, Hollywood has been wrong all these years.

By every token, Hoover should be a better actor than Roosevelt. He has had four years of intensive training as a Presidential movie star, and there is no question but what his recent technique has improved noticeably. Yet he is seldom cast to the best advantage.

Okay With Cameramen

CERTAINLY Hoover lacks the glamour of his political opponent. Roosevelt has a dashing screen personality, and the additional power of a historic name that looks well in star billing. Cameramen like him, and it never does any harm to have friendly fellows taking your picture, as every star in Hollywood will attest.

The cameramen like Hoover, too, though they deplore his never-relaxing dignity. He is always willing to oblige, they tell me, but he balks at stunts. He frowns on doing anything more spectacular than shaking hands with visitors, presenting medals or delivering some lengthy speech.

The length of speeches—not only Hoover's, but any public official's—is one of the greatest problems confronting newsreel men. Brevity is said to be the soul of wit, but statesmen will have none of it. They are long on verbosity and would continue wordily for reels, if permitted. You have seen people in a newsreel jump suddenly as though prodded with a pin. That is because large chunks of the reel have been cut out, so that only a few brief and meaty remarks may remain.

Hoover has shown cooperation with the news cameramen by shortening his speeches considerably. But apparently nothing can cure him of the habit of reading what he has to say. He will not speak extemporaneously, as Roosevelt usually does.

Now, Calvin Coolidge was the real pet of harassed newsreel men! Talkies came in about the time that he went out, but he never had too much to say and he was not above doing a stunt—even going to the lengths of dressing up in his cowboy suit when asked. Sometimes he didn't have to be asked. As "Silent Cal," he had something of the glamour and inscrutability of Garbo. Politicians would do well in patterning after Coolidge, the only man who could wear an Indian war bonnet and still keep his dignity. Then, too, he was given splendid support by that most gracious of leading ladies, Grace Coolidge. They were as well-matched a team as Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor or Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

Coolidge was always "Cal" to the news boys. No one thinks of referring to Hoover as "Bertie" or even "Herbie." He is definitely and irrevocably "Mr. President," and "Mr. President" he remains.

Hoover has a well-known phobia about close-ups. The contour of his face being what it is, he is said to be sensitive about it. A close-up of the Hoover countenance is as rare as a picture of a broad Hoover smile. He allows himself no more than a fleeting grin, again probably because of the rotundity of his features. Check with me. Have you ever seen Hoover looking really happy on the screen?

There was a time, however, when the cameramen double-crossed Hoover and obtained the close-ups he denied them. But that was early in the game. They had finished photographing him from a distance and were preparing to move closer when the President fled in apparent fright. His secretary explained. Mr. Hoover did not want close-ups. Well, maybe a little closer. A three-quarter length, perhaps.

The cameramen came forward a few feet, deftly slipping on their long-distance lenses while doing so. They got close-ups that time, but since then all cameras have been examined to see that the lenses are regulation. It takes a smart man to slip over long-distance lenses these days.

Their Screen Personalities

ROOSEVELT is less self-conscious—even about his much-discussed lameness. But according to what I am told, all the newsreel services have instructed their cameramen to keep Roosevelt's limp out of the picture, whenever possible. "Shoot above the cane," is the order. Whether they fear to create sympathy for him or whether they dislike calling attention to a physical ailment is not known.

Roosevelt, with his broad smile, manifests a great vitality on the screen. He is careful, however, to avoid clowning. Constant—and perhaps unconscious—clowning for the cameras had much to do with Al Smith's losing the nomination. Al's gestures were amusing enough, but they made a film comedian of him.

There is no arguing but what Roosevelt has displayed better showmanship than Hoover in the campaign to date. His thrilling dash by airplane to the Chicago convention made the best of short screen features, and his sailing trip with his four sons had "heart appeal." He knows the audience's love of children and is frequently photographed with his young grandchildren. Furthermore, he moves about the country more freely—goes on location, as it were. Hoover plays in one set, and one set becomes tiresome, even if it is the White House.

But it is in his willingness to talk scathingly of Prohibition that brings Roosevelt the loudest applause. It is no secret that theatre audiences are wet-minded, wringing wet. They cheer to the rafters any advocate of repeal. Demonstrations greet Roosevelt's every mention of the Prohibition question. Hoover cannot meet his opponent here on common ground. As Chief Executive of the nation, he must temper his private views with public responsibility.

That Hoover realizes the importance of newsreels in his campaign for re-election is evidenced by a diatribe recently directed against him by a newspaper cameraman. This chap, in an article published by a national magazine, took the President violently to task for his asserted habit of posing first for newsreel men, thereby making reporters and still photographers wait until the movie cameras had stopped grinding. According to the newspaper man, this is a breach of ethics and an implied insult to the press.

I prefer to see in Hoover's attitude evidence that he knows which side of his bread is most generously buttered. The recent change in the height of his collar is another evidence. There may even be some significance in the fact that new and improved talking picture equipment has been installed in the White House. The best of the Hollywood product is placed at the President's disposal for private projection. Is he taking tips from the professional screen? It is said he has shown marked preference for films in which Clark Gable and other virile he-men appear. Herbert Hoover's own middle name is Clark, you remember.

Proof that Herbert Hoover realizes the

power of the camera was brought out during August, when he went informal for the cameras—whole batteries of them—during a week-end at his Rapidan, Virginia camp.

While the cameras clicked and whirred, Mr. President first fished for trout in one of the mountain streams—wearing a business suit and hip boots. (The noise of the talkie apparatus scared away the fish, but he showed his prowess at whipping a fly along the water.) Then, making a quick "costume change," he donned riding breeches and puttees and sat for a few minutes with Mrs. Hoover, who alternately knitted and joined him in playing with their two dogs. Then, for the benefit of the cameras, Mr. Hoover rode horseback along one of the mountain trails. Afterward, he did a bit of strolling, admiring the beauties of the Presidential vacation spot.

It took the newsreel chaps some time to wind up the sound cables strung about the landscape—but they were not hustled away when they had finished. They were, in fact, invited to stay to lunch.

Yes, from all indications, this will be an election by newsreel. And should it not follow that 1936 will be a year of *nomination* by the same medium? It is not beyond the realm of possibility, despite its seemingly fantastic aspects.

It's A Democratic-Republican Production

THE Democrats and Republicans find themselves this year in much the same position as film producers. Would they not be wise to adopt studio methods? Four years from now they must again choose party candidates. Why not institute voice and camera tests and select Presidential timber in a projection room?

Both conventions might meet in 1936 in huge projection rooms. The screen tests of individual candidates could then be run, and the worth of the performances noted. Eliminations could be made by applause or ballot, and dark horses entered at psychological moments. There need be no radical changes in the methods of political showmanship, other than that, for once, the delegates would be allowed to see what they were buying. And why not? Previewing movies for public reaction is a recognized practice in Hollywood. Nomination by newsreel is absolutely in order under the existing circumstances.

No movie magnate of to-day can afford to sponsor an untrained star. Nor should a political party send an amateur thespian to his destruction before the relentless cameras. It might even be judicious to establish screen schools for political aspirants.

By this method, such devastating blunders as the lamentable case of "Big Jim" Watson could be avoided. The Senator from Indiana was the man appointed to deliver the keynote speech of the great Republican party. And the Senator encountered a fly.

Perhaps you remember the newsreel clip. The Senator was talking away at a great rate when a common housefly, completely unimpressed by the importance of the proceedings, chose the Senator's nose as a temporary resting place. The Senator's hand rose in a gesture that had no bearing upon what he was saying. The fly departed hastily, but, with the persistency of its breed, immediately returned. Again and yet again the Senator attempted to rid himself of the offending insect.

Whatever the import of that keynote speech to the voters of the land, it was completely lost to American audiences. Laughter crowned Senator Watson's remarks wherever the reel was shown. The fly stole the show literally from under his nose. It proved itself to be almost as good an actor as Mickey Mouse and, like a mouse, no doubt frightened the elephantine G. O. P.

It must have been a Democratic fly.

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Did $26,000 Outweigh a Honeymoon Trip for Kay Francis?

(Continued from page 51)

anything. We were recognized. We were followed from place to place. We had to go. I felt quite bitter and childishly disappointed about it all. That night, Fame seemed to weigh almost nothing on the scales.

Thinking of the Child-to-Be

"THEN there are the more fundamental things to be weighed. We'd like to have a baby. Because I feel that it would be a pleasant thing to have—not at all because I feel that I *must* have the experience in order to have 'lived,' as so many women do. I'm not a bit sentimental about it. But, in the first place, I do not believe that a baby would enjoy *being had*—right now.

"What have we to give a child as we live to-day? When I come home from the studio at night, I am full of it, I am dead tired, I can think of nothing but getting into a tub and removing my make-up. I know that I could not, at the same time, be full of the nursery and imbued with a desire to get the *baby* into the tub. And then, on the other side of the scales, I think 'Supposing I should *never* have a child?' Well . . . I have had so much that other women never know that perhaps it would all balance quite perfectly.

"There is, in connection with all of this, the weighing of values as to whether a woman should work—or not. I believe that she should NOT. For the glorification of Self that we get, for the fun and the fever of fame, for the money we make and the abnormal independence we know, there is so much that we lose. In the first place we are, necessarily, masculinized. It couldn't be otherwise. We are out in the world of men, we fight, we compete, we work. We lose some of the essentially soft femininity which used to be our birthright. And if all of this harms a woman it harms a man far more. It takes away from him his right to provide and protect, and these are the basic factors of the male birthright.

She Tells Why She Works

"YOU may wonder why, feeling as I do, I go ahead and do it. Because I weigh both sides and I find, whatever kind of a person this makes me, that the joy I get from working outweighs the things I lose. But I do know that I lose them.

"When I was first married, at seventeen, to Dwight Francis, I was a much better wife than I am to-day. I might not have been quite so much of a personality. I have an idea I was rather more of a person and considerably more of a woman.

"My having been twice married, under two different sets of circumstances, has made it easy for me to weigh things. I know that the kind of person we should be, according to Hoyle, is not always the kind of person we can be. I know that there is not that poetized thing, 'one love in a lifetime.' I have proved that—by loving twice.

"Also, I have been poor and I have had more than enough money. I know that a medium state between the two is the proper balance for me. Luxuries mean nothing to me. *Things* mean very little to me. And I am glad. Because, when things become important to you, you are a slave. The only 'thing,' if I may call him that, that really matters to me is my Dachshund dog. I have no desire for swanky cars. I still have my little old flivver and I still drive it myself. I do not want large and sumptuous homes—I'll tell you about that later.

"All rumors to the contrary, I give very little time to clothes. Jewels are a bother. Large parties are a bore, and we never go to them and never give them. Our entertaining consists in having a couple in for Bridge now and then and in taking a few people who like to go boating with us on our boat. We do a lot of reading. Ken is the real litterateur of the family. I follow his lead. When I am working, my taste in literature is low. I go in for detective stories and I read the first chapter and then the last so that I can pick the book up any place and save my mind.

Where They'll Live Some Day

"I WEIGH our marriage and its safety against other marriages and their shipwreck. I'm not afraid. It's a trite and an oft-told tale, but I do really believe that we are *different;* I believe it, so why not say it? Our bodies are in Hollywood, but our roots are in the East. We shall remain in Hollywood just so long as we are wanted, so long as we have jobs. We will not stay one minute after our bell has rung. That is definite.

"And against that possibility and because it is our dream, we have bought a two-hundred-year-old farmhouse near Cape Cod. Some day, we shall go there to live. Perhaps, too, we'll have a little apartment in Paris and some sort of hide-out for the winter months in New York. But that farmhouse is to be our home. It still has its old-fashioned oil lamps. There are quiet, charming neighbors near at hand, people who have never been to Hollywood and who have heard the echoes of it only faintly. We know we balance because we fit in quite as well with those people as we do with our Hollywood friends.

"Only our *work* in Hollywood tips my scales at all. On the other side there is almost nothing of Hollywood at all. For instance, Ken very seldom sees my pictures. If it just happens to be convenient for us to go to a preview of one of them, or if one happens to be playing in a neighborhood theatre and we drop in on it, he sees it; otherwise, not. He hasn't even read the script of the Lubitsch picture. I frequently have no idea what he is directing and have never been on any set he has worked on. None of this is a preconceived idea. It just happens that way. We very seldom talk about it at all. We never talk about our work when we are at home together. I don't know why. It's just because, I think, there are so many other things to talk about.

"To sum it all up, I believe that there are three things, and only three, in life worth having—health and work and love. If you have these three things, your scales are so weighed down on the right side that it doesn't at all matter what is on the other side. I have these three things. I am perfectly happy. Perhaps I should be afraid to say so—but I'm not."

Did You Know That--

Kay Francis, having finished "A Very Private Scandal," is now playing Ronald Colman's wife in "I Have Been Faithful"? (She and Ronnie have played together once before, in "Raffles.")

This second rôle will keep her busy until her four months' leave of absence is over—and she will then return to her home studio to be one of several stars in "Forty-Second Street"?

The "honeymoon" will probably be postponed for another year?

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

Just recently, ferinstance, Chico, the piano player brother, visited Al Jolson's bungalow at United Artists. He arrived just as Al and the composer, Irving Caesar, were putting the finishing touches on a new song for Jolson's "The New Yorker." Chico sat outside until he had it memorized. Then he walked in, and after a bit said: "Boys, we've got a swell tune for our new picture. Listen—" Then he played the song he had just heard, said goodbye, and hurried away—leaving Al and Irving in that state known as fit to be tied.

THE philosopher of the group is Groucho, the chattering zany with the painted moustache. Groucho loves to reminisce of the old days, and he recalls his salad period with: "The country's greatest need was a three-cent cigar. Cornetists wore derbies instead of blowing in them. Free liver came with every meat purchase. Halley's comet was the big outdoor attraction. Men who played golf were considered effeminate. Sauerkraut always went with hot dogs. Shop girls wore silk stockings only on Sundays. Only swell homes had more than one bathroom. 'Skidoo' was a real wise-crack, and girls blushed at 'Oh, you Chicken.' Bad breath had no other name . . . And actors never got their pictures in the papers unless they died."

THE dumbness of Harpo, the silent one, is as phony as his wig. Actually he is baldish and very witty. Like the others, however, he gets extremely morose at the first showing of each of their new pictures. One of those question-askers came barging up with "What do you usually do after you've had your first preview?"

Harpo scowled, answering: "Usually you commit suicide."

THAT young maestro, J. Cooper, is another who is faintly annoyed by not-too-smart questions. "Do you study?" someone asked him the other day. "And how!" Jackie snapped. "How much have you learned about arithmetic?" persisted the questioner. "Enough," El Cooper replied, "to leave it alone."

WHEREAS that other Jackie, Mrs. Oakie's bouncing boy, was watching an actress draw herself a new mouth after working with one of the studio's heavy lovers. "In these love yarns," Jack sighed, "it's just a case of kiss and make-up."

THE reports of the way Garbo is being pursued, even in her own home town, give us the excuse at last to tell the best yarn about the aloof one that we've ever heard. It deals with the tragic case of a young actor who went overboard for her, hook-line-and-sinker. For months this juvenile worshipped her distantly—and then he was asked to a party which she had agreed to attend. And sure enough, when he arrived, there she was—commanding the room from a high-backed chair. He had never seen her look more beautiful, and when the host offered to introduce him, the boy suddenly felt not up to it. He simply stood at a polite distance and feasted his eyes upon the pale loveliness whose legend has encircled the world. And then—

And then she looked at him and *winked!* He turned red. And white. And back to red again . . . and then back to white as one of those famous hands lifted and beckoned him to her.

(*Continued on page 83*)

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	Grey... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily... ☐
Creamy .. ☐	Hazel.. ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Medium ☐	Brown.. ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist. ☐
	Black. ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry.... ☐
Ruddy..... ☐	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
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Olive...... ☐	Dark.. ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 55*)

breros and heavily braided scarlet coats.

The picture stars enter into the fiesta spirit, dropping the harassing thoughts of contracts and parts to play. Like any tourist, little Mary Carlisle clambers onto a wooden-wheeled bullock cart to have her picture taken. Ben and Bebe Lyon have themselves snapped by a friend, feeding the screaming macaws and snow-white cockatoos in the patio, immediately after a party of schoolma'ams from Texas. Sidney Fox flings her penny into the Wishing Well with the little shopgirls from San Diego. And Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks bump against the bridal couple from Sioux City on the dance floor of the dining room.

In the gift shops the screen stars flock to buy souvenirs like any other visitors—and there many take their winnings from the games of chance. Tod Browning buys a diamond and jade bracelet for his pretty wife with a lucky throw of the dice. Gilbert Roland chooses a piece of costume jewelry for—but the discreet clerks reveal no romantic secrets! Jack Oakie, grinning as usual no matter what the turn of the wheel, saunters in to buy a present for "Ma"—a piece of fragile lingerie, with a kiss and a joke for the salesgirl, who confesses that she is "used to the crazy ways of those movie actors." Lupe Velez, who used to run out into the Casino to exhibit a gorgeous bracelet to Gary Cooper and come back, drooping, to say "He don' like eet—says I got too much diamond already!"—Lupe rummages behind the counters in the cases and acts as salesgirl to the other customers, crying enthusiastically, "Sure! Isn't that lofely? Why you don't buy?"

Where Stars Hold Reunions

ANY week-end at Caliente is a Hollywood reunion. Here is a playground where no one tries to hide his identity or to escape from Fame. A list of the picture patrons of Agua Caliente would read like an almost complete roll call of the industry—always excepting that Great Exception, Garbo. (And rumor has it that Greta, herself, has visited the hotel in disguise.) Baron Long, whose Vernon Country Club and Sunset Inn were favorite resorts of the movie colony in the old days, had his screen friends in mind when he visioned this Arabian Nights palace on the arid desert wastes beyond Tia Juana, and since the day it was opened they have formed twenty-five per cent of the crowds who have thronged its casinos, bars, paddocks.

Some of the stars come for one attraction, some for another. Norma Shearer takes advantage of the sulphur baths in the most complete Spa on the American continent; Joseph Schenck is an ardent patron of the two golf courses, miraculous green velvet in a brown waste; Carl Laemmle, Jr., prefers the racetrack grandstand; and Al Jolson patronizes the greyhound track. But whatever their choice, their purpose in coming to Caliente is the same—to have a good time.

No wonder picture people feel at home in Caliente! Isn't Joseph Schenck the new President of the Agua Caliente Association? And isn't Alex Montoya, the always smiling *maître d'hôtel* who stands at the doorway of the luncheon patio, the familiar "Alex" who greeted every motion picture celebrity that ever lunched or dined at the old Montmartre Café on Hollywood Boulevard?

Alex speaks regretfully of the passing of that famous movie landmark. "With the closing of the Montmartre, a chapter of Hollywood was finished," he says. "But restaurants have vogues—then another newer place becomes the style and the stars flock there, with the tourists after them. Caliente, alone, is not a fad. It is a habit.

Favored by Honeymooners

"THEY all come here—the old favorites I knew, like Charlie Chaplin, and Doug and Mary and Claire Windsor, and the new ones also. Not long ago I recognized Greta Nissen with a dark, handsome young man. We had just heard that she and Weldon Heyburn had come to Tia Juana to be married and were able to serve them a bridal luncheon; then Leslie Fenton and his pretty young bride, Ann Dvorak, paid us a visit on their honeymoon. We see them all, the romances that are starting—and finishing!

"They are in a mood of holiday, the stars, when they come here. More so than they used to be in Hollywood. There they drew figures on the tablecloths, and studied their scripts while they ate. Here they do not talk shop. It is perhaps the one place where they forget the studio. They play little tricks. There was Charlie Chaplin, who tied his leg to the foot of a huge life-size doll we had for decoration and danced with her all the evening; and Buster Keaton, who performed a Spanish bull-fight for the amusement of his party, being both the matador and the bull. And Al Jolson acted as master of ceremonies one night, and Jack Oakie did stunts to please a little boy who recognized him. It is all very impromptu and very spontaneous. We never ask anyone to perform."

Mr. Flannigan, in charge of the dog racetrack, likewise knows his picture patrons well. "Al Jolson is buying some racing dogs, himself," he says, "and so is Robert Leonard, the director. I wouldn't be surprised if little Mary Carlisle gets herself a fast-stepping greyhound or two—she is here every moment she can spare away from the studios, and insists on patting all the dogs after each race. Jackie Coogan owns several greyhounds and races them occasionally."

"Still it does sorter hurt my feelings," drawls Tom Mix, "to set and hear my gang of real he-man cowboys yelling themselves hoarse, watching some pore little puppy dogs chasing each other!"

Racing Draws the Crowds

THE dog racing track and grandstand, where mighty crowds in the late summer and autumn watch the electric rabbit chased by baying hounds, were the first unit to be built at Agua Caliente. But it is the horse races that attract the greatest Hollywood crowds. Al Jolson's horse, "Concord," races there now and then, and Jack Dempsey's fast-stepping mare won one Caliente Derby. Every room in the hotel is booked ahead solidly for months, for the Handicap where last year the great Phar Lap lost so much money for Hollywood fans who bet strongly on another entry. Joseph Schenck has just returned from a trip to the large racing stables in the East to arrange for some of the fastest horses in the world for Caliente's next season—from January to the last of March.

For ordinary week-ends the Casino, of course, is the chief attraction. Ever since Raoul Walsh won seventeen thousand dollars in three plays on his honeymoon, picture people have been trying to equal his good luck. The nearest to do so, perhaps, was Uncle Carl Laemmle, who took away a check for eleven thousand one night. Victor McLaglen is a frequent visitor, and plays for high stakes. Gilbert Roland is another frequent Hollywood habitué, but the croupiers recognize many other screen stars on Saturday and Sunday evenings. Some, like

Sidney Fox and Sylvia Sidney, try their luck at "vingt-et-un," a card game; Al Jolson prefers craps; Tom Mix, in carved white leather riding boots and wide white sombrero, steers his new bride toward the roulette wheels.

"The stars used to play big money in the old days," the Casino manager says rather sadly. "Now you can see some of the most famous motion picture celebrities playing fifty-cent pieces—and getting a great kick out of it, too! Many of the biggest screen stars don't bet at all—just stand and watch the other players."

Many Go There for Health

THE Spa, housed in a tiled building, with a complete system of sulphur baths from the natural hot springs that gave the resort its name, violet ray rooms, steam cabinets, needle spray baths, rubbing rooms and gymnasiums, surrounds the plunge where Johnny Weissmuller and the other athletically-inclined stars gather. The European luxury of various kinds of Spa-bathing has been slow in establishing itself, but the Continental Lily Damita led the way, and many other women players have followed her example—including Mary Brian, Norma Shearer, Sidney Fox and Marie Prevost. Al Jolson, Joe E. Brown, and Buster Keaton usually take the whole program of baths, salt rubs, and massage whenever they go to Caliente.

Now the management of the Spa is starting the Agua Caliente Athletic Club, with a large motion picture membership, which will entitle its members to the privileges of the spa, the plunge, and the golf club.

The Caliente holiday usually begins with an air trip down to Mexico, for most of the picture people elect to fly. Those who own their own 'planes, like Howard Hughes, Ben and Bebe Lyon and Wallace Beery, act as their own pilots, but the Gilpin 'planes starting from the Grand Central airport make the trip to the Mexican Monte Carlo four times a day, and almost always carry several movie players among their passengers. Wheeler and Woolsey are almost commuters, often making the round trip every day between pictures.

Doug and Mary are faithful patrons of the air route, frequently hiring private 'planes to carry a party of guests from Pickfair. On such trips luncheon is served in the clouds, while Doug instructs the pilot to fly over the huge ranch which he and Mary have bought for their eventual retirement, near the ancient mission of Capistrano. On this ranch they plan to duplicate the customs and costumes of the early California dons, and drive in ox-carts instead of automobiles!

Caliente has been used in motion pictures ever since it arose, almost as miraculously and suddenly as any movie set, from a grove of native greasewood trees five years ago. In "Quick Millions" several of the buildings appeared. In "The Champ" Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper drove up to the ornate entrance in a tumbledown flivver. In "The Information Kid"—once named "Caliente"—the paddocks, the racetrack and the grandstands were used. But every true movie fan knows almost as much about Agua Caliente as Hollywood, from reading about the doings of the stars at this great pleasure resort in the gossip columns of the screen magazines.

Did You Know That—

Joan Crawford and Jackie Cooper are co-stars in "Lost"?

Colleen Moore makes her screen comeback in "Flesh," with Wallace Beery?

Marie Dressler is scheduled to make a picture called "Tug-Boat Annie"?

"Does she think she can get away with that?"

"How *can* she wear underthings a second day? You wouldn't think any nice girl would take such a chance! Everybody perspires at least a little, and perspiration odor clings so . . . others notice it before you do yourself—"

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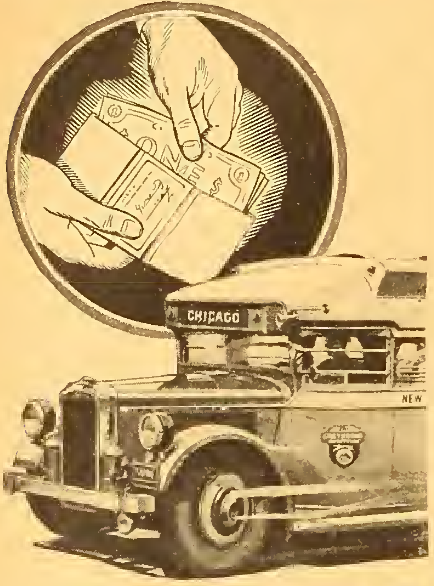

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You Can't Put Anything Over On Janet Gaynor

(*Continued from page 33*)

ness. She has a certain honest, businesslike attitude toward life and tries to give something in return for what she receives. This is apparent in her handwriting. See how her lower loops are curtailed into a mere stroke, instead of the usual loop formation, in every word except "Janet"; and the beginning and ending strokes of the words are almost entirely eliminated. These characteristics would never be found in the writing of a purely childlike nature. They show mental maturity and the power to eliminate nonessentials in order to get down to realities.

Therefore she is able to be docile and to take advice willingly, IF it is to her advantage, and to the advantage of whatever is occupying her time and attention. She is reasonable and not too temperamental with anyone who treats her fairly and squarely. But you have to "show" her first before you can gain her confidence and trust. In both business and friendship she will be a little slow to make advances, or to show her feelings of liking and trust. People are not apt to be able to put anything over on her more than once, if at all.

Her nature is a thrifty one, and I wonder if the in-curve on the first point of the letter "M" in the word "Miss" does not show some signs of Scotch, or at least English, ancestry, which would explain her clannishness and carefulness in money matters. Much as she enjoys beautiful things and likes to spend money, she usually knows what she is getting in return.

She would love a home that was orderly and in good taste, rather than anything extreme and striking; and her rooms would be consistently furnished for comfort, as well as beauty, I am sure. I doubt very much if she would enjoy heavy perfumes or wear too striking colors in her costumes, unless ordered to do so by her business manager. She is a girl who should enjoy the out-of-doors, sports, travel, and friends who are intelligent and not too loud and freakish. For she has resources within herself and is not dependent upon noise and action and excitement in order to feel that she is living. Yet she is no hermit and would be bored to tears with a life in which there was not a fair amount of play and comfort and luxury.

Likely to Grow Restless

I THINK that life must seem somewhat like a fairy tale to this girl who started as a cashier and is now the favorite screen star of so many thousands of people. I doubt if she will always be satisfied with her present life, in spite of her success, because of its necessary artificiality and a lack of real personal privacy. However, this popularity may please and flatter her for a time. Her outstanding quality is her ability to see almost *too* clearly, and to weigh and measure the value of things or people almost coldly and impersonally before passing judgment.

She is inclined to take herself rather too seriously and this is apt to narrow her outlook on life to some extent. It would not hurt her to develop a greater sense of humor, when it comes to personal matters, as it would save her some suffering and unhappiness. Her "t" crossings are not as heavy in pressure as the perpendicular strokes in her writing, and this shows that she is apt to long secretly for things that she might never be bold enough to take or do. This is likely to make her a trifle envious of people who are more unconventionally daring than herself. When her temper is aroused, she finds it hard to forgive, and to forget afterwards; although she does sincerely try to be fair and just. She will always be *herself* under any conditions, good or bad, and I doubt if she will change very much in that respect, except to develop mentally and artistically, both on and off the screen.

When it comes to love and friendship, she is a strange mixture of ardor and apparent coldness and indifference. I say "apparent" coldness, because her emotions are really strong and her affections lasting. The reserve that is shown in her closed letter formations, in the upright angle of the capital "D" in the word "Dear" and in the in-curve on the capital "M" in "Miss," is likely to prevent a too emotional demonstrativeness in expressing her feelings and love.

Why They Didn't Marry?

PEOPLE who use the upright angle of writing almost always find it difficult to express their feelings as freely and easily as those whose writing leans toward the right. She is a "canny" person (you see, I cannot keep away from the Scotch influence, even in describing her characteristics) and will not be inclined to be blinded by mere personal magnetism and charm, unless her sound judgment also approves the desires of her heart. Does this explain the reason why the anticipated marriage between Janet and Charles Farrell did not take place?

While she is passionate, I would not call her sensual or changeable in her affections, when she has really given her trust. I cannot imagine her making love one minute and hating the next, or getting a divorce unless for a very good and sufficient reason. The same thing would be true in friendship—for I do not believe her to be haughty and "upstage," although she may appear to be too logical and cool to the gushing or pushing type of person. While she enjoys admiration and praise like any normal girl, she is not susceptible to foolish flattery, nor is she vain.

I do not imply that she is indifferent to people or less devoted than others in her affections and feelings, for that would not be true. But I do state that she must get a good deal out of life besides things which are purely a matter of feeling. She is kind, but not emotionally generous; she can be depended upon to help when necessary. It will be done in a practical way and she will expect her kindness to be recognized and not taken for granted.

So we have this mixture of child and woman who, like *Peter Pan*, will never entirely grow up and lose this lovely spirit of youth which we feel so strongly when we see her on the screen. There are many of my readers who may have as much talent as Janet Gaynor; but how many of them can use their talent as simply and sincerely as she does? She will live in your memory when many so-called greater stars are forgotten, because she brings to you the happy remembrances of your childhood and your youthful dreams, whether you are fifteen, or fifty.

Did You Know That--

Janet Gaynor is now making "Tess of the Storm Country," which was one of Mary Pickford's biggest hits in silent days and is based on Thomas Hardy's famous novel of wronged innocence, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"?

Janet recently objected to making another former Pickford picture, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"—supposedly for the reason that she wanted to get away from "sweet" rôles and had her heart set on being the amusing heroine of "The First Year"?

Janet's husband, Lydell Peck, whose great interest used to be law (before he met Janet), is now an associate producer at Fox?

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 79*)

All of his fright vanished in one rocketing instant. His ego flared up like flame. He had goaled her—Garbo of all people! More elated than he had been since signing his first contract, he started toward her. She had signalled him just as had women all his brief, successful life. Why, this might mean a week-end at Caliente at least!

He approached the chair in which slumped the object of his adoration. All the long hours of his worship suddenly added up and prevented speech, but he managed to smile his best smile. Then Garbo raised a weary, heavy-lidded glance and said, in a voice that started somewhere down near her heels: "You go get me glassa hot water, sonny? I gotta indigestion."

To Tell You the Truth Dept.:

Sylvia Sidney dotes on garlic and is always cold—Novarro's friends call him Ramona—Lupe Velez's real name is Guadaloupe Villalabos—George Raft took up dancing to improve his footwork as a boxer—just eighteen years ago this month Chevalier was wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans at Cutry—Jean Harlow and Bob Montgomery get "rubber tires" under their eyes if they miss their sleep—Dick Cromwell once ran a local arte shoppe and was nicknamed "Apple"—George Bancroft's bathroom is decorated in orange, and most daintily—veteran trouper that he is, John Barrymore comes on the set with his lines unlearned—

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(Continued from page 14)

1. The Universal player, Lew Ayres, who is a full-fledged star in his own right, refused to accept featured billing opposite Janet Gaynor in Fox's "Tess of the Storm Country." With Lew it was a case of co-star or nothing. Joel McCrea has been assigned the rôle turned down by Ayres and that gives Lew some time off for his favorite pastime, fishing. Evidently, Charlie Farrell is the only player who is ever co-starred with Janet.

2. Charles Chaplin is the comedian who won a suit to restrain his former wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, from attempting to start their two young sons, Charles Spencer, Jr. (7) and Sydney Earl (6) on screen careers. Chaplin felt that it is unnecessary for his boys to work as the trust fund of $200,000 which he settled on them when he was divorced from their mother, is more than sufficient for them to live on. He was especially bitter because they might be featured in a picture that revolves around their divorced parents' real-life controversy.

3. Eleanor Holm, the pretty New York girl and winner of the Olympic championship in the 100-meter backstroke race, has been signed to play in pictures by Warner Brothers. Miss Holm, who is only nineteen, has a seven-year contract, but Warners promise not to exploit her swimming fame.

4. Gloria Swanson, who is in England with her husband, Michael Farmer, making a picture that will be called "Perfect Understanding," had her furniture attached for the unpaid balance of a bill for refurnishing her mansion in California. It is possible that the furniture will be put in storage awaiting the settlement of the suit.

5. Fooled again. It's Ann Harding, one of the screen's most beautiful blondes, with the black wig which she wore as a disguise at one of Hollywood's openings. Not that Miss Harding isn't attractive as a brunette, too, but somehow we prefer Ann as her own blonde sweet self. Compare the picture of her as a blonde on this page with the one on page 14.

6. Richard Dix, who was known as Hollywood's most famous bachelor until he married Winifred Coe on October 20, 1931, has at last confirmed the persistent rumors that he is to become a father soon. And is he happy?

7. Ruby Keeler, tap dancer and musical comedy girl, is the wife of the famous mammy singer and she has just signed a five-year motion picture contract with Warner Brothers. This will be her first appearance on the screen. She was last seen on the Broadway stage in "Show Girl," a Ziegfeld production.

8. The suits demanding a sum of $600,000 were aimed at Marlene Dietrich and were brought against her by Mrs. Riza von Sternberg, former wife of Josef von Sternberg, who is the director of all Dietrich films. The suits were settled out of court to the satisfaction of all parties concerned and the terms of the adjustment were not disclosed.

9. Ruth Chatterton is the star and George Brent the leading man who were married on that date. The previous day, Ralph Forbes, also a motion picture actor, divorced Ruth Chatterton in Reno. The romance between the newlyweds started when they played together in "The Rich Are Always With Us" on the Warner Brothers lot.

10. Hollywood gossip has it that all is not harmony in the Gloria Swanson-Michael Farmer household. Say it's not so, Gloria! Farmer is Gloria's fourth husband. They were married August 16, 1931, and a baby girl was born to them recently.

11. Paulette Goddard is the good-looking blonde who is chauffeured in a Hispano-Suiza to and from the studio, even though she is only playing a minor rôle in "The Kid From Spain," which stars Eddie Cantor. What all the other bit players would like to know is how she does it. Some rumors are that the car was a gift to her from her ex-husband. And they say Charlie Chaplin is quite taken up with Paulette.

12. William Jennings Bryan, Jr., is the man Warners want to play the rôle of his famous father in "Silver Dollar" which stars Edward G. Robinson. Bryan, Jr., is a Denver attorney and bears a striking resemblance to his father.

13. Bette Davis, the blonde screen charmer who somewhat resembles Constance Bennett, was married to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., August 20 at Yuma. Nelson, who is an orchestra leader, comes from Massachusetts and he and Bette went to school together.

14. George Jessel's wife, who is known on the stage as Florence Courtney, has at last consented to go to Reno and give her husband the divorce he wants, and the rumors are that Jessel wants his freedom so he can marry Norma Talmadge when she is freed from her husband, Joseph Schenck. These rumors are, of course, denied by all concerned. Mrs. Jessel, according to the newspapers, has accepted a settlement of $100,000, $10,000 counsel fees, two Rolls-Royce cars and their Long Island home.

15. The great dog star, Rin-Tin-Tin, a famous German shepherd dog, who had appeared on the screen for thirteen years, ever since he was only a year-old pup, died of old age at the home of Lee Duncan, his owner.

16. When Gary Cooper went into the jungles of South Africa on a hunting expedition, he took motion pictures of his adventures, and some of the shots show Gary and the Countess Frasso, the former Dorothy Taylor, who was a member of the party. With a few added scenes, the movie Gary took may be turned into one of those wild animal pictures that are so popular now. Rumors have romantically connected Gary's name with that of the Countess, but Gary reminds everybody that he is also very friendly with her husband, the Count.

17. Virginia Lee Corbin, who was very popular on the screen as a child actress and who is now the wife of Theodore Krol, banker, became the mother of a baby boy recently.

18. According to all reports, Lupe Velez is furious because she is the girl who is being blamed for coming between Johnny Weissmuller, the swimmer and movie actor, and his wife, Bobbe Arnst, musical comedy actress, who is seeking a divorce from her husband. Lupe resents these accusations very much and insists there is nothing more than a friendship existing between them.

19. Greta Garbo prefers the name of Garbo, which she adopted for the screen, much better than her own name of Gustafsson. Therefore, while visiting her home in Stockholm, Sweden, where she is still known as Greta Gustafsson, she is having her name legally changed to Garbo.

20. Rudy Vallee, the famous crooner, and his wife, Fay Webb, motion picture player, came to a parting of the ways September 2, after lawyers had tried to avert a break, and Mrs. Vallee headed for Reno. On her arrival there, however, she telephoned Rudy in Atlantic City—and they decided they couldn't bear to be divorced and were "more in love than ever."

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 75*)

they will come to an agreement, not to blows.

Meanwhile another rebel, Ann Dvorak—who did go to Europe (on a "honeymoon" with Leslie Fenton)—is delaying her return, and has accepted a British offer to make one picture in England. According to all reports, however, she also is anxious to come back—as soon as she is sure that she is going to get a great big salary.

WARNERS **tried hard—and got plenty of** publicity in trying—to get Garbo for the leading feminine rôle in "The Match King," based on the life of the late Ivar Kreuger, Swedish match magnate. When Garbo answered "No," which was hardly unexpected since there had been rumors that she had lost money in the collapse of the Kreuger interests, the studio asked Lily Damita to take the part. And Lily, who isn't half so temperamental as she looks, took something else, too—a change in name. Someone thought that her name would look more exotic spelled "Lili," and La Damita thought maybe it would, too. Anyway, that is how she will be billed in "The Match King"—and perhaps thereafter.

(*Continued on page 97*)

How these modern gowns do *set off the figure!*

JUNE CLYDE, *Universal featured player, uses green and silver brocade in a charming evening gown. Her sports costume is of brownish hue with a belted cape-coat effect.*

IN THESE TIMES, even the modest purse may command Paris fashions. Yet Fashion capriciously demands a slim, perfect figure for the gowns that grace the shops.

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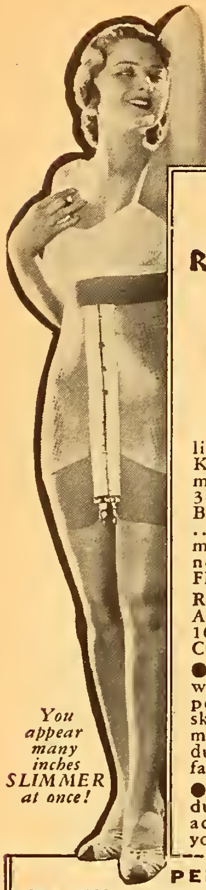

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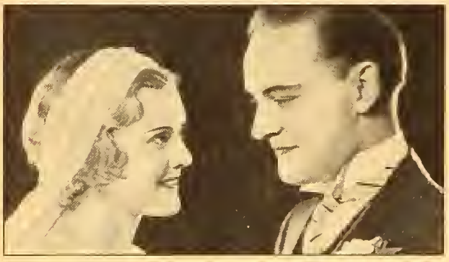

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Kalm, Kool and Kollected—That's Karen

(*Continued from page 27*)

collegiate life. She had decided that she wanted to be identified with the theatre—with directing as her eventual goal. So she went poisedly over to the famous cradle of so many now-prominent names in the American theatre, and impressed upon the celebrated Gilmour Brown that she was needed in his organization.

Then, as now, Karen was too thin. Then she didn't care especially, for most of her work at Pasadena consisted of behind-the-scenes activities. Now she takes egg-nogs mornings and evenings, "because M-G-M likes its gals round." She doesn't like to eat, but she dutifully and steadily consumes steaks and potatoes—because she believes the studio to be correct in thinking that young screen ladies should be possessed of eye-soothing curves.

Thin or not, however, Karen presently was a bit weary of painting scenery and making costumes for others to appear before and in. So she started acting, herself—even as she is to-day!—and presently she was back in Los Angeles with the Civic Repertory Theatre, doing "Fata Morgana" with Elsie Ferguson and Tom Douglas.

The usual thing happened: an agent saw her, was certain of her possibilities, and spoke to her of pictures. A graduate of Hollywood High School, Karen had never done any movie work until she was sent to Clarence Brown to read lines for Garbo, in tests for men players in "Inspiration."

When Acting Tempted Her

"I HAD been interested in pictures for some time," she says. "But not as an actress. I have a slight flair for phrases, and I thought that I might catch on, in time, as a dialogue writer. I planned to start in the reading department, if I could get a job there, and work up. To play in films hadn't occurred to me; but thinking it over, when I got the call from Metro, I decided I would. I knew I could do better than certain people on the lot, and that while I was no Garbo, it seemed to me that I had enough to get by as an actress."

And she did. Yeah, she did! So expertly did she read the lines in the tests, and so impressive was the recording of her voice, that Clarence Brown signed her for the part of *Liane*, the girl who committed suicide. This led to a long-term contract—and increasingly important parts in "Politics," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Cuban Love Song," "Mata Hari," "Arsene Lupin," "Are You Listening?" "Washington Masquerade," and, elsewhere, "Scarface" for Howard Hughes, "Man About Town" for Fox, and her latest piece, "The Phantom of Crestwood" for RKO.

"I've no complaints," she admits. "Things seem to be going all right, and I'm enjoying my work. I don't care about myself on the screen particularly—for one thing, I seem to make the darndest faces!—but the fans seem to like me. I hope they go on doing so until my looks, for picture purposes, begin to crack up. Then I'd like to try the stage."

Younger Than She Looks

KAREN is twenty-one. "I know I look a lot older," she says, "but I don't care. I don't think I'll ever change much."

I don't think she will either, at least on the inside. The world may go off the gold standard, Prohibition may be repealed, and mountains become molehills, but I have a hunch that this slim blonde girl will go on being as unaffected by the pressures of success as she was in the University, where she didn't have any success at all.

One suspects this from the way, for instance, that she conducted herself when she was handed the feminine lead in "Scarface." The afternoon of that momentous day—when the usual picture chicken would have been yipping all over the beach, broadcasting the great news and radiating personality—Karen was sitting on a trash box in the backyard of a girl-friend's beach house, talking idly through the door of the garage, where Kent Douglass was changing his bathing suit; she was entirely unexcited by the fact that she had won the part for which half of feminine Hollywood had been sending up nightly prayers.

So it goes. She allegedly is the one person on the studio lot who is not "afraid of Garbo." She simply thinks that Greta is one of the oddest people she ever has met, and her impersonation of the Swedish Sphinx is grand. Similarly, John Barrymore, with whom she did so notably in "Arsene Lupin," is just a competent actor to Karen. Nothing to get all unnerved about.

Not So Cold as You'd Think

THIS magnificent poise inevitably has laid Karen open to the charge of coldness. "That's to be expected," she points out, "in that I'm working on the same lot with Garbo and Joan Crawford, who fairly shriek sex. I don't flash—but actually I'm not cold at all. Inside I'm—*well!*"

Cold or not, Karen is certainly aces with the holders of her contract. Ann Dvorak tells me that once, before taking an early screen test at M-G-M, she was sent in to watch Karen's version of the same bit—"just so you'll see," Ann was told, "how a real actress would do it!"

This esteem manifests itself constantly in that ancient studio custom—The Giving of Advice. The whole lot seems to look upon Karen as its particular protégée, and offers loads of well-meaning, if conflicting help: "Of course, it's none of my business, but if I were you, I'd have my hair bobbed—" and "Karen, maybe I'm talking out of turn, but if I were you, I'd let my hair grow a little longer—" etc., etc., etc. . . .

Similarly she has been advised (for and against) to have the shape of her nose altered, to add weight and not to add weight, to be more social, and keep on staying away from most picture parties.

All of these expressions of friendly attitudes Karen accepts in the same spirit as they are given. Yet there isn't one of them capable of influencing her. She is following her own course, the one which she knows to be the best for Karen Morley. She knows her hair is more effective long than cut; she realizes that no one can be certain how a nose operation will turn out; she appreciates that she should be heavier; and she is certain that it is better to remain on a professional plane with people with whom she must do business.

Doesn't Play Movie Politics

"I SUPPOSE I'm lazy. I like the stimulation of parties—but I stay away from the picture ones. I'd rather do a scene with a total stranger than with a man I'd seen tipsy last Saturday night. I'd rather be able to go to the boss and say 'I want a new dressing-room' and have him give it to me because he thinks me valuable to the company, than because I happened to amuse him at some function he happened to attend. Or refuse me, and not be embarrassed because I was the guest of his wife at tea the day before. It's better, I think, to keep your private and your working worlds apart. At least, it has worked out best that way for me."

Karen's other opinions are as definite. She is not troubled by the fact that her present salary is small; she knows that she will get more money before long, and that it is foolish to quarrel with the studio on financial matters when some big rôles are just around the corner. She wants to live a full, rich life, free from poverty and pettiness, because she does not think the seamy side at all interesting. And her attitude toward love is the sensible one that when That Business comes along, it simply will—and there is no more use trying to stop it than there is in attempting to sprout wings and fly.

And maybe that moment is at hand, for there is a persistent rumor that Karen and Charles Vidor, the director, are presently to hear the banging of those old wedding bells. Karen has for some time been considered just about the hardest-to-get maiden in town, and her interest in the good-looking young man who was assigned to the direction of "The Mask of Fu Manchu"—in which Karen has the rôle of the American girl—thus is causing excitement among the columnists.

That's Karen—level-headed, five feet, four inches tall, and one hundred and four pounds heavy; with hazel eyes, light brown hair touched up to be blonde, and an expressive mouth that moves a great deal while she talks. She likes to swim and to ride and to read and to go to the theatre. Characteristically, she does not like jewelry or other gadgets. Or silly, useless, inconsequential things.

Her first name (as she's known on the screen) is from a book by Martha Ostenso; her last name is derived from that of Christopher Morley, the novelist and poet. It's a name you are going to see often in these coming years. Because most of you already seem to like the girl it labels—and I'm thinking the rest will soon!

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 6*)

in "Min and Bill" and "Anna Christie"—real characters, worthy of her genius—it curdles my blood to see her squandered on burlesque and low comedy of the "Reducing" type.

What is the trouble? Can't Miss Dressler's handlers get any stories that measure up to her intellectual stature? Can't they realize that the Public does not have to be "written down to"? In fact, can't something be done about it? *Jay Kent.*

All-Star Casts for Bigger and Better Pictures

WILMINGTON, N. C.—The success of "Grand Hotel" should convince producers that they should have long ago been doing something that motion picture patrons have been wanting for a long, long time—that is, put more capable actors in every picture.

Too often are we led to witness a very indifferent picture, because one good player has been starred, but is supported by such indifferent acting that the whole thing is lost.

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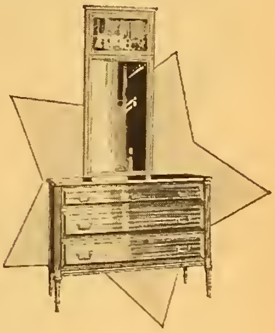

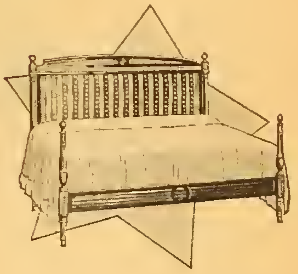

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That's Hollywood

(*Continued from page 16*)

include it—which they did, at some expense.

And Margaret Lindsey, the English beauty, prides herself on mastering American slang. She has also learned how to chew gum, enjoys it, and boasts about it. (These foreigners are so darned democratic!) She was stumped the other day, however, when a director gave her a tip on how to play a rôle. He said, "You're a secretary—who knows where the body is buried!"

LITTLE Accidents Department. One of the recent visiting athletes met Ivan Lebedeff at a party given by Junior Laemmle, and took one of those instant and inexplicable dislikes to Ivan's monocle. Ivan, you know, is our foremost exponent of handkissing, and all that sort of thing.

Drawing back his hefty right, the athlete attempted to dislodge the eyeglass—but the day was saved for moviedom. The monocle refused to budge.

SHORT, sweet, and simple were the telegrams Doug and Joan sent back to the folks in Hollywood. They've evidently had a swell time. All of the wires read: "HOT CHA CHA—DOUG AND JOAN."

FOR some reason half the "discoveries" of new stars are made in restaurants. Producers seem to be in a better humor after they're fed, or something. Lorena Layson, for instance, acted as stand-in for Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, and other stars for three years, right on the lot, but it wasn't until Darryl Zanuck saw her in the lunch room that she was signed to a two-year contract.

And we are told a story of Janet Gaynor's discovery that may be true—you can't ever tell about those "I knew them when" tales. It happened when Janet was playing in Westerns, as an extra. A newspaper man, visiting the set, watched Janet and thought she had talent.

He drew her aside and told her when they filmed the next scene—a shot of an automobile—to jump on the running board, face the camera, and smile for all she was worth.

Janet liked the idea, ran, jumped, and smiled, and a Fox director saw the picture and sent for the running-board-girl. Shortly afterward came "Seventh Heaven." The story proves one thing anyway. Some of our lugubrious stars, who seem to become glummer in every picture they make, might profit by it. It always pays to smile at the camera.

EVERYONE, the other week, was hunting for a new title for the picture "Son of Russia," hunting new titles being one of our leading indoor sports. The bosses had decreed that the word *scarlet* must be used, and everyone was scratching heads quite seriously till some foolish fellow suggested "Scarlet Fever."

EDDIE ROBINSON has worn twenty-seven different moustaches in pictures. Personally he hates the things and wouldn't grow one on a bet. . . . Dorothy Jordan buys all her clothes outside of Hollywood. Styles here, she says, are too theatrical. (What ho! Tashman!) . . . Randolph Scott is learning Navajo Indian—for a picture, of course. . . . Myrna Loy's earliest ambition was to be a sculptress, while Irene Dunne's was to be a lady lawyer. . . . And Charlie Ruggles meant to be, and almost became a druggist. . . . And Billy Janney, one of the new youngsters, admits to the cheerful little hobby of visiting the morgue, every Saturday night, to watch embalming.

HORROR NOTE: Joe E. Brown eats the same kind of dessert every day. It's a mixture of lots of different kinds of ice creams and ices, stirred to a gooey substance and covered with chocolate syrup. Then they cover *that* with chopped nuts.

Barbara Stanwyck, who makes flickers at the same studio, must have seen Joe swallowing this concoction. Anyway, she refuses to have lunch at all. Sits in a corner, instead, and munches celery.

FROM the East, George Brent petitioned a friend to be on the lookout for a lonely cabin. George wanted to buy one. It had to be near water, he specified, be inexpensive, and Away from Everybody.

Whether the cabin came under the heading of the preparations a young man makes for becoming Ruth Chatterton's husband, or whether it's merely another Garbo imitation, you'll have to decide for yourself.

WHEN Joan Bennett went on location the other day she took along twenty-seven suitcases, her husband, and her daughter. Gene Markey brought cowboy clothes, and a couple of people, we are told, asked if he were Buck Jones or Hoot Gibson.

THESE annoying cases of mistaken identity do keep cropping up. There is Joan Blondell, for instance, who admitted to a reporter, when discovered on a camping trip with George Barnes, that they were on their honeymoon. Later she became very vague about the whole affair and said, "Maybe I'm married and maybe I'm not." Must have been two other people.

Another most unfortunate instance concerns the gushing fan who went up to John Barrymore and cried, "I've always wanted to meet you—Warren William!"

DUKE YORK, who plays the part of a statue that, astonishingly, comes to life during the mystery picture "Chandu," covered himself with plaster to make the idea more credible. This reminds us of the caustic reviewer who commented on an actress who played just such a part on the stage. "She was very good," the reviewer wrote, "as long as she was being a statue."

FAVORITE star of the women athletes at the Olympics seemed to be John Boles. . . . John Gilbert gave his bride a grand piano and a turquoise necklace, for wedding presents. . . . Johnny Weissmuller is a bit Tarzanish off the screen too. . . . Our Conrad (Mr. Nagel, of course!) has grown a beard. . . . And Janet Gaynor, influenced by thousands of fan letters, is letting her hair grow long again.

OUR Unusual Occupations Department refuses to be downed. It seems there is a man at M-G-M whose duty it is to go around sitting in all the chairs on the set, to be sure they won't squeak when the sound machines start operating.

"I Want to Fall in Love Again With a Man Like Gary Cooper," Says Lupe Velez

(*Continued from page 41*)

"People are always lecturing me. I should do this. I should not do that. I am the mos' lectured-to person in Hollywood. John Gilbert used to lecture me when we were going together. He asked me why I didn' make something more of myself—why I didn' act dignified and grown-up, why I didn' do this or do that—

"I have been told that I will come to a tragic end, but if I do it'll be nobody's funeral but my own.

"I wan' to fall in love again. I hope I do. And love means to me the way I loved Gary three years ago. That beginning of it. I wan' to fall in love again with Gary's type. He *is* my type of man.

Would Go Domestic Next Time

"AND the nex' time—if there is a nex' time—I meet a man who attracts me I'll be careful there is no talk, no trouble about that one. Do you know what I'm going to do the nex' time? I'm going to announce my engagement to that man, right off, bang! And then I'm going to set the wedding date and then I'm going to marry him, in my house, with my mother and sister there with me, and orange blossoms, and a tulle veil, and showers of rice and ol' shoes to finish it off. Then they can't talk about Velez doing anything she shouldn' do, can they?

"I'm going around a little with a very nice man now. Older than I am. Rich. Powerful. Nice and kind to me. I think I might marry him. I am not in love with him and he knows that, but—I would be safe with him. I would have no more trouble and that is what I want. . . .

"Until I make up my mind to marry and to settle down I shall make those oogly faces at all men. I'll be through with men. I can't seem to talk to men and be friends with them. I'd like to be, but it don' seem to be ever possible.

"If I ever do fall in love again, if I ever marry, with or without love, I won' care whether I keep on working or not. I'd be willing to give up my career and stay at home and have babies. I'd keep his house and sew his socks and be domestic. I'd like to do that. . . .

"Until that day comes—an' maybe it will an' maybe it won't—I want to keep on with my work. I wan' to be left alone to live my own life. I love my house, it is so beautiful. I like to go to neighborhood theatres where no one recognizes me and sit quiet and watch the shows. I don' care any more about going to big public places, all dress' up. You know how I use' to fix up. I don' do that now. I don' care about manicures—look, you can see!—or having my hair dress' all up or buying beautiful clothes.

"These ways I have change'—but these are, after all, only little ways about little things. The real way I have change' is that I'm through with trouble—I wouldn' have that talk and trouble business any more unless it is for something beautiful an' real an' then—then I will marry it!"

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3. 'KERFS are for dress-up handkerchiefs and tea napkins. Four thicknesses of tissue, smartly bordered. . . 25c.
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The Stars Can't Break That Hollywood Habit

(*Continued from page 57*)

to it as he might have spoken of boarding a galley ship.

Impressed by these withering blasts, many people in Paris told this writer of their belief that Chevalier would not return to the United States. Wealthy, he had money enough so that he needed no more American dollars; now he could settle down among them once more, enjoy his villa on the Riviera, entertain them once more, be their Maurice again. I didn't argue with them. It wouldn't have been safe, as a matter of fact, so strongly did they feel about his leaving France in the first place. But I knew Chevalier would go back to Hollywood. *They always do.*

Chevalier's Sacrifices

CHEVALIER might have been a happier man to-day if he had remained at home. The misfortunes which have come to him—the loss of his wife and some of his popularity with his countrymen—might not have been his if he had not returned. Chevalier, however, does have money, fame and friends—great assets for the building of a new happiness. But what of that great army upon which Hollywood has such a hold—and which, aside from a temporary fame, has given nothing in return—those ghosts who walk the Boulevard?

Every day you will see them on the various streets of the town, in the more modest shops and eating places, the fallen favorites of yesterday. "The city of unburied dead," their recurring faces caused a cynic to dub Hollywood. With their chances past for more success, for even a small job, they nevertheless continue to stay on, pathetically hoping for a return of their golden days, while the years come down like a flight of dingy crows. . . .

Why do they stick? Perhaps from habit, perhaps from fear of making a fresh start in another community, perhaps from ties of one reason or another. But the greatest reason of all is Hope—that everlasting feeling that just around the corner another chance is coming. It isn't habit or fear or ties that keep the youngsters hanging on, starving, waiting for the telephone to ring—it's just hope. The movie lure. The slave-making thought of what Hollywood may do for them tomorrow.

Even people who have never lived there don't escape that thought; even the famous ones. Katharine Cornell, for instance, who has lived there only briefly. The great Cornell, celebrated for the way in which she turned down all movie offers during her Los Angeles run in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Very few are those who know that a large part of Miss Cornell's hesitancy regarding pictures is due to the fact that once she made a screen test that she didn't like.

But even she—despite her wealth and assured place as the first young lady of the stage—is not wholly lacking in Hollywood consciousness. Not by a whole lot! Recently a writer for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE interviewed her, with the understanding that the article was to be okayed by her before publication. The gist of the article sent to Miss Cornell dealt with the actress' disinterest in the movies, as compared with the stage—but when it was returned to the writer, a careful little paragraph had been typed in to the effect that this was how Miss Cornell felt now, *but that no one could foretell what might happen in the future!*

Slowly, but surely, Hollywood is getting all the famous ones of the stage. There is something about it that they can't resist—even when the money they are offered doesn't matter. George M. Cohan, for instance, turned down approximately a million dollars in movie offers—but in the end Hollywood got this dapper little Irishman who has made Broadway famous with his songs, his plays and his acting. For years and years, Ethel Barrymore said she would let her brothers do all the movie-acting for the Barrymores, while she upheld the family traditions on the stage. But she has been won to Hollywood, to make "Rasputin" with Lionel and John. She is returning to Broadway, yes—but the prophets are saying that Hollywood soon will be her home for good.

Pauline Frederick and Clara Kimball Young, both famous for their problem dramas, left the screen for the stage—and the public had the impression that they would never be back. But then talkies came along, and Pauline and Clara couldn't resist the urge to return. Betty Blythe, once famed as "The Queen of Sheba," became a rancher's wife when she married Paul Scardon, and is famously contented. But every so often she comes back to make a picture or two; perhaps you have spotted her in recent talkies. Buddy Rogers left the screen for stage and radio, but even now there are well-founded reports that he is coming back. *They always do come back.*

But Ann Didn't Leave

AT THE time of the local kidnaping scare, Ann Harding was credited with the statement that she regretted her fame and wished that she was "the most obscure person in the world." How easy, if she meant it, to put an end to her fame by leaving Hollywood for life in less public places! Miss Harding is well-to-do; if dwelling in the spotlight had its disadvantages, she might soothe herself by leaving it with the knowledge that the public soon forgets. But did she leave? Do any of them leave permanently—even Garbo—no matter how loudly they cry about the burdens of their fame?

Hollywood addicts, the great and the small and the in-betweens—living on there after their days in pictures are over—simply because it is one of the world's most interesting places in which to live. Beverly Hills society columns are daily marked by the social activities of Mrs. Randolph Jennings (Grace Darmond), Mrs. Manuel Reachi (Agnes Ayres), Mrs. J. Ward Cohen (Jacqueline Saunders), Mrs. Richard Hargreaves (Helen Ferguson), Mrs. Arthur Klein (Marceline Day), as well as those of May McAvoy, Katherine MacDonald, Alice Calhoun and many others, now married, retired from professional life, and settled to such domestic existences as might be encountered in any wealthy community in the world. With this exception—

Scarcely a day passes in most of these households that there is not a mention of motion pictures. The business-game-industry and its people interest most of these women as much as it ever did. They still feel the lure of Hollywood.

Marguerite Clark and Pearl White are the only film queens I've ever heard of who left Hollywood for no more returns. And, ironically enough, both are more famous in their respective New Orleans and Paris for being former film queens than they are for anything else. Hollywood has followed them—they still are picture people, still linked to the fantastic village in sunny California.

Hollywood gives much, but of those it limelights and those it fascinates it asks this in return: that your name and its name shall be joined forever and a day.

Movie Couples Are Crying for Babies Now!

(*Continued from page 31*)

she didn't turn. The marriage did instead.

There are babies born that one fair lady may wave her progeny triumphantly at the head of another fair lady and cry out, "Ah, there!" There is the Swanson-Bennett baby battle. Gloria has gone and had another baby. A little Farmer baby. And it is now noised about that Connie Bennett is hoping very hard and even taking tonics and getting herself fit, in order that she, too, may send out to the world pictures of a fat and dimpled darling—particularly since Gloria had no children when married to the Marquis.

Babies are sometimes had as compensations. In the famous House of Talmadge there were two shining stars—Norma and Constance. Their careers were such that they were fulfilled as human beings. They needed no babies to prove themselves to the world. Their sister, Natalie, either didn't or wouldn't shine as her sisters did. And so, as compensation perhaps, she, alone of the three girls, produced two sons. Now that Natalie and Buster Keaton have come to the parting of the ways, no doubt Natalie is glad of her little compensations. They are warmer comforts than the former glory of Norma and Constance.

Similarly, when Ann Harding and Harry Bannister parted, Ann still had her small daughter, Jane. The child is constantly guarded. In fact, there is a battle in progress between Hollywood parents to determine which Hollywood child is most zealously guarded. The children in the lead at the moment are Jane Bannister, Maria Dietrich and Harold Lloyd's three youngsters.

The Photography Battle

WHEN Gloria Swanson permitted photographs of her brand-new baby, Bridget Michele Farmer, Hollywood was surprised—for, with her two older children (one adopted), Gloria had been a leader in the battle to have the *least*-photographed children in Hollywood. Now, since Gloria has retrenched, those who are fighting for the leadership in this particular little war are Constance Bennett (who has a small adopted son), and Norma Shearer. Both have decreed against published photographs of their children. On the other hand, there are those who are rivals in the contest to have the *most*-photographed children. Barbara Bebe Lyon and Charles Chaplin, Jr., and Sydney Earl Chaplin are those children at present.

It is said by a friend of the Chevaliers that Maurice is asking a divorce because Madame Chevalier has no children and Maurice desires an heir. In Hollywood, where it has long been assumed that babies are the least consideration in the crowded, colorful lives of stars, it would appear that now it *is* babies, after all, that make or break marriages.

And it is interesting to note that in most of the cases where marriages and homes have lasted through the years, there are children in those homes. The Clive Brooks, the Conrad Nagels, the Irving Pichels, the Jean Hersholts, the Jack Holts, the Chester Morrises and others.

John Miljan has recently fought another kind of battle of the babies. He has fought in a court for the legal adoption of his wife's two sons by her previous marriage to Creighton Hale. When John first married his wife and these boys were tiny chaps, he came to love them so deeply that he almost feared to have a child of his own lest somehow, in some unconscious way, he might love *them* less. And when, a few months ago, a son of his own did come, he was determined that he would make these boys his

(*Continued on page 93*)

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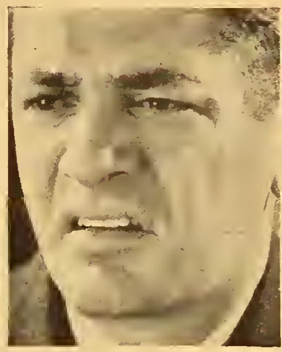

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They Name Their Next Mates Before They're Free From Ex-Mates

(*Continued from page 53*)

we're in love! Of course, we're going to marry!" to reporters out of one window of a taxi, while Norma cried, "It's just a business association" out of the other window. Since then Mrs. Jessel has headed for Reno, and a Mexican lawyer has claimed he was about to start a divorce suit for Norma Talmadge.

Another tangled situation existed between Ethel Clayton, Ian Keith, and Baroness Fern Andra, the stage actress. At one time in the rather hectic developments (caused by Ethel Clayton's evident indecision as to whether she really did want a divorce from Ian or not) a divorce seemed imminent.

At that time Baroness Andra was quoted as saying, "I was in Ian Keith's dressing-room when he received a telegram announcing that his interlocutory decree of divorce had been granted in Los Angeles. He was changing his make-up and I had him at my mercy. It was Leap Year and so I proposed to him and the poor dear had no chance to escape."

Promptly and gallantly, Ian denied this. "If Miss Andra proposed to me, I did not hear it," he said. "Because the minute she read the telegram I yelled my proposal at the top of my voice."

But this little idyll was completely smashed when Ethel changed her mind again and proved that she was still very much Mrs. Ian Keith by having a court set the divorce decree aside. All of which seemed to put Ian and the Baroness in the position of the most previously engaged couple in Hollywood. Until Ethel and Ian came to a financial understanding and Ethel again sought a divorce. But the final decree is still almost a year away.

Columnists Forgot About Edna

THEN there was the situation revolving around Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and Ginger Rogers. Months ago, the gossip-columnists were writing: "There is every reason to believe Mervyn and Ginger will take the fatal step."

But one strong argument against such a possibility arose. She was Edna Murphy, Mervyn LeRoy's wife. Hollywood had forgotten that the LeRoys were still married; so, apparently had the LeRoys. That little difficulty, however, was straightened out by a divorce hearing—which was given a humorous touch when Mrs. LeRoy failed to show up in the courtroom.

Her lawyer apologized to the judge for her absence and no doubt thought unpleasant things about the present Hollywood fashion for regarding divorce so amiably. "Maybe it just slipped her mind," he suggested, gloomily. She did come to court a few days later, however, and the divorce was granted. And now Mervyn and Ginger are one of our very latest couples to announce a "previous" engagement. For the divorce isn't final for nearly a year.

Still another "engagement" that might be regarded as a bit beforehand was that of Joan Blondell, which was announced and reiterated in the press for many months. This "engagement" fell into the "previous" classification because George Barnes, Joan's intended, had not yet become legally free to wed. The "engagement" was so lengthy that Hollywood had forgotten the date when George *would* be free—and was a bit surprised when he and Joan turned up in Oregon on a honeymoon.

Dorothy Lee, in a song, recently told a theatre audience of her "engagement" to Marshall Duffield, former U. S. C. football star, a few days before her divorce from James Fidler became final. Cliff ("Ukulele Ike") Edwards was reported engaged to Nancy Dover for months—and no emphatic denials were issued. And Cliff and Nancy flew over to Las Vegas, Nevada, to marry, just two days after his divorce from Irene Edwards became final. About the only recently divorced couple who haven't figured in "engagement" rumors are Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge.

Lina Basquette, formerly rumored to be the fiancée of Jack Dempsey, announced only a short while ago that she was going to marry Teddy Hayes, her business manager and Dempsey's former trainer. And then, lo and behold, a lady appeared who claimed that she was Mrs. Hayes, and said she didn't see how Lina could marry Teddy very well. Was this another case of a "previous" engagement?

Gloria Wed "Previously"

THIS business of divorce and remarriage has always been a puzzling one to the stars of Hollywood, who don't seem to be law students. In California, for instance, a divorcée may not remarry for a certain period of time. Despite that, Gloria Swanson secretly married Michael Farmer, wealthy young Irish broker, a few weeks before her divorce from her former husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, became final. It was because of this oversight that she found it necessary, to make sure the marriage would be legal, to wed Farmer again in California, three months later, and endure the unpleasant gossip and publicity that resulted. Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woody, Jr., were another couple who rushed to the altar ahead of the lady's final divorce decree. They married a second time a few days later, just to make sure that the nuptial knot was securely tied.

Still further back we find that Rudolph Valentino was so unsure of the propriety of his "engagement" to Natacha Rambova, for a certain period, that he never saw her unless a chaperon was properly—and no doubt inconveniently—present.

Nowadays the stars are not quite so reverent of the proprieties, and the only example we find of a girl who has absolutely refused to announce her engagement or to say one word about the romance-rumors is Evalyn Knapp, who has remained silent as to her friendship for Donald Cook, despite the questioning of Hollywood's best reporters.

The reason for her silence does both of them credit. Donald is still married to Frances Beranger, and until he is legally free they have refused to speak. Their deep friendship became known only when Evalyn rushed to Don's bedside after he suffered injuries in an automobile accident. Two young people who refuse to follow Hollywood's latest fashions in love!

Another who has kept silent is Helene Costello, who only recently procured a divorce from Lowell Sherman and will not be free to marry for nearly a year. Gossip links her name with Hugh Trevor's—he used to be Betty Compson's boy friend, you remember.

Still, a Hollywood reporter said just the other day that "Helene and Hugh Trevor have discovered one another in a big way!" And that, after all, is our modern substitution for the old-fashioned "Mrs. Blank announces the engagement of her daughter . . ."

Movie Couples Are Crying for Babies Now!

(*Continued from page 91*)

very own, too. He wanted them to have his name, to have a right to his name. Now they have it. He wanted to arrange it in his will that, if anything should happen to him, the three boys would share and share alike. And the battle is won. This is *real* love of children.

Miriam Hopkins has adopted a baby. And by this adoption has proved that it is not only a compensation need that a baby fills. For, unlike Natalie Talmadge, Miriam has a cup full and running over of stardom, of spectacular success, of publicity and popularity and work to do. And yet, with all these worldly things, with, it would appear, every battle won, there seems to have been one that was lost. A baby! Someone to work for, someone to live for, someone for whom she might strive to make life a better and more beautiful thing than even she has found it. In a life that seemed crowded, there was one empty niche—one that only a baby could fill. For the same reason, presumably, Wallace Beery has adopted three children.

Norma Risked Career for Son

NORMA SHEARER (Mrs. Irving Thalberg) had a baby on the very threshold of the most glittering phase of her career. Undoubtedly, the primal maternal instinct was what prompted Norma to want a baby. But there must have been some warfare waged in her keen and far-seeing mind. There must have been some fears of pain and the toll that maternity might take of her youth and beauty. There must have been some reason apart, even, from the maternal instinct to make Norma so desire motherhood. And it may have been that, when you are married to a young and sensationally successful man, you feel that the greatest tribute you can pay him is to give that man an heir, a son.

When Mildred and Harold Lloyd were married, it was understood between them that there were to be children. Theirs was to be no empty, two-stars-in-the-family home. When little Gloria was born, there was a further understanding to the effect that children were to continue to come until a son and heir was born.

It has been said that Joan Crawford, despite her burning ambitions, would like to have a baby. It would be fun to have all the fuss and ado that was made over Norma Shearer and the small Thalberg heir. Satisfied though Joan and Norma appear to be with their separate and individually triumphant careers, Norma is yet ahead in the battle of the babies. The house of Thalberg has its heir. The house of Fairbanks is yet empty.

Helen Twelvetrees has said that she wants a baby in order to hold her husband. She was probably speaking in jest but she was, really, speaking in earnest.

There isn't much doubt but that Lita Grey Chaplin, whatever her basic maternal instincts, felt that to perpetuate the Chaplin name would be one way of cementing the Chaplin marriage.

Joan Bennett, we hear, will not be able to allow sister Constance to get away with having a new baby nor will she, perhaps, consider it wise to have one child by her first husband and none by her second.

Helen Hayes (Mrs. Charles MacArthur) plans to have another baby for the first baby's sake. She said to me just the other day "I would not *dream* of bringing up an only child." Incidentally, little Mary MacArthur has perhaps won the battle to be the most famous baby born to an actress. Just before Mary was born, her mother was starring in the stage play, "Coquette,"

(*Continued on page 96*)

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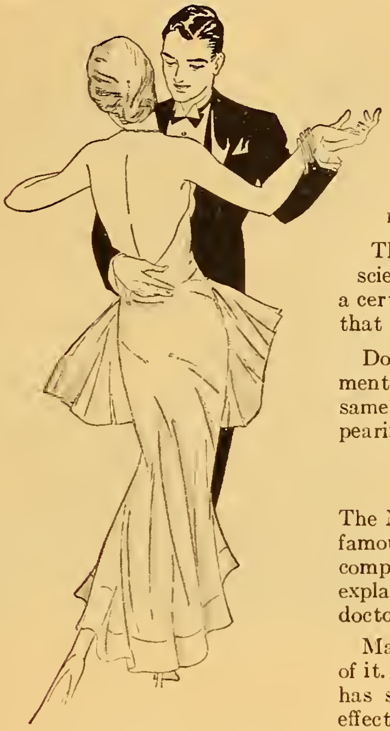
BEING THIN



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Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested unwomanly form? Now you can actually fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Yes, in just a few minutes a day you can build up those thin, sagging tissues and mould them to firm, fascinating curves. Simply apply my marvelous new Creamo treatment in the privacy of your own room. Send for my free offer and watch your breasts grow full, round and beautiful. It's easy, safe and SURE.

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Mrs. Helen Greene

It's important to health and beauty to banish fat and it's just as vital to employ the *proper* means—a safe, sane method which won't injure health and leave you haggard looking.

How capably a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning fills this need!

Kruschen is the SAFE, HEALTHY way to reduce—it builds up splendid health all while it helps restore your weight to NORMAL.

Notice how complexion clears, eyes grow brighter and mind keener—you'll be delighted when your scales show how quickly excess fat is disappearing. Many folks hasten results by cutting down on fatty meats, pastries and potatoes.

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight so I started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 bottles I reduced to 165 and never felt so well. It's a tonic as well as reducer".

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85 cents at any drugstore—for REAL results and your health's sake—refuse Imitations—accept nothing but Kruschen.

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"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

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LA RENEE Cream and method will help you to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any other part of body, harmlessly and absolutely without inconvenience. Large jar.

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ADDRESS.................................

De Mille Puts Hollywood's Unemployed "Extras" Back to Work

(*Continued from page 35*)

If *consternation* stalked its way through the Florentine villas and English manors of Beverly Hills when the studios cut five hundred to a thousand a week from the salaries of the stars, it was stark tragedy that knocked on the doors of back-street bungalows and shabby rooming-houses when a year ago the daily pay-check of movie extras was cut from seven-fifty to five dollars a day! This star may have to make his town car do another season, that star may be forced to sell several of his polo ponies, while another may have to have her sables made over. But a thousand families in Hollywood have faced actual hunger this last year since the word went out from the Front Office: "Economize on your pictures!"

And here's the proof that extras are eating again—a group of the "Romans" in "The Sign of the Cross" at lunch in the studio commissary

Fourteen thousand extras are registered with the Central Casting Offices, and most of them have been able to make a living from pictures until the last two years. The vanity of directors insisted on at least one "big" scene in every picture—a café set, a street scene, a church. If the story did not call for such a scene, they had it written in the action. Producers talked glibly of "production value"; the audience, they agreed, felt cheated without some ballroom or café set that looked as though a lot of money had been spent.

In a single scene in "The Ten Commandments," Cecil De Mille used *three thousand people*. Spectacles like "Intolerance," "Joan, the Woman" and "Ben-Hur" encouraged hundreds of extras to marry, brought babies into the world, and fed and clothed whole families for many years.

"Nowadays two hundred people on a set is considered a big crowd," admits a Paramount casting director. "Of course, the depression was to blame for some of this, but the improvement in the process of 'dubbing in' crowd shots from newsreels and stock shots had almost eliminated the extras . . . until Mr. De Mille revived the costume spectacle. Now—who knows? If this is a huge success, it may start a wave of 'big' features."

In a town where loyalty is not one of the common virtues, C. B. stands out startlingly. *Half of the forty-five hundred extras* in "The Sign of the Cross" worked with him thirteen years ago on "The Ten Commandments," and nearly two-thirds of them worked six years ago on "The King of Kings." The charming little blond boy who played *Pharaoh's* son in the first Biblical spectacle is twenty-four years old now, and playing a Roman centurion in this tale of ancient Rome.

The old lists of extras, carefully preserved by De Mille from each of his gargantuan spectacles, are turned over to the casting office to be used as far as possible when he is ready to start his next. The casting directors faithfully call every actor on the list, and even try to find those who have moved or dropped from sight before they talk to new players. The ones who have been in all of C. B.'s pictures are affectionately referred to as his "nucleis" because he uses them as the nucleus of his new pictures. Among the "nucleis" are faces vaguely familiar—and no wonder. Some of them were once world-famous stars!

"I don't mind your using my name," said Lillian Leighton, once a great character actress, gently. "I wouldn't want to play an extra for everyone, *but none of us feel like extras in Mr. De Mille's pictures.* He expects us to be *actors.* And he gives us scenes, too—those brilliant fragments that make his pictures unforgettable. He notices good work, too—he sees everything. Why once, in the exodus in 'The Ten Commandments,' a woman slipped out of the crowd to rest between shots, and the moment Mr. De Mille turned back to the set, he cried, 'Where's the woman that stood here? I had someone standing in that spot.' There were two thousand extras in the scene, and yet he missed *one* instantly!"

Famous Names Among Extras, Too

SMALL casts have been the rule for two years at the studios, throwing even experienced and established players out of work. Among the bakers, image peddlers and gladiators in "The Sign of the Cross" one notices Otto Lederer, Lane Chandler, Wilfred Lucas. That bitter-looking extra in merchant's robe is Jerome Storm, who directed John Gilbert in his Fox dramas;

that worn, but still beautiful woman in the veil of a Roman matron was once acclaimed by such crowds of admirers in London that the bobbies had to make a path for Florence Turner's carriage.

By the crumbling steps sits an old market woman. "Gertrude Norman played in the first cast of 'East Lynne,'" C. B. nods toward her. "She must be very old now, but she is still a splendid actress. When she screamed at the beating of the Christian girl, she almost broke the mike. Horace Carpenter, that wine vendor over in the market place, played in the first picture Paramount ever made, my 'Squaw Man.' That woman in the crimson robe at the fountain is Carol Holloway, who was a leading woman with the American Film Company so long. That pretty little girl with the fillet in her hair is Ynez Seabury, who has played a good many leads, a fine little actress—"

Cecil De Mille knows his extras. He is continually giving them bits of business to do—watching them for signs of "the divine spark." He does not forget that time long ago when, in "Joan, the Woman," he wanted a soldier to wrap a loaf of bread in his jacket, and tried a dozen extras before a young man stepped out of the crowd and said, choking with eagerness, "Let me, Mr. De Mille! I can do it! I know what you want!" When he had performed the small bit of business, C. B. stopped him. "What is your name, my boy?" he asked. Great dark eyes flashed in the ardent face as he answered. "Novarro, Mr. De Mille. Ramon Novarro. I wish you would remember it.'"

C. B. is still looking for new Novarros.

More Big Films on the Way

ALREADY the influence of the "Sign of the Cross" is being felt in Hollywood. Since De Mille's depression-defying plans for the first great sound spectacle were announced last January, the extras have not had so much trouble with the landlord, the gas company and the grocer. At the present moment there is "The Conquerors," an epic of the Depressions that America has weathered, being filmed at Radio, with scenes that use a thousand men and women at a time. There is "Rasputin, the Mad Monk," with five hundred dancers on one great ballroom set, and "A Farewell to Arms" with its war sequences. "Cavalcade," at Fox, will use several thousand extras, as will "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and other pictures planned on a heroic and ambitious scale for the coming year.

It's more like old times in Hollywood these days! Tarnished golden hair is being brightened, old cars are getting new tires. The counters in certain grocery stores, where picture players with Assistance League cards can get the bare necessities of life free, are not so crowded. Collectors for dollar-down clothing houses find salaries that they can attach. Extra boys and girls are getting married on their prospects. Harassed faces are wearing smiles. *De Mille is shooting!*—and others are following his lavish example.

The good days are coming back to Hollywood! The word has gone around, "Mr. De Mille is making another big picture. Now, perhaps we can pay something on the house. Now we can have the doctor for Mary. Now we can pay the bills . . . !"

Middle-aged women, who played slave girls in "The Ten Commandments," hurry to the telephone. Old men, who were high priests in "The King of Kings," turn their steps toward the studio. Young men, girls, matrons, children pass around the glad news. Actresses who were once great stars, and extra girls who will some day be great stars; players who have known a brief moment of fame and a long, weary time of hunger—all of them are wearing smiles these days. *Cecil B. De Mille is shooting again—all's right with Hollywood.*

Her Nervous Prostration

DO you know her . . . this poor woman who wakes up as tired as she went to bed?

Her head is still aching . . . her nerves are ragged . . . she's on the verge of tears as she faces another day of work.

How many young women are fast approaching a nervous breakdown because they let suffering due to female weakness rob them of their strength and health.

Nature did not mean women to suffer so cruelly. If they would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound! It has befriended women against their "peculiar" troubles for over 50 years.

It brings soothing, comforting relief . . . gently corrects through its strengthening tonic action.

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Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablet Form

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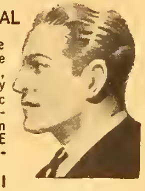
An advertiser deliberately attempting to deceive takes the quick, short road to ruin. The insincere or extravagant statement may have its brief day. But the greater the attention it attracts, the sooner the public will discover its deceit.

The cornerstone of successful manufacturers and storekeepers always has been "keep faith with the public"; give honest values and truthfully represent the merchandise and its service. This principle had to find its expression in Advertising—for Advertising is nothing more than the owner of a store or a factory talking with people in their homes about such things as shoes and soap, radios, or rugs, or blankets.

Public acceptance of Advertising has had a natural growth—from suspicion, to respect, to dependence. This growth parallels the increasing effort of manufacturers and merchants, to add value to their merchandise—to improve quality—to accept responsibility for service and satisfaction.

It pays to read the advertisements. They bring news of what is being fashioned in the workshops of the world for your well-being, comfort and convenience.



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latest **REDUCING BRASSIERE** gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. 2 to 3 inch reduction almost immediately. Send bust measure Price only.... .... $2.25

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RELIEVE swelling and varicose veins and reduce your limbs with DR. WALTER'S famous rubber hose. Worn next to the skin. Send ankle and calf measure.

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All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

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Women cooks prepare the food for the Hotel Lexington restaurants. That's why it's so delicious and wholesome. And Lexington restaurant prices, like its room rates, are sensible—35c for breakfast, 65c for luncheon and $1.00 for dinner in the main dining room.

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THE CHARM of a Beautiful Bust

Movie Couples Are Crying for Babies Now!

(*Continued from page 93*)

which had to close suddenly. When other members of the cast sued the producer for salary, he claimed in court that the birth of the star's baby was "an act of God." Newspaper headline-writers immediately hailed the child as "the Act-of-God baby." And when Helen first arrived in Hollywood, she was amazed to discover that she was less known there as a stage star than as the mother of "the Act-of-God baby."

Betty (*Queen of Sheba*) Blythe told me recently that once, when she and husband Paul Scardon were in Venice, they bought an entire baby layette. Not that they expected or even planned a baby of their own. Betty happened to be sending home a baby coat to some expectant young friend and while shopping, she got so sentimental that she just bought the whole outfit! She has it now and, every so often, takes out her maternal instincts by fondling the diminutive things.

Why They'd Welcome Motherhood

DIXIE LEE (Mrs. Bing Crosby) wants a baby because she *wants* a baby, and because she is young and normal and very much in love with her husband. She wants one especially now, though, because her best friend, Sue Carol, has one and it was so much fun to be buying baby things and talking about names and fixing up a nursery and re-reading all the Mother Goose Rhymes and everything.

I know that one of the greatest griefs of Jobyna Ralston Arlen's life is that she has not had a baby. It is odd, how she may say, "Dick would love to have one . . ." Somehow, it is more wistful than if she said, "*I* would love to have one."

Winnie Baxter has said the same thing to me, "I should love to have had a baby—for Warner's sake."

When, some months ago, Lilyan Tashman (Mrs. Edmund Lowe) announced to me that she was planning to have a baby (ah, there, Lilyan?) she said, "Ed would love to have one—he often says so—"

Mary Pickford said to me many years ago, and with tears in her eyes, "If I could have had just one baby, I would never set foot in a studio again!"

The very afternoon that director Kenneth Hawks was killed in an airplane crash, his wife, Mary Astor, had been telling Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March) of their plans to have a child. The shock of her husband's death nearly killed Mary; she was months in recovering, and married the man who saved her life, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. This time, Mary did not postpone motherhood. She now has a baby girl—and is serenely happy.

Esther Ralston wanted to have a baby because she had always wanted to have a baby. But, more than that, she wanted to have a son for her husband. By a previous marriage George Webb had had two daughters, and it was Esther's dearest hope that she could win *her* battle of the babies by presenting George with a son. Her regret was expressed in her famous words immediately after the birth of the child when she murmured, "Please forgive me, Daddy. I'll do better the next time—"

In the scene-shifting life of the stage and screen, no doubt these famous girls, these famous wives, feel that a baby is an anchor to windward. A baby is the soft and potent weapon with which they can fight for happiness or security that may seem to shift with the scenes. That is why these famous women of the screen are battling to be the most famous mothers in the world.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 85*)

WHEN Franklin D. Roosevelt, Democratic candidate for President, headed for the West Coast on a campaign tour, there was a minor battle in Hollywood. Knowing how high-powered the Hollywood brand of publicity can be, the Republicans in the studios objected to the Democrats hailing him on behalf of all Hollywood. They wanted him welcomed as the Governor of New York, not as the Democratic candidate for President!

THREE days after Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., landed on one Coast from a trip abroad, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., set out from the opposite Coast for foreign parts. Doug, the Elder, was heading for the Orient to hunt long-haired tigers, look over Manchuria, head into Siberia, and travel on to Moscow and Paris, where Mary Pickford will meet him several months from now. A new Fairbanks picture will be made along the way.

BILLIE BURKE, widow of Florenz Ziegfeld, has decided to make her permanent home on the West Coast and to make the films her permanent career. The famous stage star, who re-enters the movies as John Barrymore's co-star in "A Bill of Divorcement," will leave the management of the Ziegfeld interests to a group of her late husband's business associates. With her is her fifteen-year-old daughter, Patricia, who is reported to be fabulously wealthy because her father, from the date of her birth, set aside one per cent of all his earnings for a trust fund for her.

WHEN James Haizlip recently broke the coast-to-coast airplane speed record, the first person to greet him on his arrival at the Newark (N. J.) Airport was Mrs. H. Palmerston Williams, better known as the former Marguerite Clark of the films. Her husband is a partner in the Wedell-Williams Corporation, builders of the Haizlip 'plane. She was almost as much interviewed as the record-breaking flier.

Among other things that she told reporters, she said that she would never return to the screen and that she hadn't missed her life in Hollywood. (Few of them ever say anything like that and mean it, but Marguerite does. See story on page 56.) Having no children of their own, the Williamses have a hobby of sending other boys and girls through college. Last year, Mr. Williams had seven boys in college at once, and Marguerite had three girls.

BUDDY ROGERS, who has been touring in vaudeville with his California Cavaliers orchestra, is reported heading for the movies again . . . And Vivian Duncan (Mrs. Nils Asther) is leaving the movie town on a vaudeville tour, with a feminine jazz band.

BETTE DAVIS kept her promise. She said, months ago, that she wouldn't be marrying anyone in Hollywood—and sure enough, when Bette "eloped" to Yuma, Arizona, the bridegroom was Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., orchestra leader in the East and a former schoolday sweetheart of Bette's. One case of puppy love growing into St. Bernard love.

YOU will soon see Renée Adorée on the screen again. The famous little French girl, best remembered as the heroine of

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Reveal its TRUE BEAUTY

When you have straightened out your new frock . . . added that final touch to your hair . . . given your fingernails the last once-over . . . glance in the mirror and ask yourself honestly whether you are doing justice to the beauty that should be yours. No matter how gorgeous your clothes are . . . your most fascinating appeal is a healthy, glowing complexion. Are you allowing it to lie dormant beneath your skin. Wake it up! Bring forth all your feminine charm that is the heritage of woman. You have it. Don't let it sleep any longer. All Hollywood knows the secret . . . and now you, too, can be absolutely fascinating.

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CREME VARIETE is a liquid cream that replaces in every respect and fulfills every purpose of foundation cream, cold cream, cleansing cream, pore cream, tissue cream, astringent cream and nourishing cream. CREME VARIETE may be applied in place of any of these individual creams. It does not contain any waxes to harm the skin.

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DON'T let large, flabby breasts spoil your figure! Don't allow that matronly fullness about the chest to make you look old and settled. It is *so* easy to regain the slim, trim form of youth. My new "PRESCRIPTION-36" treatment banishes fat, remoulds the form. Simple, harmless—requires but a few minutes a day at home. Not "just another fat-reducer," but a special treatment designed expressly for the bust, to remove extra fullness and restore shapely contours.

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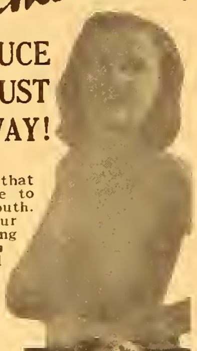

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Just get big container of my famous FORMULA-X and instructions. Apply treatment at home and watch your breasts grow slim and young-looking. Nothing else to do. Nothing else to buy. This wonderful new discovery quickly removes the soft, flabby fat, firms and moulds the bust to trim shapeliness. Guaranteed harmless—but SO EFFECTIVE!

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"The Big Parade," has come back to Hollywood rosy-cheeked and animated, victor in a long battle with a pulmonary ailment that kept her in bed in an Arizona sanitarium for seventeen months. After a two-month rest, she will resume work at her old studio, M-G-M. Her first picture has not yet been announced.

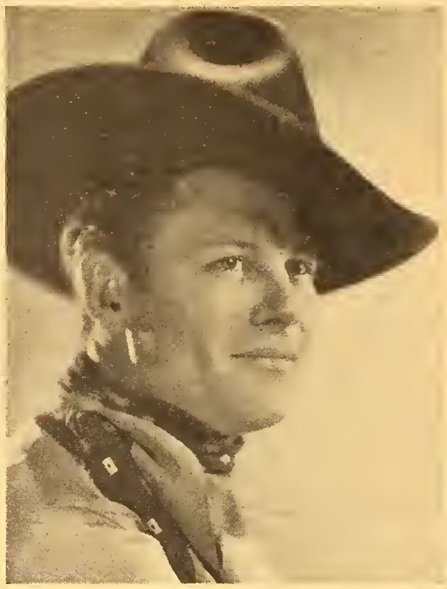
WHEN **Jascha Heifetz, famous violinist** and husband of Florence Vidor, arrived back in Los Angeles from a long concert tour abroad, he saw his son for the first time. As a present for the three-months-old baby, he brought back a violin from South Africa, made of 2,750 matches. Won't the youngster have fun?

IT'S **no secret that Tom Mix was pretty** lonely without his ten-year-old daughter, Thomasina, who was living with his divorced wife, now Mrs. Manuel Deolazabal, wife of the Argentine consul at San Francisco. And "Tommy," was lonely for him, it seemed. So Tom went to court, to see if he couldn't have custody of the child. The strong point in Tom's suit were letters from the little girl, telling her father, "I miss you awfully . . . just between you and I and the bedpost, I am sick of it here."

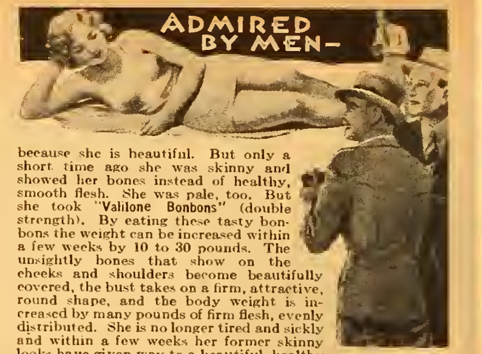
The little girl is credited with having played cupid in the romance of her father and his present wife, the former Mabel Hubbell, circus aerialist.

BUSTER **Keaton had tough luck when he** bought a yacht a few months ago. He lost both his wife, Natalie Talmadge, and the Yacht by the divorce route. Buster has decided he'll keep off the sea. From now on, he'll do his cruising on land. With this idea in mind he has just purchased a two-motored land cruiser, at a rumored cost of fifty-two thousand dollars. The bus, if it might be called that, has room for six people—and Buster may make a personal appearance tour in it.

WHEN **Florence Courtney Jessel, wife** of George Jessel, left for Reno, George was asked if he and Norma Talmadge were engaged. He declared any announcement would be premature, but added, according to the papers, "the first step is accomplished." Norma, when asked the same thing said, "We are just a good vaudeville team."



Not many stars of the talkies are daredevils, but here's one of the few—Tom Keene, the Western star. He does a dozen death-defying stunts—without benefit of a double—in "Come on, Danger"



because she is beautiful. But only a short time ago she was skinny and showed her bones instead of healthy, smooth flesh. She was pale, too. But she took "Valitone Bonbons" (double strength). By eating these tasty bonbons the weight can be increased within a few weeks by 10 to 30 pounds. The unsightly bones that show on the cheeks and shoulders become beautifully covered, the bust takes on a firm, attractive, round shape, and the body weight is increased by many pounds of firm flesh, evenly distributed. She is no longer tired and sickly and within a few weeks her former skinny looks have given way to a beautiful, healthy appearance. At the same time, by increasing the red blood corpuscles "Valitone Bonbons" (double strength) restore nervous energy, tone and enrich the blood. Send $1.00 for large box, or order C. O. D. from **Valitone Co., 158 State St., Binghamton, N. Y.**

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about YOU? shall men say "SHE IS LOVELY--- SO EXQUISITE!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON

The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment.* Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you.* Some one says, "She *is* lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—*not* meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment.*

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background,* yes. But as to these, men see *dimly.* Only women are *critical.* Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so* clever, *so* artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural.*

Some Women Know—Some Do Not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate *obvious* make-up, she simply *does not know* the glamorous beauty of *harmonized* Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. A mystery of radiant beauty so natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious *almond base* (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

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Screen play by Charles MacArthur

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DECEMBER
1932

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIV, No. 5

Is CONNIE BENNETT *Planning to Retire?*

It's no secret that Connie has an urge to live in Europe, and it's no secret, either, that Connie has worked more strenuously this year than ever before—so strenuously, in fact, that her friends are worrying about her health.

According to reliable reports, she has lost ten pounds in making "Rock-a-Bye"—five pounds more than she usually loses when making a picture. Her doctor has ordered rest.

A European vacation awaited Connie after "Rock-a-Bye," but she wanted to make "Always Wrong" before going. Friends believe this indicates Connie and her Marquis don't expect to return for a long time. Can they be right?

FEATURES

Every Actress Should Have a Child, Says Elissa Landi . Gladys Hall 27
What You Must *Have* to Be a Star in 1933 . . . Eric L. Ergenbright 28
The Headline Career of Jean Harlow, 1927–1932. . Muriel Babcock 30
Has Another Jannings Come to Hollywood?—Charles Laughton . . . . Charles Grayson 33
Hollywood's Latest Menace—Autograph Racketeers . . . . Helen Louise Walker 34
Ronald Colman Protests . . . . Rosalind Shaffer 40
We Nominate for Stardom—Your Future Favorites 42
"On the Right, Joan, Is London Bridge—On the Left, the Eiffel Tower" . . . . Dorothy Manners 47
Barbara Stanwyck Gets Her Heart's Desire—A Son . . Faith Service 51
John and Mary Public Tell the World Which Stars Have the Most Sex Appeal!. . . Eric L. Ergenbright 52
Where You'll Find the Stars at Play—Honolulu . . . . Dorothy Calhoun 54
Marathon Dancing—That's Hollywood's Newest Craze! . Jack Grant 56
These Two Boys Are Going Places! Dick Powell . Dorothy Manners 58
These Two Boys Are Going Places! William Gargan . Lee Townsend 59
Warner Baxter Could Be a World-Beater! . . . . . Louise Rice 60
Norma Talmadge Takes a New Lease on Life—with Georgie Jessel . . . . Cruikshank 64

DEPARTMENTS

Letters From Our Readers 6
What The Stars Are Doing . . . . Marion Martone 8
Tip-Offs on the Talkies . . . . J. E. R. 9
Featured Shorts . . . . James Edwin Reid 10
The Movie Circus . . . . Frank Morley 12
Your Gossip Test. . . . . Marion Martone 14
Movie Star Calendar . . . . José Schorr 16
News and Gossip 36
The Picture Parade 64

Cover Design of Constance Bennett Painted By MARLAND STONE
Decorative Background By ALEXEY V. ERMAKOFF

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill. by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879: Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Copyright 1932 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 15c. Subscriptions for U.S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.80 a year, Canada $3.30, Foreign Countries $3.30. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President-Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.*

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Minna Gombell receives mail from admirers in all parts of the world and here you see her all set to answer them

$20.00 Letter

Give Us Variety In Films

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Is it quite fair to the public that every original and successful film to score at the box office should spawn a slough of imitators—for the most part weak carbon copies of their prototype? I believe I echo the sentiments of the majority when I answer emphatically: "No!" Yet this "Celluloid Cycle-itis," traditional ailment of motion pictures, has rapidly grown into a chronic condition, deplored by those patrons looking to the industry for progressive accomplishment.

Actors and writers come and go in the never-ending search for new faces and new ideas but our "movie dietitians," like the babbling brook, seem to "go on forever—!" Let's try for a bit of new life on the producing end of our film fare, occasionally.

"Love Me Tonight" brings American audiences something novel and original in sparkling entertainment yet discerning movie-goers are now dreading the flood of weak imitations that must inevitably follow. It will be another instance of traditional methods outweighing originality and initiative. Sheeplike, the procession continues—Ad Infinitum.

Quid nunc? "Strange Interlude"? Heaven forbid! I'm sure such a series would prove to be too much. We're talking to ourselves as it is.

Lars Anderson.

$10.00 Letter

Titles Are Deceiving

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why is it necessary to affix a title like "The Blonde Captive" to a perfectly swell picture? After all, it is an insult to the public intelligence to try to draw them into a movie house by "spicy" titles, when the picture ought to attract by its own merits. What could be more thrilling, more entertaining than to see the native tribes of half-civilized Australia, the lovely dancing girls of the Fiji Islands, native pearl divers, strange fish in strange waters, rare jungle scenes, mysterious rites? A title like "The Blonde Captive" is deceiving.

I say it is deceiving because it leads one to believe that the picture deals with the life story of a beautiful blonde girl captured by native tribes. In the first place, the picture is a travelogue, fascinating it is true, but certainly not a story. Secondly, the blonde captive is really an old grayhaired hag, not a beautiful blonde. And third place, the main point of the movie, the search for the Neanderthal Man, which is certainly much more significant than the blonde captive as a title, is not even suggested. I admit that most people would be unaware of the meaning of such a title, but if so, why lure them, so to speak, by a false premise?

I should think that the mere mention of Lowell Thomas as the narrator of the film would be enough to attract a large audience: and he deserves it. The picture was indeed a pleasant surprise to me, and I can well recommend it to anyone who enjoys real adventure.

Lenore Tobias.

$5.00 Letter

A Plea for Plump Players

WILLOWS, CALIF.—It's a grand and glorious feelin' to explode in the safety valve of this magazine without serious results. Criticize acting! Not I, I couldn't begin to hold a candle to the poorest of them, but why oh why do the ladies of the film world have to be so painfully thin. It has reached the point where their figures are not only thin but actually angular.

Of course we are living in turbulent times, depression and all of that, but cannot something be done to stimulate the scanty diet of these actresses? Not that we want them obese, far from that, but to strike a happy medium in plumpness would look like prosperous days were back with us again.

Mrs. H. N. Krauchi.

Wholesome Pictures Returning

COLUMBUS, O.—At last it seems that the gangster can slink back into his hide-out, the handsome quarterback doff his jersey and the woman of ill repute mercifully fade into obscurity.

For the heralds of the movie horizon proclaim a new movement toward wholesome stories such as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Little Women." And I, for one, am glad! Somehow, my faith in human nature comes creeping back.

The only danger now is that the producers will overplay the trend and turn out too consistent and saccharine pictures, so that everyone will revert to more lurid films again. If they could only learn that between the two extremes lies Life—and good screen entertainment.

Perhaps this noticeable tendency toward wholesome pictures is another evidence of a return to sane living after these hectic days of boom and depression. If so, we can thank this international ill wind for blowing us back to our senses—and hail the new day of the movies!

B. B.

Tom Mooney Grieves

SAN QUENTIN, CALIF. — The death of Paul Bern has removed from among us not only an incomparably generous soul, but a man whose every instinct was alive with social responsibility and the quiet but indomitable courage to assume the burdens such responsibility imposed.

(*Continued on page 71*)

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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ZaSu Pitts the most popular comedienne on the screen today

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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Andre, Gwili—playing in *Secrets of the French Police*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—latest release *The All American*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Red Dust*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *Men Without Fear*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *Faithless*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Ethel—playing in *Rasputin*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—playing in *Rasputin*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Rasputin*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Six Hours to Live*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Rockabye*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Pier 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *Vanity Street*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Six Hours to Live*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *Call Her Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, George — playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Cavalcade*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—playing in *You Said a Mouthful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Cabot, Bruce—recently completed *Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Common Ground*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cohan, George M.—latest release *The Phantom President*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—recently completed *The Sign of the Cross*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—recently completed *I Have Been Faithful*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—recently completed *A Farewell to Arms*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—latest release *Rain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lili—recently completed *The Match King*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Davies, Marion—latest release *Blondie of the Follies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Deep Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—recently completed *The Conquerors*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Walking Down Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N.Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Second Hand Wife*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—recently completed *The Big Broadcast*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Parachute*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *Tess of the Storm Country*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fox, Sidney—playing in *Marathon Dancer*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Francis, Kay—recently completed *Trouble in Paradise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *Red Dust*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Tess of the Storm Country*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Acme

A gala turn-out of film notables attended the London première of "Grand Hotel." Edmund Goulding (left) who directed the film, attended with Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer

Gilbert, John—latest release *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Goudal, Jetta—playing in *Tarnished Youth*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—playing in *Let's Go*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—recently completed *The Conquerors*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Red Dust*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—recently completed *A Farewell to Arms*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—recently completed *Trouble in Paradise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—playing in *The Animal Kingdom*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Jolson, Al—recently completed *The New Yorker*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jones, Buck—playing in *The Sundown Rider*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Karloff, Boris—playing in *The Mask of Fu Manchu*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City.

Keaton, Buster—latest release *Speak Easily*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Landl, Elissa—recently completed *The Sign of the Cross*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Laughton, Charles—playing in *Payment Deferred*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Linden, Eric—playing in *Man and Wife*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *Virtue*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *Rockabye*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—recently completed *Rackety Rax*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—latest release *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

March, Fredric—recently completed *The Sign of the Cross*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel — playing in *Rockabye*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe — recently completed *A Farewell to Arms*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *Hidden Gold*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Faithless*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Muni, Paul—recently completed *I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*—Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nissen, Greta—recently completed *Rackety Rax*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian — recently completed *Madison Square Garden*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack — recently completed *Madison Square Garden*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George — recently completed *The Golden West*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Pichel, Irving—recently completed *Wild Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N.Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *Lawyer Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Night After Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—recently completed *Silver Dollar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *Jubilo*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *False Faces*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—recently completed *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Betrayed*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Tracy, Lee—recently completed *Washington Merry-Go-Round*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Pier 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—recently completed *Kongo*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

William, Warren—playing in *Employees' Entrance*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—recently completed *Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Employees' Entrance*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

◆ Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here ◆

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By J. E. R.

American Madness—An epic of money-madness, boasting a great mob scene of a bank panic and Walter Huston as a banker who has a heart. Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson lend him noble assistance (Col.).

Back Street—Fannie Hurst's poignant novel of a secret love that lasted a lifetime becomes a heart-wrenching movie, with Irene Dunne and John Boles rising to new heights as the tragic couple (Univ.).

Big City Blues—An excitement-starved small-town boy (Eric Linden) runs into Joan Blondell and some big city adventures that are like a high-powered nightmare (W. B.).

Bird of Paradise—A famous old drama comes to new life in the talkies, with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea as the brown girl and the white man who defy the tabus of their races, for love. A colorful, moody picture that is all romance (RKO).

Blessed Event—The wisest and wittiest of all the comedies about gossip columnists—with Lee Tracy superb as the know-it-all, tell-it-all scandal artist whose nerve gets him by. A lampoon that hits the mark (W. B.).

Blondie of the Follies—Marion Davies rises from the slums to Park Avenue, by way of the "Follies" and Robert Montgomery. A slight, but well-done success-and-romance story, in which Marion and Jimmy Durante give a swell take-off of Garbo and John Barrymore (M-G-M).

The Cabin in the Cotton—Richard Barthelmess again becomes a po' white boy, this time in the cotton fields. Good drama of the downtrodden, which has rhythm and feeling, even if it does move slowly (F. N.).

The Crash—Ruth Chatterton, who isn't afraid to play unsympathetic rôles, sends her young broker-husband (George Brent) to ruin by her indiscretions, but eventually proves she loves him. A slow-motion picture (F. N.).

The Crooked Circle—Half-mystery, half-burlesque of mysteries, this packs both exciting suspense and gales of laughter. Ben Lyon is the star, but Zasu Pitts and James Gleason a comical pair, steal the show (World Wide).

Crooner—The rise and fall of a Great Lover of the Air Waves, whose head is even bigger than his salary. Uproarious satire, with David Manners (as the crooner) outdone only by Ken Murray, as his breezy, weary press-agent (F. N.).

Devil and the Deep—As the insanely jealous husband of Tallulah Bankhead, who takes her and her lover (Gary Cooper) to the bottom of the sea in a submarine, Charles Laughton is a newcomer who will fascinate you. Unusual melodrama (Par.).

Doctor X—That finished actor, Lionel Atwill, plays a scientist who has to turn detective and find a murderer among his fellow-scientists. Novel and exciting mystery thriller, all in color (F. N.).

Downstairs—The former Great Lover, John Gilbert, turns fascinating villain in a noble experiment. He's a chauffeur in a gloomy Balkan castle, whose hobby is wrecking lives. You'll talk about Gilbert in this one (M-G-M).

Down to Earth—The depression hits the family that you first glimpsed in "They Had to See Paris," and Will Rogers has a chance to go back to old clothes and sprinkle some salty wisecracks around. Amusing (Fox).

"Maedchen in Uniform," a German picture of life in a strict school for girls, has the world's capitals talking

Goona Goona—The title means "love powder," and the picture is a simple, beautifully photographed story of a tragic love on the South Sea island of Bali. Enacted by an all-native cast (First Division).

Grand Hotel—The talkies' greatest experiment in all-star casts. Garbo, John and Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery all add to their fame in Vicki Baum's tense, ironic melodrama of life in a great hotel (M-G-M).

Hell's Highway—A compelling, but heavy melodrama of life among convicts who take out their punishment by building roads. Richard Dix and young Tom Brown are sincere in their rôles of two brothers in prison (RKO).

Hold 'Em, Jail—A directly opposite view of prison life, filmed by the same company. Wheeler and Woolsey land behind the bars, only to get on the prison football team—and give a riotous burlesque of football (RKO).

Horse Feathers—The Four Marx Brothers on a college campus—and how! Groucho's puns are atrociously funny, and Harpo's pantomime makes even Chaplin doff his hat. They also make football look ridiculous. Devastatingly dizzy nonsense (Par.).

I Kiss Your Hand, Madame—They've revived an old German-made picture of Marlene Dietrich's—and it certainly emphasizes what Hollywood has done for her. A stilted story about her pursuit by a waiter who is a nobleman in disguise (Stanley).

Laurel and Hardy run into some comical hard luck—and a bit of pathos—in "Pack Up Your Troubles," their second feature

Kongo—Love and hate with a jungle setting, in which Walter Huston, a bitter cripple, rules a tribe of cannibals, who think he is going to give Lupe Velez to them. Old-fashioned blood-and-thunder stuff, but packs a punch (M-G-M).

The Last Man—A freighter is found drifting, with only one man alive on board, and that man demented. The rest of the picture explains what happened. An exciting thriller, made believable by Charles Bickford (Col.).

The Last Mile—Stark, compelling drama about the march of condemned men to the electric chair, but it is neither so tense nor so bitter as the stage play. Preston Foster makes a name for himself as *Killer Mears* (World Wide).

Life Begins—For the first time, the movies speak right out about the great drama of Birth. The setting is a maternity ward in a big hospital; the mothers-to-be are of all types. The chief and most poignant is Loretta Young, who is unforgettable (F. N.).

Love Me Tonight—Chevalier does it again. As a pauperized tailor who can't help it if a princess (Jeanette MacDonald) falls in love with him, he turns out another gay, lilting, subtly daring comedy of romance (Par.).

Maedchen in Uniform ("Girls in Uniform")—The talkie sensation of 1932 in Europe—a German-made picture of life in a strict school for Prussian army officers' daughters. It is a sensitive study of the emotions of adolescence, finely done. There are English sub-titles (Krimsky-Cochran).

The Most Dangerous Game—Leslie Banks, insane big-game hunter, hunts the most dangerous game of all—human beings. (The chief one is Joel McCrea.) A suspenseful thriller, with an absorbing performance by Banks (RKO).

Ben Lyon, Zasu Pitts and James Gleason make "The Crooked Circle" a suspenseful mystery and uproarious burlesque

Movie Crazy—In his first comedy in two years, Harold Lloyd gives a fast-moving, side-splitting version of the difficulty of getting into the movies. You may laugh yourself silly (Par.).

Mr. Robinson Crusoe—Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., has the time of his life as a castaway on a desert island, bringing *Robinson Crusoe* up to date. His enjoyment is contagious. He's still his agile, amusing self—a surefire gloom-chaser (U. A.).

Night-Club Lady—A heavily guarded night-club lady is mysteriously murdered, and it requires suave Adolphe Menjou, in the surprise rôle of a detective, to solve the mystery, which is a baffling one (Col.).

Night Mayor—A political satire that packs a knockout punch, about the playboy mayor of a big city who thinks the world is his oyster. Lee Tracy again proves that he has what it takes (Col.).

The Night of June 13—An innocent man (Clive Brook) is tried for murder, and his neighbors commit perjury about what *they* were doing on the fatal night. A bitter, tense drama of suburban life (Par.).

Okay, America—The daughter of a Cabinet minister is kidnaped by a powerful gang, which is outwitted by gossip-columnist Lew Ayres. Fast-moving and breezy melodrama, with Ayres convincing in his rôle, despite his youth (Univ.).

Once In a Lifetime—Hollywood—especially the bewildered Hollywood of the early talkies—takes it on the chin in this witty burlesque of the movies. Jack Oakie, Aline MacMahon and a big cast make it sublimely ridiculous (Univ.).

One-Way Passage—A poignantly beautiful story of a man and woman who meet and love in the shadow of death. With William Powell and Kay Francis as the lovers, it is moving without ever being morbid (W. B.).

A Painted Woman—Down in those passionate South Seas, men fight over Peggy Shannon and then she is accused of murder. She and Spencer Tracy struggle nobly with the material at hand (Fox).

A Passport to Hell—Again Elissa Landi seems to prove that acting—not the story—is the thing. Forced into a marriage by the War, she learns to love another man. A trite story, but she makes it "different" (Fox).

Strange Interlude—Eugene O'Neill's powerful drama of a passionate idealist, who lets life cheat her of a great love, loses some of its intense irony on the screen—but is still powerful and unusual. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are the frustrated lovers (M-G-M).

A Successful Calamity—George Arliss, who's wealthy, fakes poverty to test his family's love for him—and their reactions surprise him. Sentimental, but Arliss' smooth acting makes it worth seeing (W. B.).

Those We Love—A well-done triangle drama, in which Mary Astor and her young son (Tommy Conlon) win novelist Kenneth MacKenna back from the well-dressed and witty Lilyan Tashman (Tiffany).

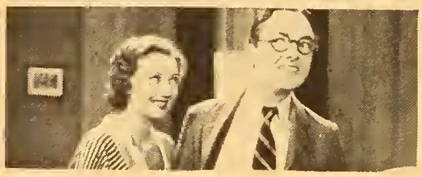
Tiger Shark—A triangle melodrama laid aboard a fishing boat off the Pacific Coast—vividly unusual. Edward G. Robinson (with a claw for a hand), Richard Arlen and Zita Johann are the trio (F. N.).

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

THE MUSICAL DOCTOR The idea behind this musical brevity starring Rudy Vallee is silly, but the lad's personality gets it across. Rudy is a much more effective movie actor than he used to be, especially since he has caught the knack of kidding himself just a little. Like Chevalier in "One Hour with You," he is a doctor who issues musical prescriptions—except that Dr. Vallee not only sings his doctor's orders; he prescribes music also. To cure one thing, he suggests a tango; to cure another, a love song; and so on. His chief helper is Mae Questel, the screen voice of *Betty Boop*, the cartoon cutie. (Paramount)



SHERLOCK'S HOME There is a regular barrage of twenty-minute mystery comedies this month. Here is Jack Haley, Broadway comic, in one that actually has a plot. It isn't a burlesque of mystery thrillers; instead, it's a lampoon of goofy amateur detectives. More than that, it also brings in a sort of "Charley's Aunt" sequence. Haley's prospective father-in-law is running for mayor, and a gang is out to ruin him. To trap them, Haley disguises himself as a tough chorus girl and proceeds to be wooed by the gang chief, who isn't long in detecting "that's no gal." Rough, but funny. (Vitaphone)

THE RED SHADOW Under any other name, "The Desert Song" is still an eyeful and an earful. For that is what "The Red Shadow" turns out to be—a condensed version of that grand operetta of a few years ago. It is the first of a series of such versions of popular modern operettas and musical comedies—the theory being that if grand opera could get across in featured shorts (and it has), lighter entertainment ought to fare even better. The producers have made a good start with their series—what with having Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire singing their old rôles as the lovers. (Vitaphone)

SPIRIT OF THE CAMPUS With Lawrence Tibbett sunning himself on the French Riviera, there's no real operatic voice left in the movies. But along comes Reinald Werrenrath, and supplies the deficiency—going in, like Tibbett, for popular songs, not grand opera. In this case, the songs happen to be college songs—and Werrenrath knows how to put them across. He wrote "Grim, Gray Palisades," the alma mater air of N. Y. U., when he was in college. A group of singers, called the Alumni Glee Club, help him put you in That Mood—a mood that happens around every autumn, like football games. (Educational)

THE GREAT HOKUM MYSTERY This is a serial that is intended as a burlesque of all serials, the opening chapter of which is called "Hypnotizing for Love." It was the bright idea of Johnny Walker, of acting fame. He raided an old film library somewhere, dragged out a typical old-fashioned melodrama of the bassinet days of the movies (when villains were big, tough and sneering and heroines were plumpish, timid and innocent). He then cooked up some witty descriptions for what was going on, and entrusted the narration to a chap named Lew Lehr—and the result is a novel comedy. (Educational)

THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT This singing-comedy short starring Bing Crosby is likely to make a bigger hit than many of the features on the same programs. Turned out by Mack Sennett, it has polish and class, and you're apt to leave the theatre humming either "Blue of the Night" or "Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear" or "Every Time My Heart Beats." It has a plotlet to tie the numbers together. Bing and "Babe" Kane, who is a pert little number, are mistaken for a bridal couple on a train—a predicament that apparently calls for soft lights and sweet music. Bing puts it over with a bang. (Paramount)

HAWKINS AND WATKINS, INC. Willing, but dumb amateur detectives are favorite subjects of comedy writers, but they seldom serve you two at once. Particularly two such amusing ones as Forrester Harvey and Matt McHugh, who are guarding a bad-luck jewel, which a Hindu "heavy" is trying to restore to a native temple. (The writers, incidentally, may have got their basic idea from Wilkie Collins' famous mystery story, "The Moonstone.") Two of their exciting misadventures are rides in an airplane and a motorcycle side-car, both piloted by a mad gorilla. Excitingly hilarious. (Paramount)

MICKEY'S BUSY DAY The title might lead you to think this is another episode in the life of that rollicking rodent, *Mickey Mouse*. But it happens to concern *Mickey (Himself) McGuire*, who started life in a Fontaine Fox comic strip and then, like most popular cut-ups, broke into the movies. In other words, it's a kid komedy—and a lively, hilarious one. It's Clean-Up Week, and *Mickey* rounds up his gang to clean up their play lot so that they can win the prize for the best achievement of the week. But the opposition gang has other plans, with the sequel a free-for-all that will make even grown-ups laugh. (RKO)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME A LAUGH-TIME LIKE THIS!

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"

Greatest Mirth-provoking Comedy that has been produced in many years

Poking fun at Hollywood
Laughing at producer, player, director

"A blue-ribbon show. All of us laughed long and loud at the joshing which Hollywood apparently deserves . . See 'Once In a Lifetime' and die—laughing."
Walter Winchell, N. Y. Mirror

See it and forget your troubles!

The Cast of Comedians: JACK OAKIE • SIDNEY FOX • ALINE MacMAHON RUSSELL HOPTON • LOUISE FAZENDA • GREGORY RATOFF • ZASU PITTS • ONSLOW STEVENS • JOBYNA HOWLAND • CLAUDIA MORGAN GREGORY GAYE • MONA MARIS • CAROL TREVIS • DEACON McDANIEL

Directed by the ironical RUSSELL MACK

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA *Carl Laemmle President* 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The MOVIE CIRCUS

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

Wide World

By
FRANK MORLEY

From backstroke swimming to acting for the movies is an accomplishment easily negotiated by Eleanor Holm who won the Olympic event in her specialty. At the right is how she appears in evening dress

PLEASURABLE things have been happening this month. For one, our handsome and amiable Parisian friends, the Rocky twins, have with much swank and a $7.50 cover charge opened the Club New Yorker. In this venture they have the large blond and equally amiable assistance of Jean Malin, lately of Texas Guinan's and the Club Calais, in New York. Malin, prime exponent of sissy humor (although an almost dead ringer for Ernie Nevers, the football star) has few people "whoops" him. He is husky enough to toss hecklers out into the street—via the wall.

Jean doesn't mind being ribbed, however, as his nimble wit allows him to defend himself at all times—particularly against Hollywooden-heads. "Funny thing," he told us the other night. "I'm a hit in night-clubs with exactly the same sort of clowning that used to get me canned regularly when I was a chorus boy. Then I was lucky to get thirty dollars a week—and now I have a secretary, a cook, a chaffeur and a valet." Vocational Adjustment, that's all.

THEN, too, we got a laugh (as usual) from Schnozzle Durante who, searching for a description of an acquaintance, said: "He's a dese, a dose and a Democrat, see?"

AND one from Maria Alba, the Spanish beauty, who contends that she can't see much difference between being married and being single. "When you're single you sit up half the night waiting for him to go home," sez she, "and when you're married you sit up half the night waiting for him to come home."

OR if those foregoing gagas don't get you, what about the wire received by the Brothers Warner from one Emil Merschied, of the North Platte Floral Company who would assist them in a talent hunt thus:

"Daily papers announce you desire W. J. Bryan Jr. to impersonate his father in film, if not successful securing him wish to call your attention to Maj. C. F. Scharmann, Omaha, Nebraska, who was one of two majors in Bryan's regiment Third Nebraska Volunteer Infantry, knew him well, is said to have as good commanding voice as any officer in Seventh Army Corps even better than voice of Bryan, was reared in Buffalo Bill's town, six feet tall, weighs hundred eighty pounds, has singing compass of over two octaves and may be available as substitute, can give him highest recommendations." But the gentleman who plays *William Jennings Bryan* in "Silver Dollar" is one Niles Welch.

OR that sign on the door of the First National Bank of Beverly Hills, announcing that it would be closed on Admission Day . . . and placed just below the notice of receivership which has shut that institution, fear we (and Garbo) for some longer than just the one day?

MENTIONING Garbo—and you might have known we would!—draws forth our (for the time being) last yarn about the Aloof One. We have it that during the filming of "As You Desire Me" she and Erich von Stroheim didn't match up like two and two. Greta, it seemed, didn't like Erich's pan—and asked him not to remain on the set when he wasn't actually working.

Von left quietly . . . but a von Stroheim never forgets. A week later he was making a scene when he observed the lady in the rôle of observer. Stopping the camera, he asked that she leave the set. Greta descended upon him like ten furies, but von Stroheim didn't back up an inch. There was something about Miss Garbo . . . so long as she was not in this scene, would she please leave?

For a time the Swedish siren glared as if ready to pounce. Then she whirled and stalked away. And as she went she said: "You're the only man in Hollywood with any guts!"

SURE there are laughs in Hollywood, depressions and too many theatres and too few audiences and everything else. No matter how much one broods—and for first-class brooders Hollywood leads the breed!—along will come a story like the one about the executive who took a critical friend to view his new production. The friend was unimpressed; "lousy" was his mildest term.

But was the film man stopped? "Anyway," he said cheerfully, "you gotta admit it simply reeks of production."

BUT then, all is not merriment in this man's town. There are serious things afoot, as well. Boris Karloff, for instance, has found a use for the thimbles by which

(*Continued on page 89*)

"They can't let me go now! . . . .

I'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!

"I've seen what they do to men on the chain gang. I've been through it myself! I've seen men flogged, sweated, tortured. And I've dared to tell the whole hideous truth about it! They can't afford to let me stay at large now. They've got to get me; they've got to shut me up, because . . . they know I'VE LIFTED THE LID OFF HELL!"

Here is a new kind of picture! Not a scenario writer's idea of a prison, but the actual, authentic experiences of an escaped convict . . . who right now may be passing through *your* town in his eternal flight.

SEE . . .
The whipping post—

—The perforated lash under which men die—

—The awful sweat box—

—The heavy chains worn day and night!

Millions . . .
have waited for the REAL truth about that hell on earth—the chain gang . . . here it is! . . .

"I AM A FUGITIVE
FROM A CHAIN GANG"

with

PAUL MUNI

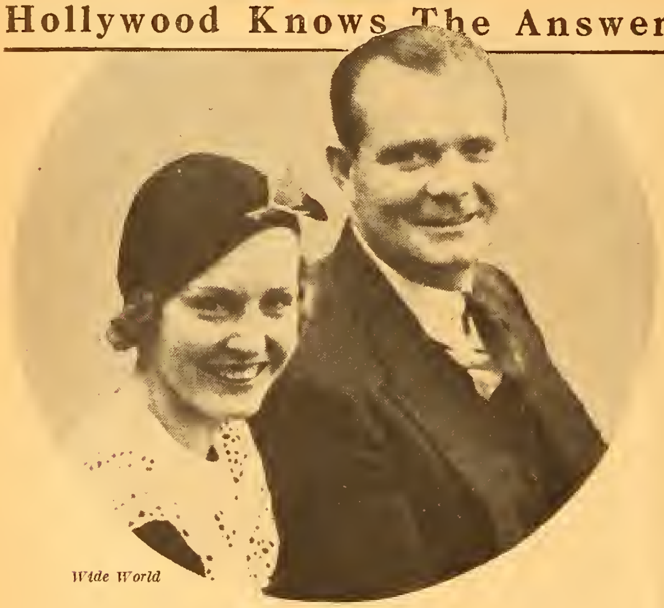
in his first picture since "Scarface"

And Glenda Farrell, Helen Vinson and Preston Foster. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Another sensational hit from

WARNER BROS.

I am a FUGITIVE from a CHAIN GANG!
BY ROBERT E. BURNS

Rob't E. Burns' best seller that startled the world with its shocking, thrilling revelations . . . See it in all its vivid, vibrant reality on the screen . . . At leading theatres soon.



Wide World

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

1. Can you name the smiling pair pictured directly above?

2. Do you know the movie couple whose romance has "hit the rocks?"

3. Which movie star is said to have the most beautiful back in Hollywood?

4. What screen comedienne is planning to adopt an orphan as her son?

5. Who is the dancing star of stage and screen who has admitted she will be married soon?

6. Can you name the motion picture comedian whose wife, also connected with the film industry, presented him with a baby boy recently?

7. Do you know a motion picture player named Allen Clayton Hoskins?

8. What is the name of the actress who is coming back to the screen after an absence of about two years?

9. Do you know what news Edward G. Robinson has been trying to keep secret?

10. What are they saying about the romance of a certain film star and her wealthy husband?

11. Why did a stage and screen actress commit suicide in Hollywood recently?

12. To whom was a member of the movie colony married in Tia Juana on September 24, 1932?

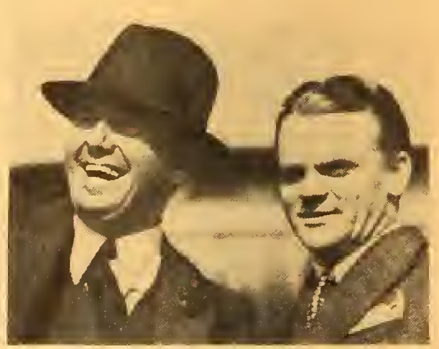
13. Who is the stage and screen actress who was to be married in October?

14. Do you know the motion picture player who gave up her screen career after her marriage? What are her plans for the future?

15. Can you name the young man who, according to all reports, is in love with Cecelia Parker, film actress?

16. Who is the young man of the screen who changed his last name because he knew no one would believe it was his real name?

17. Do you know the name of the wealthy film producer who is working at a salary of $250 per month?



Wide World

18. On what occasion did these two gentlemen pose for this picture?

19. Why was it such exciting news to hear that Gilbert Roland was given a rôle in "Call Her Savage?"

20. For what reason has Helen Twelvetrees temporarily retired from the screen?

(Answers to these questions on page 80)

They Were All Dressed Up for FREDRIC MARCH'S *Gay Nineties* Party

The old gentleman, above, is Robert Montgomery, decked out as a Kentucky colonel, suh, while his wife is dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy

Photos by Acme

The foursome, above, are Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Nugent (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris—the latter togged out like the city slicker of the gaslight era

The giddy girls of the Gay Nineties had nothing on Nancy Carroll, who is all set to do a schottische with the first beau who asks her

The tintype, below, is represented by Norman Foster and his wife, Claudette Colbert. Note the handle-bar moustache on the boy friend

Take a look at the postures at the left, so typical of the Gay Nineties! Helen Hayes is the kittenish maid, luring her husband, Charles MacArthur, outside to a hammock built for two

Movie Star Calendar

Dating Them Up Through Past Events

DECEMBER, 1932

By JOSÉ SCHORR

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
 Clark Gable is saving money for future travels	 Joan Bennett will have been married a year next March	 John Gilbert likes Ina Claire as a friend. Ina returns feeling	 Nancy Carroll has a sprinkler system on home for rain effects	1 **Dolores Costello** gives up honeymoon with John Barrymore to stay home with the flu. (1928)	2 **Jean Harlow's** classmates make fun of her because her hair is almost white. (1921)	3 **Clark Gable** strikes for a living wage. ($1200 a week.) (1931)
4 **Rex Bell**, from over Nevada way, denies he is married to Clara Bow—the kidder! (1931)	5 **Nancy Carroll's** mother asks: "Ducky, is it necessary to lift your limbs so high in Mr. Shubert's show?" (1923)	6 **Jacqueline Logan** and **Robert Gillespie** break up because he called her dumb. (1927)	7 **Barbara Stanwyck** is giving out wrong numbers for the New York Telephone Company. (1920)	8 **Joan Crawford** says she has not tasted bread for five years. She weighs 118 pounds. (1930)	9 **Lupe Velez** won't marry Gilbert. Explains: "I like him very much but I also like everybody else." (1931)	10 **Adolphe Menjou** denies he will marry Kathryn Carver. Says he likes single life too well. (1926)
11 **Peverell Marley** gives up camera job to be stage dancing partner to wife, Mrs. Lina Basquette Marley. (1929)	12 **Douglas Fairbanks** returns from Europe. Starved for American "ham and eggs, and a stack of wheats." (1921)	13 **Pola Negri** who 8 months ago said: "I want to be free and stay free," falls for the wiles of Capt. John Loder. (1931)	14 Worried Toledo girls crowd hospital as **Buddy Rogers'** appendix is removed. (1930)	15 **George Bancroft** says he-men "don't like these thin little figures that girls have today." (1930)	16 **Ona Munson** buys long woolen underwear. Expects to spend winter in New York with fiancé, Ernst Lubitsch. (1931)	17 **Fifi Dorsay** returns Freddie Berrens' ring because he refuses to go to California with her. (1930)
18 **Logan S. Metcalf** fervently woos Madge Bellamy. He does not realize they will be divorced in four months. (1927)	19 **Joan Bennett**, who said her next boy friend would be genial and dumb, says: "Yes!" to clever Gene Markey. (1931)	20 **Lila Lee** orders a thousand Christmas dinners for homeless men in Chicago. (1922)	21 **Gloria Swanson** started work at 1 P.M. because afternoon cameras screen better. (1930)	22 **Irene Bordoni**, spied leaving her lawyer, can't imagine what makes people think she wants a divorce. (1928)	23 Lovelorn **Phil Plant** writes song to Connie Bennett. Begs Morton Downey to broadcast it from his club. (1930)	24 **Victoria Forde Mix** is divorcing Tom because he doesn't tell her where he spends his nights. (1930)
25 Christmas! **John McCormick** gives Mae Clarke a diamond ring. (1930)	26 **Ethel Barrymore** tells Boston: "On Broadway is the lowest form of animal life—which I do not represent." (1931)	27 **Estelle Taylor's** car tries to climb a tree but can't make the grade. (1931)	28 **Ina Claire** is annoyed by rumor that she will remarry John Gilbert. (1931)	29 **Bebe Daniels** receives book on how to manage a husband. Her fiancé, Ben Lyon, gets one on managing a wife. (1928)	30 Business is good. **Mary Pickford** has earned $950,000 this year. (1917)	31 **Norma Shearer** and **Irving Thalberg** are forbidden to kiss Irving Jr. because they have colds. (1930)

"I DON'T SMOKE

but on Tooth Paste I take the advice of those who do"

• So runs a paragraph in a letter from a charming woman who is enthusiastic about Listerine Tooth Paste. We pass it on for what it is worth.

Do you know that Listerine Tooth Paste contains marvelous new cleansing and polishing agents that remove film faster, and give teeth a sparkle and cleanliness that ordinary dentifrices cannot accomplish?

These ingredients show unusual ability to get rid of unsightly odor-producing tobacco stains on teeth. Discolorations and tartar left by food disappear, of course, as if by magic.

If you are not now using Listerine Tooth Paste, we urge you to give it a trial. See how quickly and how thoroughly it performs its work.

Note how those fine cleansing and polishing agents reach between, in front, and behind teeth and erase stubborn tartar deposits, stains, and germ-laden film.

Note how much better your teeth look after you have used it for a few days.

We are rather proud of the fact that tens of thousands of men and women who could easily afford to pay high prices for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢.

After all, such preference is the most convincing proof of the quality of Listerine Tooth Paste and the remarkable results it achieves. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

removes film faster 25¢

At *boarding school* the first creams she ever used . . . As *young society woman* Mrs. du Pont *says*: "I have kept right on using them. They are simply grand for the skin."

At Boarding School. *Mrs. du Pont in 1922 when as Miss Elizabeth Wrenn she was still in her teens. "At boarding school I used these two creams all the time."*

As Young Society Woman. *Photograph taken this year of Mrs. E. Wrenn du Pont. "Today I depend upon them to keep my skin fresh and smooth always."*

In December, the stinging snows of St. Moritz . . . In March, the blistering sands of Bermuda . . . To Lake Placid . . . To California . . . By plane or train . . . Mrs. du Pont tells a spirited story of the sport-loving life she leads—and the two creams that keep her skin lovely through it all!

3 Exquisite Pond's Preparations

The Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening. The Vanishing Cream—protects, and holds the powder. The Tissues—more absorbent than ordinary tissues.

"At boarding school," says Mrs. du Pont, "when I first realized the importance of caring for my skin, I turned to Pond's Two Creams . . . I wanted to look 'my best' for my first parties!

"Today I am simply devoted to those same two creams!

"In St. Moritz, I never went out without Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face. The air is so frightfully cold, and the sun so very brilliant, that unless you have a good coating of protection, your face goes absolutely purple!

"In Bermuda, I found Pond's Vanishing Cream absolutely essential as a protection against blistering.

"Pond's Creams really are just *grand!*

• • •

"*How I use the Cold Cream: A Swell Cleanser.* I never found a cream that goes into my skin better, and gets it both clean and refreshed at the same time.

"*To Rest My Skin.* When I've had a very trying day, a good cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, then a fresh creaming and a short nap with it on takes all the tiredness from my face.

"*The Things I use the Vanishing Cream for: Protects from Chapping and from Sunburn.* It's great for that. I can't say too much about Pond's Vanishing Cream as a protection.

"*It heals all sorts of little roughnesses* whenever I have been careless.

"*The Best Finish to a Beauty Treatment.* It's the best base for rouge and powder. You know you are going to look fresh and groomed for hours."

Try these marvelous creams. You will find, like Mrs. Du Pont, they are all you need.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples of Pond's Products.

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113 Hudson Street . . . . New York City
Please send me (check choice):

Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.

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Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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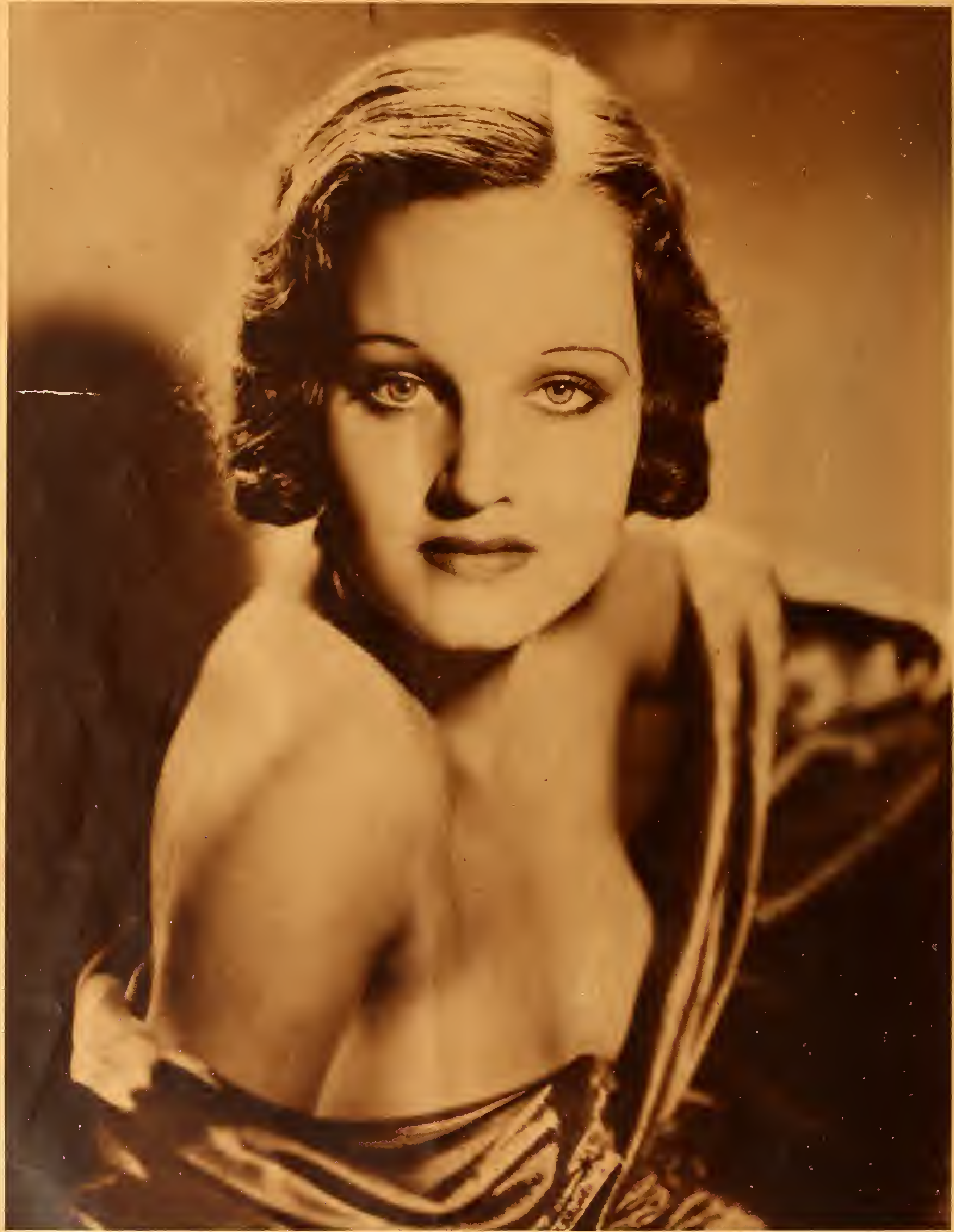
Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9.30 P.M., E.S.T. Continuous dance music rhythmed for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network

DIETRICH— THE BLONDE VENUS

The only mystery about the Venus de Milo was: What became of her arms? Moreover, she was a cold, stony sort of person. But not so this Venus from the Vaterland! She is completely feminine, even to arms—and completely mystifying to boot! And who would call Marlene marble-hearted—particularly after seeing her as the good-bad heroine of "Blonde Venus"? She will next baffle the world in "Deep Night"



Bachrach

Rochelle is giving you one of those looks straight from the shoulder—the kind they give strangers in Oklahoma. (That's where she was born, eighteen years ago.) Back there, they take people at their face value. Oddly enough, they do the same thing in Hollywood—which is one reason why Rochelle is getting ahead so fast. She's now open-eyed in "Secrets of the French Police"

ROCHELLE HUDSON

BETTY LAWFORD

Betty reveals why so many Hollywood girls—even Garbo—wear a lock of hair over one eye. They can't shield both eyes from the Klieg lights, but they can cover one—and manage to look exotic at the same time. Betty, herself, is more used to footlights, being the daughter of Ernest Lawford, famous stage actor. You'll behold her in "The Monkey's Paw," being a thriller of thrillers

THESE BOYS KNOW THEIR THREE R'S— RIDIN', ROPIN' AND ROMANCIN'

Tom Keene (left) is a happy-go-lucky, hard-ridin' hombre, who's here to show you that the automobile hasn't done away with the hoss and that talkies haven't done a thing to Westerns—except give 'em more of a punch. To look at Tom in "Renegades of the West," you'd think this daredevil business was easy!

Ray Jones

Does the straight-lipped young saddle-buster above look familiar? He's Noah Beery, Jr., two-fisted son of a two-fisted padre—and probably the only son of a movie star who has had the good luck to grow up on a ranch. He's galloping toward early fame as the new serial king, in "Heroes of the West" and "The Jungle Mystery." And, of course, you recognize the cogitatin' cowboy at the left—Buck Jones. He has been in this villain-chasin' business for fourteen years, and goin' stronger than ever in "White Eagle" and "The Forbidden Trail"

Seely

They're calling newcomer Randolph Scott (left) "a combination of Chevalier and Gary Cooper"—which is quite a load for any hoss to carry. But Randy's nag does some noble galloping in "Heritage of the Desert," carrying his rider to popularity in a hurry. Below is the kingpin cowboy of them all—Tom Mix, who carries scars from forty-seven injuries as a larrupin' movie hero. He has just made a rip-roarin' comeback in talkies, the latest of which is "Tom's in Town." And 'way down at the bottom is George O'Brien, who seldom takes a siesta in the saddle. You are about to see him riding the range again in "The Golden West"

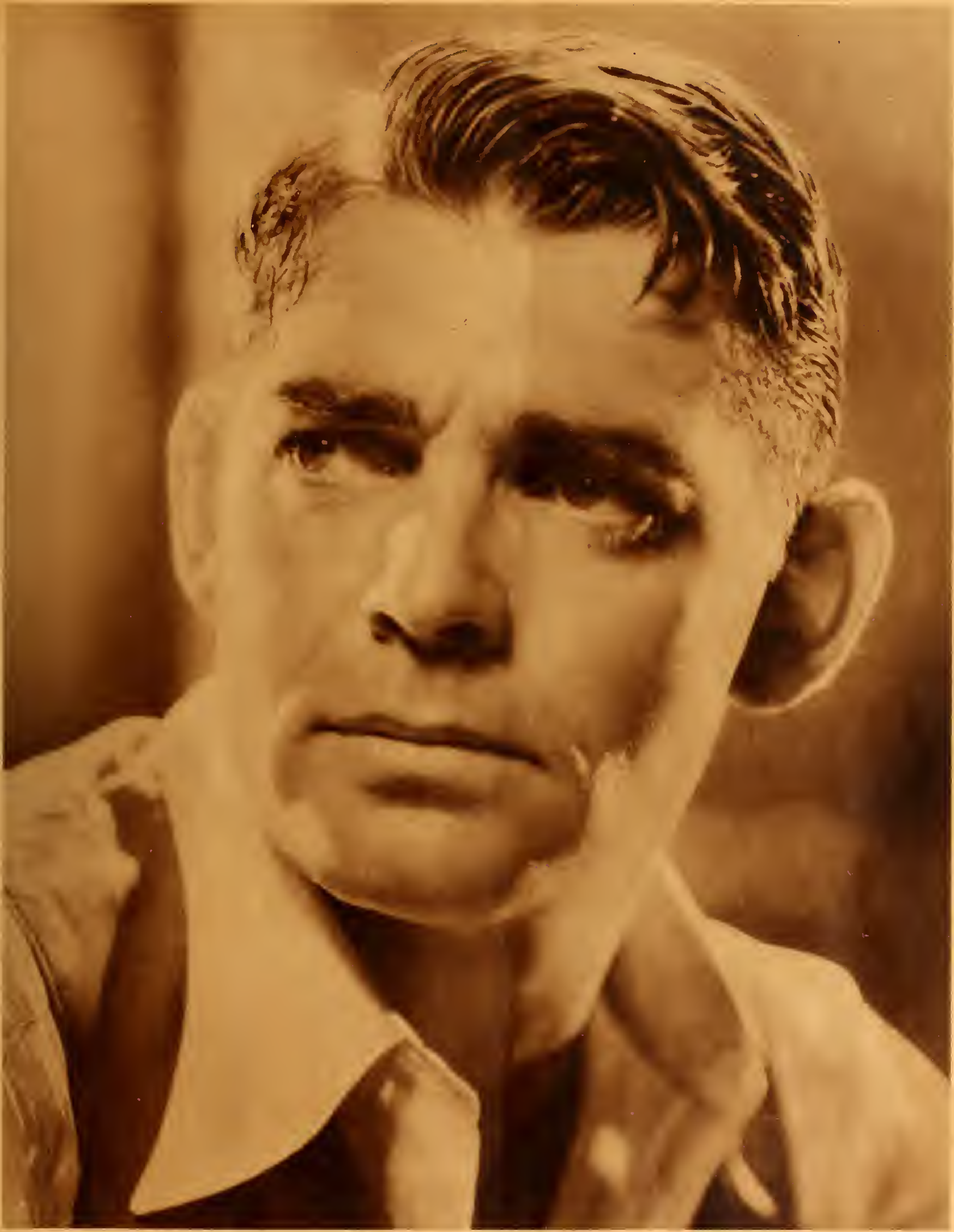
Farrell

The younger generation still cries for cowboy heroes—and Ken Maynard's right there to grip 'em and hold 'em

Fryer

When reporters first asked Joan if she were married to George Barnes, she opened those bright blue eyes 'way up big, put on one of her broadest smiles, and replied, "I won't say yes—and I won't say no." The boys were so delighted they christened her The Artful Dodger. She is now hunting romance in "Central Park," and will next co-star with William Powell in "Lawyer Man"

JOAN BLONDELL



C. S. Bull

CLARK GABLE

There's strength in that mouth and chin, and determination in those eyes—two characteristics you can't miss in this newest portrait of the modest chap who has set the world on fire. This is how he looks as the he-man foreman of a plantation in Indo-China in "Red Dust," with unhappy Jean Harlow as his leading lady. It's another link in the chain that's making his fame secure

Cecil B. De Mille chose Elissa for the rôle of Mercia, the Christian girl, in "The Sign of the Cross"—"because there is a depth of the ages in her eyes, to-day in her body, and tomorrow in her spirit." That's some comment, even from a De Mille! But he was not far wrong. She is one beauty who will never be bored—as you will learn in the interview opposite, which reveals her scheme of life!

ELISSA LANDI

Every Actress Should Have a Child, Says Elissa Landi

Richee

In "The Sign of the Cross," Elissa plays a girl whose beliefs cannot be shaken. She is the same in real life

An actress, says Elissa, needs to mold others' lives—and what life can be more richly molded than a child's? Not only that—a child is a compensation to a beautiful woman when youth and beauty go. For many reasons, this girl who would rather use her brains than her beauty, is planning motherhood, herself in the near future!

By GLADYS HALL

"A GOOD woman," Elissa Landi said to me, "is a woman who has a perfectly exquisite body and—doesn't use it."

We were talking about that much-discussed personage, The Good Woman—who has been pictured down through the ages in books, plays and conversation, as surrounded by the patter of little feet, devotion to duty and an air of exasperating martyrdom. We were discussing this homely saint, probably, because Elissa is playing the part of *Mercia*, the Christian girl, in Cecil B. De Mille's religious spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross." Elissa was personally selected for the rôle by the great C. B., himself—he said things about her having Yesterday in her eyes and Tomorrow in her soul.

"Is it dull?" I asked, "to play a Good Woman?"

And then Elissa defined her idea of a Good Woman, quoted above, and added; "A good woman knows that her eyes are danger signals, her arms snares, her lips traps, her hair a halo where men may find heaven—or hell. Do you know, really, the most exciting person in the world is this same 'Good Woman'? And the most exciting thing to *be* is a good woman, because it's so hard and so dangerous.

"Easy things are never exciting for very long. So-called 'bad women' choose the easiest ways—it must become frightfully monotonous after a while, I should think. And it is easy—the easiest thing in the world—for a beautiful woman to make havoc among men, among homes, among other women. The Good Woman, on the other hand, chooses the hardest way—the stern, exciting way of abstinence, of colorful sacrifice, of secrecy! Her life is anything but dull. Hidden treasures are always fun. It's fun to hide a precious jewel, to know where it is, to know that, at any moment, you can take it out, exhibit it, dazzle the eyes of men with it. To hide the jewel of beauty and to use it for a fine purpose is even more exciting than the jewel.

(*Continued on page 86*)

What You Must Have to be a STAR in 1933

This Is the Girl Who Will Win Stardom in 1933

She will be young, although youth is not so important as it was at one time.

She will be a blonde of medium height, with a beautiful body and real personality, rather than beauty of face.

She will be intelligent and have "God-given talent," and her chances of success will be greater if she has had stage experience.

She will be ambitious enough to work unceasingly, and she will have regard for her reputation.

She will have physical appeal, but not obvious sex-appeal.

She will know life and will have experienced, herself, many of the emotions she will be called on to portray.

She will have a good education—though not necessarily a college education. A college degree, in fact, may be a handicap.

This is the composite picture of the girl—and she must measure up to these requirements to win stardom in 1933-as drawn by eight famous directors and a producer.

STYLES are constantly changing, not only in clothes, hairdress and motor cars, but also in humanity, itself—and particularly in screen stars. You have seen the coy, clinging-vine type of girl give way to the hot-cha-cha flapper, and you have seen the flapper, in turn, superseded by the exotic woman of mystery. And still the style changes. What physical qualifications, what traits of character, must be possessed by the girls who will win screen fame in 1933?

I have asked several of the men who will select those girls—eight prominent directors and one famous producer—to state their opinions. On many points they agree; on some others they are radically opposed.

Ernst Lubitsch, acclaimed by many critics the greatest of motion picture directors, because of his world-popular Chevalier successes, answers the question emphatically, in his heavily accented speech:

"Any girl who succeeds on the screen tomorrow must have a 'photographic personality.' She must have great personal

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Illustration by Martin Sancier

This is a story For Girls Only. Eight famous directors and a producer—men who pick the players for pictures, and make stars of unknowns—tell what the girl who seeks screen success in 1933 must have: in looks, in personality and in experience. In a few requirements, they don't all agree. But they DO agree on the main essentials—and give you a good idea of the kind of girl every studio is waiting to star!

magnetism and charm, and she must be able to project those qualities to an audience. A girl is either born with a 'photographic personality' or else never acquires it.

"The screen for 1933 will demand actresses, not puppets. Each day we realize more keenly that only girls with natural, God-given talent can become successful stars. Proper training can only fan an active spark of talent.

"Stage experience, I think, is necessary—and the more of it that a girl can have before coming to Hollywood, the better her chances will be. Already we are beginning to favor mature women instead of young girls, not because they are *older*, but because they come to us with experience. However, the world will always be in love with youth. The younger a girl is, providing her experience is adequate, the greater her chance will be.

Personality Tells the Story

"BEAUTY is not very important. Few great stars have been beautiful. But *every* famous star has had personality, magnetism and charm. Physical appeal does not depend primarily on beauty. The screen stars of tomorrow *must* have intelligence, but they will not need great intellect. A college education is not necessarily an asset, and it may be a decided handicap.

"Ambition and the will to work are vital necessities. A girl must study incessantly to become a great actress. The screen's demands have become so exacting that now the star who will not sacrifice pleasure to work does not last very long. She cannot keep pace with more ambitious girls. She must be willing to sacrifice her private life to her career. She must have character and moral stamina.

"The screen reflects public taste. We no longer want the cute, demure girls popular fifteen years ago. We do not want thrill-crazy, uncouth flappers. We do want, for the future, the natural, unaffected girls who have the intelligence to manage their own lives.

"Helen Hayes is typical of the new ideal in screen stars. She is not beautiful, but she has great charm, intelligence, refinement and training, as well as natural talent."

And now, contrast Lubitsch's opinions with those of Sam Wood, a veteran director who has made many smash hits, starring some of the most famous women the screen has known. He has just directed Marie Dressler in "Prosperity."

"Personality," he insists, "always has been—and will be in 1933—the one quality that will carry a girl to stardom. It always will be the deciding factor. Ability to act is far less

(*Continued on page 74*)

ERNST LUBITSCH

Paramount director of Pola Negri, Kay Francis, Jeanette MacDonald: "Any girl who succeeds on the screen, tomorrow, must have photographic personality. Physical appeal doesn't depend on beauty."

CLARENCE BROWN

M-G-M director of Garbo: "The star of 1933 must have had actual experience with Life. I should expect better work from a taxi-dancer than a graduate of an exclusive finishing school."

EDW. H. GRIFFITH

RKO director of Ina Claire, Connie Bennett, Ann Harding: "Every girl, before coming to Hollywood, should have, at least, three years' stage experience in all forms of the drama."

CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

Universal producer of "All Quiet On The Western Front:" "The more feminine a girl is, the better her chances in Hollywood. Intelligence is a priceless asset—we do not need seasoned actresses."

NORMAN McLEOD

Paramount director of "The Miracle Man" and the Marx Brothers: "Beauty is still a major requisite. I think the sweet, cute girl will again be in demand. But exotic beauties are more or less passé"

MERVYN LE ROY

Warner Brothers director of "Little Cæsar" and "Five-Star Final:" "A college education is just about the worst handicap next year's star could have. Emotional depth is everything. An intellect—less than nothing."

SAM WOOD

M-G-M director of Joan Crawford and Marie Dressler: "Ability to act is less important than personality. Many of the most popular stars have been very poor actors. The newcomer to the screen does not need stage training."

The Headline Career of *Jean Harlow*

1927 - 1932

By Muriel Babcock

HAS the color of Jean Harlow's hair colored her life and made her one of the most striking subjects for news headlines that Hollywood knows at the moment?

Because the words "platinum blonde" lend themselves readily to the men who write the screaming scareheads of the tabloids and the more conservative banners of the dignified dailies, has Jean Harlow found herself in the public prints more than if she possessed mouse-colored hair?

It would take a prophet of prophets to answer that question. Certainly, the platinum Harlow has packed a sensationally large number of headlines into her twenty-one years of living.

They have been the kind that told of an elopement at sixteen, an ensuing unfortunate and unhappy marriage, a disinheritance, a meteoric picture career, money troubles with her former husband, with her employer who raised her to fame, and finally now of the tragic and mysterious suicide of her second husband, the gentle Paul Bern.

All this in just twenty-one years, the age at which the government recognizes manhood and voting power in a boy.

Read the following life story of Jean Harlow, as told in the headlines and see if you are not amazed that so much could have happened to one girl in such a short span of years:

September 27, 1927—Kansas City girl, Harlean Carpenter, elopes from Ferry Hall, Illinois boarding school, to Waukegan, Ill., to wed Charles F. McGrew, II, son of patent medicine king of Chicago. Bride sixteen years old.

August, 1928—Harlean Carpenter, now known as Jean Harlow, signs to work for Hal Roach comedies at $12 a day.

August, 1928—Grandfather of Jean Harlow, S. D. Harlow, Kansas City realtor lets out roar of disapproval at granddaughter working in movies. Says he will disinherit her.

June 11, 1929—Harlean Carpenter (Jean Harlow) and husband, Charles F. McGrew II, formally separate.

August 1, 1929—News that blond Chicago society girl engaged to work in "Saturday Night Kid" with Clara Bow is out.

Acme

Charles F. McGrew II, wed Jean in 1927. Now divorced.

Above, is how Jean Harlow looked in "Hell's Angels." Her platinum blond hair was a deciding factor in getting her the vamp rôle of the film. Right, as she appeared in "Three Wise Girls"

Jean's platinum-colored hair was lost to the screen when she played the title rôle in "Red-Headed Woman." At right, Jean wearing her red wig, steps out with her late husband, Paul Bern, for the opening of "Grand Hotel"

International

After Jean's dispute with the producer of "Hell's Angels," Jean made a personal appearance tour. Here she is snapped with her mother and step-father at Rochester

The child at top is Jean when she was six. Above, at six months of age. Note the blond coloring of the top photo

August 29, 1929—Actress recently signed for featured rôle in Bow picture is reconciled with grandfather who visits her in Hollywood. He finds city not as dark as painted and says he will leave her money in his will after all. He has discontinued her allowance, however, while she works in pictures.

October 29, 1929—Jean Harlow signed by Caddo Company. Ben Lyon introduces her to Howard Hughes, who sees in her possible choice for "Hell's Angels," $3,000,000 air picture which is being remade.

October 30, 1929—Harlow gets vamp rôle in air film. Blond hair said to be one of deciding factors. Hair peculiar shade called platinum blond.

(*Continued on page 73*)

PLATINUM POLE

Peary discovered the North Pole and Amundsen found the South Pole, but Hollywood takes the credit for discovering the Platinum Pole—Lyda Roberti, whose first name looks like a typographical error on the word "Lady." She sang a song called "Sveet und Hot" in a Broadway show and, right then, the movies wanted her to be "sveet und hot" for them, too. With her untamed platinum bob, her Polish accent, and her exotic sense of humor, she may steal "The Kid from Spain" from Eddie Cantor

Has Another JANNINGS Come to Hollywood?

That's what everyone is asking about Charles Laughton, English newcomer, who is built along the Jannings lines, is much younger, and is just as versatile and subtle. When he made the death scene in "The Devil and the Deep," hard-boiled stage hands stopped work to applaud. That never happened before. Better get acquainted with this amazing chap right now!

By CHARLES GRAYSON

HOLLYWOOD believes that at last a successor to the great Emil Jannings has bulged up in its midst! Those who have seen "The Devil and the Deep" and the preview of "The Sign of the Cross" are certain that another Moby Dick among actors has swung to the surface of the movie sea. And those who have not as yet seen him have heard how, during the making of the Bankhead-Cooper picture, the hard-boiled, usually indifferent sound-stage crew went to the unprecedented lengths of stopping work to applaud this newcomer's magnificent death scene! Charles Laughton is his name.

An amazing man, this Laughton. Recalling the perfect artistry with which he captured New York in the play, "Payment Deferred" (for the picture version of which M-G-M has just borrowed him from Paramount); remembering, farther back, his sensational success in London; and now viewing the mighty characterizations that he is beginning to turn out in Hollywood—it is almost unbelievable that this man *has been acting for only six years and that he is only thirty-two years old!*

Like Jannings, Laughton is at his best in portrayals of older men laboring under the strain of mental obsessions. Remember the great German in "The Way of All Flesh," "Variety," and "Passion"? Jannings, making those films, actually was about the age of the characters he played. Charles Laughton, doing the same work, and as well, is young enough to be Jannings' son!

Doesn't Look Like an Actor

LAUGHTON is aided in the illusion of these older-men rôles due to the fact that he looks fully fifteen years older than he actually is, and because of his great size. He is five feet eleven and bulks well over two hundred pounds. He has been known to wear a careless, straw-colored moustache, insists that his clothing be old and well-worn, and is careless as to the state of his hair. All in all, he looks to be about the

(*Continued on page 88*)

Charles Laughton has been acting only six years. Before that he was a hotel clerk in England. That's how he learned so much about human nature.

Joan Crawford Clark Gable Marlene Dietrich

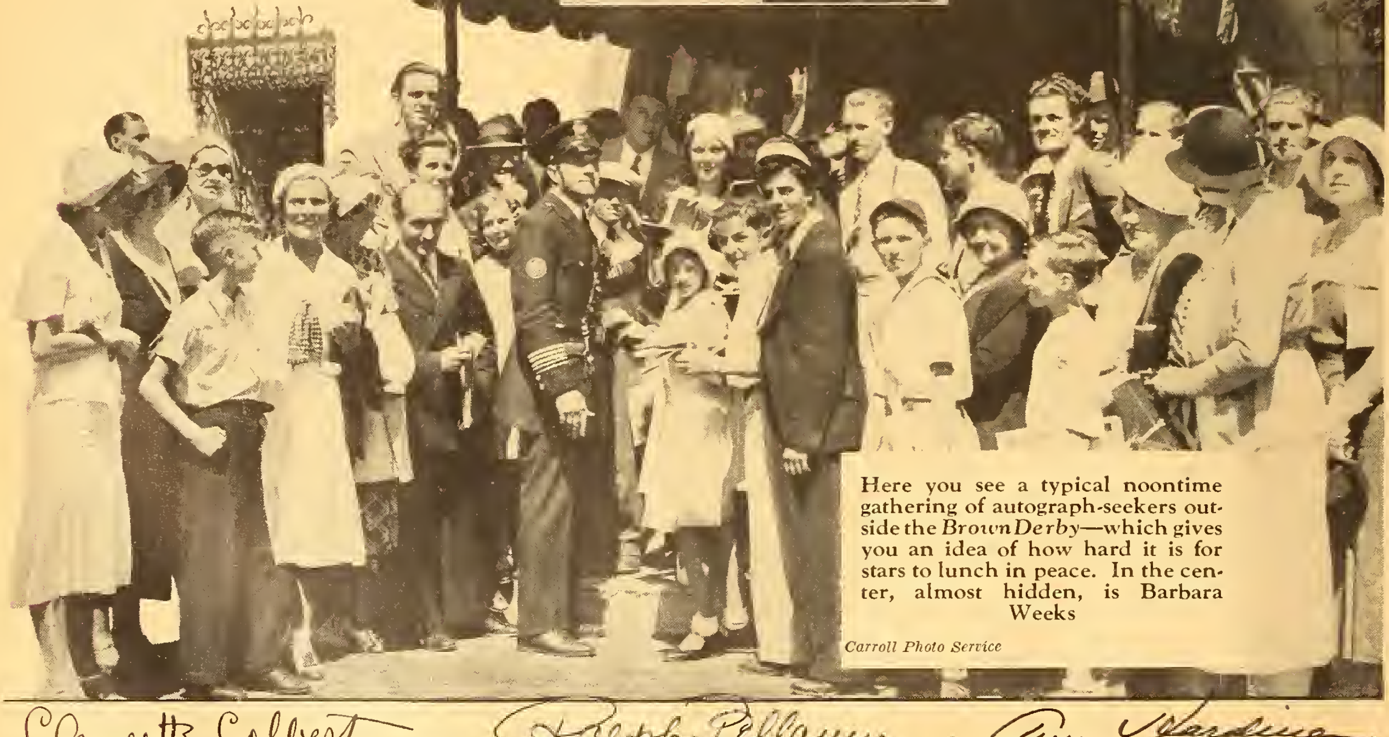
Hollywood's Latest Menace —AUTOGRAPH RACKETEERS

"WHAT'LL you take for Clark Gable? . . . Give you two-sixty-five for Shearer! . . . Trade you a Dietrich for a Gaynor—even! . . . What's that—Garbo? Just try and get it!"—

No, this is not an account of a conversation between studio executives, buying and selling motion picture stars. These remarks were overheard in front of the *Brown Derby*, famous Hollywood restaurant, among autograph-hunters. For autograph-hunting is no longer a gesture of hero-worshiping fans. With many of them it has become a racket. A means of making money. And it is the bane, at present, of all film celebrities. It has become the new Hollywood Menace.

Without courtesy, consideration or plain politeness, these new racketeers hunt down their victims. An actor scarcely dares to show his nose outside his own

Right, Wynne Gibson signs an album—as if she had never been made a victim of autograph racketeers. (One girl held her up four times.) Below, Boris Karloff's lunch gets a chill as he autographs a horror fan's napkin

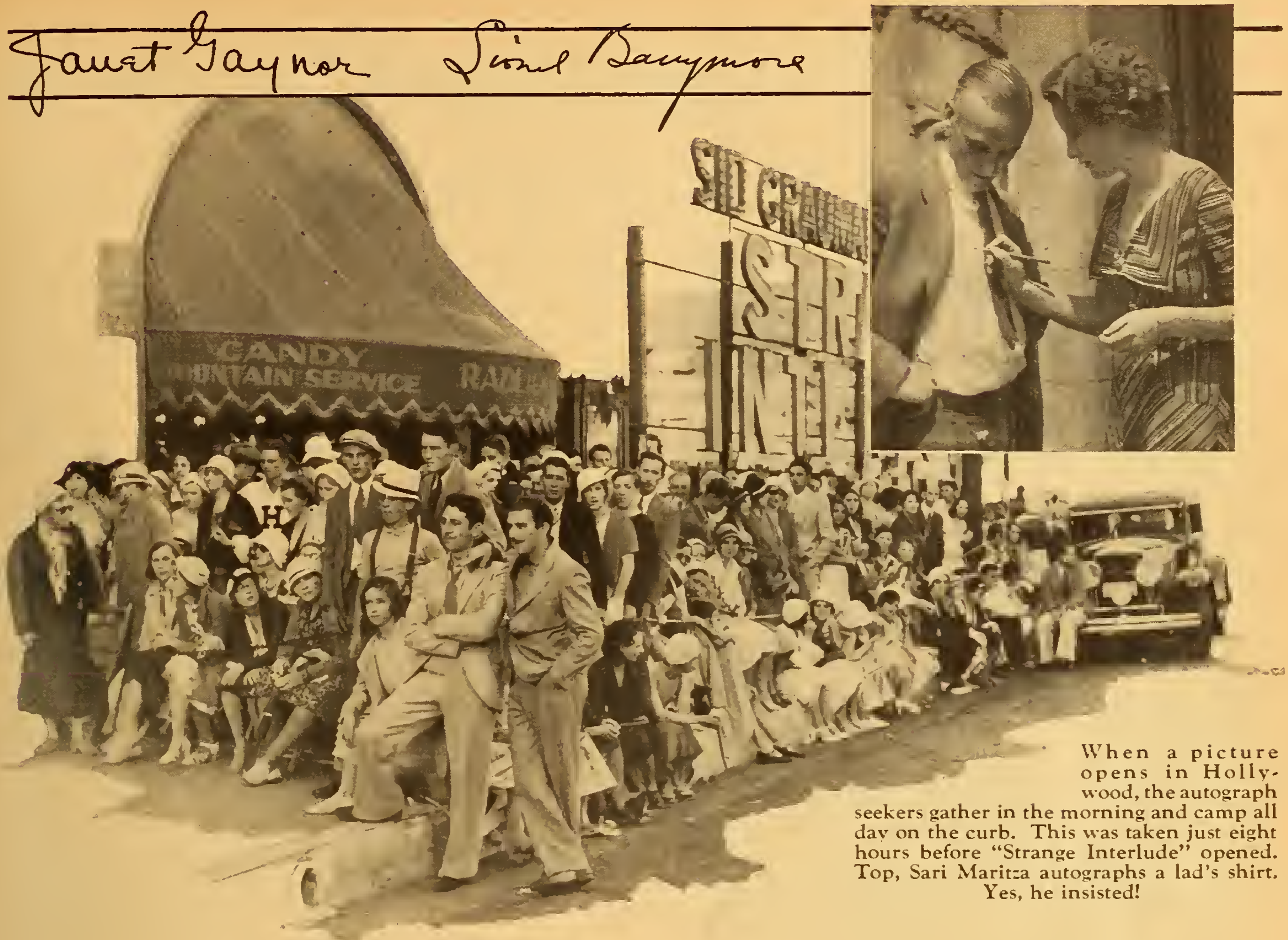


Here you see a typical noontime gathering of autograph-seekers outside the *Brown Derby*—which gives you an idea of how hard it is for stars to lunch in peace. In the center, almost hidden, is Barbara Weeks

Carroll Photo Service

Claudette Colbert Ralph Bellamy Ann Harding

Janet Gaynor Lionel Barrymore



When a picture opens in Hollywood, the autograph seekers gather in the morning and camp all day on the curb. This was taken just eight hours before "Strange Interlude" opened. Top, Sari Maritza autographs a lad's shirt. Yes, he insisted!

What is a movie star's signature worth? As much as you can get for it, say the new Hollywood racketeers—who are autograph-hunters. They don't care how they get Clark Gable's or Marie Dressler's autographs, just so they get them. It isn't any fun being famous any more. It's dangerous!

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

front door these days, so sure is he of being trampled, pulled this way and that, of having his clothes torn, his car marred, his own body bruised, and ink from fountain pens spattered over him. He cannot shop, lunch in a café, take a walk, or make a personal appearance without the danger of being injured beyond repair. It isn't fun to be famous, any more.

National contests, conducted for advertising purposes, offering prizes for the greatest number of autographs of celebrities, have given impetus to the thing and, no doubt, caused it to take on its present commercial aspect. It used to be a tribute to an actor's art or personality when an admirer approached him, shyly, with album and fountain pen in hand. Now it usually means that the collector is trying to win a handsome, nickel-plated coffee percolator—or even that he wants to sell the signature to some other collector for thirty-five cents. The stars, naturally, regard these people with less tolerance than they used to do. The stars, in fact, have a word for them.

I lunched with Edmund Lowe at the *Derby* the other day. With growing dismay, he contemplated the crowd waiting outside the door and finally, when we were ready to leave, we decided to take our chances by the kitchen door. A friend had her chauffeur bring her car into the alley, with the idea of whisking Eddie secretly the few yards to the parking station where he had left his own car. But the waiting fans discovered our plot and swarmed around to the back of the building, clambering over the lovely new limousine, scaring the black driver nearly into a fit. Personally, I took one look at the approaching human cyclone and took to my heels. Since nobody wanted my autograph, I managed to reach my own car with only one rent in my dress and a lost belt. Eddie did not fare as well. It's as bad as that.

(*Continued on page 83*)

Fredric March Norma Shearer Alexander Kirkland

COAST
FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

Wm. Grimes

Meet the new prince of the Royal Family—John Blythe Barrymore, II, seated on his daddy's knee. Beside them are mama Dolores Costello and sister Dolores Ethel Mae. In back are Ethel and Samuel Colt, children of Ethel Barrymore

RUMORS persist that there were lively times on the "Rasputin" set with so many Barrymores (three of 'em) around. After one scene, 'tis said, Lionel went out and 'phoned the director, asking him to keep John from laying his hand on his sleeve and interfering with a scene. Ethel found the lines hard to memorize, it is related, so they rewrote some and made up others as they went along. And both John and Lionel coached Ethel in screen technique until she rebelled. Yet they had a jolly time, too, kidding each other unmercifully. Interviewers wailed that Ethel wasn't half so imperious as they had expected.

So Virginia Bruce is going to be "just Mrs. John Gilbert" from now on! After seeing her in "Downstairs," it seems rather a pity. But John has already had the experience of marrying two famous actresses, and it didn't work. They are both determined that this marriage shall be a success. And to think we saw Virginia and Jean Harlow Bern at lunch, only a few days before Jean was so tragically widowed, talking confidentially, bride-fashion, of their husbands!

STREAMS of cars continue to pass up Benedict Canyon to the lonely and darkened house that Paul Bern built in a remote fold of the hills. Morbid sightseers include many from the movie colony. Inside the house, a picture of Paul in a silver frame on Jean's dressing-table faces a similar frame containing a picture of Jean's stepfather, Marino Bello. In the living room a picture of Mrs. Bello, Jean's mother, is prominently displayed. Recent pictures of Jean, herself, are scattered about Paul's own bedroom . . .

PAUL MUNI is the most democratic of stars. At lunchtime he passes up the right to eat in the studio lunchroom with the Great and, instead, has his lunch with the electricians and prop boys. "Hi, Paul," the extras all shout, "Harya, boy?" and Paul shouts right back. Having completed, "I Am a Fugitive," he has returned to Broadway to fill out an interrupted stage contract as the star of the hit play, "Counsellor-at-Law."

Connie Bennett, we hear, has lost the seven pounds she gained recently and three besides, and is fighting off a nervous breakdown. A doctor has been with her much of the time during "Rock-a-Bye." Poor Connie tries so hard to put on weight, while other stars struggle to lose some! The rumor that she is expecting the stork is again denied.

YOU have to hand it to Alan Dinehart, playwright-actor, for being original! He voluntarily reduced his salary at Fox from $685 to $6 a week, so that his ex-wife couldn't get more than $6 a week alimony. But she was original, too. She went to court and asked that the film company be held in contempt for letting Dinehart do it. They claimed that they couldn't do anything else, and that he refused to continue working in a picture on which they had spent several thousand dollars, unless they agreed. The judge fined the company $2,048 the amount of Dinehart's salary withheld from the ex-Mrs. Dinehart. Alan, by the way, once wrote a play called "The Meanest Man in the World." It was a comedy. And he once acted in "That's Gratitude."

Alice White is back! Missing from the screen for more than a year, she is staging a comeback—at her old studio, too. When her option wasn't renewed after she had finished "The Widow from Chicago," the peppy little blonde went into vaudeville at a huge weekly salary and proved she was still a big hit. She's to be featured in "Employees' Entrance," starring Loretta Young and Warren William.

JOAN BLONDELL still is coy about that "secret marriage" to George Barnes, but listeners-in on a radio broadcast the other evening heard her shout, "I'll be right home," to someone as she ended her performance!

ACTRESS KILLS SELF

Bachrach

Peg Entwhistle, young Broadway actress, leaped to her death from a 50-foot sign because she thought she had failed in movie début. Critics thought otherwise

IT seems that all that has been keeping those ol' wedding bells from clanging for Karen Morley and the new Hungarian director, Charles Vidor, is the fact he has been waiting for a final divorce decree.

# of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

WELDON HEYBURN and Greta Nissen keep on denying that there is trouble brewing in the Heyburn family. But one of the guests on a recent week-end party on the yacht that the Heyburns have rented from the Kenneth Mac Kennas (Kay Francis) reports that their lovely hostess and handsome host did not speak to each other during the entire time!

MARIAN EATING ALONE?

Bruno

There's a rumor—which is reaching the size of a report—that Marian Nixon and hubby Edward Hillman, Jr., no longer sit at the same dinner table

RUMORS are strong, also, that the Edward Hillman, Jr.-Marian Nixon marriage is about to do A Hollywood. A husband with eighty thousand dollars a year income will soon be snatched up in these hard times, if Marian steps out of the picture! According to their friends, it's all over except the divorce—unless they change their minds.

If Greta Garbo can buy herself an island near Stockholm, laid out in gardens and villas and things, for $8,700, why should she hurry back to Hollywood? Judging by the Garbo photos that drift back to America, Greta isn't dolling up for the home folks. Her famous bob even looks a bit limp. She did not attend the Stockholm première of "Susan Lenox," though her family did.

IF you don't think they're doing right by Clara Bow in her comeback, look over the cast they've surrounded her with: Gilbert Roland, Estelle Taylor (who will play Clara's mother), Alexander Kirkland, Weldon Heyburn, Monroe Owsley and Willard Robertson, every one of them a real headliner.

How does the news leak out? Two months after the Richard Dixs (Winifred Coe) knew they were to have a Blessed Event, and at least two months before they intended to tell another living soul about it, they read of it in the morning newspapers! Rich's happy expectations, however, have just been sadly marred by the death of his mother, Mrs. E. C. Brimmer.

FRIENDS of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were still getting postcards from him for a week after his return from Europe. They were Hollywood views, which he had carted abroad at great trouble, and bore the message, "Wish you were here." That boy would rather have a gag than eat. When he and Bob Montgomery and Larry Olivier went to Mexico some weeks ago, he tipped off agents to embarrass Olivier by detaining him for being an Englishman!

Una O'Connor, London actress who was headed for Hollywood to play the rôle of *Ellen* in "Cavalcade," ran into unexpected difficulties at Ellis Island. In submitting to the physical examination required by immigration authorities, she learned for the first time that she had a leaky heart valve! The bluecoats at Ellis Island detained her until assured she would never become a public charge, of all things!

MIRIAM HOPKINS' baby is such a success that other screen stars are planning to shop for babies in the same institution where she found hers.

Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge (you'll see her in "Thirteen Women"), have already put in their application, with specifications as to age, sex, coloring, etc.

Polly Moran is adopting 16-year-old Jack Trujille, rechristening him John Michael Moran. Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay have just adopted a four-months-old boy, henceforth to be known as Dion Fay.

Austin Parker, Miriam's ex, is as proud of the baby as she is, if conversation is to be believed. Austin can tell to an ounce how much the boy weighs. And what relation to the baby is the ex-husband of a baby's adopted mother?

"DON'T PUT THAT PAW ON ME," ADVISES NINA

And if you were in Nina Quartero's place, you'd say the same thing. For the dark gentleman with the collection of skulls happens to be Old Nick, the Arab fakir, and in his left hand he's holding what gives "The Monkey's Paw" its title

BOTH NOW ABROAD

Kornman

Harold Lloyd has just gone to Europe for the first time. The wife and children will winter at Cannes. He'll join Douglas Fairbanks in Russia

In two ways, Sidney Fox has left Hollywood for foreign parts. She has gone abroad to make pictures at Universal's European studio, near Paris

TEN days after Mrs. Irene Edwards sued Cliff ("Ukulele Ike") Edwards for $17,379 back alimony, the couple's divorce became final. Two days later, he and Lucille Kelly, 22—known as Nancy Dover on the screen—flew over to Las Vegas and got married. Cliff apparently expected to have a little something left over after that alimony was paid. . . . Eugene Pallette has just wed one Marjorie Cagnacci of Ventura, Cal. . . . Comedian Andy Clyde, by the time you read this, will probably be married to Elsie Tarron. . . . And Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado are now engaged. . . .

THE Olympics or something has given that great home-lover, Harold Lloyd, the travel yen, and he has started for Russia to join Doug Fairbanks, Sr., who is headed there via Manchuria and Siberia, filming a new picture en route. Doug has been trying for months to persuade Harold to come along, but Mildred has always said, "Harold has three children to think about." Now, however, Mildred is taking the youngsters to Cannes on the French Riviera for a few months.

When Pauline Goddard recently boarded an airplane for a trip to New York to visit her mother, Charlie Chaplin kissed her goodbye. She explained later, in the East, "I'm the leading lady in Charlie's next picture, and he just gave me a friendly kiss. No, there isn't even an engagement." Now platinum, this exotic newcomer to films is letting her hair grow back to normal (brown) "because Charlie wants it that way for the picture."

THE Beverly Hills *Brown Derby* is becoming a smart place to lunch. This establishment is not to be confused with the famous Vine Street *Brown Derby*, though they are both under the management of the likable Herbert Somborn.

The other noon, we glimpsed Lilyan Tashman there. Lil was wearing the beautiful emerald-and-diamond clips given her by Eddie Lowe as an anniversary present, on a smart black hat. Which made it quite a hat, you may be sure! . . . In the next booth sat Carole Lombard, lunching with her agent, Frank Joyce. Carole looked unusually attractive in a brown dress, sables and a large brown hat (which was certainly a relief from the tight-fitting caps so popular in Hollywood) . . . Helene Costello, newly blonde, was lunching with Mrs. J. Walter Rubin . . . Viola Dana and her sister, Shirley Mason, made up another party . . . Gene Raymond and a pretty brunette were tête-à-tête in a corner. . . . The autograph hounds are scarce at the new *Brown Derby*—it being much farther from the studios.

By the time this issue lands in your lap, Rose Hobart will probably be a bride. She and William M. Grosvenor, Jr., son of the socially prominent scientist, have sprung a surprise on everybody and announced that they can't imagine growing old without each other. Their romance was a well-kept secret for four months—until the time, in fact, when they, themselves, revealed it. Rose left the screen several months ago "to seek bigger opportunities."

HERE are some interesting castings for new pictures that have just been made or are hanging fire: Lionel Atwill, the star of "Doctor X," is now making "Wax Museum"—another mystery thriller all in color . . . Clive Brook, Fredric March, Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen are all in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" . . . Sari Maritza, the Paramount discovery who looks so exotic, yet is so vivacious, is making "Evenings for Sale" . . . Mary Forbes, mother of Ralph, is in "A Farewell to Arms" . . . Joan Crawford and Jackie Cooper are to co-star in "Lost" . . . A Viennese newcomer, Irene Biller, may get the title rôle in the talkie version of "The Merry Widow" . . . Nils Asther may be the lover of Helen Hayes in "The White Sister," which Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman did in silents. Remember? . . .

THEY'LL STAND IN FOR HER NOW

Lorena Layson used to "stand in" for Warner stars while cameras were focussed properly. An executive finally spotted her. Now she's making her début in "Silver Dollar"

STUART AND JUNE ASK THE ETERNAL QUESTION

Dyar

From the look of things, the brand-new son of Stuart Erwin and June Collyer is heard crying in the distance, and papa and mama are asking each other who is going to have the pleasure of quieting him THIS time. Maybe they'll compromise and go together!

BESIDES Clara Bow, Alice White and Colleen Moore, other stars who are about to make comebacks are George Walsh (of muscle fame) and Gilda Gray (of shimmy renown).

Tommy Ince, son of the late famous producer, and Nancy Drexel, screen ingénue, aren't going to let marriage stand in the way of an education! They met three years ago at his brother's wedding, and now they've decided that they are not only old enough to marry, but to go to college. They're going to spend a good, long honeymoon in a university in the East!

LUPE VELEZ has the whole town talking again, but not for the same reasons as of old. Everybody's remarking about the change in Whoopee Lupe since her return from Broadway. She is quieter, she even looks different, and she strenuously denies all romance rumors—including the persistent Johnny Weissmuller one.

LUPE'S OH, SO QUIET!

Lupe Velez may still look untamed in "Kongo"—but guess what she did between scenes! She sat and read!

AT the opening of "Blessed Event," a stork attached to a balloon floated over the crowds. "That's the little bird that tells people things," said a wisecracker. At any event, he's a busy bird these days in Hollywood. Helen Twelvetrees (Mrs. Frank Woody, Jr.) left for the East a few weeks ago to have her baby in her old home in Brooklyn. Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) is looking into baby-shop windows. Edward G. Robinson and his pretty wife are "expecting" in the near future. Sue Carol Stuart is being awfully maternal about her small daughter. June Collyer and Stuart Erwin are gloating over their small son. Mary Astor is being photographed with her small daughter. The Barrymore baby was recently photographed with nine of his famous relatives—the first time so many Barrymores have ever been seen together, it is said. John, Jr., stole the picture. Virginia Lee Corbin's tiny son is likewise facing cameras with his mother, who won't be twenty until December. The George Lewises have a new boy.

ONE OF THE NEXT STARS

Fryer

Glenda Farrell stole "Life Begins," won a five-year contract, and is heading for stardom in "I Am a Fugitive"

HOLLYWOOD'S latest phrase is: "Don't be yourself—it's dangerous!"

GLENN TRYON, who has been making a comeback in pictures both long and short, mixed up so realistically with Ralph Ince in a screen fight that his nose was broken—and Glenn has been wearing it in a sling!

"Aha!" exclaimed Al Jolson the other day, with vast enjoyment. "Now I'm even with the Warner Brothers! They've signed up my wife for a five-year contract." Ruby Keeler, who gave up a brilliant career as a Ziegfeld dancer when she married Al four years ago, makes her movie début in "Forty-Second Street," at a reported salary of $2,000 a week. Not so bad for a beginner!

FAY WEBB VALLEE says that she and Rudy made up by long-distance telephone. "The connection was very good," she adds demurely. After a short visit with her folks (her father, C. Z. Webb, is police chief of Santa Monica), she has gone back to New York, leaving her new twenty-five room house vacant. It has never been furnished or lived in.

"We just happened to see it one day when we were out riding," explains Fay, "and we stopped to look at it. The living room was adorable, and I said, 'Let's buy it!' and Rudy said, 'All right!' So we did."

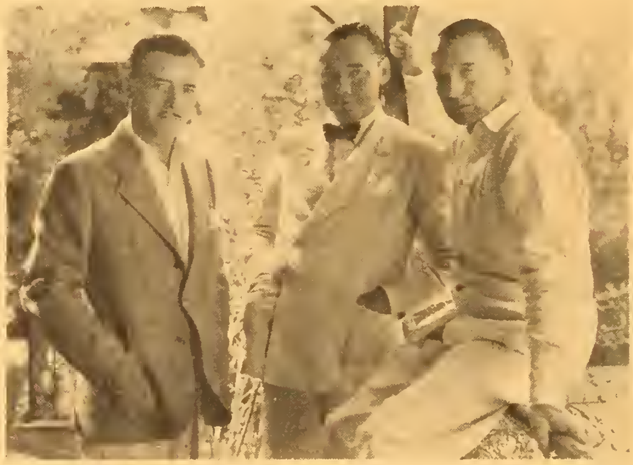
Apparently she said, "Let's get a divorce"—and Rudy said, "All right." But she stayed only one day in Reno. She reveals that she and Rudy still hope to live in that big Beverly Hills house. This might lead some to believe that Rudy would not turn a cold shoulder to movie offers of the big-time variety.

(*Continued on page 82*)

Ronald Colman PROTESTS

Here for the first time Ronald Colman spikes the legend that has sprung up around him, of being unfriendly, aloof, a silent playboy, indifferent to his art and his public. His sole ambition is to excel as an actor and keep faith with his public. In this amazing interview the real Colman talks straight from the shoulder. After reading it, you'll understand him—and know him better

WHEN Ronald Colman filed his suit for damages of two million dollars against Samuel Goldwyn, Inc., for issuing written statements which he construed as reflecting on his character and ability as an actor, Hollywood became cynical. Blasé Hollywood, which cries "press agent stunt" every time an engagement breaks on the eve of a picture or personal appearance tour—they said it about John Gilbert's engagement to Virginia Bruce; they said it about Ruth Chatterton's announcement of her coming marriage to George Brent—yawned in its best boresome manner and said it again. Nearly everybody was convinced that it was *too*, too perfect, this objection of Colman's to an article which quoted him as saying that he made love better when he had had a couple of drinks, and that a dissipated look was an asset to him on the screen.



Ronald Colman has a home on a Hollywood hillside where he plays host to his friends. Among his most intimate pals who drop over are Herbert Marshall and Clive Brook. All three are members of the British movie colony

THE CREDO OF COLMAN

Ronald Colman doesn't want the public to think of him as a person whose attitude toward his work is unprofessional or whose methods are slipshod.

He objects to gaga slushy interviews. He wants to be presented in a way that will build a healthy interest in him as a screen star, and will attract a larger audience to his pictures. Legitimate constructive publicity that sticks to facts yet builds interest, he feels, should be possible.

He objects to mention of his war record, especially with any idea of glorifying him as a hero.

Hollywood happens to know that Ronnie is to begin work at once on "The Masquerader," a story depicting him part of the time in the rôle of a drunken, dissipated man—and, now, a lawsuit over the question of his drinking—pooh! pooh! It was a bit too much of a coincidence, said the wise guys. Ordinary press agent stuff on the picture would be buried in the theatrical columns, they pointed out, but the lawsuit got headlines in all the newspapers from coast to coast.

This opinion or snap judgment, or whatever you want to call it, is rapidly altering. Reputable lawyers on both sides assure questioners that the matter is very serious, indeed.

This suit is an unprecedented thing. Samuel Goldwyn, the guiding spirit of the company, is the man who was the first to give the English star a long-term contract in films, and who has aided the Colman film destinies to reach the enviable spot in which they stand today.

Why was this suit filed? Is Ronald Colman guilty of gross ingratitude? Is the suit a cleverly-planned piece of publicity to bolster the slipping box office in a season of depression when every star is a losing draw? Is it true that the glamourous Colman has to be "under the influence" to make love well?

Ronald Colman has many things to say about the whole affair. The legal aspects of the case—about which nobody cares anyway—he will not discuss. He is mightily interested in having the public understand just how the whole thing came about, and why he did this amazing thing that has all Hollywood guessing.

Notwithstanding that he has the traditional British reserve, there has been a legend that has grown up around Ronald Colman that he is a "lone wolf" who dislikes the press and magazine writers—that he has almost no friends, and generally sits in his hermit-like cave and gnaws his long white beard, only desisting long enough to come forth and make the two pictures a year which are called for in the schedule and which buy the dried peas on which he feeds. He is rumored to eat little children and throw the bones down the yawning chasm below his hillside home.

By

ROSALIND

SHAFFER

That is what comes of minding your own business in Hollywood.

The Real Colman

HERE'S the real truth. Ronald Colman came to Hollywood from a background that has instilled acting reticence into him from babyhood. He had gone through the war in that agony of soul which it brought to sensitive men in all armies. He once said—on one of the rare occasions when he spoke of his war experience—that the war was too vital and destructive and vicious an experience to allow any man to emerge untouched. "I know that it changed me," he said simply. He had had a hard battle going forward in his career—gruelling poverty, discouragements, and a marriage that ended in estrangement. New people, new ways of doing things in America, and especially in Hollywood, made him introspective so that he withdrew still further into himself. This was the Colman of the early days in the movie colony. Naturally, his inability to acclimate himself started the legend of his dislike for people.

Ronald Colman does not wish to set himself up as a model character, but as just a young fellow trying to get along. Being serious with his public is the uppermost thought in his mind

Today, a very different man, he says: "I realize that nobody can be in a public business like making motion pictures, without arousing a certain amount of public interest in one's affairs. I realize that there must be publicity. It is only the kind of publicity to which I object, but not to publicity itself." He was speaking in his beautiful Hollywood hillside home, with its quaint, tastefully-designed patios, porches and terraces.

"I want to leave out personalities, in this whole matter of the suit against the Goldwyn Corporation. As a matter of fact, I like the chap who wrote the publicity material about me. But when certain policies of a corporation damage me as an individual, I must try to right the matter in some way. This matter of damaging publicity has not been the only incident. It is a matter of weeks and months, perhaps years, of similar things. I have tried in every way, pleasantly, to put an end to this sort of thing, but it was useless. Finally, with this last incident, I realized that something must be done. While bringing the suit was really quite drastic, I was at a loss to know what other weapon to use.

"I was certainly not seeking publicity for the statements which I believe damaging. The truth is I did not expect more than two paragraphs the day the suit was filed, not headlines, and I did not dream it would be important enough to mention again. It is all extremely painful to me the way this has been emphasized. I only wished to put my objections on record in a forceful manner by suing.

"I am trying to state my side clearly, simply and honestly.

Wants His Public to Believe in Him

"THERE is certainly a humorous side to the whole matter. I can see this, too. There is also a serious side. There are times when principle must come before policy, and this seems to be such a time. Frequently, I have suggested that I be allowed to look over the routine publicity sent out about me. Of course, I do not wish to be a prig, nor to set myself up smugly, to the public as a model character. I have never asked to censor interviews, but merely data sent out by the company. This was refused. After my original objections to the material given a New York columnist, and for which he was in no way to blame, this same material was given out to a newspaper woman, a friend of mine, who came to me and expressed her indignation over this material given her for use in writing a biography of me. She, too, felt that I was being damaged. Then I took action."

(*Continued on page 67*)

We Nominate *for* STARDOM

KATHARINE HEPBURN

RKO-RADIO

SHE spells her first name with a second "a," instead of an "e," because it is an old family name and its spelling is an old family tradition. And Katharine's wealthy family is also one of the traditional old families of Eastern society. But the quaint spelling of her name and her background are not the only things that make Katharine Hepburn different. She believes that her particular type of personality should not be seen too often on the screen, and so has insisted on limiting the number of pictures she will make each year to two, an indication of her independence and character.

This will be regretted by the public, we believe, but it shows the analytical mind behind her unusual, piquant beauty. She has light brown hair and gray eyes and is just about twenty-four years old.

She came to the screen after making a hit on Broadway last season as the Amazon *Warrior* in the comedy, "The Warrior's Husband." Her first picture was "A Bill of Divorcement," in which she played the daughter of John Barrymore and Billie Burke. She stole the picture. Katharine Hepburn, however, didn't know it. She had dashed off to Europe.

We Believe in Her

Because she is the true type of 1933 star, according to the story in this issue—young, talented, experienced and possessed of flashing personality. *Because* she is an heiress and acts because she loves to, not from necessity. *Because* she is one of the most graceful women ever seen on the screen. *Because* she has had stage training, and is a college graduate (Bryn Mawr) besides. *Because* she is an original, not "like" anyone else now on the screen.

SERIES NUMBER 8

KATHARINE HEPBURN and LYLE TALBOT, in becoming the eighth pair of newcomers to be Nominated for Stardom by MOTION PICTURE, join a small, select company of new players who are doing big things on the screen.

Our previous Nominees for Stardom have been:

Gwili Andre	George Brent
Tala Birell	Bruce Cabot
Ann Dvorak	William Gargan
Aline MacMahon	Dick Powell
Lyda Roberti	George Raft
Gloria Stuart	Randolph Scott
Dorothy Wilson	Robert Young

From the start of their screen careers, these young actors and actresses have shown talent—the kind of talent that makes stars of unknowns. And all of them are listed for big rôles in big pictures. When you see their names billed for a picture, you may be sure you will see good acting.

Watch for their pictures—and check up on our prophecy of stardom for Katharine Hepburn by seeing "A Bill of Divorcement" and for Lyle Talbot by seeing "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." There are more Nominees coming.—Editor.

LYLE TALBOT

WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL

BEFORE he was born, twenty-eight years ago, it was settled that Lyle should be an actor—and it looks as if his family had the right idea. His parents, both on the stage, died when he was in his teens and Lyle was adopted by his grandmother; his legal name became Lyle Hollywood. But Lyle knew that no one would believe it, so he later changed it to "Talbot." It's a name you are going to hear often in the future. In only a few months, he has made ten pictures—each one increasing the importance of his parts.

Lyle is one-half inch short of being six feet tall, and has brown hair and blue eyes. He started his stage career as a magician, which, perhaps, explains many things. He got his chance in the movies by doing an unusual thing when he tried his screen test.

In taking the test, he elected to play a scene from the latest play he had appeared in—a play that burlesqued movie studios. The play was "Louder, Please," written by a former Warner publicity man. In this scene, a publicity director calls up "J. W.," the initials of Jack Warner. Lyle called up "J. W."—and won a five-year contract. Which was some coincidence.

We Believe in Him

Because he has already been "borrowed" by other studios, who are all watching each other sidewise these days for big discoveries. *Because* he has already won the praise of critics in such widely diverse rôles as character man, juvenile and leading man. *Because* he won a name for himself in the obscure Little Theatre field. *Because* he has shown the ability to "steal" pictures. *Because* the screen needs more men players who are both good-looking and good actors—like Lyle Talbot.

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming

KATHARINE HEPBURN

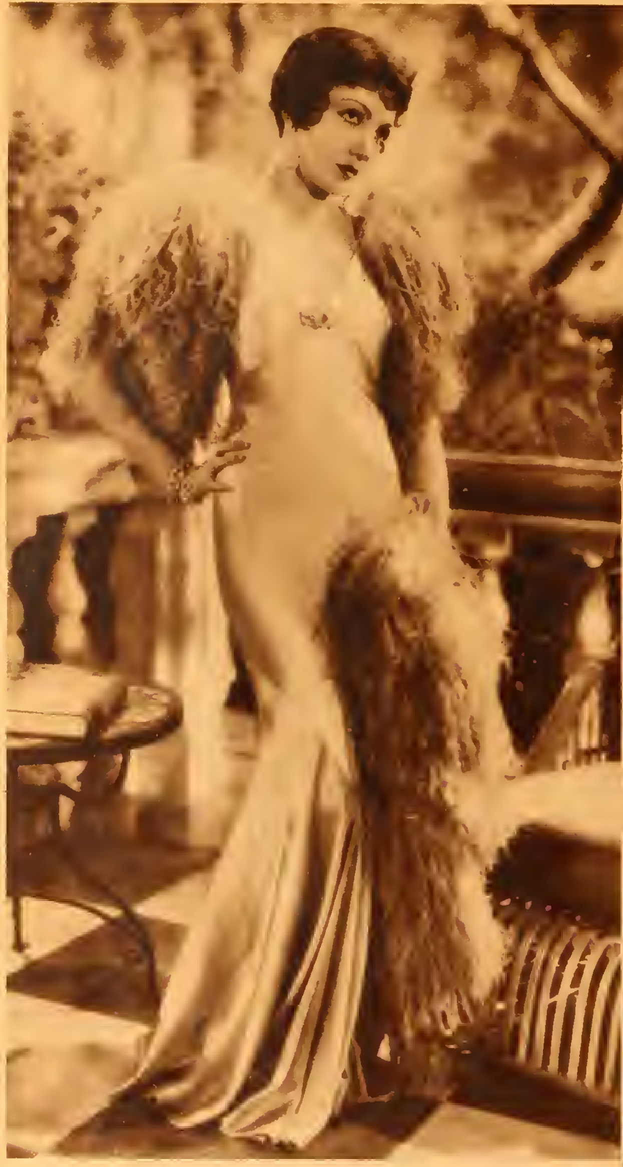
She came to the screen from New York society and the stage—and made the biggest overnight sensation of anyone since Dietrich

LYLE TALBOT

He's an orphan who grew up to be an actor, as his parents planned. In ten pictures, he has proved he can play almost any type of rôle

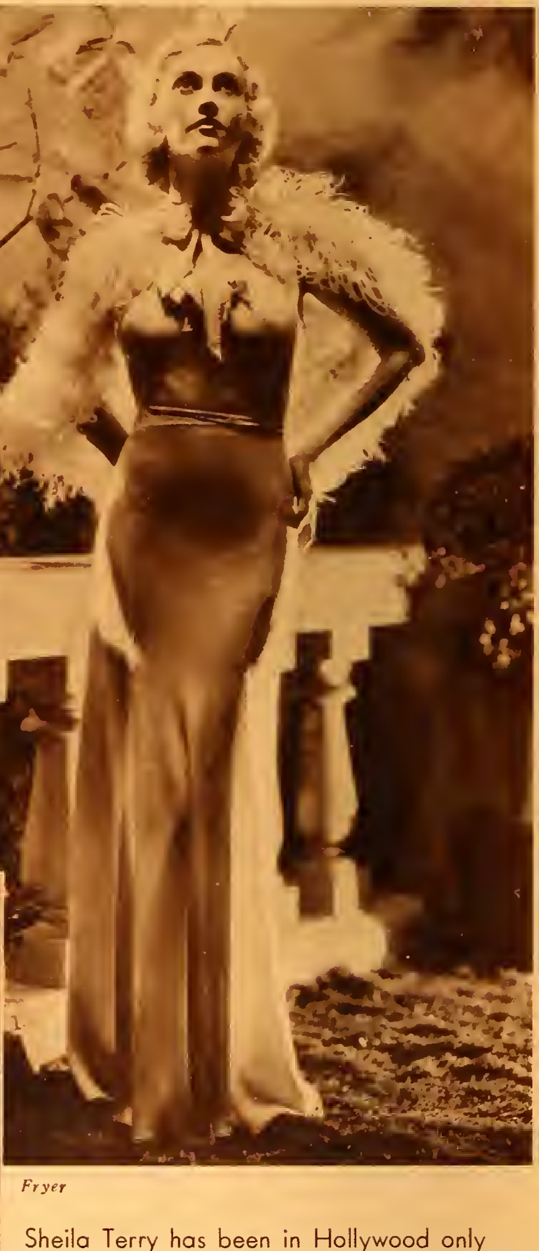
Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites

"FEATHER YOUR BEST," IS HOLLYWOOD'S ADVICE FOR SMART EVENING ATTIRE



Lippman

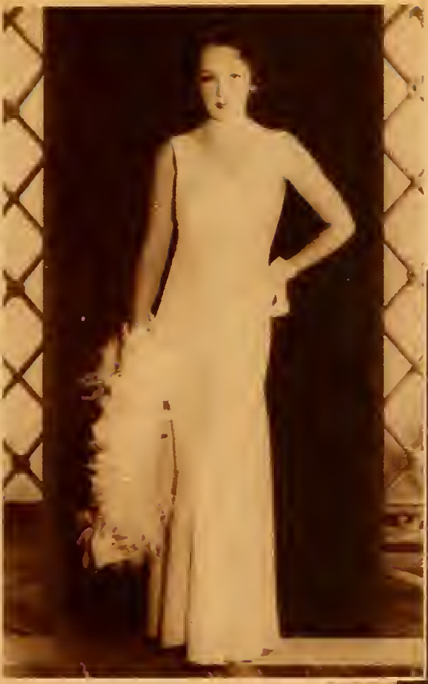
The path of fashion in the new pictures seems to be strewn with feathers—especially feather boas. Above, you see Claudette Colbert, who's French and can't help wearing smart things smartly, in "The Phantom President." Her clever gown, which her native Paris will no doubt copy, is of green satin with green ostrich sleeves —with an ostrich scarf to match



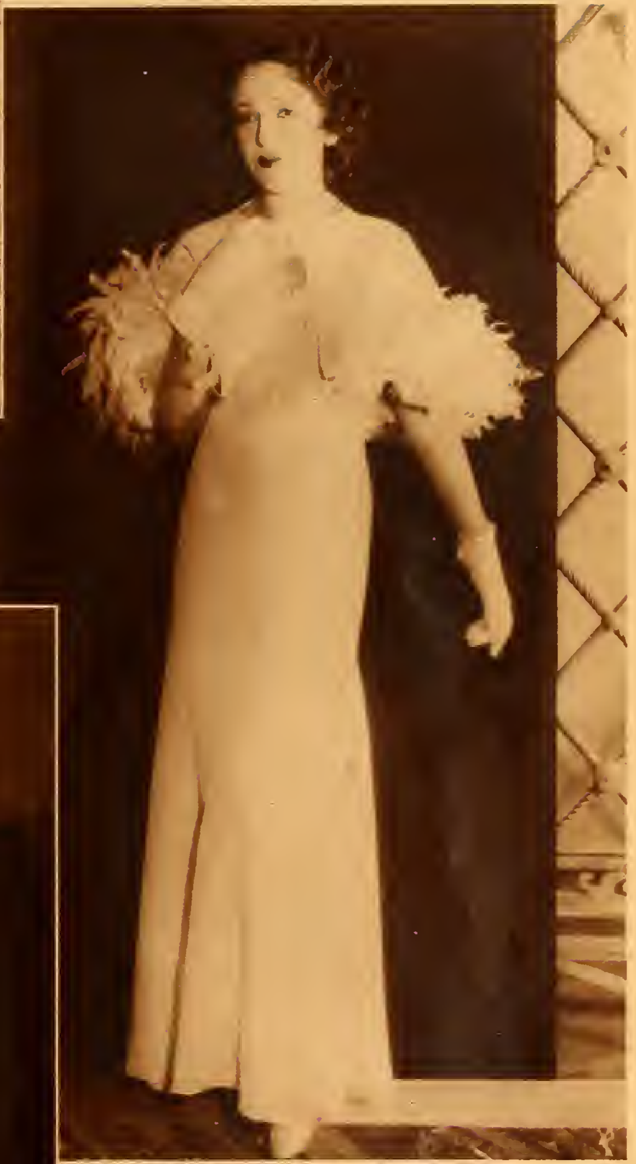
Fryer

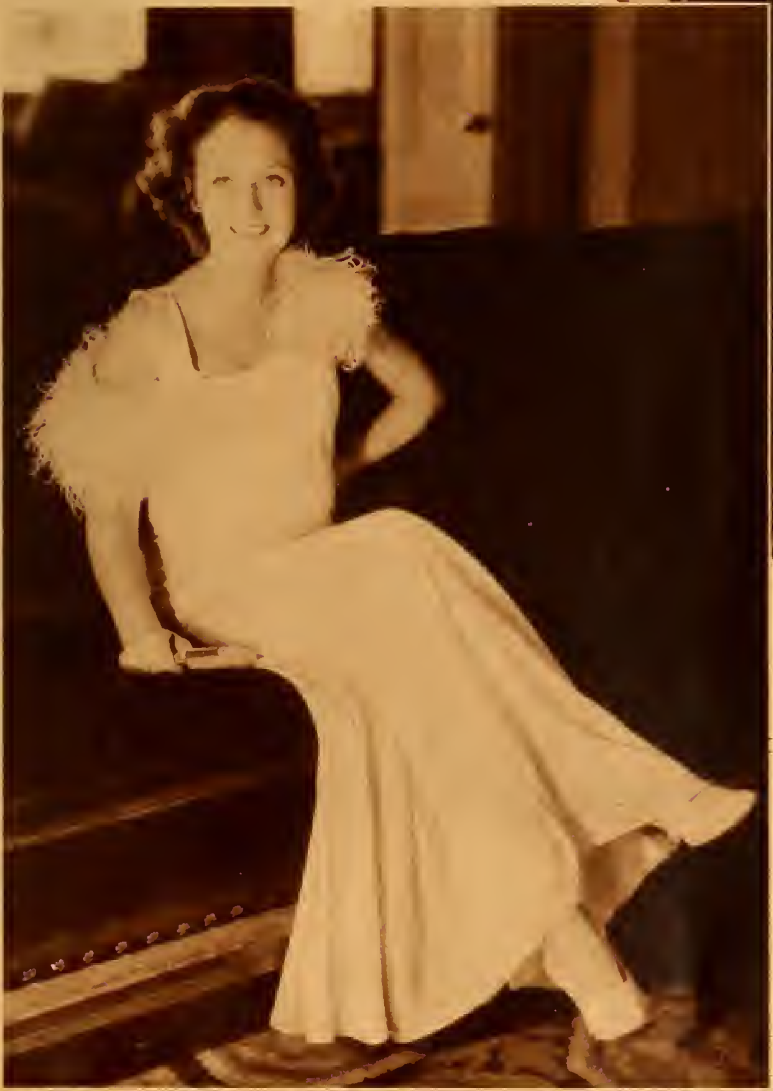
Sheila Terry has been in Hollywood only six months—but she looks like a style-setter already. (That's only one reason why Warners have just taken up the option on her contract.) Above, you have a front view of her new evening gown, which she wears in "Scarlet Dawn." It is of pale pink crêpe, with an ostrich-trimmed cape of the same color. Left, you have a back and side view—with the cape removed

If there's one thing Bebe Daniels is famous for, besides her acting and her singing, it is the smart simplicity of her gowns. At the immediate right is an excellent illustration of this—for Bebe has removed the tricky cape she is wearing at the far right. Can't you imagine the graceful figure she would cut in such a gown at a Mayfair Ball or at the première, say, of her latest picture, "Silver Dollar"?



Fryer





Since most of the other girls seem to be going in for ostrich feathers, Bebe Daniels (above) naturally decided that she would have a cape decorated with cocq feathers, which are distinctive, too. Her gown is of white crinkly crêpe, with a skirt flare that begins only at the knee. And at the left, you see Dorothy Jordan all set to go to a prom at U. S. C., after a big afternoon of football. She, too, likes white crêpe—but swears by ostrich feathers, hung nonchalantly about her square neckline

Motion Picture
READ ABOUT THE NEW CLARA BOW

On the screen, Joan Blondell and William Powell uphold all the best traditions of shrewdness and wit. Heretofore, they've done their upholding separately, but they are getting together as co-stars in "Lawyer Man." And between scenes, they're upholding another good old Hollywood tradition—reading MOTION PICTURE. Bill's telling Joan, "Between this collar and craning my neck to read the same thing you are, I'm getting a stiff neck." And Joan comes back with, "Quit your kidding, Bill. It never hurts anybody to read MOTION PICTURE. It's a tonic"

"On the right, JOAN, is *London Bridge* —and on the left, the *Eiffel Tower*"

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford have just returned to Hollywood from Joan's first, and Doug's fourth, trip to Europe. Their vacation schedule allowed them time to visit only two countries—England and France. But not even the rumors that Joan is taking Garbo's place in the hearts of moviegoers are nearly so exciting to Joan as the thrill of her whirlwind visits to London and Paris. The following anecdotes told by Joan and Doug about their trip will probably amuse you as much as they are amusing the Hollywood friends of the couple.—Editor.

©London Daily Mail

Above you see how Doug, Jr., and Joan Crawford appeared as they arrived in Hollywood after a vacation in Europe. At left, the belated honeymooners acknowledge the cheering crowds at the pier when the boat docked at Southampton

THE day she and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., sailed on the *S. S. Bremen* for a "third-year honeymoon" abroad, Joan Crawford was so excited that she wept. New York's Mayor, Jimmy Walker (who had not yet resigned), sent a police escort of eight motorcycles to escort them to the pier. With sirens shrieking, the Fairbankses veered and careened down the busy, traffic-laden streets of Manhattan. Joan continued to weep. The swaying taxi made her sick to her stomach, which in turn made her believe that she was the first transatlantic commuter on record who ever boarded a steamship with a bad case of *mal de mer* already under way.

The crowds at the pier tore at Joan's clothes and the women planted moist, rouged kisses on Doug's newly-acquired mustache. They were too thrilled to be annoyed. Once safely bolted within their stateroom, Doug discovered five distinct Cupid's bows of rouge between his chin and his mouth. Just before sailing, a man appeared at the porthole and attempted to crawl through. "I don't care if they arrest me," he grinned at Joan. "I said I was gonna see you — and I am!" Somebody dragged him away. . . .

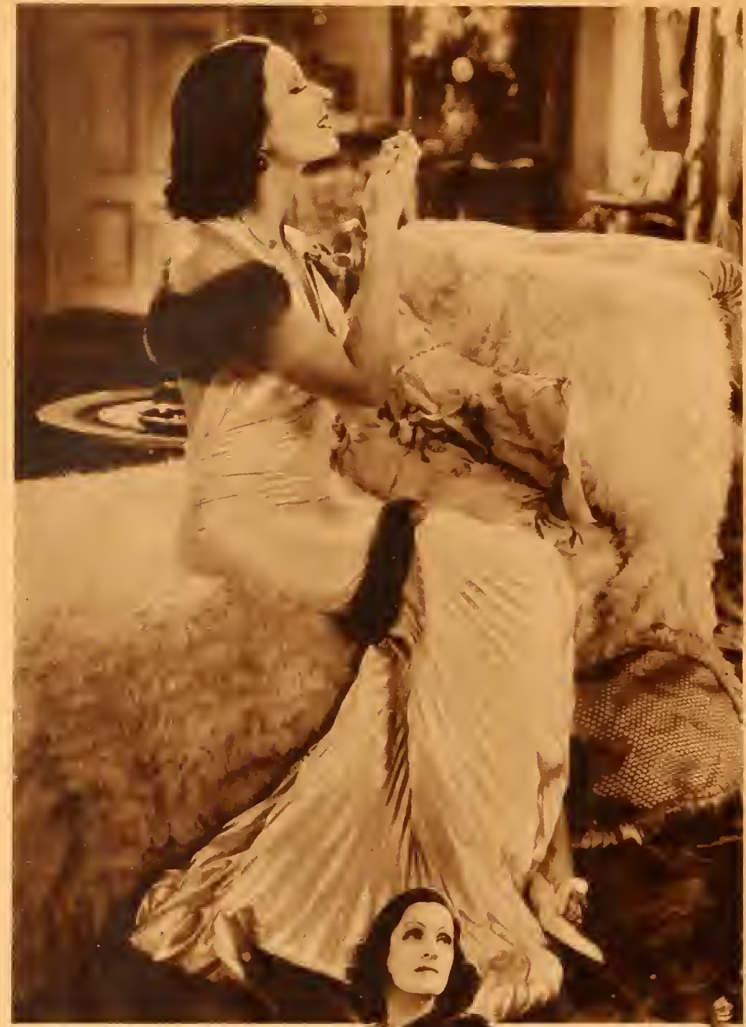
Doug, Jr., finally took Joan Crawford away on that long-delayed "honeymoon" trip abroad—and showed her London and Paris (his old stamping ground) in whirlwind fashion. Here's the whole story of what happens to movie stars when they go touring. At least, these things happened to Joan and Doug!

"Mobbed" on Arrival

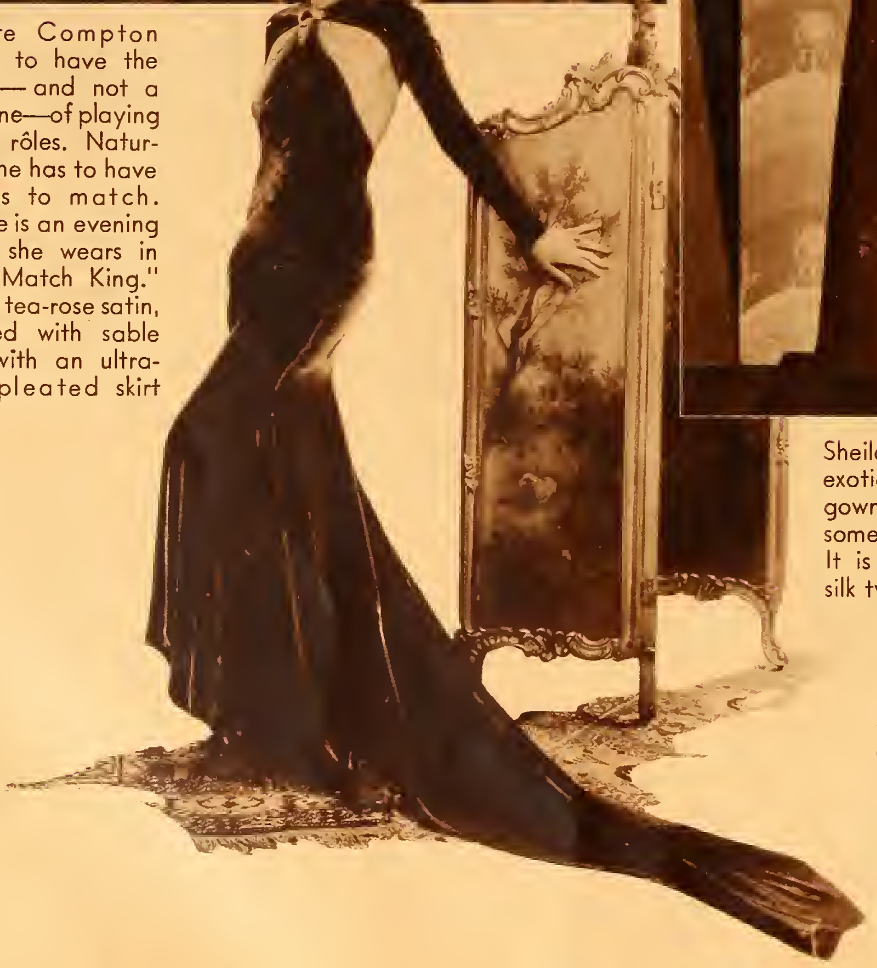
HEATHER THATCHER, English actress, and Noel Coward, English playwright-actor (he wrote "Private Lives"), met Joan and Doug and Jill Esmond and Laurence Olivier (who crossed with them) at Southampton. Once in

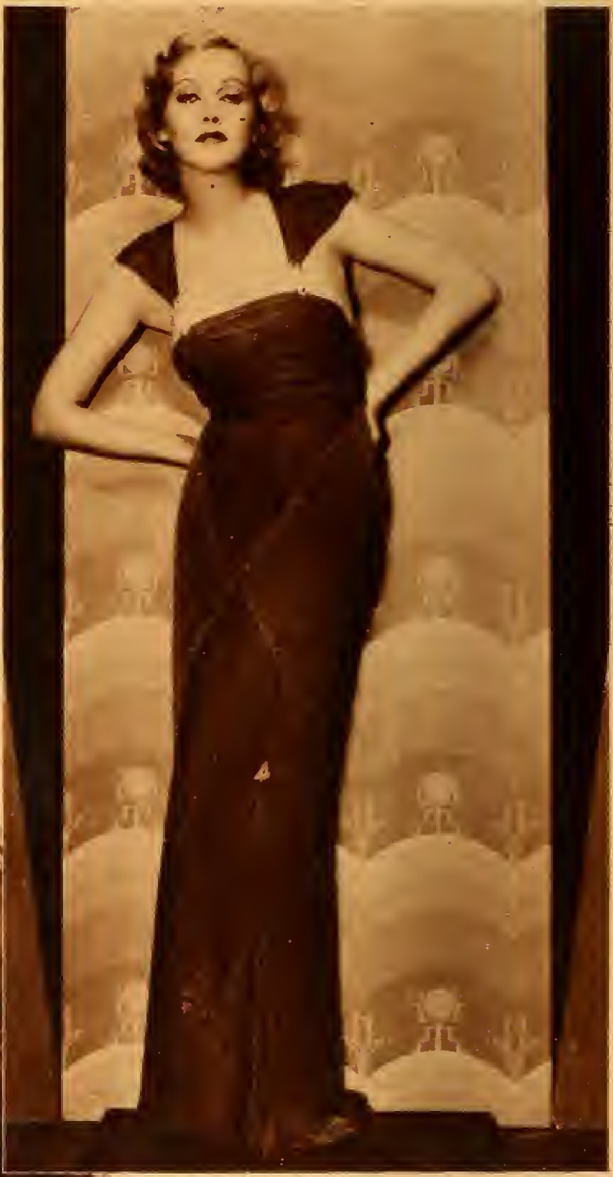
(*Continued on page* 84)

EXOTIC AND SIMPLE STYLES COMPETE IN HOLLYWOOD



Juliette Compton seems to have the habit — and not a bad one—of playing exotic rôles. Naturally, she has to have clothes to match. Above is an evening gown she wears in "The Match King." It is of tea-rose satin, banded with sable and with an ultra-long pleated skirt





Sheila Terry (above) leans toward the exotic in one of the new season's unusual gowns. It is made along tailored lines—something seldom found in formal dress. It is made of brown and gold metallic silk tweed and the décolletage is fastened with gold and pearl ornaments

At first glance, you might wager that the creation that Juliette Compton is wearing at the left is an evening gown. But, believe it or not, it is a negligée—one that would do any exotic lady proud. It is made of jade green velvet, and the shoulders and sleeves are attached by means of a rhinestone pin

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT (*the Inquiring Reporter*)

Jean Harlow had it quite easy winning the sex-appeal vote since she came in ahead by five ballots. If this ratio were carried out everywhere the platinum blonde would win in a walk-over. She gives one young voter hot-and-cold flashes. Ain't that sumpin'?

in the eyes of another. (However, Clark you polled the most votes. Count 'em and see for yourself.) Jean Harlow gives one young man hot-and-cold flashes, but another opines she's "not so hot."

Let's look first at the preferences of the fair sex, twenty representatives of which proclaimed their respective favorites—with reasons why—when asked this question: "Which screen actor, in your opinion, has the most sex-appeal?" In parentheses, after the name of each person questioned, is indicated the number of pictures seen in an average week by these movie-goers who live in the vicinity of Hollywood.

The feminine fans disagreed most heartily in their selections, but Clark Gable won from Chevalier by a single vote, Fredric March coming in third. These ladies call it sex-appeal, but Clark says he just doesn't know what it is all about

The Type Most Women Like

MRS. HARRY RITCHIE, Pharmacist, Melrose and Sierra Bonita Avenues (1 picture a week): "Well, now *really* I'm a married woman—but if you insist, I'll name Paul Lukas as the actor with most sex-appeal. He's very unassuming, but he has perfect poise. He makes you believe he has been everywhere, seen everything and still managed to retain his ideals. He's a man of the world, and I believe most women like that type. I never miss one of his pictures."

CHARLOTTE LIMBACH, Bookkeeper, Taft Building (1 a week): "I choose George O'Brien. I admire his magnificent physique. He's not my favorite actor by a long shot, but I do think he has the most sex-appeal. I can't react to puny men."

THELMA MAC INTOSH, Cashier, Taylor's Café (2 a week): "Ricardo Cortez. Not because I think he's the best actor, but because his personality has the most direct appeal to me. He's intriguing and fascinating because he combines charming manners with a lot of menace."

MRS. GRACE OIE, Dancing Teacher, South Ellsmere Avenue (1 a week): "Lowell Sherman. I don't know why exactly, unless it's his suave self-assurance and subtlety. At any rate, he has that 'certain something!' I like sophisticated men."

RUTH JAMES, Hairdresser, West Pico Boulevard (2 a week):

(*Continued on page 68*)

Where You'll Find the STARS at *Play*

SERIES NUMBER 5

Honolulu: the city in Hawaii, with its Waikiki Beach, where the movie stars find rest and romance two thousand miles from Hollywood's ever-busy cameras

This is a fifth of a series in MOTION PICTURE, telling you the stories of the places next-door to Hollywood where the stars like to spend their spare time—forget work and worry, take time for real romance, go in for sports or just relax, and, in general, forget they are famous. These are the places where they are likely to be just themselves.—Editor.

THE five days on the blue Pacific, which separate Los Angeles' San Pedro Harbor and San Francisco's Golden Gate from the first glimpse of Diamond Head, the promontory off Waikiki, do strange things to motion picture stars. As Hollywood recedes farther and farther away they become less like celebrities and more like human beings on a holiday. The dignified and aristocratic Dolores Del Rio plays shuffleboard with cameramen and crew like "a good fellow" as one of them put

At top and extending across opposite page is the harbor of Honolulu and Waikiki Beach. Above, Joel McCrea and Dolores Del Rio bound for Hawaii to make scenes for "The Bird of Paradise." At right, Mary Astor relaxes on the beach

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Sally Eilers is sold on Hawaii. Here she is just after a plunge in the surf at Waikiki

Upper left, is the Royal Hawaiian, a favorite hotel of the movie stars. They dance the nights away in its ballroom. At left, Bela Lugosi on the lanai of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel — which overlooks the palm gardens

it; Harold Lloyd, minus the eyeglasses, posts his bet on the day's run with his electricians and gag men, and suave William Powell takes his bride, Carole Lombard, up to the boat deck where they can be in comparative seclusion, just like the honeymooners in all walks of life.

By the time the first faint strains of the welcoming band at Honolulu are heard, and the first naked-brown urchin has appeared, swimming like a porpoise to dive for pennies in the translucent water, the stars are just tourists, eager to be photographed in the floral wreaths which the natives fling around their necks, and staring wide-eyed at the jumble of nationalities which make Hawaii more foreign-looking than most European ports, though the American flag flies from every pinnacle.

The picture people travel to Honolulu for different purposes, but it remained for Mary Astor (Mrs. Franklyn Thorpe) to sail there to become a mother! Now since small Marilyn unexpectedly insisted on arriving two months early in a Honolulu hospital the Islands have a new slogan, "Come to Hawaii and be born!" Four or five days after the Thorpes' arrival in their own yacht, Mary went to the hospital. Ten days after her baby's arrival she and Doctor Thorpe were snapped on the sands at Waikiki!

For the last two years Hollywood has been deserting its favorite Paris shops on the Rue de la Paix and its Riviera playgrounds in favor of the Hawaiian trip that lies just at its doors. But it wasn't until last winter, when Marie Dressler turned traitor to Cannes and Deauville and Mayfair, where she had been a familiar figure for years, and took her first trip to Honolulu that Europe realized, in full, the tragedy that had befallen it. To be sure, Marie only remained in the Island Paradise three days—just between boats and pictures, but the Island gave her a royal welcome and the Governor entertained for her and the social lights of the Islands (and don't think for a moment they haven't a most exclusive social life). She was fêted, so gloriously, that Marie's last words above the strains of "Aloha" were a promise to come back again soon.

They All Make Return Trips

MARIE stayed at the Hotel Moana, which shares movie patronage with the Royal Hawaiian, which raises its cream-and-pink turreted towers above the grove of palms at the other end of Waikiki's semi-circle of beach. One or the other of these two hotels for the past two years has had most of the prominent picture people as guests, though a few stars have friends whom they visit. Janet Gaynor was so charmed with Honolulu moons and tropic greens and swooningly-sweet flowers that she bought a house of her own on the Island.

But it isn't the first trip of the movie stars which fills the natives' hearts with pride, so much as their second and third trips! And nearly everyone who once visits the Islands gets

(*Continued on page 71*)

Marathon Dancing —That's Hollywood's *Newest Craze!*

It takes the movie stars to go in for out-of-the-way sports! Now they're all attending dance marathons—and doing stunts in public to entertain the dancers, so they'll keep on pushing their tired tootsies. Looking for John Barrymore or Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin? They're down at the dance hall, having a big time!

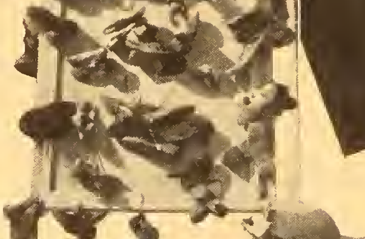
By JACK GRANT

HOLLYWOOD has gone suddenly "batty" about marathon dancing. "Batty" is the only polite word to describe the film colony's passionate devotion to the sport—if such a needless form of torture may be termed a sport. But regardless of its merits or demerits, the fact remains that the stars have fondly taken this latest twist in endurance contests to heart—much to the undisguised delight of the local promoters, who have profited beyond their fondest dreams. They had no idea movie stars like to watch endurance contests or to do stunts in public!

Marathon dances have been staged in other parts of the country with varying success. Perhaps there is one dragging on in your town now. But we will wager it does not approximate the spectacle recently witnessed by Hollywood.

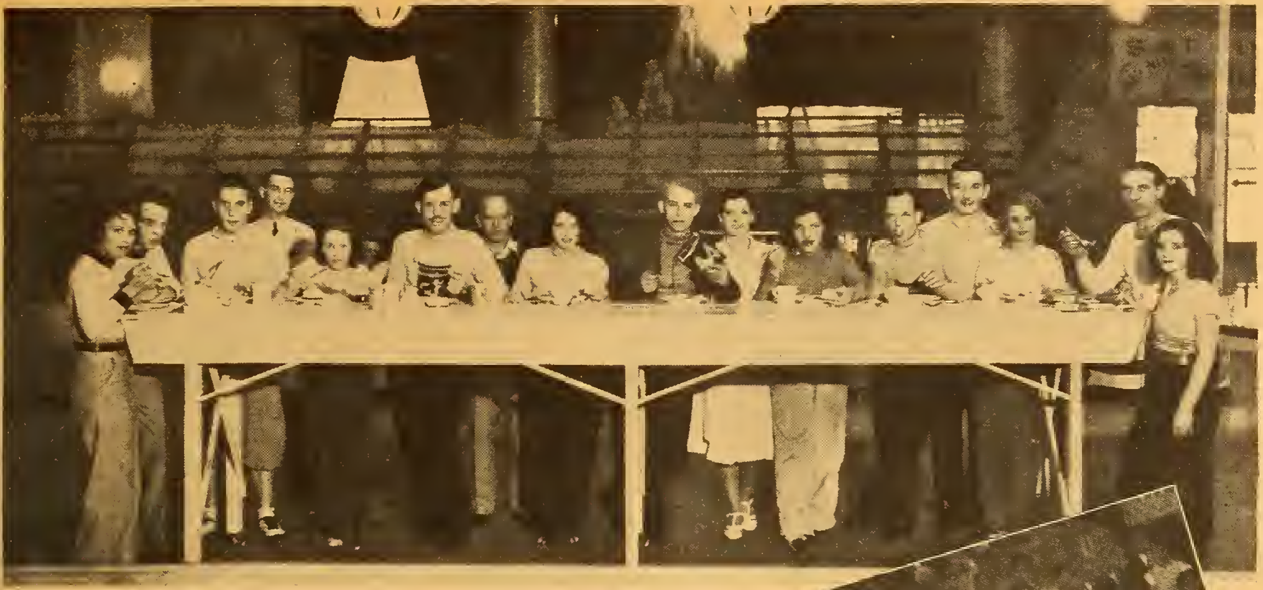
Ordinarily, the rules of such marathons provide for fifteen-minute rest periods after each forty-five minutes of dancing. The promoters of the local affair decided upon a "non-stop" contest. Rest periods were shortened to *two minutes every two hours*. There is, as you know, a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Apparently there is no society for humans-except children.

Even with a non-stop ballyhoo, the sore-foot derby was reported slowly dying on its aching feet until Hollywood lent it patronage. With



No, this is not a rummage sale of footwear—they're just the shoes of the marathon dancers getting a daily airing

When the movie stars drop in on the dancers in the wee sma' hours, they're sure to find some of the dancers out on their feet. Note the "dying" gladiators above. At right, Andy Devine, Gloria Stuart and Billie Jones, one of the marathoners



the advent of picture people occupying a box (plainly marked "Celebrities"), the general public's lagging interest revived. During the last few weeks, capacity crowds, estimated around five thousand nightly, paid their money at the box-office. They came, we suspect, more in the hope of seeing movie favorites in person than to watch the exhausted dancers struggle endlessly. The film fraternity took over the entertainment, and left the surprised management with little to do except to stuff undreamed-of wealth in the eager pockets of their newly-donned tuxedos. Let us sketch a typical night for you.

The regulars arrive early. William Beaudine, Archie Mayo, Tod Browning, James Horne, James Flood and Eddie Cline, directors all, occupy ringside seats. Most of them have been around since noon, a hamburger sufficing for luncheon, another hamburger for dinner. Perhaps a hot dog or two between times, washed down with coffee.

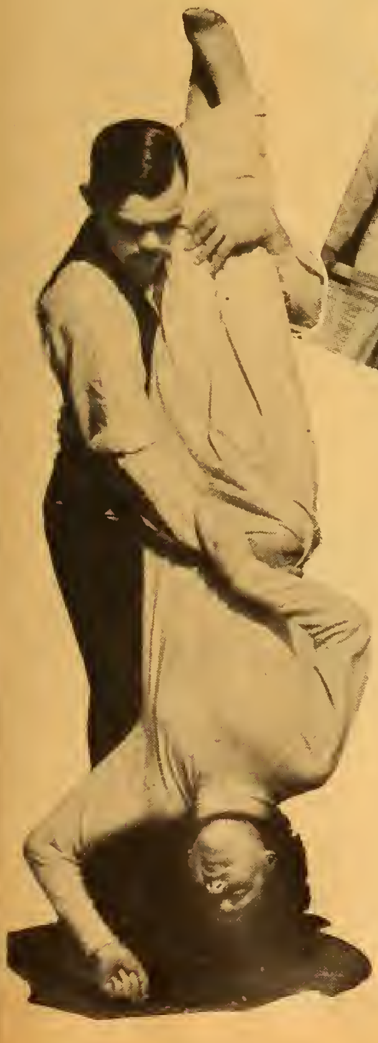
There's Gene Delmar, with his novelist-wife, Viña Delmar, famous as the author of "Bad Girl." Viña is gathering material for a new novel having to do with the marathon craze. Many's the time she has spent all night watching the weary dancers. And all day, too.

But it's Andy Devine, the whispering comedian, who is the champion sitter of the movie folk. Remember last week when he won the sitting contest? It started as a gag, with six contestants—Molly O'Day, Jack Oakie, Tod Browning, William Beaudine, Gene Delmar and Andy. Molly soon dropped out. Oakie was disqualified for yawning. Then, one after another, the others fell asleep. Andy won in thirty-eight hours flat.

That's Andy over there in the front row, reading a letter. It's not a gag. He actually gets his mail here. The pretty girl with him is Alene Carroll. She acted as his trainer. They're engaged, you know. Met at Universal, where they're both under contract.

(*Continued on page 90*)

At the top, the dancers are fed a hot meal. Note the empty seats before the movie colony went marathon crazy. Above, the movie colony's "Sweet Adeline" quintette, Tod Browning, Bill Beaudine, Archie Mayo, George Raft and Gene Delmar do their stuff, impromptu. Left, Lloyd Bacon, Joe E. Brown and Ginger Rogers



At left, Billie Jones' brother, Buck, in his rôle of trainer. He turns his sister upside down to get the blood back to her head. This little stunt rejuvenates the dancers

These Two Boys Are *GOING PLACES!*

By DOROTHY MANNERS

MOTION PICTURE nominated Dick Powell for stardom in the October issue because he has personality plus, because he started his movie career by coming dangerously close to stealing "Blessed Event" from Lee Tracy, because he looks like a runner-up to Jimmy Cagney, and because every studio wants to borrow him. This story gives you a close-up of this up-and-coming lad who knows what the public wants.—Editor.

Fryer

DON'T get too excited about Dick Powell, girls, because he's married! It's true that the marriage isn't taking too well at the present writing; in fact, the Dick Powells had been separated for more than a year before he came to Hollywood to knock them over with his take-off on a certain lullaby artist in "Blessed Event." The trouble between them is nobody's fault in particular—just the old plaint of a professional boy and a non-professional girl (who didn't understand the demands and trials and tribulations of the theatre).

In the meantime, Mr. Dick Powell is putting the bead on Hollywood, both professionally and personally. The kid's clever. He has something. Without speaking more than two or three "lines" in the entire unreeling of "Blessed Event," he crooned his way into one of the best *acting* performances of this, last, or next season.

When the picture previewed for the first time in Los Angeles, producer Jack Warner sat directly across from the press section. Every time Mr. Powell would appear on the screen, the Warner humor would get practically out of hand. Between laughing spells, the producer managed to nudge his male companion in the ribs and demand: "He's good, isn't he, huh?" In view of such executive appreciation, no one was surprised to read that Dick Powell had won a long term contract with the Warners. Came the deluge: *Who is he? Where has he been all this time?*

Who IS this Dick Powell—the lad who played the comic crooner in "Blessed Event"? That's what everybody's asking—for he looks like a coming sensation. He WAS a sensation in Pittsburgh, where the movies discovered him. As this story tells you, Dick happens to have an angle on what the public wants!

Was a Riot in Pittsburgh

TAKING them in order, he is, in a nutshell, "Pittsburgh's gift to the talking screen." For three years Pittsburgh theatregoers have been wondering what all the fuss was about in connection with Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee. The reason was Dick Powell. When he told a little story, they rolled in the aisles. When he led the band, playing any one of

(*Continued on page 77*)

William Gargan is the newcomer who made love to Joan Crawford in "Rain," and made some of the screen's handsome he-men look like beginners. There's no telling how far this Brooklyn Irishman will go, if he gets the right rôles. Here's enough of his private life to explain his possibilities!

By LEE TOWNSEND

William Gargan was Nominated for Stardom in the November Motion Picture because he is technically skillful and doesn't need to be told how to act, because five women stars have already asked for him as a leading man, and because any newcomer who could stand out in a picture starring Joan Crawford must be good. And here is the whole story about this young Irishman who knows what roles he wants, and is likely to get them.—Editor.

THE morning after the multi-starred première of "Rain," all Hollywood was asking, "Who is William Gargan?" Unknown the evening before, in the rôle of the doughty Marine lover of *Sadie Thompson*, he drew nearly as much praise as the sensational efforts of Joan Crawford, herself.

It was the second time within a year that that question, "Who is Gargan?" went around. New York heard it first—after the opening of one of the smash plays of the past season, "The Animal Kingdom," when a big Irishman, in the rôle of a pugilist turned butler, forced no less a star than Leslie Howard to share honors. Who *is* this Gargan?

Strangely enough, considering how generally the question has been answered with an "I don't know—but he's certainly got it," there is a far-from-modest crowd that knows who Gargan is. Or rather, two crowds: the small-time theatrical bunch through which he busted up to his hit amid the elegant presences of Producer Gilbert Miller, Playwright Philip Barry and Star Leslie Howard—and the gang, farther back, who remember him as the son of that Bill Gargan who ran the largest saloon in one of the hardest districts in the world, the old Brooklyn tenderloin.

Our William Gargan was born on Henry Street, where, 'tis said, the babies cut their teeth on lamp-posts; his parents were William and Irene Gargan, and the date was July 17, 1905. That was the year that also saw the earthly advent of the young man with whom Bill has just made "Sport Page"—namely, Joel McCrea. It was the same neighborhood in which, five years earlier, had appeared another Irisher baby, Paul Kelly. Paul and Bill's older brother grew up together and, like proper young Gaels, became choir boys. But they never got a surplice on Billy. Singing in church seemed nearly as silly as studying, and as for studying—well, they do say that it was only by threats of burning down St. Francis Xavier Grade School that the authorities persuaded the young Gargan to move on to St. James High.

Where He Got the Urge

AT high school, however, Bill discovered something that caught and held his restless attention. The school put on plays, and so greatly did they fascinate him that it was not long before he was the best actor in school. At least, he was ready to fight anyone who said he wasn't, with few takers. So pronounced grew his flair for speech-making that presently he won the gold medal for elocution. With that, the school held no more. Casting about for new worlds to conquer, Bill presently was employing the new-found glory of his silver tongue on such occupational pursuits as salesman, collector, and payroll guard.

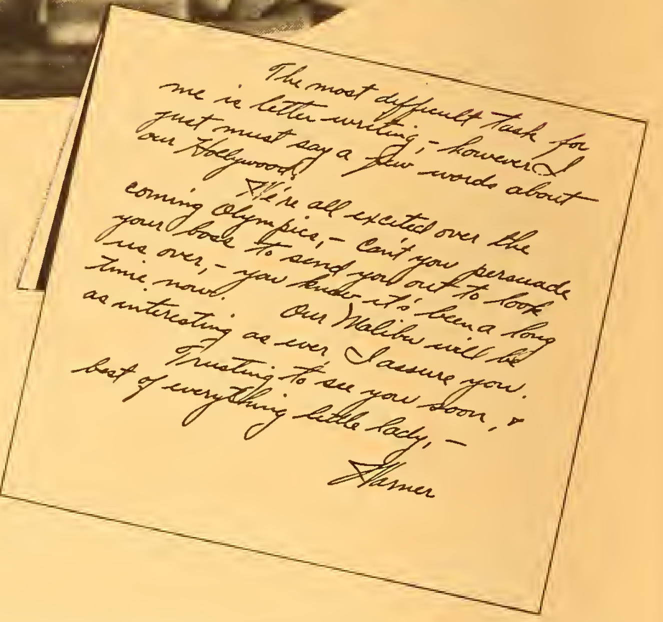
But these weren't much sport. Talk yourself blue in the face, selling things or collecting money, but it's on the stage that talking is the most fun. Or so Bill found. Then someone took him into the Lambs' Club—and it occurred to him that

(*Continued on page 78*)

By
LOUISE RICE

Warner Baxter Could Be a World-Beater!

"He's easygoing and inclined to believe in fate —but just wait till he starts fighting!" says Louise Rice, who is world-famous for reading character from handwriting



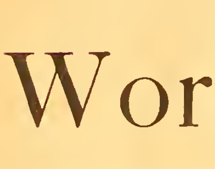
The most difficult task for
me is letter-writing, – however I
just must say a few words about
our Hollywood.
We're all excited over the
coming Olympics, – Can't you persuade
your boss to send you out to look
us over, – you know it's been a long
time now. Our Malibu will be
as interesting as ever I assure you.
Trusting to see you soon, &
best of everything little lady, –
Warner

WHY does Warner Baxter make you like and remember him as soon as you see his charming smile and graceful gestures on the screen? Why is he not given more and greater pictures in which he can show his real ability as an actor? These two questions can be answered by a careful examination of his smooth, flowing script, which is simple and plain and without any extreme curliques and flourishes.

Take a long look at his capital "I"—the one letter in the alphabet that tells us most about the real inner personality of a person—and notice the small, narrow upper loop and the large, curving lower loop of this letter. This shows you a person who has a certain amount of vanity and assurance when it comes to the things that he *knows* he can do, but who does not over-estimate his ability or think that he is the greatest actor in the world.

He may like to talk about himself—who doesn't?—but he will not be a boaster and a braggart or think that he can be a John Barrymore or a Charlie Chaplin. He has the common sense to know his limitations and the wisdom not to strain after the unattainable. It would not hurt him, however, to

(*Continued on page 79*)

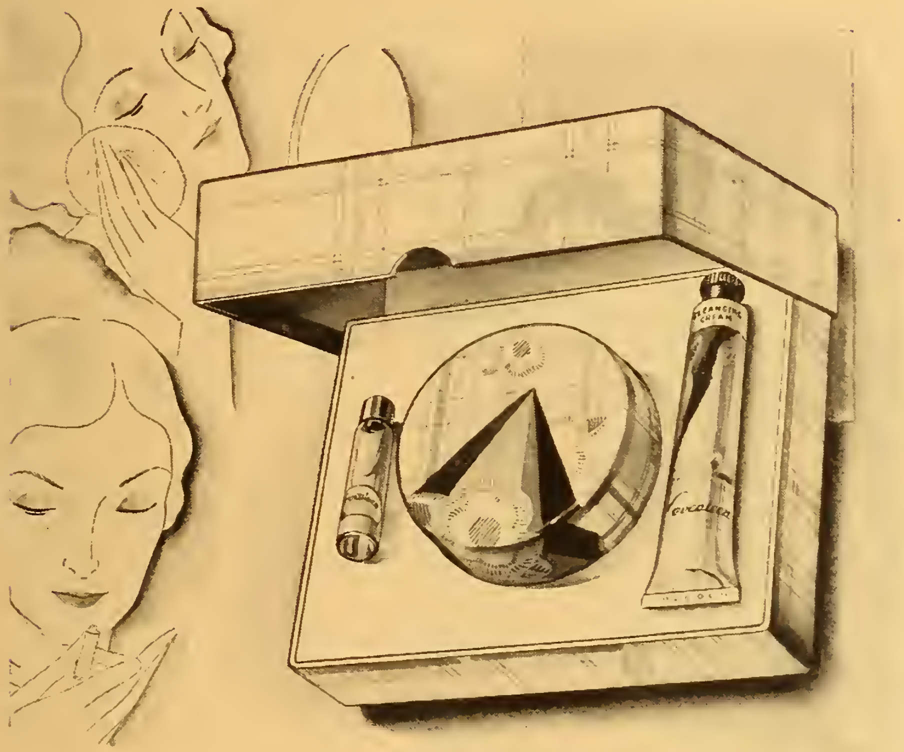


Louise Rice Will Analyze *Your* Handwriting

You can get a *general* analysis of your handwriting by sending a sample of several lines to Louise Rice, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Be sure to *write* on *unruled* paper in *ink*, signing your name and enclosing self-addressed (3c) stamped envelope and 10c to cover clerical expense.

Try three Seventeen Toiletries at the cost of only one

MAISON JEURELLE OFFERS THIS LOVELY PACKAGE



Seventeen Two-Tone Powder (full size package)..Seventeen Cleansing Cream (a generous trial tube) . . Seventeen Perfume (purse vial) Only $1 for all!

TRY Seventeen! You'll be delighted with these new preparations. They were created after careful study of perfect, youthful skins—to find what *makes* them lovely . . . what *keeps* them so.

But Maison Jeurelle wants you to know several of the splendid Seventeen Toiletries, without waiting to try them one by one.

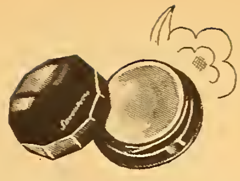
So this lovely package has been made up. It contains a full size package of Seventeen Face Powder. This powder is called two-toned, because it brings a certain transparent effect to the complexion, through cleverly blended *weights* of powder.

With the powder is packed a tube of Cleansing Cream—gay and alluring in its blue and coral plaid. And a purse vial of Seventeen Perfume, the half-artless, half-artful scent that gives its delightful fragrance to every Seventeen cosmetic.

A BARGAIN IN CHARM!

This whole, lovely ensemble costs but one dollar. That's the price of the Seventeen Powder alone. The other articles come to you with the compliments of Maison Jeurelle, and the hope that you will like them as well as other women who have tried them.

You'll find the Seventeen charm-bargain at any good toilet goods counter—at both drug and deparment stores.



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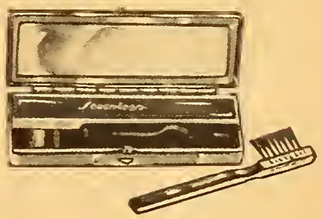
Rouge in its most modern and sophisticated form—a delicate cream. Splendid for both lips and cheeks—assuring matching shades, obviating the old difficulty of trying to match two rouges. Spreads perfectly, tints naturally, exquisitely.

ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM

Is your skin dry? Sensitive? Beginning to show fine lines? Then this cream is absolutely ideal for you! A new-type preparation of delicate oils, known to be beneficial to the skin. Should be used nightly, or oftener if the skin is very dry.



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Stunning eye make-up in the most attractive package you ever saw. Apply to lashes and brows, to add depth and lustre to the eyes. Cannot injure in any way.

HAND LOTION

At last the perfect lotion! Disappears entirely, leaving skin smooth and delicate, without a trace of stickiness. A real beauty treatment for the hands. One bottle lasts a long time, as only a drop or two is needed.

MAISON JEURELLE
247 Park Avenue, New York
Makers of Seventeen

NORMA TALMADGE Takes a *New Lease on Life* —with GEORGIE JESSEL

Many men have loved Norma, "the Woman Disputed," but Norma's own heart hasn't caught on fire. A few months ago, she wondered why she was alive. Then along came Georgie, who revived her interest in both life and love. And when the smoke clears away, you'll probably see Norma radiant as Mrs. Jessel!

By CRUIKSHANK

"WOMAN DISPUTED, I Love You!" In the dear, I'm-glad-you're-dead-you-rascal days of the theme song, some forgotten genius wrote that one for Norma Talmadge. But don't cheer, boys—men are dying. Dying for the love of that same gal. That silly-sounding title has come true. Nary a song more suited a star than that tagging Norma Talmadge the "Woman Disputed"!

Always, men have been mad for the favors of the Flatbush maid. Yet, in the midst of plenty, Norma's heart has been hungry for affection. She has sought true love up and down the world, and beyond the seas. And love has sought Norma. But, like ships in a fog, they've passed unaware.

Sometimes she has thought it in her grasp — on Malibu's sands, in New York's glittering gaiety, along Riviera strands, in the leafy shades of Parisian boulevards. She has listened to love's murmurings under many moons. But when she has reached out for it, it has eluded her. And the "Woman Disputed" has gone her way, leaving rejected rivals all forlorn and desolate.

Norma has a helping of happiness coming. She hasn't had much. For although the world has seemed to lay its favors in her lap, life has denied her what is every woman's heritage—the treasure she has sought in every sphere. It looks, at last, as though her quest is ended, as though she'll find her happiness in Georgie Jessel's arms. They're wide-stretched to receive her. They seem to offer a lasting love to meet the exactions of this modern Venus. So, there may be happiness . . . if . . .

If, for instance, Joe Schenck, gallant gentleman and producer-husband of Norma, will waive his outworn claims. If Gilbert Roland, dashing screen cavalier, will relinquish the rights of old friendship. If a dozen other Romeos will renounce their suits. The field is full of knights arrayed in amorous armor, ready to joust with Jessel for love of the "Woman Disputed." Lochinvar had a set-up in comparison with Georgie.

Met Rivals on Their Own Ground

BUT Broadway's best boy-friend is no laggard in love. Whisper it not in Sardi's tavern that George is a lazy Lothario. If *Leander* stemmed the Hellespont for his lady, George made commuters' ferry-boats of the trans-atlantic liners. And dashed back and forth, until he snatched his star from the matrimonial importunities of France's fiery chevaliers, and Britain's crested chivalry. You've heard of "belted earls." Well, George would have belted a prince in the nose, if necessary to thwart European conquistadors.

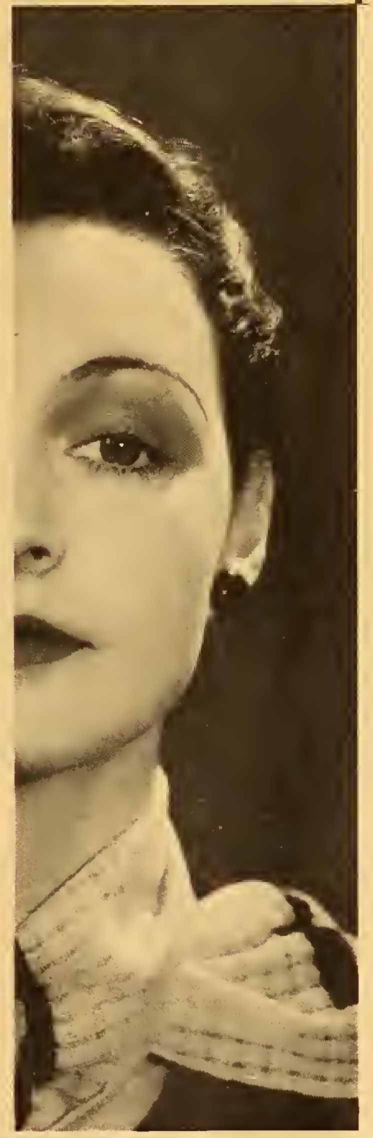
But the threat of conquest by European invasion of Norma's affections is far from being finally ended. The lads in London, and her Parisian pals, don't give in so easily. Have you watched the stocks of the radio, cable and telephone companies? The advance is due to the long-distance love-lyrics that reach Norma every hour.

The love of George for Norma is no upstart passion. It is a love that has stood the test of time. It dates back to the puppy days of pigtails and short-pants. Norma's pigtails. George's pants. Even

(*Continued on page 81*)

Woodbury's is a FACIAL SOAP . . . *made especially to fit the needs of the skin . . . that's why it does more for your complexion than ordinary soaps or other cleansing methods do.*

No wonder Woodbury's won the Half-Face Test



You powder your face with a *face* powder . . . finer and softer than bath and dusting powders . . . a powder especially prepared to protect and enhance your complexion.

You soften your skin with *face* creams . . . made not with ordinary oils, but with cosmetic oils . . . exquisitely fine and soothing . . . chosen just to suit the delicate tissues of your skin.

Then cleanse your skin not just with *any* soap, but with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . a *specialized* soap, definitely prepared for the complexion.

Woodbury's is a FACIAL soap . . . made expressly for the face, and with cosmetic ingredients not usually found in soaps. It is infinitely better suited to your skin than an ordinary soap which is also intended for the laundry and bath. Woodbury's formula was not created by a soap chemist, but by a skin specialist. Woodbury's is not sold in chip, flake, or any other form for kitchen or laundry use. It is much too fine, too specialized a soap for that. Woodbury's does more for your skin than other soaps just because it was prepared for this particular delicate job. Besides cleansing, Woodbury's Facial Soap provides a stimulating and corrective beauty treatment.

The superiority of Woodbury's Facial Soap was proved when leading dermatologists in 14 cities supervised a scientific test on complexions of every type (612 women in all). For 30 days, each woman cared for one side of her face with any creams, lotions, soaps, etc., she wished. The other side of her face she washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Records of that Half-Face Test show that Woodbury's softened dry skin, brightened dull skin, checked oiliness, benefited coarse pores, cleared up blackheads and pimples . . . *more than other soaps and other beauty methods did on the same faces.*

YOU try Woodbury's Facial Soap against any pet facial treatment YOU have. Almost instantly you will see its incomparable beautifying power. Your own new, clearer, healthier skin will win you to using Woodbury's faithfully from then on. It costs less than 1¢ a day to use Woodbury's. You buy it at drug stores or toilet goods counters everywhere.

TO PLEASE A MAN AT *Christmas*

If *you* were a man, you would be delighted with this new Woodbury's Gift Box for Men. The kind of gift every man wants—but seldom buys for himself! It contains Woodbury's Facial Soap, Talc, Shaving Cream and Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion . . . Special value for one dollar. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

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I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

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Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

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The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT

Grand Picture—Hepburn Girl Steals It: When a new comet flashes into our ken it is occasion for a mild spree on the part of any reviewer. And such a blazing and unexpected star flashed across the screen in this picturization of the old stage play supposed to be a vehicle for Billie Burke and John Barrymore.

Almost without warning Katherine Hepburn, New York actress (see pages 42 and 43), stepped into the Hollywood scene, with such grace and poise that at her first appearance an electric shock went through the audience. If this actress with her strange fascination which takes the place of more obvious beauty, with her equally strange and arresting voice does not seize the fancy of the fans we shall be proved poor prophets. Billie Burke was well typed as the pretty futile mother and John Barrymore has seldom been as sincere. An emotional and moving picture—one not to be missed.

THREE ON A MATCH

Neat Job In Every Way—See It: It seems to be a screen trend these days to show the connection between widely separated lives. Perhaps "Grand Hotel" started the style. At any rate this story of the differing fates of three school friends, whose lives touch again after ten years follows the fashionable formula.

Of the three Ann Dvorak's part as the restless girl, tired of the humdrum of wealth and matrimony, is the most important; the other two, played by Bette Davis and Joan Blondell merely embroidering the main story. Melodramatic as the story is, Dvorak's vivid personality sweeps away implausibilities and makes the woes of the girl, who laughed at the ancient superstition of three on a match, very real.

The ending, with the heroine's suicide by leaping from a hotel window with her kidnapped baby's whereabouts written in lipstick on her dress, seems too cruel.

RAIN

Okay With Huston Excelling: A picture with such a long stage and screen history behind it starts with a handicap of inevitable comparisons. Then, too, the story is so well known that as it unfolds it is without suspense or surprise.

Joan Crawford is neither the greatest "Sadie Thompson" of theatrical history, nor the worst by any means. She is gorgeous to look at in her sullen, ruined beauty, and her handling of the difficult part of the prostitute is brave and sincere. Dat ol' debbil of a picture stealer, Walter Huston, however, as the gaunt, and conscience-racked missionary, is the figure you carry away from the theatre.

Perhaps the persistent locale of the story is responsible for the effect of dragginess. Monotony is the keynote of the plot, and, ironically, is so well done that the audience feels its effects as well as the players. William Gargan, as the young soldier-lover, looks like a discovery.

BLONDE VENUS

Crazy Story But Dietrich Appeals: This much discussed story which threatened for a time to split the team of Von Sternberg and Dietrich must have been toned down considerably. Possibly some of the scarlet was rubbed off the central figure of the German wife who sells herself to earn the money to cure her scientist husband, suffering from obscure radium poisoning.

The important point to us was not that Marlene played a bad woman, but that she played her even more gorgeously than usual. Deftly the story twists and bends to give this actress every opportunity to exploit her possibilities.

The famous Dietrich legs are on display again—and how! The child with whom she flees from her husband's wrath brings out the tenderer emotions, her stage and cafe sequences display her sensational beauty. It's not so convincing and the ending alone seems illogical.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

Audiences Should Eat It Up: While Americana is getting a break on the screen it is fitting that the Madison Square Garden of our forefathers, glamorous with the memories of old-timers should be immortalized. Some of these appear in the picture — baseball heroes, prizefight champs, wrestlers, bringing a choke to the throats of the sentimental.

Tommy Meighan as the owner of the garden, and William Collier, Senior, as the old matchmaker, carry the heavy end of this tale of two fresh young punks who think they can manage their own destinies as fighter and wrestler, played by Jack Oakie and Warren Hymer.

Oakie, in particular, has never done better work. A really thrilling fight, round by round, will raise you in your seats. The country towns as well as the big cities should eat this up—and though it's a man's picture it has sentiment and suspense, appealing to women as well.

THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT

Lots Of Fun Here. Don't Miss It: From beginning wherein the Powers Behind the Throne are seen at the mirthful work of president-making to the close with the inaugural parade of delegates, each wearing a battered top hat, this is the cleverest mixture of sense and nonsense, politics and patriotism, satire and drama to appear on the screen for many moons.

The shades of Gilbert and Sullivan must have hovered at the elbow of the scenarist and given ghostly chuckles at the medicine man who turns the patter of his trade into a campaign speech, and the gorgeous burlesque of the national convention.

George M. Cohan, in a double rôle of the presidential candidate who lacks sex appeal, and the charming, colorful patent medicine vendor who resembles him and makes his public appearances for him, brings a refreshing screen personality. Jimmy Durante teams with him and supplies the louder laughs. Don't miss it.

(*More Reviews on page 66*)

Radically new

greatest advance in sanitary protection since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Redesigned to end all fear of revealing outlines, no matter how close-fitting your dress is

AT LAST! A radically new design in sanitary protection. Made by Kotex—originators of the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM KOTEX. Why? Because it is so flattened and tapered that it leaves no outlines even under the closest-fitting of evening gowns.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Kotex features retained

Kotex is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; can be worn, with equal protection, on either side; disposable, easily. More than 24 million pads were used in hospitals alone last year.

Ask for the new PHANTOM KOTEX. Try it. Learn what a difference it makes. Insist upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy it wrapped. Each tapered end of the new pad is stamped "Kotex"—so you can't get inferior substitutes.

Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history. This new improvement comes to you at no increase in price. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! *Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.*

*

To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2137A
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed..........

Street..........

City.......... *State*..........

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The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 64*)

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Surely Worth Your While: Here's a thriller. Although it's politics—and politics with the bright varnish scraped away from it—the story holds its own from an entertainment value. If there were no political election to capitalize upon at the moment, the picture would be a wow because it holds you spellbound from the first scene to the last.

Lee Tracy becomes one of the leading actors in this picture. He reaches the heights just when he decided to throw it all over and slip to Europe for six months. But a man who can act as he does in this one, can always get his place back.

Constance Cummings graduates from high-school to college in the schools of acting. And it's the come-back of Jim Cruze. He never did anything to better this opus even, when he ranked at the top of the directors' list.

THIRTEEN WOMEN

Carries A Kick, Entertaining: The scenarist had his woes discovering a connected and intelligible story in the episodic novel from which it was made. That he was able to do as smooth a job as he did is a matter for praise. However, it is still a question whether it was screen material in the first place. Though the lives of only nine women are touched on in the action it is still dazzlingly overcrowded with incident and widely separated action.

Irene Dunne, as the mother whose sanity and strength of love finally break the vicious chain of disaster and death started by the revengeful college outcast (Myrna Loy), holds all the loose ends together remarkably well, and Dickie Moore as the doomed child is adorable.

A feeling of suppressed excitement runs through the picture which is not a bad substitute for continuity of plot. You may be dazed.

HAT CHECK GIRL

No Great Shakes, But Should Satisfy: Sally Eilers is arch and pretty as the hat check girl with whom a millionaire's son falls in love. Ben Lyon as that son is his usual debonair and delightful self. There are dress shots of the fashionable speakeasy where the girl works—from the purest possible motives, of course. There is a bedroom scene both startling and amusing; there are gangsters, and there is a radio gossiper who is killed just as he is about to reveal what he knows about the Hat Check Girl's past life, having been hired to do so by the millionaire father who wants to disgust his son.

Yet somehow all these tried and tested ingredients flung together by a deft directorial hand don't quite jell into a great picture. The scene where the gay party of society people play "Murder" and surprise a real murderer is a clever climax to what is an acceptable if not a remarkable picture.

THE MONKEY'S PAW

Mystery Thriller Has Its Moments: Take out several reels of this mystery picture and you would have an excellent and substantial thriller short. In its present form as a full length feature it is pretty thin stuff. An army officer returns from India with a dried monkey's paw which has a sinister power. Its possessor is able to win three wishes by its use but these wishes will bring them only sorrow.

Naturally someone who overhears this tale steals the paw and the story proceeds to tell, with accompaniment of a violent wind storm and banging shutters, the gruesome fulfillment of the three wishes.

There is one superb scene where a knocking on the door will bring gasps and screams from an audience, but on the whole the story is padded, and the dénouement of the discovery that it is all a dream will have the effect of making the onlooker feel "sold." Still it has its suspense and this should satisfy.

CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN

Real Novelty, Worth Your Time: Eddie Lowe makes the magician of our childhood dreams come true in this utterly fantastic, unbelievably melodramatic tale of the Englishman who studied to become a yogi at a sort of university of magic in India. Baleful villains who kidnap princesses, weird rays which are capable of bringing death to the entire world, gruesome towers with trick doors and floors present the resourceful *Chandu* with plenty of problems, which he solves with the aid of—magic.

A grumbling and bibbling sergeant who accompanies *Chandu* as a sort of orderly throughout his adventures, played appealingly by Herbert Mundin, adds a further touch of fantasy by keeping up a continual argument with his conscience which pops out at him when he is about to take a drink. At the close Bela Lugosi is foiled and the world saved from the Death Ray. See it.

THE ALL AMERICAN

Makes Touchdown With All Football Fans: This picture tries to answer the question—"what becomes of our great college football heroes after graduation?" Richard Arlen, as the All American who decides, cold-bloodedly, to use some of his college popularity in getting ahead in the world after graduating, paints a rather dismal picture of the future of our college grid heroes whose morals, it would seem have been sadly undermined by their success.

Passing rapidly from selling his fame as a bond broker to open racketeering the hero slides downhill with the usual picture accompaniments of bad checks, drink, and loss of the One Girl. At last he gets a sudden look at himself and starts to climb back to decency via a wheelbarrow.

The picture is filled with the football great of this generation, nearly all the extras being played by real All Americans, such as Nevers, Cagle and Carideo. Worth seeing if you are a football fan.

Ronald Colman Protests

(*Continued from page 41*)

The article referred to brought many letters from Colman fans, condemning him for making such statements as were attributed to him. Other articles in the past also have brought objections from fans. One article in a Hollywood paper said that "Mr. Colman deigned" to lend his presence at the studio—thus again suggesting that his attitude was not congenial or businesslike, and that he was a snob, which he hotly disclaims.

Takes His Work Seriously

"IN MY reference to placing principle before policy: I have ideals of professional integrity. I have said that I have seven million fans—in print that looks a bit boastful, but any star can count on having that number of people see his pictures. I am thinking of them, as well as myself. There is nothing the public dislikes more than a performer, be he violinist or actor, who doesn't take his work seriously. This attitude of carelessness I would consider a great impertinence to the public, who pay at the box office for a performance that should be sincere, and give them the best effort of which the actor is capable. If I am put before the public as taking my work so lightly that I get drunk to do a love scene, that damages my professional integrity with the public. I am portrayed as using shoddy methods in my work. Whatever I do in my private life is my business, but it is a fact that I am a teetotaler while working on a picture. From the moment it starts to the final scenes I never take a drink. I do not believe that a star could go on working steadily for five years, as I have done, in any other way. I was also quoted as saying that I thought a dissipated air lent value to my screen personality—and this, too, reflects on my work."

This matter of a dissipated air or appearance is one that has always been a hot argument with screen actors. Rex Ingram felt that such an air lent charm to Valentino; others felt that it did so with Wallace Reid. And still others believe that a rather haggard look is part of Gary Cooper's appeal. Colman wishes it known that the deep lines in his face which give it character are not put there by liquor or carousals, but by the experience of life that has come to him in perfectly legitimate ways, as it comes to everybody who has had to fight for a living, and suffered and hoped and endured as human beings are made to do. He has always refused to disguise the lines of his face by applying heavy make-up, as he feels that the lines reveal character, and give him added interest on the screen. So much for the "dissipated look."

"When I filed this suit, I was not in a rage. This thing was not done on the spur of the moment. I have considered that it is a difficult job for a publicity person to publicize a star. They can say I like tennis, and that I water my garden on Tuesdays, and after that it is necessary to think up something more interesting for the public to read. But I do object to being victimized. It concerns me, personally, as well as my value as a business investment. I must protest strongly or take the consequence in the end. I sincerely trust that by the time this article appears, all will be amicably settled. May I repeat, I have no personal animosity against anyone, but simply did this as a means of defending myself."

And, as if to prove that publicity does not figure in it at all, he has just bought a huge tract of land on the wild Big Sur coastline, plans to build an isolated house there and—whisper!—perhaps retire from the screen. Publicity won't mean anything to Ronald Colman there!

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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth Antiseptics. It goes 3 times as far whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size.

FEWER colds this year—quicker relief from those you catch—and money saved besides. That's the promise Pepsodent Antiseptic makes you. Millions by experience can tell you it's true. Pepsodent Antiseptic is different from other leading mouth antiseptics. Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful in killing germs—it goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against sore throat colds.

Two kinds of antiseptics

In fighting stubborn colds, remember there really are only two leading kinds of mouth washes. In one group is the mouth wash that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water *and still kill germs in 10 seconds.*

Don't fool yourself

It is bad enough to pay the extra cost of using antiseptics that must be used full strength...it's worse to dilute them and fail to kill the germs . . . so choose the antiseptic that, even when it is diluted, kills the germs. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be safe—and save money!

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern Antiseptic

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Pepsodent Antiseptic

John and Mary Public Tell the World Which Stars Have the Most Sex Appeal!

(*Continued from page 53*)

Mrs. Grace Oie, Dancing Teacher, chooses Lowell Sherman

John O. Douglas, Private Detective, casts his vote for Garbo

Oliver Drake, Writer, hands the laurels to Claudette Colbert

Kathleen Higgins, Secretary, selects Fredric March as winner

"I'll pick Clark Gable. I don't know why; I just like his type, I guess. He's a real he-man who would dominate any woman. I don't think he's good-looking, though."

MYRNA SMITH, Stenographer, Security Building (3 a week): "Russell Hopton. He's the only man I've ever seen on the screen who could sweep me right off my feet. He's not so handsome, but that doesn't have anything to do with sex-appeal. I think most girls instinctively resent too handsome men. I do."

Clark Dominates 'Em

BRITA HAMLIN, Elevator Operator, Baine Building (4 a week): "Why, I'd say Clark Gable. He really has a dominating personality. Something about him holds fascination for women. I don't think he's so very good-looking, but his personality more than makes up for that."

ANN WINSLOW, Cosmetician, Hollywood Boulevard (1 a week): "My vote goes for Conrad Nagel. Sex-appeal is something you can't describe. It's merely a certain kind of personality, to my way of thinking. Lawrence Tibbett also has lots of it on the screen. I know I prefer a man's man, every time."

MRS. JOSEPH KNAPP, Clubwoman, Hobart St. (1 a week): "Fredric March. He is genteel and refined, obviously an intellectual, and he has, in my opinion, the most intense, magnetic personality on the screen. I instinctively like the clean-cut type that he represents."

MRS. OLIVER DRAKE, Housewife, Normandie Avenue (2 a week): "Maurice Chevalier, because he's so debonair, peppy and absolutely natural. There's something devilish about him, and although he's far from handsome, I think he has sex-appeal, plus. I greatly prefer the type of man who is always gay to the sober, care-ridden type."

BILLIE LARKIN, Waitress, Studio Café (2 a week): "I think Clark Gable. He's so human, so dominating and so mannish. I can't stand sissified men. No matter what picture Gable's in, he gives me a thrill. I see every one of his pictures."

VELMA PRESTON, Graduate Nurse, Moore-White Clinic (1 a week): "Ronald Colman, and I can't tell you why. I just prefer his type; that's all. Incidentally, I think he's very handsome, and that certainly doesn't detract from his appeal, so far as I'm concerned."

Maurice Promises Adventure

ELIZABETH JOHNSON, Office Employee, Sun Realty Building (1 a week): "Maurice Chevalier, by all means. He's so gay and light-hearted. Every girl longs for adventure, and everything about his personality promises just that. I don't think he's the type I'd want to marry, but he'd be a perfect lover."

ANITA BONN, Stationer's Clerk, Hollywood Boulevard (4 a week): "Why, I'd pick Warner Baxter. He's such a romantic type and he has a very strong, forceful personality. I admire his appearance, his voice and all of his mannerisms. I think a man's voice has a lot to do with his appeal to women. And I think Warner Baxter is a wonderful actor, too."

DOROTHY DUNNE, Public Stenographer, The May Company (2 a week): "I choose Maurice Chevalier, and I think it's because he frankly admits he has 'It.' So many men have sex-appeal, but they take the American view that it's shameful. Chevalier is frankly a delightful rogue. He displays a 'Warning—Danger Ahead' sign all the time and I find that very intriguing."

KATHLEEN HIGGINS, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce Building (1 a week): "You can write me down for Fredric March. He's extremely handsome and obviously a gentleman. He has far more sex-appeal than any other man on the screen."

RUTH CHILDERS, School Teacher, Pasadena (1 a week): "Although I don't think him either handsome or a great actor, Clark Gable, in my estimation, has the most sex-appeal. He is elemental and thoroughly masculine, obviously a person who knows what he wants and how he proposes to obtain it. That type appeals to me far more than the namby-pambies who are willing to be dictated to by a woman."

Magnetic Montgomery

GOLDIE HULTSCH, Secretary, Culver City (2 a week): "I'll name Robert Montgomery. His happy-go-lucky smile makes him one of the most likeable actors on the screen, and he certainly has a magnetic personality. I think he has sex-appeal and I think he would always hold a woman's interest because he has a sense of humor and a clean mind."

MRS. FRANK BOOK, Accountant, Biltmore Hotel (1 a week): "Neil Hamilton. He is the handsomest man on the screen. There's nothing sissified about him and he's the intelligent type. A man like that not only has sex-appeal; he flatters a woman's vanity when he is seen with her."

JANE DIAMOND, Business Executive, Hollywood Boulevard (1 a week): "I agree with Ruth Chatterton, I guess. At any rate, I think George Brent is the perfect answer to your question. He has a gay, light manner that intrigues me very much. He's essentially masculine, but also a gentleman. That type of man not only appeals to a woman's emotions; he knows how to keep her fascinated. I resent crudities in men."

And there you have the opinions of twenty representative feminine moviegoers. Note that only three actors received more than a single vote. Clark Gable rates first with four devotées, Maurice Chevalier second with three, and Fredric March third with two.

The men, strange to say, were more embarrassed when asked to name the flicker queen with the most S.A. But we'll start the list with one lad who knows his own mind and doesn't hesitate a minute in making his preference known:

Emphatic About Jean

RALPH DUNCAN, Radio Salesman, Hollywood Boulevard (2 a week): "Jean Harlow! With a chassis like hers, any girl ought to make good. Say, you could put a Hallowe'en mask over that gal's face, and I'd still go for her in a big way. I like a girl with artistic lines."

PAUL JEFFRIES, Interior Decorator, Robertson Boulevard (1 a week): "To me, Claudette Colbert has the most direct sex-appeal. She is beautiful and charming, certainly a girl whom any man would respect. I think respectability has a great deal to do with a man's admiration for any woman and everything to do with her sex-appeal. As a rule, men don't desire cheap women."

JOHN O. DOUGLAS, Private Detective, Nick Harris Operatives (1 a week): "Greta Garbo. She has refinement and an infinite capacity for timing. She is capable of tremendous emotional depths and at the same time is mystifying because of her restraint. I like mysteries and to me she's the most alluring woman in pictures."

WALLY EBERT, Bell-hop, Unemployed (3 a week): "Boy, as far as S.A. is concerned, there's a new blonde on the screen named Gloria Stuart. She gets my vote, and how! That girl's got everything it takes—a swell figure, a beautiful face and lots of personality. She looks like a warm dish, and I like 'em sizzling."

E. B. FRENCH, Banker, Hollywood Boulevard and Ivar Street (1 a week): "Joan Crawford, I believe. She has so much vim and vitality. I like her physical type—her eyes, her smile, in short, her personality."

Likes Helen's "Challenge"

BILL JELLIFFE, Real Estate Broker, Pico Boulevard (1 a week): "To me, Helen Twelvetrees. She has everything to make up just that quality, sex-appeal. She always seems to be challenging a man, and I enjoy being challenged."

LESTER ADAMS, Grocery Clerk, Beverly Boulevard (2 a week): "Jean Harlow. I suppose I have a weakness for blondes. I think Janet Gaynor has plenty of sex-appeal, too."

ED GEHLING, Mechanic, Melrose Avenue (1 a month): "I'd say Janet Gaynor. She's sweet and natural. I don't care for the girls who are always parading their sex-appeal. That kind hasn't got any sex-appeal for an adult man. They look too easy to get."

WEDDY KRECK, Hardware Salesman, Pico Boulevard (2 a week): "Jean Harlow. I like the way she carries herself and the way she's built. She's sure got that certain something. But I liked her a lot better as a platinum blonde than as a red-head."

SIDNEY BACHTELL, Attorney, West Seventh Street, L.A. (1 a week): "I choose Fay Wray, who is refined, beautiful and very talented. Above all, she does not try to make her physical charms obvious. Sex-appeal exists only when it is properly hidden behind gentility. My second choice would be Maureen O'Sullivan."

OLIVER DRAKE, Writer, Normandie Avenue (2 a week): "Claudette Colbert. I've never attempted to analyze her appeal, but perhaps it's based on her evident refinement, her beauty of face and figure, and her fiery vitality. To my way of

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 6*)

Just a few weeks ago he sent me a wire stating: "Do not be too much discouraged. We will continue to fight for your freedom."

Few knew how much of his material and moral resources Paul Bern cast into the struggle for my vindication from the monstrous injustice perpetrated upon me. Many were effectively reminded by him of their responsibility to aid in righting this grievous crime and thereby impressed with a wider consciousness that man's traditional inhumanity to man can be overcome only by the vigorous diffusion of a profound understanding of man's duty to his fellow man. *Tom Mooney (31921).*

A Big-Hearted Swede

ALBY, SWEDEN.—Why I'm not mad at Hollywood for showing up the Swede for what he certainly is, a fool, I don't know, but while you are at it, you might as well make a thorough job of it and expose the rest of the world as well—there are bigger fools than us Swedes at large, believe me! The fact that we are not even foolish enough to get mad at you proves this. Every one of us enjoys Jack Oakie for all he is worth no matter how silly the Swede he portrays may appear to us. And although we all admit that Garbo is great, we do not turn morons about her like you Americans do.

However, I do not know what we would do without American movies, the world would be pretty drab without them. *C. E.*

Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

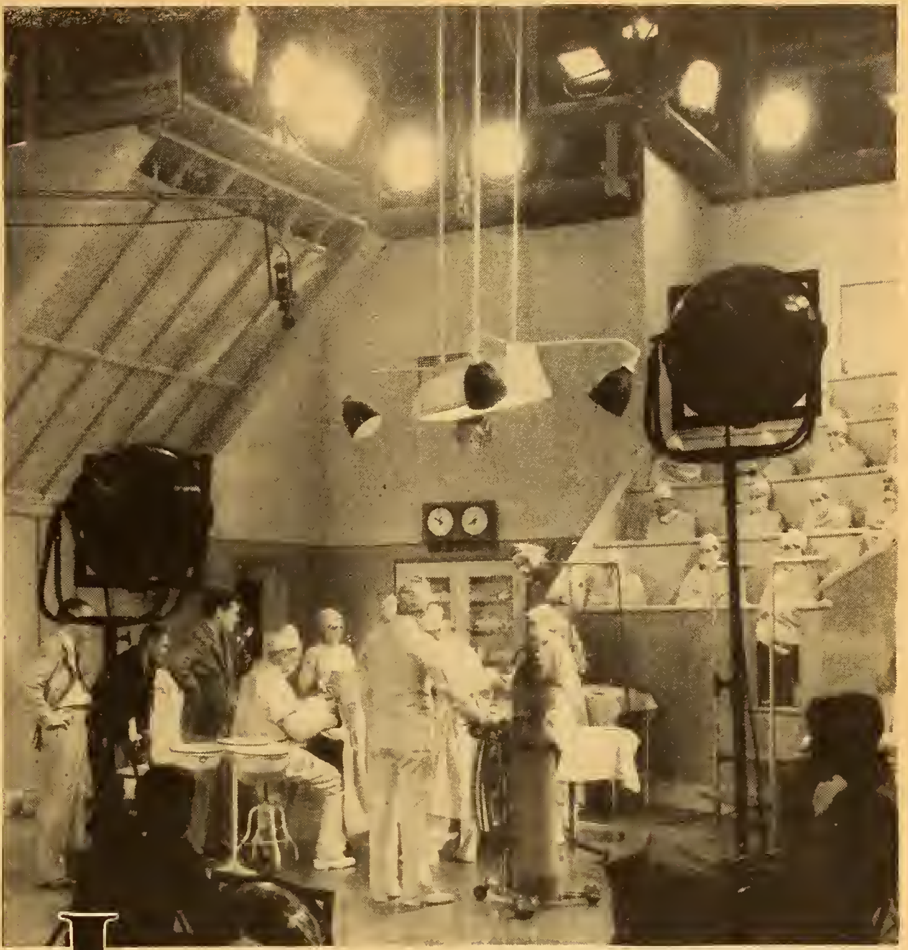
(*Continued from page 55*)

the Honolulu habit. There was Dorothy Mackaill, for instance, who dashed back and forth so often last year that ships' news reporters were detailed just to meet the Matson Line boats and get the latest news about her state of heart. It was on her last trip that she met and fell in love with Neil Miller, who was working for a pineapple plantation in Hawaii, and—such potency has the lush Honolulu climate to ripen love quickly—she relates how she met Neil one morning and promised to marry him at four the same afternoon!

Even on their honeymoons (and Honolulu is the favorite trip) movie stars must be ready for a studio call. It was while the Lydell Pecks (Janet Gaynor to you) were on their wedding journey there three years ago (a pooh! pooh!! to you skeptics who prophesied this marriage wouldn't last!) that they discovered a tiny bungalow just built for a love nest, on the opposite side of the Island. Despite the modesty of their Hawaiian home, rubber-neck bus conductors invariably point out to palpitating tourists the most palatial villa on the island as "The home of Janet Gaynor, the famous movie star!"

Three times since their honeymoon, Janet has occupied her Island house, and twice Lydell has been with her. The time when he was absent was the time when Charlie Farrell, discovering that Janet was sailing on the boat he had chosen for a vacation trip, hurriedly disembarked with his bags for fear of causing gossip—and people gossiped just the same! The public has never quite reconciled itself to having the young lovers of "Seventh Heaven" unwed to each other.

Janet improved her time on her Honolulu visits in learning several native dances which she hopes, possibly, to use in a picture one of these days. She has been very generous with her Island home, lending it to



Scene from "Night Nurse", a Warner Brothers Production starring Barbara Stanwyck.

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her Fox friends who go there from time to time. The Warner Baxters and the Bill Howards have occupied it, preferring its flower-hidden privacy to the glitter of the great hotels.

Taking to the Surf Boards

HONOLULU offers various diversions to many movie tastes, but most stars shun the velvety-green golf links and tennis courts in favor of the most famous beach in the world—for that is Waikiki with its warm surf, outrigger canoes, and athletic brown youths who are willing to give lessons in surf-board riding at five dollars an hour, or sing Hawaiian love songs if their patrons prefer.

Harold Lloyd's four days' stay in Honolulu was busy with "shots" for his picture "Feet First," but he found an hour's time for several breathless surf-board rides. The beach slopes away so gradually that it is possible to ride the breakers for half a mile but though, it looks easy, there's a knack to it as Harold discovered after his third spill. Joel McCrea, a familiar figure on the Santa Monica sands, and indefatigable at volley ball and swimming, found the warm, white sands and soft sunshine so soothing that he slept most of the time away rather than try to master the violent art of surf-riding.

"We had to shake him awake for every scene," said a cameraman with "The Bird of Paradise" troupe. "It just suited Joel—who sure took things easy. However, he took two rides by himself on the boards, and managed to hang on, though they weren't much for form!"

Nancy Carroll, however, stuck grimly to her board practice with the result that she can play a pretty game of surf-board polo now, managing her plunging and slippery "mount" like an expert. Dorothy Mackaill is another addict of the surf board, and has continued her practice at Catalina Island since her last return.

The coral in the sands makes Waikiki Beach rather more picturesque than practical, except in front of the Royal Hawaiian where the bottom has been pounded as smooth as a dance floor for a long way out to sea. But the sheltered bay, protected from harsh waves by the rugged promontory, Diamond Head, is ideal for outrigger canoeing. This was Dolores Del Rio's favorite sport—next to running into the hotel every few hours to see whether there was another cable from her husband, Cedric Gibbons.

It is at night that Honolulu puts on her most coquettish airs for her movie guests. Then, in the ball rooms of the Royal Hawaiian and the Moana, native bands, led by Americans, play the latest rhumba from the States or wailing Hawaiian tunes, even better suited to dance steps. The Monte Blues danced away the hours during their honeymoon. Whenever Carole Lombard stepped on the floor with Bill Powell she wore a lei of gardenias over her evening gown. And did she make a hit!

"Men don't wear leis in the evening—unless they've been drinking that Hawaiian specialty," explains my friend, the cameraman for "The Bird of Paradise." "And of course," he adds hastily, "none of our company tried it. It's a pretty potent drink—the natives make it and bootleg it—"

Somehow you don't think of bootlegging in this foreign atmosphere, but Honolulu is part of the United States and the United States has prohibition, or hasn't it? But there's no law against any star's trying *poi*, a sort of fermented vegetable concoction which Skeets Gallagher confesses leaves him cold. And though *luau* feasts sound a bit abandoned and savage, they simply mean guest dinners served on cloths spread on the ground and eaten to the accompaniment of ukulele music. It's tough, however, to keep your thoughts on food, when the native girls do their dance specialties. They wear grass skirts especially manufactured for tourist trade. Respectable enough for the eminently respectable Harold. The native Shriners tendered Harold Lloyd a *luau* feast and he took the Missus along.

One will have to give Harold the palm for making the most of his trip to Hawaii. With the enthusiastic co-operation of the Matson Line he used the boat, going and coming, as a location set for his picture and shot scenes steadily with the officers and crew as extras, while the passengers stepped over electric light cables and dodged cameras and kliegs without a murmur—just for the pleasure of watching Harold's movie predicaments. When the boats move away from the pier at Honolulu most departing passengers are shedding sentimental tears as they listen to the wailing strains of "Aloha" sung by native voices, but Harold was too busy recording these same strains on microphones hung over the steamship's sides for picturesque emotions. And, as a consequence, he got a splendid sound scoop for his picture.

Among the pleasures of Honolulu, "shopping" appeals to most movie stars. In the bazaars, gorgeous goods from the Orient, elbow perfumes, native weaving, grass skirts, musical instruments and tiny outrigger canoes. Coral jewelry and local confections make their bid for star money. Mildred Lloyd confined most of her shopping to presents for small Mildred Gloria—that was before Peggy was adopted, and Harold, Junior, was born. The Warner Baxters brought back embroidered kimonos and pajamas, and some marvellously-woven native mats. Dolores Del Rio preferred Oriental art objects while Joel McCrea loaded up with tiny surf-boards and canoes for his friends. Stan Laurel proudly bore away a cocoanut hat and Douglas Fairbanks, the champion movie traveler of them all, stopped off on his way to the South Seas, to send back a surprise box for Mary.

But the greatest gift Honolulu offers its movie guests is not purchased in the shops or discovered in the hotels. After the strain and frantic tension of the world of the studio it is truly paradise to find themselves among a simple people who regard Life as one long playtime, and who are totally unconcerned about the troubles of the outside world. Smiling and friendly, the Hawaiians greet their famous guests cordially, but without curiosity. True, they beg for autographs like movie fans the world over, but they do not pry and peer and whisper. To the child hearts of the Polynesians and peoples of mixed blood, actors and actresses are play people like themselves. They beg shyly to be in the picture whenever the movie stars go on location.

If Sally Eilers wants to play volley ball on the beach; if Bela Lugosi prefers to sit on the veranda of the Royal Hawaiian and gaze into one of the world's loveliest gardens; if Joel McCrea likes to go to the wrestling matches evenings, and Doug Fairbanks enjoys the atmosphere of the East in the Oriental quarter of the town, they are not followed, stared at or pestered with requests to buy something or to give something as they would be in the more sophisticated European pleasure resorts.

If a honeymooning Ben and Bebe, or Bill and Carole want to stroll on the beach under the soft glow of the Hawaiian moon, than which there is no whicher, their kisses will excite no interest there. For romance is the breath of life in Honolulu. The days are meant for music and the nights for love.

The Headline Career of Jean Harlow

(*Continued from page 31*)

January 7, 1930—Jean Harlow believed mystery element in fistic combat between Myron Selznick and John Barrymore on Ambassador lawn.

January 8, 1930—Jean Harlow not mystery element although she was dancing at hotel and saw fight.

May 28, 1930—"Hell's Angels" opens. Slithering performance of Jean Harlow a sensation. New vampire type hailed.

July 20, 1930—Mrs. Edwards, wife of Mayor of Seattle, not only thinks it's all right for her husband to kiss visiting actresses, as he did Jean Harlow today, but believes action is appropriate considering Miss Harlow's attractions.

July 22, 1930—Charles F. McGrew II, Harlow husband, files motion to set aside default to a hitherto uncontested divorce action on part of actress. Actress has charged her husband won't pay $375 monthly allowance as he had promised.

August 2, 1930—McGrew asserts he was intoxicated when papers were served on him in divorce action and he was therefore not legally responsible. Wife's complaint has been that during married life he was drunk repeatedly, threw bottles, glasses.

August 4, 1930—McGrew says he will bring up in court certain photographs of Jean Harlow in motion picture poses as one of reasons why he will not pay money asked.

August 5, 1930—Jean Harlow starts making personal appearances at all performances of "Hell's Angels" at Chinese Theatre.

September 6, 1930—Jean gets ruling from judge temporarily. Injunction made permanent restraining McGrew from altering in any way agreement by which he created $300,000 trust fund for her in Chicago on November 30, 1927.

January 30, 1931—Actress wins divorce from McGrew. She will get $375 a month, the Beverly Hills home and a car.

March 7, 1931—Story creates mild stir in Kansas City that when grandfather didn't have cigarette asked by Jean, mother (Mrs. Marino Bello) plucked one from her pocket book for daughter.

April 21, 1931—In Cliff Edwards case testimony brought out that he once loaned Jean Harlow $220. She repaid it.

June, 1931—Jean Harlow first movie star to wear pajamas on Hollywood Boulevard.

July 30, 1931—"I have no desire for millions, just wish I had enough money to hire a chauffeur," Jean tells interviewer.

August 9, 1931—Is there rivalry on Hughes' lot between Billie Dove and Jean Harlow? Latter giving beautiful Miss Dove run for money, is story circulated.

August 12, 1931—McGrew-Harlow case off Los Angeles court's calendar. Money business settled out of court, it is believed.

August 30, 1931—Harlow career to date traced. Elopement, marriage, divorce, fights over money, two starts in pictures, disinheritance by grandfather, sensational platinum hair all discussed. All this occurring before she is 20 years old.

August 31, 1931—Story printed in Eastern paper that three women trying to rival platinum Harlow hair, ruin their tresses completely and have to shave heads.

October, 1931—Film magazine asks "Are we coming to the state where we are dressed in dignity and nothing else" like Jean Harlow?

October 7, 1931—Jean Harlow tells friends she is tired of being "farmed out" by Howard Hughes to other film companies.

November 20, 1931—Hughes-Harlow fight on. Jean refuses to cash $350 weekly salary checks until settlement is effected.

(*Continued on page 75*)

Kill a COLD before It Takes Root!

Get at It Quick and Get at It from the Inside!

TREAT a cold quickly and treat it *decisively!* Don't fool yourself with half-way measures. Half-way measures lead only to half-cured colds. A cold calls for a COLD remedy. Don't depend on preparations good for half a dozen things besides colds. Many popular remedies actually make a cold worse because they are constipating and also make the system acid. Don't depend, either, on mere surface treatments. A cold is an *internal* infection and calls for internal treatment.

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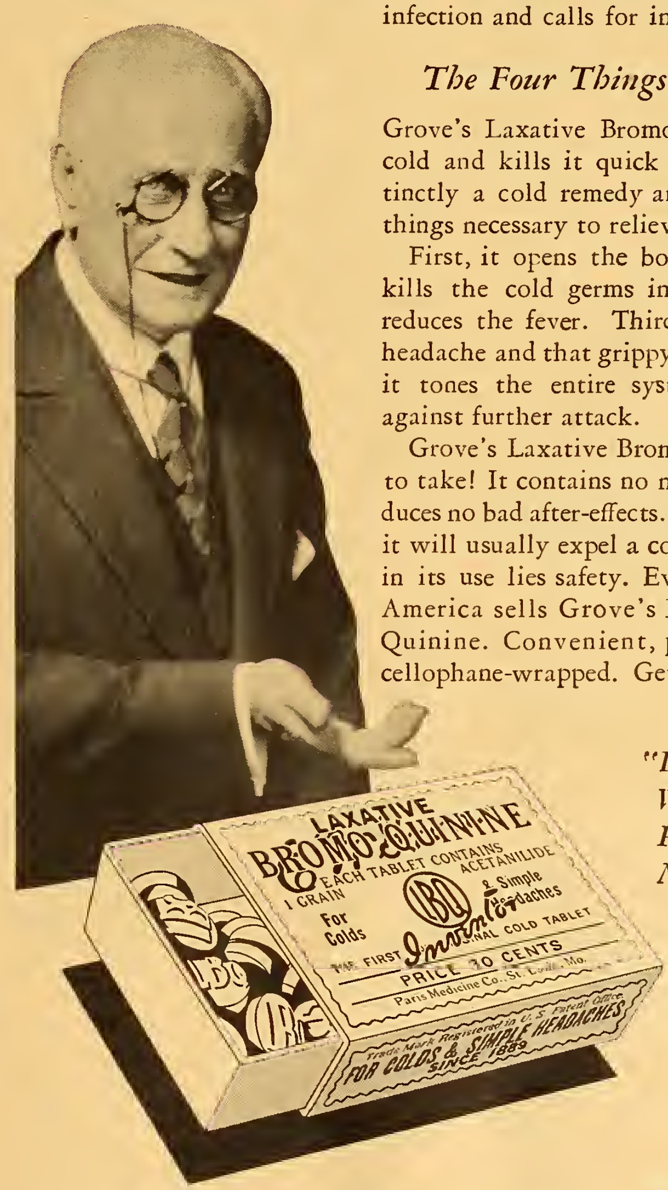
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Pores are deeply cleansed, purified and closed to grow *finer* and *finer*; beautifying oils are absorbed to promote radiant, girlish skin texture; tell-tale age-lines and wrinkles begin to yield, and your mirror flashes back a reflection that makes your heart sing with joy.

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What You Must Have to Be a Star in 1933

(*Continued from page 29*)

important. As a matter of fact, the greatest screen actresses have seldom become stars, and many of the most popular stars have been very poor actresses.

Beauty, Alone, Is No Asset

"BEAUTY, without personality, has no value whatever. Beautiful girls are a drug on the Hollywood market. Beauty, *with* personality, is a *great* asset. People resent a 'blah' beauty, but I have yet to hear of anyone damning an otherwise attractive girl because she is beautiful. Incidentally, the ability to wear clothes to great advantage enhances her glamour.

"To the 1933 screen star, beauty of face will be much more valuable than beauty of figure. Clever costuming and carefully chosen camera angles can hide a poorly proportioned body, but no matter how skillful the make-up man and the photographer may be, they cannot conceal obvious facial defects in the close-up.

"The common, garden variety of intelligence is a prime necessity, but intellect, of itself, has practically no value. I do believe, however, that the college graduate has more poise, self-confidence and ability to think clearly and quickly.

"Blondes have a better chance than brunettes, simply because the background of every scene is dark—they stand out more strikingly and attract more attention. And, naturally, the girl of average height, who can appear to advantage with almost any leading man, has an edge on either the extremely tall or the unusually short girl.

"If only the studios will approach their problems with sound judgment, the newcomer to the screen does not need stage training. Personality cannot be determined at a glance, and producers should be willing to test likely candidates thoroughly enough to bring out all of their possibilities. If only we would do that, instead of demanding finished performances from novices, stage experience would mean little or nothing. Once it has been proved that a girl has personality, it is worth while to teach her the mechanics of acting.

AL SANTELL

Fox director of Janet Gaynor. "I think stage training is a major asset—if it isn't overdone. A girl who combines an alluring body with a rather plain face usually possesses more sex appeal than a girl entirely beautiful."

"All in all, I don't believe that the requirements for stardom have changed one iota. We have become more choosey, simply because we have had such an abundance of stage-trained candidates to select from. We have shirked the task of developing new talent, but we cannot continue to do so."

She Must Know Her Acting

STUART WALKER is credited with having given one hundred and fifty of our leading actors and actresses their first chances for stage fame, while leader of the Stuart Walker Players. In addition to his present duties as a Paramount director, he is devoting a great part of his time to the development of that studio's younger players.

"In the last analysis, it is the motion picture fan who determines the fashions in stars," he declares. "1933 audiences will demand *ability*. Talkies are responsible, of course. In the future a girl, no matter how beautiful, must become a capable actress before she can hope for picture success. An untrained 'personality' inevitably suffers total eclipse when matched against the finesse of an experienced actor, who always manages to 'steal the scene.'

"Dramatic intelligence—and by that I mean appreciation of rhythm, timing and emotional values—is absolutely essential to an actress. However, dramatic intelligence can be acquired. I think entirely too much stress is placed on natural talent. Almost every child is an adept imitator and shows remarkable ability to 'make-believe.' Unfortunately, that ability is educated out of most of us as we grow older. A university course is of no great value.

"Ambition, of course, is a basic requirement. Without it, any girl is sure to balk at the endless toil imposed by a screen career. And, since hard work and clear thinking do not combine well with dissipation, it might be well to emphasize the need of a strong character and dependable morals.

"Beauty is not necessary, although it does offer a decided advantage. There have been very few beautiful women among the ranks of great actresses. At least a dozen of our most famous screen stars have been handicapped by glaring defects of face or figure.

"I contend that any girl of average intelligence and average attractiveness can be developed into either an acceptable actress or a fine actress—*if* she has sufficient ambition and if her coach will take enough interest in her work. I think the stage is the best possible training school. Some people respond quickly and develop almost overnight; others progress more slowly, and, perhaps, more surely. Clark Gable, for instance, toiled for many years before becoming the fine actor that he is to-day.

"Conditions in Hollywood being as they are, I earnestly advise the girls who desire screen success to acquire considerable stage experience before they even attempt to enter the movies."

Ability Outranks Beauty

CLARENCE BROWN, the master-director who deserves much of the credit for Garbo's phenomenal screen success, says:

"The screen will demand more from its stars next year than ever before. A few years ago, beauty was the one great asset that every feminine star had to possess. It is still an asset, but to-day it takes a back seat to ability.

"The girl who becomes a star in 1933 *must* be an actress, able to 'feel' her rôles and lose her own identity in each part she portrays. Moreover, she must be a finished technician in order to 'get across' to her audience.

"She must have instinctive intelligence, whetted to a razor edge by actual contact with life. Girls who have been too sheltered, become subservient to a host of inhibitions and work under a severe handicap. Assuming that all other qualifications were equal, I should expect better work from an ex-taxi-dancer than from the graduate of an exclusive finishing school. By rubbing elbows with life, one acquires first-hand knowledge of emotional reactions.

"Experience—preferably stage experience—is vitally necessary. Because stage

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Headline Career of Jean Harlow

(*Continued from page 73*)

November 21, 1931—"I now sidestep romance and terribly possessive men," Miss Harlow tells interviewer. "They try to chain you to them." No romance in her life now.

December 1, 1931—Jean Harlow starts on personal appearance tour accompanied by mother and stepfather, Marino Bello.

December 27, 1931—Jean Harlow collapses in Pittsburgh while making public appearances. Stepfather has to carry her on stage. Photographers near at hand to make pictures. She has intestinal "flu."

December 28, 1931—Jean Harlow in weakened condition because she "went on with show." She will recover.

January 1, 1932—Ziegfeld offers her job in Follies.

January 26, 1932—From London comes dispatch that Amery, 20-year old son of L. S. Amery, member of Parliament, has formed film company and is negotiating with Jean Harlow to appear in picture called "Jungle Skies." Miss Harlow asks salary of 10,000 pounds and traveling expenses.

March, 1932—Jean Harlow gets plum of M-G-M lot, picture, the "Red-Headed Woman," once rumored to go to Joan Crawford. Star must change her tresses.

June 21, 1932—Sensation of movie romantic year is sprung. Jean Harlow and Paul Bern appear at license bureau and file notice of intention to wed. This will be her second marriage. Real name is Harlean Carpenter McGrew. Bern is 42. This is his first matrimonial adventure.

June 22, 1932—"Red Headed Woman" opens in Los Angeles.

June 24, 1932—Jean Harlow and Paul Bern will be married Saturday night, July 2, at home of Miss Harlow's parents, with Superior Judge Yankwich officiating.

June 26, 1932—Jean says she is marrying Paul Bern because he is a fine gentleman. Has known him for several years. He proposed only a week ago after a long drive.

June 28, 1932—Paul Bern deeds Benedict Canyon home to his prospective bride.

July 3, 1932—Attended by members of their families and small group of friends, Miss Harlow was married last night to Paul Bern, film producer, at home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello.

September 6, 1932—Bern commits suicide by shooting himself at his home in Benedict Canyon. Cryptic note to young wife, "Dearest Dear: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. Paul. P. S. You understand last night was only a comedy." Miss Harlow is in state of collapse. Reports on discovery of body are conflicting. Police say they were not notified until two hours after body was found. John Carmichael, butler, says he found body at 11 A.M. yesterday. Clifton E. Davis, negro gardener, tells police he was called to house when Carmichael fainted upon finding body and that it was he, who really discovered Bern had been shot. Police are also faced with amazing clash in reports of hours of preceding Sunday night. The Carmichaels deny Bern and Miss Harlow clashed while Davis relates instances of differences of opinion between the two. Irving Thalberg first to be notified of tragedy.

September 7, 1932—Miss Harlow is questioned by police. She can give no reason, she says, why her husband, Bern, should take his life. Dr. Edward B. Jones, Bern's personal physician cables from Honolulu he knows the motive and will aid inquiry. Marino Bello, Miss Harlow's stepfather, is questioned. It is revealed that Miss Harlow, delirious and still unable to believe that her husband is dead, yesterday attempted to throw herself from balcony of her mother's home. Bello denies Miss Harlow contemplated deeding Benedict Canyon home to her mother. It is disclosed that Bern's aunt and a cousin died suicides.

September 8, 1932—Henry Bern arrives by plane from the East and confers with Miss Harlow. Conferences between Bern, Jean, Louis B. Mayer and others had been arranged and a statement was to have been issued, but this was upset by Miss Harlow's insistence on seeing her brother-in-law alone.

September 8, 1932—EXTRA—Second "Mrs. Paul Bern" discovered. Woman sometimes called Mrs. Bern, sometimes Dorothy Millette, has lived for years at Algonquin Hotel, New York, and Bern has supported her. Woman discovered to be actress Bern knew in his youth. Inquest set for tomorrow. Jean subpoenaed to attend.

September 10, 1932—Mystery surrounding death of Paul Bern deepens. Henry Bern collapses upon hearing of dispatches from San Francisco which tell of possible suicide of Millette woman who is supposed to have left Palace hotel, there (where she has been for last two months) and taken river boat up Sacramento river. Her clothes discovered on boat and it is believed she jumped to death to keep tryst with her one-time lover and common-law husband. Henry Bern also reveals that brother's real name was Levy.

September 11, 1932—Funeral services conducted at Inglewood Cemetery Chapel for Paul Bern. Less than fifty persons attend the rites although more than thousand mill around outside. Miss Harlow there. Bern's sister, Mrs. Frederik Marcus, becomes hysterical. Rabbi Magnin delivers short prayer and Conrad Nagel reads eulogy.

September 11, 1932—Revealed that four days before Paul Bern committed suicide he made application for $85,000 life insurance. At that time, he appeared in good spirits and passed the examination. Henry Bern asks for second interview with Miss Harlow. Says Paul Bern had another insurance policy which named Dorothy Millette. This was later changed to make estate beneficiary. Insurance man vouchsafes opinion that Bern was legally married to Dorothy Millette. Who gets the estate?

September 12, 1932—Jean Harlow said to be near collapse. Physicians say Bern in good condition physically, but had functional disability. Letters to Dorothy Millette discovered. Muddy bed of winding Sacramento river scene of search for body of Millette woman, now believed dead.

September 13, 1932—Jean Harlow returns to work "to forget." Says she knew nothing about existence of Dorothy Millette. Dispatches from Greenwich, Conn., relate that Miss Millette was inmate of sanatorium there in 1920 under name of Mrs. Paul Bern. Warrant permitting search of Miss Millette's baggage obtained. Letters, etc. discovered.

September 14, 1932—Last will of Bern missing from safe deposit box. New angle to widening mystery. Dr. Jones, personal Bern physician, returns from Honolulu, says Bern suffered from acute melancholia.

September 15, 1932—Near Walnut Grove on Sacramento river, two fishermen last night dragged the body of Dorothy Millette, mystery woman in Paul Bern life. Will missing yesterday discovered in safety deposit box by Irene Harrison, Bern's personal secretary for many years. It is two short paragraphs in long-hand written on July 29, this year. Miss Harlow is willed all of Bern's wealth and made sole executrix of will. Estate will probably not exceed $100,000 including about $25,000 insurance. New policy was cancelled by suicide.

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What You Must Have to Be a Star in 1933

(*Continued from page 74*)

experience is so valuable, Hollywood is favoring older girls than ever before. But we still prefer youth, providing youth comes to us with adequate training. In my opinion, nineteen is an ideal age at which to launch a screen career. By then the average girl has outgrown her adolescent awkwardness and gained some emotional depth, yet she is still malleable and easy to direct.

"It goes without saying that any girl who desires a screen career must be willing to *work.* Hollywood is no longer a picnic ground."

She Must Be Natural

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., the youthful production czar of Universal City, maintains: "We do not need seasoned actresses. However, a moderate amount of training is necessary, for the girl who expects to forge ahead in Hollywood must be settled in her purpose and must have the ability to concentrate.

STUART WALKER

Paramount director and stage discoverer of talent. "Ambition is a basic requirement. Dramatic intelligence can be acquired. I think entirely too much stress is placed on natural talent."

"Intelligence is the priceless asset. Realistic pictures are the vogue and audiences demand real people. To succeed on the screen to-day, an actress must be sincere, honestly ambitious, obviously intelligent and personally attractive. She must have a whole-hearted love for her work, and must not be dominated primarily by greed for fame or greed for money. She must have poise, self-confidence and magnetic personality. Moreover, in my opinion, every successful actress must possess considerable natural talent. Too much attention, I think, is paid to the mechanics of acting. Audiences of to-day resent anything that savors of affectation.

"Beauty—especially a beautiful figure—is unquestionably a tremendous advantage. The more feminine a girl is, the better her chances are in Hollywood."

College Education a Handicap

MERVYN LE ROY, the director of "Little Caesar" and "Five-Star Final," is one of the leading exponents of realism. He says:

"Emotional depth will mean almost everything to next year's actress—intellect will mean less than nothing. A college education is just about the worst handicap she can have. It breeds restraint, which is fatal to her work on the screen.

"The first quality I am looking for in next year's star is magnetism. I believe in natural talent. I think actors and actresses are born, not made. Stage experience is necessary, but only because it produces, with a flesh-and-blood audience, an efficient method of projecting personality.

"Beauty will still be an asset, but it is far less important than the girl's emotional depth and her ability to speak her lines well. If an actress says, 'I love you,' and puts no feeling into her voice, the scene is a total loss.

"A girl must be ambitious, and when she is actually before the camera, she must work hard. What she does with her time off the screen is of little importance. Painstaking study is largely waste effort—unless it is the study of people and real-life drama. The more emotional experiences that a girl passes through, the better actress she will be, in all probability. If two girls of equal dramatic talent come to the screen, and the first leads a quiet, repressed and studious life, while the second throws herself head-over-heels into life, the gad-about will make the most rapid progress, every time."

Cites Janet As Example

ALFRED SANTELL, who is directing Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Tess of the Storm Country," paused long enough to give a terse statement.

"The 1933 star will have natural talent, developed through intelligent study," he contends. "Personality is of extreme importance, but it can be developed. I think stage training is a major asset—if it isn't overdone. Above all else, a girl who is ambitious for a screen career next year must avoid stagy affectations, for nothing more completely and thoroughly disgusts the modern audience. Naturalness is at a premium now, and I think it will be for years to come.

"Beauty is important, but sex-appeal now requires a beautiful body, rather than a beautiful face. In fact, the girl who combines an alluring body with a rather plain face usually possesses more sex-appeal than the girl who has both beauty of face and form. Youth always has been, and always will be, an exceedingly popular commodity in Hollywood. Intelligence is absolutely necessary to-day.

"Not because I happen to be directing her, but because I honestly believe she is the perfect illustration, I cite Janet Gaynor as an ideal. She came to Hollywood because she wanted to act, and set about becoming an efficient actress through hard work and study."

She Needs Emotion, Not Looks

EDWARD H. GRIFFITH, who has directed Constance Bennett and Ann Harding, advances a number of interesting convictions:

"In the silent pictures, all that the actress had to do was to look her part. But the requirements are much more exacting to-day. The talkie star has to *feel* her part. In other words, she must be an *actress,* instead of a mannikin. No matter how perfectly her appearance suits her rôle, she will kill the illusion unless her voice inflections express convincingly the required dramatic shading. She must also be an adept at pantomime.

"A talking picture rôle requires fully as much ability on the part of its portrayer as does a similar rôle on the stage—even more, for the screen star is deprived of contact with his audience, which is a great advantage.

"I believe natural talent is a great asset, but I hold that common sense, instinctive dramatic intelligence, ambition and the ability to study constructively are even more important. Great actresses are the product of gruelling study and experience.

"Every girl, before coming to Hollywood, should have at least three years of stage experience. Stock-company acting is valuable because it offers a new part every week or so. A college girl, in my opinion, is handicapped. Her whole academic training has been directed toward the repression

(*Continued on page 82*)

These Two Boys Are Going Places!

(*Continued from page 58*)

six musical instruments himself, they applauded for more. When he sang a little song, the girls swooned. Among his other jobs he introduced movie stars who were "personally appearing" in Pittsburgh. In short, he was the local riot!

Though he claims he had never thought of the movies as a career before "Blessed Event," his name in electrics along the movie theatre marquee will be no novelty to Dick. He insists he is a stranger in our midst, yet he knows more about the movies and box-office "draws" than anyone outside an executive's office.

Over a luncheon table for two in a quiet corner of the studio café, he sounds more like a showman than an actor (in spite of his "looks," which are pleasant, and his grin, which is grand). He is about twenty-four years old, and blondish in coloring, with a sort of reddish tinge to his hair. He looks collegiate and hey-hey—though he doesn't talk that way. He says he is fundamentally a "hick." Six years ago, he lived down in Arkansas and called all women over twenty "ma'am."

Though Mt. View, Arkansas, is his birthplace, he was "raised" in Little Rock. There he sang in the church choir and worked for the telephone company. His earliest ambition was to be a "vice-president" of something. He didn't particularly care what business. But the vice-president thing comes along very slowly, and when Dick was offered a singing job with a concert orchestra in Louisville, he took it.

Was Lured to the Big City

HIS mother and father were frightened to death at the idea of their "one and only" venturing among the temptations of a city the size of Louisville, but Dick promised to be a good boy and keep away from the bright lights.

After Louisville he decided to eke out a somewhat slender income by singing popular songs with an orchestra accompaniment in an Indianapolis theatre. The public liked him. He had the necessary something that is needed to make a personality register from the stage. A self-styled "hill-billy" from Arkansas was wowing them in Indiana. In fact, the word of his wowing spread so far that a Pittsburgh theatre scout heard of Powell and offered him the job of master of ceremonies at the Warner Brothers' *Stanley Theatre* in Pittsburgh.

He sang over the local radio and made a few phonograph records. Once he made a movie test and that is how Rufus Le Maire, former casting director of Warner pictures, got the idea that Powell might register in the movies. He tried to promote him for the title rôle of "Crooner"—but the studio felt David Manners was a bigger name. It wasn't until "Blessed Event" that Le Maire was able to put over his protégé with the Hollywood executives. Now, we hear, they are holding their heads to think that Dick didn't do "Crooner."

"But they were right in putting a box-office name in the picture," insists the box-office-wise Mr. Powell. "After all, you get a great slant on the movies from working in a theatre. When you are actually operating from the box-office end, you pick up a lot of things to which Hollywood fame and publicity might make you blind.

Speaking of Movie Stars

"FOR instance, whenever we had word to put on a 'hot' stage show to keep the customers amused, we knew very well that the star of the current picture must be in need of a 'built-up' show. I'm not going to call any names, but you would be surprised to know how many of these babies there are. On the other hand, when Joan Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck or Joe E. Brown were 'coming to our theatre,' we could slip by with any old kind of a stage show. I don't know whether these three get the biggest salaries in Hollywood, or not—but how they draw the people in, how they draw! Joe E. Brown, in particular, is almost a holiday event at the box-office.

"Of course, the theatre was always packed when a Hollywood movie star made a personal appearance. I've had the privilege and fun of introducing Jean Harlow, James Dunn, Mary Brian, Buddy Rogers and many others to Pittsburgh audiences. Right here I'd like to say that if I were a movie producer, I'd rather have Jean Harlow under contract than any other girl in the business. To Jean, box-office records are just something to wreck.

"The funny part of it was they came into the theatre out of a rather unfriendly curiosity. They came with their minds all made up not to like Jean. I guess the vampy, seductive rôles she plays on the screen had a lot to do with it. But that little girl just wrapped them up and carried them away before she took her final curtain.

"I'll never forget the first performance Jean played with us. It was also the first performance of her tour. She was scared to death. 'You know what these people want,' she wailed. 'Can't you help me build up an act?' The upshot of that was that I got out the old joke-book and together we worked up a half-hour of patter. I'm flattered that Jean used that act throughout the tour. I know that she made many friends who are sympathizing deeply with her now in the time of her trouble . . ."

About That Marriage

DICK doesn't talk much about that youthful marriage between two kids that took place in Pittsburgh. He says there is really nothing to tell.

"We were crazy about each other and got married without taking time to consider just what sort of life we were letting ourselves in for," he explains reluctantly. "When you are master-of-ceremonies in a movie theatre, it means that you go to the theatre about noon and are not able to return home until after midnight. If I had stopped for a moment to think what sort of a life this would mean to a girl, I would not have done her the injustice of asking her to marry me.

"To add to the difficulties, my wife is a non-professional, which made it more than difficult for her to understand the long hours of rehearsal and all the other things that go with theatre life. When I was home, I had to sleep. It must have been pretty tough on her. She is a swell girl to have stuck it out like a real sport for as long as she did."

Now that Dick is in Hollywood with a "job" with regular hours, there is a possibility that the youthful Powells might become reconciled. "That is in the lap of the gods . . ." is his only comment on this idea.

In the meantime, his mother and father have motored out from Arkansas to make their home with Dick. He has rented a small house in Beverly Hills and the first thing his mother did was to discharge the houseboy. "I'd be a fine one just sitting around," was her comment when Dick suggested that the boy remain to do all the housework.

You'll next see Dick in Will Rogers' new picture, "Jubilo," and then with Bebe Daniels in "Radio Girl," which sounds as if it might be right up young Mr. Powell's promising alley!

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These Two Boys Are Going Places!

(*Continued from page 59*)

the theatrical business was quite the best in all the world. To act, and get paid for it—now, that was the life! He went to his older brother—who by now had left the choir in favor of the chorus of "Rose Marie"—and got himself introduced to sundry gentlemen of the profession. The upshot was a job in support of Vivienne Osborne in "Aloma of the South Seas."

In this opus Bill played a gentleman of color. Eight times a week he would bedeck himself from head to foot in a lovely shade of brown paint—for the princely stipend of thirty dollars a week—and caper about as a joyous son of the enchanted isles. So joyous was Bill that after two weeks the management thought it best to tone him down a bit. He was given the rôle of *Red Malloy*, and for the next sixty-nine weeks was a 65-year-old derelict beachcomber.

In Luck, Then Out

BILL ate it up. He derelicted around so passionately that when "Chicago" was being cast, who naturally came to mind for the rôle of the newspaper photographer but William Gargan? After this rowdy show—the Coast version of which started Nancy Carroll in pictures—Bill was with Richard Bennett in "The People," and then went to Cleveland for "Not Herbert." Following this, he got in "The War Song" with George Jessel.

Later, in looking for work, Bill would say that he played the part of the lieutenant in this show. Actually, he only had a bit until the night of the New York closing, when he got the good part. This he played for thirteen weeks on the road, and the night that the show folded, his wife—who, as Pat Kenny, had been one of the more decorative of Mr. George White's Scandolls—presented him with William Dennis Gargan, III.

For the next ten months Bill couldn't even get a job as a chorus boy. He had to take his little family to live with his mother-in-law, and his clothes became so shiny that young ladies began to use his back for a mirror. He didn't have a nickel when one day he encountered Charlie Wilson, the vaudeville man, and got a bit in a Brooklyn presentation. Fortunately, for he didn't have money for carfare, the theatre was only eight blocks away.

To be on the boards again! Just working in this little act made all thoughts of the bad days vanish, and Bill began to feel so lucky that he didn't faint when a manager called and offered him a real part in a real play. He did collapse, however, when they told him the salary was two hundred and fifty dollars a week. Then things began to roll—and with other things, he went from "Roar China" to "She Lived Next to the Firehouse" to "He" in rapid succession. And then he saw the script of "The Animal Kingdom."

How He Got the Rôle

BILL wanted the part of *Red Regan* in that show as he wanted nothing else. He knew what he could do with it and what it might do for him, and he was determined to have it if he had to slug someone to get it. But Miller, the producer, refused him, and so did the star, Leslie Howard. He was too young. "I can make up to look older." He wasn't red-headed. "I'll dye it." Sorry—nothing doing.

At last he began trailing the author of the play, and one night he captured Phil Barry in his hotel and forced him to listen while he read *Regan's* lines. When he was finished, Barry nodded. "All right." And so it was, several weeks later, that a brilliant openingnight audience acclaimed a new player of importance and hailed a coming star.

Bill gives the majority of the credit to Howard. In Pittsburgh, at the try-out, Barry wanted to cut the part—it had too much sympathy. "But Leslie wouldn't let him—said I had proved what I could do and deserved my chance. Imagine a star talking like that! But that was the way he was all through it—why, in one long scene of seven minutes between us, he was just my straight man, feeding me lines for laughs! And you know what he did at the curtain, opening night."

I remembered, and it was one of the most graceful gestures I've ever seen in a theatre. Howard, the great star, bowing to thunderous applause, and then going over to the wings and pulling out Gargan to share it with him—then stealing off to let Gargan take it all alone. Recalling how, several years ago at the première of "Her Cardboard Lover," Jeanne Eagels had refused to let this same Howard take a bow, despite the uproarious demands of the house—is it any wonder that Gargan thinks Howard just about the greatest guy in the world?

Turned Down Bigger Offer

HE'S not such a bad sort, himself, this same Gargan, if we're to judge by the fact of why he is now working for RKO. Immediately after "The Animal Kingdom," everyone wanted him for pictures. Radio got there first, however, and he gave a verbal promise to sign with them, while contracts were being drawn up. Meanwhile M-G-M came along with a better offer. But Bill turned it down. He had given his word to the first company.

And then, of course, it is Radio that is filming "The Animal Kingdom," with Howard and Ann Harding. Bill would work for nothing to do his part on the screen. That and the Marine in "Rain" are the only rôles, so far, which have interested him. He doesn't like, in the least, such parts as the one he has in "Sport Page."

"Do I look like one of these feet-on-the-ground football players?" he demands pugnaciously. "I want things with color, like 'Rain' or *Red Regan*. I'm no Boy Scout, and I don't want to play 'em!"

Bill's antipathy to football pictures may date back to his one session with the game, when he grabbed the ball and ran toward the wrong goal, a feat later emulated by a famous California player. Despite his six feet—170 pounds of huskiness, Bill is not athletic, not in the least. And he thinks that anyone who arises before eleven o'clock is insane. "That," he explains cheerfully, "is why Hollywood is insane—starting to work at dawn as it does."

Bill may not pass the majority of his life in Hollywood, but I'm betting he has as much fun as anyone in this mad town while he's here. He has a ten-dollar-a-week butler named Isaac who delights him half to death. He is too much a city boy to enjoy the beach—the sand drives him crazy—but he does like having a large house to entertain in. Two of his specialties are Panther's Tears and a hamburger loaf broiled in salt and calculated to elicit prolonged applause.

Bill's hair is not red, but a rusty brown—and that tin ear he wears in "The Animal Kingdom" is a phoney. So is the scar on his cheek in "Rain." That was added because he was considered too handsome in his pristine state. He has a couple of small scars on his face, but they don't photograph. He also has the blue eyes, heavy dark lashes and fair skin of the typical Irish type. As a matter of fact, he's as Hibernian as a dornick, always ready for a fight or a frolic—and a great big film career!

Warner Baxter Could Be a World-Beater

(*Continued from page 60*)

have a little fuller upper loop to this "I" and to have its angle more upright. Then it would be easier for him to *demand* greater opportunities to show what he *can* do and he would be less willing to accept what Fate brings him.

I wonder what brings a faint shadow of the Orient into his handwriting, which also has indications of the Latin script? I am sure that this is what gives his nature a certain fatalistic tendency to accept "what is to be" without enough struggle. The heavy pressure of his writing shows not only ardor, but that love of rich beauty, subtle feeling and clever, adroit action that is usually found more in the Orient than the Occident. The uniform pressure, angle and size of his letter formations indicate that his reaction to thought is calm and that his appetites of the senses are enjoyed without too much self-questionings or extremes.

He'll Never Deceive You

HE will always be himself, good or bad, with real sincerity, very little affectation. He will also endeavor to live up to his own standards of conduct, and that is worth something in this world of shifting ideals and aims. There is also a reserve shown in his closed letter formations and the narrowness and rightward angle of his capital "I," which indicate sensitiveness and an instinctive shrinking from emotional pain. Notice how free and happy his face looks when singing or talking to little children, for he has much of the little boy in spirit, no matter what his age may be. Put him with critical, carping people and he would close up like a clam and actually suffer intensely in such surroundings, although he would not show it outwardly.

His "t" crossings have a tendency to climb high up on the letter and his looped letters such as "h," "l" and "b" are unusually high for writing like his, which is small and not particularly distinctive in appearance. These formations, when combined with his high capital letters, show that he has ambition and will not be really satisfied with a half-success or work half-done. This is true in spite of the fact that he is a little lazy and not particularly fond of doing the same thing over and over again.

He will be much easier to handle, from the standpoint of the director, if allowed to work for a while on one thing and then to turn to another. Although he has the ability to concentrate well, he will lose interest and be less pliable if forced to go over and over some short scene because of some fault in the sound recording or some mechanical defect. Yet he will put forth his best efforts to improve his own interpretation of a part and is willing to learn from people who really know what they are talking about. In fact, he may over-estimate the opinions of people whom he likes, and thus be too quick in following their ideas instead of his own.

Doesn't Enjoy Fighting

I DO not mean that he is lacking in personality or aggressiveness—one has only to look at the angular formation of the "W" in the way he signs "Warner" or the high-flung beginning stroke of the "M" in the word "Malibu" to know that he has plenty of courage and can fight when necessary. But he does hate unpleasantness or a row or quarrel of any kind. You'd better be careful how you "kick his dog around," however, although he may just laugh if you call him names or step on *his* toes. His letter formations, which are so much in tune with each other, and the unification of size above and below the line, combined with the even, forward-leaning angle, all express a nature that is not at war with itself—one that approves itself without egotistical demonstrations or emotional unrest.

Thus we find a temperament that can live happily and evade too much worry. He does not require something great and extreme to enjoy life. He can be satisfied with sunshine and blue skies, swimming and riding, and a good breakfast of bacon and eggs and coffee. I'm willing to bet that he sings in his shower bath. He likes people and action and outdoor sports and hates erotic, unnatural things, too involved and unkind. It is not that he is dull of comprehension or too spiritually inclined, for he has plenty of faults and passion and ardor for either love or hate. But he will enjoy these things in a satisfying way, and not be apt to allow them to become abnormally important in his life.

His will power, as shown in his "t" crossings, is strong, even though he sometimes procrastinates, as you can see in the words "time" and "it's," where he has not entirely crossed the "t." But this will only be shown when it comes to things that he does not like to do, such as letter-writing, for instance, as he says in his note, or going to a gossipy tea party.

He is the type who will go out of his way to avoid hurting people—even though experience must have taught him that this is not always to his own advantage. The fact that he early had acting ambitions, but for a long time deferred to his mother's objections to a stage career and went around the country selling steam shovels and farm implements, is an apt illustration of this self-effacement.

Marriage Suits Him

MARRIED, he is much happier than if he were a bachelor; although I doubt if he can resist flirting with every pretty girl he meets, no matter how much he loves his wife. He should make a devoted lover, husband and father with his boyish spirit and love of fun and his affectionate, sensitive nature. His quick temper, especially when it comes to things that he considers unfair, and his inclination to be rather critical of people who do not see things from the same angle that he does are two of his handicaps. But his genial nature and love of pleasure and sincerity should bring him lasting friendships and love.

The firmness of his mental reactions and the positiveness of his simple code of convictions are responsible for the effect his personality on the screen has on his audiences. His smile, his poise and sureness are things that cannot be bought, but must come from within to be lasting in their effect. There are certain parts that he can play to perfection; but he should avoid any opportunity to play an extreme sensualist or parts that are morbid and depressing.

As the gay caballero, a high-pressure promoter, an adventurer, or in any part that has action which is normal, he should be a real success. As a hard, selfish despot, a too erotic lover, or in any part where he has to act contrary to his clear, simple way of thinking, he would be most unsatisfactory to his audience. Yet he is versatile and keen and not at all the "one part" actor, and can sink his personality in the character he is playing to better advantage than some of the so-called stars who are always *themselves* in every character they assume, because of great egotism and self-satisfaction.

Warner Baxter has not as yet shown us all that he can do. In the right picture and with the right incentive and cooperation, he could be a "world-beater" and overshadow many of those whose reputation and salaries are *now* much greater than his own. "Que llegue pronto lel dia" (May the day come soon)!

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RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-812 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. CITY

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(Continued from page 14)

1. The picture on page 14 spells a new romance in cinemaland. Though it's not so long since Zasu Pitts, comical actress, divorced her husband, Tom Gallery, he is seen proudly escorting lovely little Madge Evans around Hollywood these days and their friends seem to feel it is serious enough to wind up at the altar.

2. According to rumors, Vivian Duncan and her husband, Nils Asther, have only been able to make a go of their marriage for about two years and are now separated and headed for the divorce courts. They were married August 1, 1930, in Reno, and a baby daughter was born to them on April 2, 1931.

3. Lili Damita's back is rated as the most beautiful in the cinema city and Lili believes in displaying it. She not only wears backless evening gowns, but her street costumes which reveal the famous back are also a sensation.

4. Polly Moran wants to adopt legally the sixteen-year-old orphan, John A. Trujillo, whom she has cared for since he was only a few years old. He will then be known as John Michael Moran.

5. Marilyn Miller has finally admitted her engagement to Don Alvarado, movie actor, but she would not make public the date set for the wedding. Shortly after Marilyn went East to fill a musical comedy engagement, Alvarado, whose divorce decree is now final, followed her there, all of which looks as if we may expect to hear wedding bells very soon.

6. A boy weighing over seven pounds was born to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin on September 15. Just in case you have forgotten who Mrs. Erwin is, she is the former June Collyer, motion picture player.

7. Allen Clayton Hoskins, who has been known on the screen as "Farina" for nine years, is now grown up and has had his long braided hair cut off. He has been signed to play the part of a boy in "You Said A Mouthful," with Joe E. Brown and, therefore, he has had to stop masquerading as a girl under the name of "Farina" which has been his tag ever since he became a member of "Our Gang" at the age of two. Allen is now eleven years old.

8. Alice White returns to the screen in "Employees' Entrance" for Warners-First National and the interesting part of it is that she is staging a comeback with the same company she left two years ago, after which she made only two other pictures. Another interesting fact is that she was one of Clara Bow's screen rivals in those days and they are both returning to pictures at about the same time.

9. Edward G. Robinson has been trying to keep the fact that he expects to be a father soon a secret, but news will leak out. Mrs. Robinson is the very attractive Gladys Lloyd of the screen.

10. Rumors seem to be flying thick and fast which hint that Marian Nixon and Eddie Hillman, Jr., her millionaire husband, have come to the parting of the ways. After they were married, Marian left the screen for a gay social life as the wife of the wealthy young Hillman and, once before, when similar divorce rumors were circulated and denied by both of them, Marian pointed out her husband was even encouraging her in her return to pictures which she was contemplating at that time.

11. Lillian "Peg" Entwistle who was well-known on the stage and who was trying to get a start in motion pictures, put an end to her life by jumping from a fifty-foot electrical sign which read "Hollywoodland," because she believed she had failed to make good on the screen. However, recently she played an outstanding part in "Thirteen Women" and when release of that picture was delayed, "Peg" gave up hopes.

12. Theodore Von Eltz was married to Elizabeth Lorimer, Los Angeles and Kansas City society girl in Tia Juana on that day. Von Eltz was divorced from Peggy Prior in May, 1931.

13. Rose Hobart was to be married to William M. Grosvenor, Jr., on the 15th of October if no changes were made in their plans. Grosvenor is the son of the socially prominent and wealthy scientist whose name he bears. This will be the second marriage for Miss Hobart. She divorced Benjamin L. Winter in 1929.

14. Nancy Drexel and Tommy Ince, son of the late Thomas Ince, noted film magnate, were married September 28 and they have both started on a college career. However, this doesn't mean that they are through with the motion picture industry forever as they are both planning to return when they have completed their schooling and seek Hollywood fame again, Nancy as an actress and Tommy, her husband, as a film executive.

15. Romance is linking the names of Noah Beery, Jr., son of the very popular character actor and a motion picture player himself, with that of the very pretty blonde Cecelia Parker, screen leading lady, and it looks like the real thing.

16. Lyle Talbot's real name is Lyle Hollywood, but he thought everyone would feel he had gone Hollywood in a big way, even to the extent of taking the name of the film city, so he changed it to Talbot.

17. Howard Hughes, wealthy producer of million dollar screen epics, is being paid that salary by the American Airways for working as a pilot on one of their transport air-lines. However, Hughes, who got the job under an assumed name, has not gone broke, but he is doing it in order to gather first hand information for his next picture which will glorify the romance and drama in aerial commerce.

18. Jack Warner and James Cagney were photographed together after the announcement was made that Cagney and Warner Brothers had come to a friendly agreement and that Jimmy was ready to resume his screen career. James Cagney walked out on Warner Brothers several months ago because they would not meet his salary demands. Now Warners plan to star him in "Bad Boy" which is a story about a hard-boiled press agent.

19. Everybody read the news with interest because "Call Her Savage" stars Clara Bow. If you can recall movie romances of seven years ago, you will remember the big Clara Bow-Gilbert Roland affair. Since then, however, Clara has become Mrs. Rex Bell and being reunited on the screen with a former beau means nothing to Clara. They appeared together in "The Plastic Age" which was released in 1925.

20. Helen Twelvetrees, who is Mrs. Frank Woody, left Hollywood and retired to her parents' home in Brooklyn, New York, to await the arrival of the stork, but Helen will resume her screen work just as soon as she is permitted to do so.

Norma Talmadge Takes a *New Lease On Life* With George Jessel

(*Continued from page 62*)

then it might have mattered. But a curious thing occurred.

While George and Norma were boy-and-girl friends together, Joe Schenck was interested in Florence Courtney. And by some strange shake of destiny's dice, Schenck wed Norma. Miss Courtney became Mrs. Jessel.

Both loves languished. The Courtney-Jessel romance was an off-again, on-again affair. He married half of a vaudeville sister act in 1919. Three years later each reverted to single blessedness via the divorce route. Only to resume the matrimonial burden twelve months later.

With Joe and Norma, it was just one of those things—An American Tragedy, featuring the triumph of Big Business over the Grand Passion. They found fame and fortune together, a perfect industrial union, in which Norma provided the beauty and talent for her showman-husband's exploitation. Then Norma wanted to stop. And Joe couldn't. So they drifted.

Mrs. Jessel Said "No"

PERHAPS it was this early mélange of Florence, Joe, George and Norma, that made the soon-to-be ex-Mrs. Jessel so bitterly adamant in muffling the famous comedian's efforts to sing the battle-cry of freedom. She never bared her heart. Nor her heart-aches, if any. But she stood before the gates that spelled happiness for the man and his maid, and said, "They shall not pass."

But George proved he meant business—$110,000 worth. For that's the figure at which he has purchased the right to ask Norma in marriage, according to the newspapers. A hundred G's in cash, and some Rolls-Royces tossed in. Florence, thereupon, headed for the great open spaces where divorces are quick and final as soon as obtained. The Schenck dissolution papers are ready for presentation at the proper time and the right place. So it won't be long now.

The "Woman Disputed" is only a woman; after all. A wholly desirable woman, one hundred per cent femininity. There are rich men, poor men, beggar men—well, anyway, newspaper men—on their knees, making pleas in words honeyed with love and lucre. There are doctors, lawyers, Indians and Eskimos in the "We Want Talmadge" parade. Well, maybe no Indians. But we'll vouch for the rest. What's a gal to do? It isn't in the cards for Norma to remain mateless. Norma's bound to echo Ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker and murmur to some proposal—"who could say 'no'?"

Meantime, no romance exists between Times Square's favorite son and the "Woman Disputed." That is, to hear them tell it. Their denials of an engagement are true, if technical. For as Jessel jests: "How can I marry Miss Talmadge when I'm married to Mrs. Jessel?" And Norma propounds an equally unanswerable problem in smiling: "How can I marry Mr. Jessel when I'm married to Mr. Schenck?" But love laughs at legalities, just as it does at locksmiths. Only louder. And soon George will be singing "You're My Everything" to Norma in a fervor of domestic bliss eclipsing his present ardor. And now, you know, he warbles it at five shows a day in which he and Norma are co-starred.

No foolin'—of this "Woman Disputed" the old saw is true, that to know her is to love her. In fact, they never stop loving her. There's no recovery, it seems. Joe Schenck adores her, and she reciprocates his high regard. Not all the Hot-challywood charmers can alienate the affections of Gilbert Roland. Through all these years Eugene O'Brien's heart has never wholly healed. And there are others, too, who kneel in eternal suppliance at her shrine.

It Was "Goodbye, Gilbert"

IT was Norma who said that last goodbye to Gilbert Roland. He, perhaps, more than another fulfilled Norma's dream of romance. But, it was Norma who said farewell. Even though sometimes, in the gloaming, that "forever" seems a long, long time.

We wish the new love well. There are auguries for its success. George Jessel is neither Gilbert, the gay caballero, nor Mr. Schenck, the serious-minded tired business man. He's neither the Great Lover, nor the Captain of Industry. But he's the Good Companion, who solves financial needs with an ease that leaves time aplenty for caresses.

In his affection Norma has found renewed ambition. There's a sparkle in her eyes, a laugh on the lips that drooped sombrely not so long ago. She wondered then what it was all about. Why she was born. Why she was living. Life held nothing. Another picture meant just one more triumph—or one more failure. Norma had known both, and there was no kick in either. Her life was an eternal boredom—an ever-present question mark.

It looks as though George Jessel is the answer.

In Paris he persuaded her to make a stage début on her return to America. With all her fame the star, mighty in the movies, had never stepped professionally upon a stage. In half-hearted fashion, she consented to the personal appearance tour with George. What happened? She packed 'em in!

Radiant, she flushes at the audience's applause, and blushes at the pressure of George's caressing hand. Excitedly, she laughs over what a chump she was not to have played on percentage instead of straight salary of $12,000 weekly for the appearance in New York. She jokes with old friends, and adds new ones to the thousands with unequalled grace and graciousness.

And now, guess what? The gal to whom all life was a bore is planning to co-star with George in a legitimate theatrical production on Broadway this Fall! And if you ask us, she's also planning on another all-star production in which George Jessel will be a leading man.

On new seas, theatrical or matrimonial, we'll gather to wish you a "Bon Voyage," Norma. Happiness aplenty, too. And echo, with all the rest of the world, "Woman Disputed, I Love You"!

Did You Know That—

Vilma Banky is returning to the screen in "The Rebel," co-starring Luis Trenker, rugged hero of "The Doomed Battalion"?

When Harold Lloyd got started, he turned out to be a globe-trotter? Now in Europe for the first time, he plans to attend the premieres of "Movie Crazy" in eight different foreign capitals—London, Stockholm, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin and Madrid.

It's whispered that Will Rogers chews rubber bands most of the time, instead of gum—because they're easier to throw away?

John Barrymore, who is tough with autograph pests, has turned autograph collector, himself—though not in the pestiferous fashion?

MONEY TO BURN

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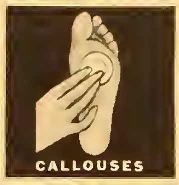

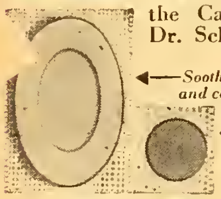

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What You Must Have to Be a Star in 1933

(*Continued from page 76*)

of emotion. The girl who has rubbed elbows with life has a better chance.

"The unusually tall girl is at great disadvantage; so is the extremely short girl. The former is usually relegated to 'comedy relief' and the short girl is doomed to play 'cute' girls—who are no longer popular.

"Beauty is not particularly important. Many of the greatest stars that the stage and screen have ever known were physically handicapped. Often beauty, itself, is actually a handicap. People seem to resent flawless beauty."

Suggests Starting in Comedies

I ASKED Norman McLeod to express an opinion, because he is of the younger school of directors. He directed "Monkey Business," "The Miracle Man" and "Horse Feathers."

"Beauty is still a major requisite," he contends. "And so is that indefinable quality called 'Personality.' Intelligence of the common, horse-sense variety is necessary.

"I much prefer experience in screen comedies to stage training. The stage stresses affectations too heavily, while the whole trend in pictures is toward naturalness. Emotional depth is a prime necessity. It can be developed by the proper kind of training, providing the girl has intelligence enough to cooperate.

"Blondes of medium height and weight have the best chance on the screen. Exotic beauties are more or less passé, but I think the sweet, cute girls will again be in demand, if we find representatives of that type who can act. I think the screen is turning back to honest romance."

Such, in brief, are the verdicts handed down by nine men who know their subject. They, and their fellow directors and producers, are the powers-that-be in Hollywood who will select the stars and featured players of the future.

But have you noted how their opinions vary? Upon only a few points are they all agreed, but those points are surely worth the consideration of every girl who dreams of Hollywood fame.

And what girl doesn't?

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

THE only way some people will admit being married is by getting a divorce. Up to the last edition of the newspapers, Lina Basquette insisted that she and Teddy Hayes weren't married. "He's just my business manager." Even in the face of confirmation of their marriage by Eastern records, they went on denying that they were more than "good friends" and said that the couple who had been married in Newark, New Jersey, "must have been two other people with the same names." Now, a Mexican divorce has let the cat out of the bag—or should we say the Basquette?

ALL kinds of interesting historical gossip has come to light during the making of De Mille's spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross." A handsome young "extra" boy was thrilled to be singled out by De Mille to sit beside *Nero* (played by the new sensation, Charles Laughton) throughout the Coliseum sequence. But now he isn't boasting. It seems that unwittingly he was playing the part of the pretty boy with whom Nero went through a marriage ceremony as an Early Roman jest!

WHY haven't Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the Theatre Guild stars who are Mr. and Mrs. Lunt in private life, returned to the screen since making such a hit in "The Guardsman"? The mystery is at last cleared away. Producers wanted to sign them for eight pictures, two a year, and they couldn't see signing four years of their lives away without being able to choose their own plays. Producers said it would have to be an eight-picture contract, to give said producers time to build up the team as famous screen stars. And the Lunts happen to hate high-powered publicity. They have made their names in the theatre by acting ability—and word-of-mouth publicity. They like Hollywood, in other words, but not Hollywood's high-pressure methods.

FOX wanted Lew Ayres to play opposite Janet Gaynor in "Tess of the Storm Country," but the Universal star wouldn't listen after he learned that he would be featured, not co-starred. Joel McCrea then was borrowed from RKO for the part—but Joel did a walkout after a few days. His objection was the same as Lew's, it is said. Apparently no one rates co-stardom with Janet except Charlie Farrell. And Charlie, who was just settling down for a nice rest at his new Malibu home, was called back to the studio—and you will see the famous team together once more in "Tess," which helped make Mary Pickford famous in silent days.

B. P. SCHULBERG, producer, who recently resigned from Paramount, is becoming an independent producer, planning to make about eight pictures a year and releasing them through Paramount. His first production is likely to be "Madame Butterfly," starring Sylvia Sidney, who is his Constant Companion.

LOUIS B. MAYER, president of M-G-M, is President Hoover's greatest backer in Hollywood. Jack Warner, president of Warners-First National, is the most powerful movie backer of Governor Roosevelt.

LILYAN TASHMAN tells a swell story about herself—or maybe it is about William Haines. Anyway, Lilyan and Bill Haines and a couple of friends were attending an outdoor sporting event in Los Angeles and for the occasion Lil was wearing one of her newest and most extreme hats. As they were walking through the crowd, Bill overheard a large and puffy woman remark: "Ain't that hat that movie star is wearing the most ridiculous thing you ever seen?"

And before the startled critic of Lil's millinery could go on about her business, Bill grabbed her by the arm and ushered her up to Lilyan. "Lil," said Bill, "I want you to meet this lady. She hates your hat!" Was *her* face red? And I don't mean Lilyan's....

CONRAD NAGEL has weathered two recent excitements:

He has grown a full-beard for his rôle in a new picture.

He has met with his first automobile accident!

Hollywood's Latest Menace—Autograph Racketeers

(*Continued from page 35*)

At premières, these days, mere traffic cops cannot control the crowds at all. It requires mounted policemen—corps and battalions of them—to insure the stars' getting inside the theatres with any sort of safety. And then they frequently arrive looking distinctly tousled! The autograph-hunters arrive in the morning, and camp all day in front of the theatre—to be joined later by their cohorts who have been besieging the stars' favorite cafés.

These insatiables loiter about the garage opposite the Paramount Studios and leap out at people who park their cars there, demanding, "Are *you* anybody?" Harpo Marx' reply, when that query was put to him, really wouldn't do in print!

Adrienne Ames' new car, a gift from her lonely husband in New York, had to be repainted after the first time she drove it along the Boulevard. She tried to park it in front of a shop and was submerged in a mob of enthusiasts, waiting for just such an opportunity. Norma Shearer has been forced to stop using the cream-colored Rolls-Royce that husband Irving Thalberg gave her for her birthday. Too many people recognized it. Norma now rides to and from the studio and does her shopping in a sedate, dark town-car with the curtains drawn.

Carole Ill, Couldn't Escape

I HEARD Carole Lombard's driver pleading with the mob to let him through the studio gates one day because Carole was ill and he was trying to take her to the doctor. The crowd merely hooted and continued to try to force the rear doors of the car.

Every actor in Hollywood is equipped with a pair of dark glasses now, in the futile hope of disguising himself a little bit. Some of them have been known to resort to wigs and false mustaches. Ann Harding recently attended a première disguised as a brunette—and successfully dodged the hordes outside. Garbo never attends premières or eats in well-known restaurants—because of the autograph-crazy mobs.

Of course, any actor who declines to sign or to "be nice" about it is accused, with indignation, of snooting his public. But it is difficult to be charming and gracious when you are in danger of being torn limb from limb and your clothes are being ruined!

One autograph-hunter was prosecuted recently because he was discovered to have slipped a blank check into his album and was endeavoring to persuade an actor to affix his name, unknowingly, to *that.* Actors are warned to look carefully at what they are signing. Autograph-hunting has become a racket—and a most unpleasant one.

One man, who stands daily in front of the *Brown Derby*, has five boys working for him, paying them a few cents apiece for the signatures they secure. Wynne Gibson discovered that she had signed the same girl's book four different times—and the girl was positively insulting to her when she declined to sign it a fifth time.

Signs of Mob Hysteria

A SMALL, bewildered, blonde miss was considerably bruised when the crowd outside a theatre mistook her for Mary Pickford—and they were very much incensed at her when they found that she *wasn't.* As if it were her fault!

It is almost as bad in New York as it is in Hollywood. When Robert Montgomery was there on a visit, recently, he went out one day to buy a box of tennis balls. Passersby discovered him and there was a

(*Continued on page 87*)

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"On the Right, Joan, is London Bridge—and on the Left, the Eiffel Tower"

(*Continued from page 47*)

London, they had no police escort to the hotel—but the ride was just as wild. Only Joan had stopped weeping. She wanted to sit up front with the driver so that she could see London better. One view of the waiting crowds, and she was convinced it would be safer to ride inside. The lobby of the hotel was swarming with enthusiastic English film fans.

When they started crowding in too close, an English "bobby" stepped up and reprimanded them. "Yer being awfully rude to these people," he chided in good-natured Cockney. "What will they think of yer manners?" The crowd dropped back apologetically. The next day fifty letters of apology from people who shamefully admitted they had been a part of the "rude" crowd were in the hotel mailbox. (American fans please note) . . .

From the bedroom window of their suite in the Savoy Hotel, Joan would stand and look out on London. "I love it . . . I love it," she told Doug. Even after Paris, Joan seemed to prefer London. Sometimes Doug would awaken in the night to find Joan looking out on the misty London scene. "I could never get enough of this place," she told Heather Thatcher and Noel Coward . . .

Doug and Laurence Olivier spent one whole afternoon milling around among the soap-box orators on London corners just off Trafalgar Square. Just for the heck of it, they jumped up on a soap-box and orated in good-natured argument, themselves. Doug says the entire radical scene in London resembles a musical comedy. The soap-box orators "kid" with the police, and the police kid right back. You half-expect them to burst into an "ensemble number" at any minute . . .

Their Biggest London Evening

THE biggest individual thrill of the entire trip was the theatre party arranged by Noel Coward at a performance of his sensational play, "Cavalcade." In the famous Drury Lane Theatre, five thousand people were gathering nightly to see the amazing cast of five hundred portray the spirit and history of England. ("Cavalcade," by the way, is now being made into a movie by Fox.) Joan and Doug didn't know until they entered the theatre that they had been honored with the Royal Box. As they were seated, the entire audience rose to its feet. The unexpected tribute touched Joan deeply. Doug says she wept her way through Europe.

Between acts, a flunkey in a white wig and satin breeches brought cigarettes and licqueurs to the lounge adjoining the Royal Box. For the first time in her life, Joan didn't want to smoke. Doug kidded: "Beginning to feel like Royalty?" "No," said Joan, "just impressed." When the orchestra took up the strain of "God Save the King" at the completion of the breathtaking spectacle, Joan and Doug were the first to their feet. Joan whispered: "Another hour of this and I would be a British subject." . . .

Doug spent many of his days with the London tailors. Joan did practically no shopping. She said hats and shoes and gowns belonged to her job in Hollywood. All she wanted was to see, and feel, London. She spent one whole day riding around in a taxi—alone. Like any excited tourist, she watched the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. She shoved into the midst of the crowds and listened to the cheerful radicals. She thought of "London Bridge" of the old nursery song and rode out to see it . . .

Joan's Shortest Speech

THE next day she was the honored guest before a great body of three thousand young English working girls. She had intended to make a nice, long movie-starrish speech about how thrilled she was and all that sort of thing. But when she appeared and the girls began to call "Our Joan," there was a lump in her throat she couldn't fight down. So she made the shortest speech on record. She said: "Bless you!" . . .

Heather Thatcher gave a dinner party at her town apartment for them. They met many charming people of the English stage and screen. The London performers are all vitally interested in Hollywood. Both Joan and Doug feel that their London friends have illusions about the place that would be dispelled if they actually saw it. Many of them inquired affectionately about Tallulah Bankhead and how her American film career was faring . . .

In honor of their first week in London, Joan's picture, "Possessed," and Doug's "Love Is a Racket" were featured at the two leading cinemas. (Movies are called "cinemas" over there.) The most interesting European-made production they saw was a German film, "Maedchen in Uniform," now being shown in the larger American cities . . .

They refuse to say whether or not the rumors that they spent many evenings in the company of Prince George are correct. But we have it on the very best authority that it is true. Perhaps Joan and Doug wish to relieve H.R.H. of any further embarrassment with his Royal Family. They were quite perturbed, you know, when this same young Prince went A.W.O.L. to Hollywood several years ago and was photographed with June Collyer, Gloria Swanson and Lili Damita. Now, if the English Royal Family will kindly ignore, we'll quietly hint that Joan and Doug and His Royal Highness spent several evenings together during the London stay of the movie stars . . .

We also hear rumored that His Highness inquired after June Collyer, who had so caught his fancy in Hollywood, and was delighted to hear of her happy marriage to Stuart Erwin . . .

Week-Ended in the Country

JOAN and Doug were the house guests over week-ends of Ivor Novello and Noel Coward at their respective country estates just outside London. Doug was fond of the English countryside, though Joan grew "homesick" for London. Contrary to popular belief, it is possible to spend a week-end in the English suburbs without either "riding to the hounds" or breakfasting from the buffet. Doug didn't even get in a game of golf. This will probably be unbelievable to American novelists who insist upon writing about English "high life" . . .

They were at Noel Coward's in Kent when they received their first "WHEN ARE YOU COMING HOME?" telegrams from their respective studios in Hollywood. They decided to "do" Paris in a rush, and very quietly. "We are probably the only tourists on earth who ever decided to use Paris as a rest resort," says Doug . . .

The English Channel was in its very worst form for the crossing and the English Channel can behave very badly, indeed. When Joan began to get a little green about the mouth, Doug asked her if she would care to lie down. "Not at all," scoffed Joan, "not at all. I'll read to you, dear." She picked up a book. She started to read. The words grew choppier and choppier and her breathing laborious. Finally, with a wild gleam in her eye, Garbo's greatest rival tossed the book in the air and dashed for the nearest rail. This anecdote Doug recalls with more amusement than Joan . . .

PARIS . . . Siren of Cities . . . the gayest metropolis in the world . . .

Yet Joan and Doug stayed quietly with "a friend" at his estate just outside Paris. They even tried to keep their visit a secret from French newspaper reporters, but that was impossible. With ten million apologies, the gentlemen of the French press begged the pardon of Monsieur and Madame for their intrusion . . . but their papers . . . their editors . . . their duty . . . they hoped Monsieur and Madame would understand.

How long did Monsieur and Madame plan to remain in Paris? What did they think of French pictures, if it would not tire them too much to answer? If this was Madame's first visit to Paris, would she care to venture an opinion of the sights of interest, the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomph? Was she planning to shop in Paris for gowns?

After the reporters had ten-thousand-pardoned themselves away, Joan fell, shrieking with laughter, upon the bed. "After the things *I* have been asked . . . !" The next morning when the papers came out, the reporters had kept their word. Their hideaway was not revealed.

Joan was not as "tourist-minded" in Paris as she had been in London. And even in Paris she managed to escape the shopping bug. She bought two hats for herself. She purchased perfume for gifts for Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert.

"Possessed," under the title of "Fascination," was also playing in Paris. Joan and Doug attended a matinée performance and giggled like school-children at the fluent French that issued from her lips on the screen by the process of "dubbing" . . .

Doug, who loves Paris (he grew up there), attempted to stir Joan's interest more thoroughly. There was one little café he had been telling her about for years. It was located high on a hill in the Montmartre section. One evening they ventured there, expecting a quiet "atmospheric" dinner, and perhaps a bottle of good wine. But they discovered that Doug's "nice, quiet café" was alive with shrieking tourists. After that, Joan said Doug needn't try to remember any of his other favorite haunts.

But she did love "old Paris" on the left side of the Seine, and the Ile St. Louis, the artists' island where Doug used to study.

Painted by Famous Artist

BELTRAN-MASSES, the celebrated Spanish artist, came to their "garden." This most outstanding of all contemporary artists in Europe has been decorated by sixty-two governments. Both Joan and Doug sat for portraits for him. He "did" Joan against a blue-night background of Paris, wearing a white gown. Doug's background was Venice and gondolas. The portraits are larger than life-size and will be exhibited throughout Europe before they are packed and forwarded to their excited subjects in Hollywood . . .

Joan expressed no desire to see the "risqué" side of Paris. The "peephole" places held no interest for her at all. She did see the "Folies Bergère," and thought they were dull.

Joan says she has never seen nights the color they are in Paris—blue nights. Sometime, perhaps, she will go back and see the gay Paris of fiction and fact. But this time Paris meant rest, and those calm blue nights in a suburban garden, to her.

The telegram calling them home came to their garden in Paris before Joan, and particularly Doug, had really had their fill of it. But Joan and Doug are going back some day soon—or, at least, that is their fondest hope.

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Every Actress Should Have a Child, Says Elissa Landi

(*Continued from page 27*)

Not Good Unless Tempted

"BUT the Good Woman *must*, of course, be in a position to choose. Otherwise, there is no merit and no virtue involved. She must be beautiful enough to have temptations, to know that she could have lovers or admirers, to be aware that, if she chose to exploit her charms, she could be a devastating force. Where there is no temptation to 'sin'—to use a somewhat outmoded word—there is no virtue in abstaining from sin.

"A Good Woman knows she could be 'bad'—and isn't. She is making sacrifices of pride and thrills and the fevers of the moment. She is perpetually struggling to gain something and not to lose it. She is fighting a daily battle with herself and the exhibitionism that is in all of us—and to battle with one's self is the most tumultuous battle in the world.

"A Good Woman is one who can forget herself and remember her neighbors—one who can lose sight of her own problems and care about the problems of other people.

"A Good Woman is an intelligent woman, *always*—because to be dull is a negative state, neither good nor bad. It is like being a piece of soft putty molded, without sensation or will, by this hand or that.

"The most dangerous thing in the world to be is a good woman—because to be good means to be generous, and generosity is always dangerous. By generosity, I do not mean promiscuity. I have an idea that love is something entirely different from 'affairs' and all that that word connotes.

"I feel, you know, that different women need different things in their lives. And my ideas reverse the usual opinions. I believe, for instance, that the most important thing in life for creative and imaginative women—for actresses and poetesses and sculptresses and so on—are *children*. I know they are the very women of whom it is said that children hamper and obstruct, but wait and I'll explain—

"On the other hand, I believe that for dull, unimaginative, stay-at-home women the most important thing is—lovers.

Two Kinds of Women

"I FIGURE it this way—that when women are imaginative, creative artists they are *giving*, they need to give, they need to mold and create and produce—and children are living clay, the most important stuff of life with which the creative artist can work. Where do words, or clay, or gelatin compare to this? And besides, children are *takers*, they are there to absorb the gifts of color and fire possible for the creative woman to give them.

"Humdrum, quiet, duller women, on the other hand, need to be given *to*. They need lovers—not casual and commonplace men, but big men doing big and important things—to give them the color and rhythm and excitement their lives lack.

"I believe that women, as a whole, need *ambition*. More ambition than they have. All mankind could do with more ambition, of course, but the average woman needs it more than the average man.

"I have watched extras—girls—here on this lot and on others. And I wonder how they can ever expect, if they do expect, to be anything more than extras. If, for instance, an extra has only one word to say, one little word 'Hurrah!' or one small sentence such as 'Here comes the King!' that extra should say that word or that sentence with such vim, such a heart-beat, such a putting-of-everything-into-it that that one word or one line will stand out and *matter*. I know, because I started as an extra on the London stage, and I know what that sort of effort can do for you.

"The trouble with most people—and especially most women—is that they forget that they have to learn the alphabet before they can read, forget that they have to creep or crawl before they walk, forget that they have to play the scale before they can attempt Mozart, and that they have to be extras before they can become stars.

What All Women Need

"I THINK that modern women need to *need* more than they do. They need to be more unsatisfied, perhaps. They need to be more aware of the thrillingness of things, of how very brief twenty-four-hour days are in which to cram all that there is to know, to do, to feel.

"That is one thing I am very grateful for—my interest in all things under the gorgeous sun and the beautiful moon. Because I *am* interested in every person under the sun and moon, no matter what he or she does, no matter what their station in life. I'm interested in garbage men and kings, in plumbers and ventriloquists, in astronomers and grocery clerks. I want to talk to them, to find out what they think about and what they feel and what they want of life and what they do not want.

"I think—I *know*—that, more than anything, women need to feel the vastness of the world they live in, the teeming interests and excitements that surround them, no matter who they are or where they are. They need to finger, more appreciatively, the rich and shimmering stuff of life that is passing through their fingers. Women need to cry out, 'Oh, twenty-four hours to a day are not *enough!*'

"I believe that women need to plan their lives more definitely than they do. Perhaps all of us can speak only from our personal experience. I speak from personal experience when I speak of planning life. I have planned mine. First of all, I want children. They are, to me, the most important thing in all of life. I plan to live here, in Hollywood, where I have bought my home. My mother is with me and my husband arrives day after tomorrow. In a year or two, I plan to have my first child.

Wants "Child Insurance"

"CHILDREN, you know, are protective insurance for a woman, as well as precious in themselves. We cannot always be young and desirable and capable of attracting pleasant and stimulating things. To-day, my husband is young and charming, he could have all the love affairs he could want; I am young and not impossible to look upon and I could have suitors and trysts. But the day will come for both of us when such things, even if we should want them, will be no longer possible. The day when we will want companionship and shared years and someone to talk over the journey with—and children grown up about us and starting the great adventure afresh.

"I plan to keep on with my screen work and also with my writing. I am constantly advised to give up the screen for my books. Why? I am not one, by the way, who affects to 'look down' upon the movies. Nor am I one of those who say that they would never be in Hollywood if it were not for the money involved. I would work in movies for the sheer fun and excitement of it, if I never made a penny. I believe in pictures. The argument that the stage is superior to the screen as an art is preposterous. It doesn't hold water. The screen has the earth to choose from—sea and mountains and plains and deserts. The merest thought, the finest

(*Continued on page 89*)

Hollywood's Latest Menace—Autograph Racketeers

(*Continued from page 83*)

near-riot. Windows of the sporting goods shop were broken, while he escaped.

Joan Crawford, going aboard the *Bremen* for her trip abroad, wore a new and stylish feather boa. But after she had struggled through the crowd of fanatical fans, there was not a wisp of it left. They had snatched bits of it in lieu of autographs!

Clark Gable was asked to autograph a beautiful beaded bag for a lady at an opening. When he protested, the lady's husband begged, "Oh, *do* write on it! It's worth six new bags to have her satisfied!"

Previews become more and more difficult. The actors *want* to see the test showings of their pictures. It's part of their jobs. But how to get in and out of the theatres is a problem that has not been solved. They have tried using back doors, coming through basements with furnace men. They have tried having police escorts and wearing disguises. But the fans get so *vicious* when they are eluded—and an actor hates to annoy his customers. His customers have no qualms about annoying *him*.

Marie Dressler simply cannot appear in public at all any more. This is a real hardship for Marie, because she loves people, loves greeting her admirers, glories in the evidences of affection that are showered upon her. But even stout-hearted Marie has been driven into retirement by the violence with which the crowds fall upon her.

Stars Can't Tell 'Em Apart

ANY actor welcomes the attention of an admirer who wishes to express appreciation of his work and who desires his signature as a treasure and a symbol. But too many of these people are deliberate and commercial racketeers, trying to cash in on someone else's fame, to profit by his courtesy. These are blooming nuisances!

However, they are not all trying to make money out of stars' signatures. Now and then, there are symptoms of hero-worship in their requests. James Creelman tells this one on himself:

He was approached by a shy and rather lovely girl (with album).

"You don't want my signature," he told her. "You don't even know who I am."

"Yes, I do," she returned. "You're Mr. Creelman and you're a writer."

"Well, *why* do you want it?" he persisted. "Have you seen some of my pictures?"

"Oh, no!" she breathed, worshipfully. "But you took Gloria Swanson to lunch!"

Now, what do you suppose Jim's autograph would bring in the open market?

What Their Signatures Are Worth

This is how professional autograph-hunters rate autographs of various stars—values varying according to the difficulty of obtaining their signatures:

Garbo, the unapproachable	Priceless
Marlene Dietrich, very hard to get	$25.00
Wallace Beery, a tough customer	10.00
Mary Pickford, easy	5.00
John Barrymore, hard	10.00
Marion Davies, sweet, but difficult	10.00
Clark Gable, worth working for	12.00
Eddie Cantor, okay	3.00
Lupe Velez, a snap	1.50
Norma Shearer, opinion divided	5.00
Jackie Cooper, fairly easy	2.50
Ginger Rogers, obliging	1.50

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Has Another Jannings Come to Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 33*)

last person in the world you'd expect to be an actor, much less a film actor. Which is precisely in keeping with the new trend that a man must be a performer first, and a looker afterwards.

And what a performer this one is! Born in Scarborough, England, July 1, 1900, he always wanted to act. Never wanted to do anything else. But his family were hotel people and, because they wanted Charles to carry on the work, did not encourage his footlight-tendencies.

He had the chance to do a little acting at college, however. One of his classmates at Stonyhurst was that other (now) grand actor, Colin Clive. Unlike Laughton, Clive did not act much in the school plays. But both presently were engaged in the same activity—war—with Laughton joining up with the Seventh North Hampdenshire's. He served eight months overseas as a private in that well-known infantry regiment. Somehow, it seems entirely right that this man—despite his education and so unlike the majority of his fellows—should have done his time as a private in an infantry regiment. For he gives the impression of a *realness* that would require him to be down where the going was rough, and earnest.

Where He Learned His Acting

WITH the cessation of hostilities, the thought of returning to hotel work seemed impossible. Laughton had done some work learning the business at Claridge's—indeed, no small part of his amazing fund of characterizations is due to the observations he made while clerking at that famous London establishment—and now his family wanted him to return to their own hotel. From this he was saved by his brother, who offered to take his place—and Laughton was free to do just what several other young Englishmen were doing at that time. Leslie Howard, Colin Clive and Clive Brook also gave up their former pursuits in favor of the theatre.

Laughton enrolled in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. There, such was his immediate aptitude for the work, he became the gold medalist. But this, he admits ruefully, he had to live down when he graduated—"life being pretty much the same the world over." It was not until April, 1926, that he got his first real rôle, the part of *Ossip* in "The Government Inspector" in one of London's art theatres.

But, once started, he went like the proverbial greased lightning, working his way to the front ranks of English stage players with such varied characterizations as his *Rummell* in Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," *Ephikhod* in Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," *Ficsur* in Molnar's "Liliom," *Creon* in "Medea," *Count Phalen* in "The Patriot," *Mr. Prohack* in Arnold Bennett's play of that name, *Mr. Crispin* in Hugh Walpole's "The Man With Red Hair," *O'Casey* in "Silver Tassel," *Poiret* in "Alibi" and *Tony Perelli* in "On the Spot."

Wallace Wrote Play for Him

THIS last piece was written expressly for Laughton by the Late Edgar Wallace. Wallace called the actor to his house, and told him that he wanted to do a play for him. He began the outline of something that did not sound at all attractive to Laughton. Searching for some way of telling the author so, Laughton's glance fell on a magazine on the desk, which featured photographs of an American gangster-killing. Laughton remarked about it, and Wallace, full of the subject, at once switched to it. "There's your play!" Laughton cried when he had finished—and that was the way "On the Spot" happened to be written.

Laughton's greatest success came the following year, however, in Jeffrey Dell's splendid play, "Payment Deferred," the study of the psychological breakdown of an ordinary man who commits an undetected murder. Laughton's portrayal of this unhappy figure captured London, and then moved to New York, where he enjoyed an equal favor. And then, inevitably, pictures.

Charles is happy that his first film, "The Devil and the Deep" allowed him "the chance to wear clothes." If his first picture had been "Payment Deferred," with its much older-man rôle, he fears that he would have been cast in those parts permanently.

He looked forward to his appearance as *Nero* in DeMille's first talkie spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross." A profound student of antiquity, he probably knows much more about the true character of this degenerate Roman ruler than the men who assembled the script. According to Laughton, the real Nero was not only cruel, but effeminate, a fantastically strange creature whose hobby was—of all things!—acting!

"The Envy of Every Actor"

"NERO used to give command performances," Charles laughs, "but they weren't our kind of command performances—he used to command audiences to come and watch him perform! And when they were in the theatre, he would have all the doors locked, so they couldn't leave until he was finished. How actors ever since have envied him in that!"

He has an immense braying laugh, but his merriment is reserved for his periods of good humor. His temper is as uncertain as March weather. His patience is short and easily exhausted, and he makes short work of people clumsy at their jobs.

From this habit doubtless stems his great respect for the makers of American motion pictures. "These technical men amaze me. Nothing is too great or too complicated for them.

"These men are exceeded only by the executives of the business. Although I know that they usually aren't given credit for it, I believe that it's the much-maligned 'men at the top' who have made the American films the superior of any made anywhere else in the world today. They are good business men, expert merchants, true enough—but more important, they are imaginative, too."

Close-Up of the Man

SOLD on pictures as he is, Laughton also approves of Southern California. He has a home in the country near London, but the local birds and wildflowers—he is an ardent naturalist—have done much to console him for its loss. He is married to Elsa Lanchester, English actress, who played opposite him in the stage version of "Payment Deferred."

He is modest and blue-eyed. His one leaning toward the athletic life is hiking. He tries unsuccessfully to restrict his diet. He would like, beyond all things, to play *Hamlet*, but can't because of his figure.

Because it is difficult for him to save money, he feels that he "will have to go on working until he falls apart" and because in that work he achieves something close to that much-misused term "genius," the prospect of having him continue in it is good fortune for you and you, and all those others who enjoy the grease-painted art at its best—as summed up in the huge, ungainly and compellingly effective person of C. Laughton, Esquire.

Every Actress Should Have a Child, Says Elissa Landi

(*Continued from page 86*)

shade of an emotion are photographable. The medium is limitless. It is almost too much.

"I shall keep on with my writing, of course. I shall take it very slowly, two years or more to a book, if necessary. That will be all the better for me. I have been writing too long to think of giving it up. My first book—the only one of the four unpublished—was written when I was thirteen and far too ambitious in my choice of a subject. I entered the realm of the metaphysical and tried to write the story of one soul divided into two bodies." Elissa laughed. "It still fascinates me—but the subject is too vast and too nebulous for me now. My next book—or books—will be a trilogy. I will need three to say all that I have to say on the subject I have chosen.

Each Day Is Too Short

"YOU see, I can say—and oh, I *do* say—that twenty-four hours to a day are not enough!"

Elissa Landi has been accused of intellectualism, of exclusiveness and snobbishness and of royal descent. Of many things, so far as I can figure, except the one thing she really is—a human, vital, normal and very beautiful young woman—much more beautiful off the screen than she has yet appeared to be on.

She believes that children are the most worthwhile thing in life—and plans to have them. She is devoted to her mother, to her step-father and to her husband (J. C. Lawrence, young English barrister). She lunches, daily, on baked potatoes and milk. She was reading "The Life of Leonardo da Vinci" the day I talked with her. She reads whatever she feels like reading, with no object and no schedule. She never goes to parties because, she says, "I am a regular mummy—that is why I never go. A mummy—I have nothing to say. I cannot discuss tennis serves or my co-workers' amours or fads. I feel that I am a perfectly normal individual with perfectly normal interests. I was not a child prodigy. I played with dolls until I was nearly thirteen. I had no soaring ambitions at the time and the dolls were just dolls to me. I had no great desire to be anything more than I was—a little girl at home. When adolescence came, I simply put away my dolls and took out other, more fascinating toys—I grew into an actress and a writer—"

I believe I can describe Elissa, with her honey-colored hair and her amber-gray eyes in her own words, plus one or two others: "A Good Woman who has a perfectly exquisite body—and doesn't use it except for things that are generous and things that are art."

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

one plays the steel guitar—*if* one plays the steel guitar. To these steel tips he affixes long strips of celluloid, slips them over the ends of his fingers, and thereby is helped to be that nasty old long-fingernailed badmans, *Dr. Fu Manchu*. Now if someone would only find a use for steel guitars....

BY the way the "Mask of Dr. Fu Manchu" opus is giving the studio's purchasing agent plenty of nightmares. We found him tearing out great gobs of his hair. In the left was a requisition for three iguanas, twenty assorted lizards, fifteen tarantulas, one large python, three small pythons, several gopher snakes, a cage of live rats, a tub of frogs, and six bats!

FARTHER down the street from where these dark doings are taking place is the modest plant which turns out the Our Gang comedies. Maybe nobody's told you that Mary Pickford's favorite actor is Spanky, of the Gang; that famous alumni of the group are Jackie Cooper, Dickie Moore, Mickey "Freckles" Daniels, Farina, Mary Kornman and Pete, the dog; that all Gang mail received from Spain is addressed "La Pandilla"—the literal translation of which is "Party or persons joined together in the country or for mischief"?

MISS Pickford's passion, the aforesaid Spanky, is an obliging young man. While visiting Catalina Island, not long ago, one of those fans rushed up and bent over him with: "Remember 'Choo-Choo?' Could you punch me in the nose like you did the man in that?"

In lieu of reply, Spanky hauled off and popped the silly mightily on the beezer, and laughed. Amazed at the kid's hefty wallop, the fan managed to stammer "Thank you," and sulked away holding his nose. And was his nose vermillion!

COMEDIES, they tell me, are going stronger than ever. Rather than their downfall, sound proved to be a big boost. No small part of this success doubtless is due to the decline of kissing on the screen. Kissing.

Yeah, you hoid me! That quaint custom whereby Jack Moustache sought to express himself by implanting a labial salute on a more or less responsive portion of feminine anatomy. Remember?

With sound, however, there also arrived with each pictured caress a noise not unlike that of a foot being withdrawn from Mississippi mud. There were sniggers, laughs, brays. And the old-line movie clutch (which was unlike anything on earth or, I understand, in Heaven) was doomed.

But the same sounds which so troubled the manufacturers of those purple-lined films were a boon to the laugh-makers—and they've been going stronger ever since.

TO Tell You the Truth Dept.: . . . Warren Hymer, the dumb menace of so many films, is the son of the playwright, John B. Hymer—and though canned from seventeen schools, now owns a bookshop in Boston . . . the co-eds at U. C. L. A. are that thrilled to have Randy Scott and Cary Grant living near them in bachelor quarters . . . Ceebeedeemille's 56 pictures have used enough film to encircle the world 600 times . . . Jimmy Durante aches all over when he bumps his nose . . . there are more real cowboys in Hollywood than on the ranges of Arizona and New Mexico, and their hang-out is a place called "The Water Hole" . . . Edward G. Robinson and Buddy De Sylva, the songwriter, look alike . . . Rose Hobart has a great fondness for watching brain operations . . . and Georgie Cohan, Broadway's Boy, firmly believes that "what this country needs is a man who can be both right and President." Yazzuh!

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or, if you prefer, to your local resident officer. Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district.

Marathon Dancing—That's Hollywood's *Newest Craze*

(*Continued from page 57*)

Here comes Harold Lloyd with Mildred Davis Lloyd. They attend frequently. Mervyn LeRoy is escorting Ginger Rogers again. And, of all things, Edna Murphy is in the row just ahead. Edna is the former Mrs. LeRoy. Look, they're all chatting together and laughing about the chance meeting.

The "Celebrity" box is filling up fast. Bebe Daniels just came in. George Bancroft, William Haines, Leila Hyams, Gloria Stuart, Joe E. Brown, Ramon Novarro and Edward Everett Horton cause the crowd to strain their necks.

Even the Barrymores Attend

SALLY EILERS and Marian Nixon, rivals at Fox, sit side by side. John Barrymore, his feet covered by bedroom slippers, arrives with Dolores Costello Barrymore. He stops for a moment to speak to his nephew, Sam Colt, son of the illustrious Ethel Barrymore.

Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, sisters of Loretta Young, are seated with their escorts. Russell Gleason continues in luck; he brings Mary Brian. Chester Morris and his wife are hosts to a party.

The entertainment begins. One of the house men mounts the platform. He introduces Ben Bard, songwriter-husband of Ruth Roland, as master of ceremonies. The genial Ben takes the rostrum to stand near the loudspeaker. Choosing at random from the "Celebrity" box, he calls upon individuals to take a bow. Some merely rise from their seats. Others step up to the microphone to say a word in greeting. Meanwhile the dancing goes on.

You might be surprised to learn that even Mary Pickford made a speech one night. She wasn't all dressed up, either. Just simple little pajamas and a beret. Charlie Chaplin, though, wouldn't talk. He only took a bow. Both Mary and Charlie received tremendous ovations from the crowd. Applause for everyone was generous. Charles Farrell's reception lasted two minutes. But the biggest hand given anyone was for Charlie Ray. Honestly, the building shook.

A few were coaxed to do a specialty. Ruth Roland could generally be prevailed upon to sing. Dorothy Lee danced. Rosco Ates told a stuttering story. Victor Schertzinger, the director, played "Marcheta" and other of his own compositions on the piano.

They Even Sang in Public

OCCASIONALLY, the fun waxed fast and furious. For example the time someone offered ten dollars for a quartette of celebrities to sing "Sweet Adeline." A quintette comprising Tod Browning, William Beaudine, Archie Mayo, Georgie Raft and Gene Delmar took the floor. They sang "Adeline"—perhaps not sweetly, but at least loudly. At the conclusion of the number, Andy Devine offered twenty dollars if they would *not* sing an encore. The offer was accepted, but the crowd refused to be satisfied until Georgie Raft danced.

Another time Polly Moran sang "Sonny Boy." Archie Mayo, who directed Al Jolson in the picture, quarreled with her rendition, claiming she should have been on one knee. Several dollars were showered on the floor as bait for Mayo to demonstrate the proper technique. He did. But Polly topped his gag. She sang "Sonny Boy" a second time—on both knees.

Money contributed by the audience during such specialties goes into a general fund later divided by the dancers. In this particular contest "floor money," as it is called, reached a greater total than the prize posted. It might have been higher, had not a report reached wide circulation that the management of the show had offered the dancers a guarantee of thirty dollars a day for all floor money. Those who heard this report stopped contributing. Instead, their gifts were made individually, sometimes in cash, other times in presents. The girls came out ahead in presents, mostly stockings and lingerie.

Kay Didn't Want Her Pie

ONE of the Mosconi Brothers of vaudeville brought a pie to give one of the dancers for his birthday. But pie was taboo, by order of the marathon dietitian, so it was decided to auction the pastry. Kay Francis made the final bid of eleven dollars, but didn't want the pie. What to do? Some wag suggested throwing it in the face of the radio announcer. The idea found favor and the radio man, being a good sport, put on an apron to take the pie in approved Mack Sennett style.

The largest amount brought by any specialty was the fifty dollars earned by Robert Woolsey and Walter Catlett in a Spanish dance. Average "floor money," however, was five dollars a number.

Great secrecy surrounded the amount the management had posted for first prize. In most sections of the country, two thousand dollars await the marathon winners. Here the sum was five hundred. During the last week, when it seemed that two couples would end in a dead heat, this amount was doubled. There is a rumor, though unsubstantiated, that a film personality paid the second five hundred out of his own pocket.

The marathon began July 13 shortly after nine o'clock in the evening. It ended August 31 at midnight. The last three and a half days, even the brief two-minute rest periods every two hours were eliminated. For more than eighty-four hours two couples danced continuously. This was done in an attempt to break the tie. Seemingly, human endurance could not stand such a grind. Somehow it did. Both couples finished amid the noise made by five thousand shrieking, stamping, sobbing, applauding people—then collapsed a second later, to be carried from the floor.

A Word About the Winners

PARTISANSHIP ran high in the final gruelling days of the seven-week event. Each couple had ardent rooters cheering them on. Joe and Jean O'Neill, man and wife, were veterans at the marathon dancing game. Charles Loeb, also experienced, had as his partner nineteen-year-old Marie Jones, familiarly known as "Billie." This was Billie's second contest. She had danced six hundred and thirty-seven hours in the previous one, finishing third.

Loeb may be remembered by film fans as the German acrobat who, some three years ago, attempted to crash pictures by a novel method. He shipped himself from Chicago to Pathé Studio, Hollywood, in a wooden box labelled statuary. It was his plan to step from the box to confront Pathé officials with demands for a contract. But his gate-crashing scheme failed when he ran out of water and, in his delirium, made a noise that aroused the express company's suspicions regarding the "statue." There's a report that he got a movie offer out of his long-distance dancing.

Billie Jones and Charlie Loeb granted a brief interview immediately following their twelve-hundred hour grind. The O'Neills were already asleep. Sleep, by the way, is carefully regulated at the end of such contests for fear that tired muscles will stiffen or paralysis will set in. Contestants are allowed to sleep only a half-hour, when they are awakened for two minutes. Another half-hour and they are again awakened. At the end of two hours more, they are roused to walk for thirty minutes without stopping. This procedure is repeated three times at two-hour periods. Then they can sleep as long as they wish.

First 200 Hours the Hardest

WE asked Charlie to name the most difficult part of the contest. "The first two hundred hours are the hardest," he replied on his way to the shower. Billie had a different view. "I suffered most during the early morning hours after the crowds had gone," she said. "Crowds stimulated me. In fact, I had a good time when the house was packed.

"Learning to sleep while being dragged around by your partner was hard—even harder than supporting him while he slept. They fed us seven times a day in all, three hot meals and four lunches. I know I've lost weight (later discovered to be eleven pounds), but I know one girl who gained seventeen pounds. The diet is heavy with starches—light on sweets. We had potatoes even for breakfast. I never want to see another potato as long as I live.

"Twice a day we were allowed fifteen minutes for a shower, massage and change of clothes. I admit lying down in the shower and once or twice falling asleep. When we had the two-minute rest periods every two hours, we didn't leave the floor. There wasn't time. We lay down on boards stretched across two chairs, with our feet in the air to get the blood back to our heads. Every so often the trainers would turn us upside down for the same purpose. Application of ice-cold towels sometimes helped us stay awake. When contestants fainted or dropped from fatigue, the trainers would duck their heads in buckets of ice water.

"We pay our trainers ten per cent of all we earn, 'floor money' included. The house fed them, that's all. Of course, if you don't win, your trainer loses, too. But it's the trainer's business to keep you in the running. My brother, Frank, acted as my trainer. And he was grand. His nickname is Buck, which led some folks to believe I am the sister of Buck Jones, the movie star.

Didn't Dance for Fun

"THERE is no use saying I entered this contest because I love dancing. Truthfully, I seldom go to dances. The real reason was that I hoped to make a lot of money. I don't know exactly how much I earned. But I'm sure that, despite the generosity of the movie people, it isn't enough to tempt me to go into another such contest. I'm through right now. Forever!"

Billie seemed inclined to continue the interview, but the doctor ordered her to sleep. We later learned from Buck Jones (not the cowboy star) that Billie's earnings, less expenses, reached the total of $446.00. Charlie Loeb is said to have banked $550.00 and the O'Neills jointly $1045.00. What pitiful sums for seven weeks of frightful torture!

Yet another contest was begun at the same place just one day later with thirty-one couples entered—many of them hoping, no doubt, to be "discovered"!

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Motion Picture

January

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LUPE VELEZ
by
MARLAND STONE

JAN -6 1932

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The fewer colds the less risk of MASTOID TROUBLE

Gargle with Listerine twice a day to fight Colds and Sore Throat

When your throat is sore or you feel a cold coming on, gargle with Listerine every two hours. It often relieves the sore throat and checks the progress of the cold.

In a plea for the prevention of colds, a noted authority makes this startling statement: "Not only mastoid and sinus infections, but bronchitis, asthma, and pleurisy are usually traceable to preceding colds."

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Clearly, one of the major steps in *preventing* colds is *to keep the mouth and throat as clean as possible.* That is why the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine has always been recommended.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it begins to kill germs. As it sweeps over the mucous membrane, it kills outright the millions of bacteria clinging to it. Tests show a reduction as high as 99% of such bacteria. What a protection that is at all times—and *invaluable* when a cold is coming on!

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Make a habit of gargling with full strength Listerine every morning and every night as an aid in preventing colds. Remember also to avoid draughts, sudden changes of temperature, cold or wet feet, and over-exposure to cold temperatures. Physicians also advise against over-eating and over-indulgences of any kind. Dress adequately for the day, bathe frequently, and get 8 hours sleep. When a cold does develop, get into bed and call your doctor. A cold promptly treated may spare you years of misery and ill health. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE SUCCEEDS BECAUSE SAFE

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DEC 27 1932

Motion Picture

JANUARY
1933

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIV, No. 6

LUPE VELEZ Is *Always* News

Lupe, an unknown young Mexican girl of eighteen, got her screen start as leading lady to Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho." She has been in the headlines ever since. You've read about her feud with Dolores Del Rio, her bursts of "temperament," her exotic home, her famous romance with Gary Cooper, its equally famous break-up, her momentary interest in this hero or that, her impersonations of other stars. No one knows what she will do next. A clever little actress, as well as a vivid personality, she has played all kinds of heroines—ranging from a Chinese girl to an Indian squaw. And now, as her latest surprise, she has turned to a "mother" rôle in real life—having adopted a little six-year-old girl.

FEATURES

A Heroine to Other Stars—That's Norma Shearer! . . Gladys Hall 27
John Gilbert Breaks His Three-Year Silence . . . . Elza Schallert 28
Are Your Favorite Movie Stars Really What They Seem? . Faith Service 30
What's a Kiss Between Screen Lovers?—Neil Hamilton Tells . . . . Sonia Lee 33
Will Chaplin Ever Allow His Sons to Be Movie Stars? . . . . Edwin Schallert 34
Gary Cooper Brings the African Jungle to Beverly Hills . . . . Elisabeth Goldbeck 40
We Nominate for Stardom—Your Future Favorites 43
There's a Cummings-Out Party Ahead for Connie . Terrence Costello . 47
Ruth Chatterton's Own Story of Her Second Marriage . Gladys Hall 51
They've Battled the Depression—That's Why They're Stars Now! . . . . . . Charles Grayson 52
Where You'll Find the Stars at Play—San Francisco . . . . Dorothy Calhoun 54
Good Luck or Bad Luck—Bebe and Harry Can Take It! . Sonia Lee 56
Why We Have Adopted a Baby—Fredric March . Dorothy Manners 58
I Am a Movie Fan! . . . . Warden Lewis E. Lawes 60
From First to Last, Kirkland's a Rebel . . . . Jerry Lane 61
Edmund Gives the Lowe-Down about Being a Movie Star . . . . Nancy Pryor 62

DEPARTMENTS

Letters From Our Readers 6
What The Stars Are Doing . . . . Marion Martone 8
Featured Shorts . . . . James Edwin Reid 10
Tip-Offs on the Talkies . . . . J. E. R. 11
The Movie Circus . . . . Frank Morley 12
Your Gossip Test . . . . Marion Martone 14
Movie Star Calendar . . . . José Schorr 15
News and Gossip 36
The Picture Parade 68

Cover Design of Lupe Velez Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill. by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1932 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 15c. Subscriptions for U.S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.80 a year, Canada $3.30, Foreign Countries $3.30. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President-Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.*

LETTERS
FROM OUR
READERS

Charlotte Susa, latest German actress to smile upon Hollywood, is wishing her new American friends "Fröhliche Weihnachten" (Merry Christmas). The same to you, Fräulein Susa!

$20.00 Letter
Thanks to the Movies

UNIVERSITY, VA.—The elevated-nose contingent tells me that I and mine are society's backbone. Maybe so, but speaking from experience, being a vertebrae hasn't been so much fun. Years ago I was the backbone with a vengeance. Then I was a farm girl, following the same routine a lot of other girls followed in those days. From the time the pesky rooster crowed until we lit the kerosene lamps, the work was plentiful and hard. The meanest, though, was that the effort it demanded was purely mechanical. And there wasn't a thing to think about while we did it. When we were youthful, we scrubbed floors and looked foreward to Sunday's preaching. I washed clothes and anticipated my annual visit to my uncles, a farm the replica of ours, ten miles distant from our house. When one got older, however, one divorced such frivolousness from one's mind, screwed up one's hair and mouth and became an animated stick.

Luckily, times do change. My daughter does the same work, but by electricity. Her personality is different too. SHE GOES TO THE MOVIES. There she sees more of life and the world than did her ancestors in their accumulated lifetimes. Instead of being the corn-fed country girl of fiction, she is a Joan Crawford, rural version.

Mrs. Zebrie Jones.

$10.00 Letter
Canned Music

NEW ALBANY, IND.—Even though the introduction of sound into the movies deprived me of a lucrative position as theatre organist, I am progressive and honest enough to admit that the charm of moving pictures has been enhanced a thousandfold by the production of sound and so-called canned music.

Perhaps, having been a professional musician, I appreciate the accuracy with which moving pictures are cued these days, more than the average moviegoer, who has never known what it means to arrange a program for a picture—the musical knowledge required, the extensive and up-to-date library necessary, the unceasing search for just the right tune to convey the meaning of a scene.

The music synchronization of a picture is truly half the show to me. I am thrilled each time I attend a movie by some especially apt and appropriate melody or strain of incidental music. The marvelous musical accompaniment of the animated cartoons is a constant source of delight to me.

For a long time, moving pictures have been my favorite form of amusement, and in their perfection of today, they are a great solace to me when I encounter the rough spots in the road of life.

Jean Lord.

$5.00 Letter
Movies Are Educational and Inspiring

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—This may, or may not, be printable under the heading "Letters From Our Readers," but being a staunch supporter of the movies, and in this capacity reserving a certain right, here goes:

Using myself as an example, I want to say in the few words allowed, that to me the movies have not only proved an education of the actualities of life, but also an aspiration towards success in whatever field my future lies, i.e. as either a mother or business woman.

I have been an ardent movie fan for many years, and although constantly derided for my seemingly foolish hobby (and truly it can be said "That's where my money goes") yet, having had a limited education, to me this hobby has proved a most beneficial medium toward social, business and educational accomplishments. I have by no means reached my goal, but with the constant invisible urge that the movies have created, surely there is an even chance between my failure and success.

It is my opinion that every parent should be made to realize of what vital importance the movies really are toward the better education of their children, as well as themselves.

Gertrude Metter.

Movies Create Perfect Illusion

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—There is one phase in the making of motion pictures which always proves a source of endless wonder to the moviegoers of today. Of course, the naturalness of the love scenes, the ready tears, are to be marveled at, but it is the stark REALISM which amazes millions. How is it possible to make a smash-up so real and yet not real? is the question of an awed and baffled public. The sophisticated and unsophisticated, alike, acknowlege the perfect illusion the movie creates.

An example of marvelous realism which I recently witnessed were the scenes from "Divorce in the Family" in which *Hal* searches for *Terry* on the fog-covered river. A huge boat, hardly discernible, is seen moving slowly, silently, into the path of *Hal's* rowboat. Tensely the audience awaits the inevitable crash. Through the fog, the mammoth boat is seen again, slowly moving like a monster about to strike. As the dismal sound of a fog horn fills the air, *Hal* turns and sees the huge hull bearing down on him. Then a startled cry!—a loud crash!—the sound of splintering wood, and then,—silence. That is what I mean by the realism of motion pictures.

Mary M. O'Neil.

(*Continued on page 84*)

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

You'll Be Talking about THESE Couples!

Leslie Howard and Ann Harding, two of Broadway's best, combine their talents as the understanding pals of "The Animal Kingdom"—the sophisticated comedy of the chap who married the wrong girl and did something about it. Old "friends," he discovers, are better than new loves!

Approximately 115,000,000 people (the world's movie audience) have been waiting impatiently to see Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms." She is the nurse, and he the deserter, whose love makes the War fade into insignificance. Frank Borzage, the director, says he sees Hemingway's novel as a great love story—and a great love story it will be!

And in case you doubt that love has been the same all through the ages, you'll love to see "The Sign of the Cross," the De Mille spectacle, in which Fredric March and Elissa Landi are lovers. He plays *Marcus*, who tries to prevent the fall of Rome, and she is *Mercia*, a Christian girl who faces martyrdom for her belief. A very idealistic couple, this March-Landi one!

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Andre, Gwili—recently completed *Secrets of the French Police*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—playing in *The King's Vacation*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *King Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—recently completed *Red Dust*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Atwill, Lionel—playing in *The Wax Museum*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Bankhead, Tallulah—recently completed *Faithless*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Ethel—recently completed *Rasputin* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—recently completed *Rasputin* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—recently completed *Rasputin* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Grand Central Airport*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Beery, Wallace — playing in *Flesh* — Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance — playing in *World's Champion*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—recently completed *Pier 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—recently completed *Vanity Street*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Birell, Tala — playing in *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *Blondie Johnson*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *His Majesty's Car*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara — recently completed *Call Her Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brendel, El—playing in *Handle With Care*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, George—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Hard to Handle*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—recently completed *You Said a Mouthful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brown, Tom—playing in *Laughter In Hell*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Cabot, Bruce—recently completed *King Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—playing in *Hard to Handle*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Under-Cover Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chandler, Janet—playing in *Born to Fight*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *Frisco Jenny*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—playing in *Acquitted*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—recently completed *The Sign of the Cross*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Collier, William, Jr.—playing in *Speed Demon*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Even in this year of 1932 A.D. (After Depression), Joan Gale, Fox starlet, is all for making it a Merry Christmas. And that reminds us—wonder if we can get our Christmas shopping done early for once?

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—latest release *Rain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lili—recently completed *The Match King*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Davies, Marion—latest release *Blondie of the Follies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Deep Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dinehart, Allan—playing in *Acquitted*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—recently completed *The Conquerors*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dodd, Claire—playing in *Blondie Johnson*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Douglas, Melvyn—playing in *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Handle With Care*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Durante, Jimmy—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ellis, Robert—playing in *The Penal Code*—International Studios, 4376 Sunset Dr., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart — playing in *The Face In the Sky*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Parachute*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles — recently completed *Tess of the Storm Country*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—playing in *Grand Slam*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *Pleasure Cruise* — Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Preston—playing in *Ladies They Talk About*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Francis, Kay—recently completed *Trouble in Paradise* — Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—recently completed *Red Dust*— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—latest release *Downstairs* — Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Goudal, Jetta—playing in *Tarnished Youth*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Grant, Cary — playing in *Madame Butterfly* — Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William — recently completed *Let's Go*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, Ruth — playing in *Oh Promise Me*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Acquitted* — Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *The Animal Kingdom*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—recently completed *Red Dust*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hatton, Raymond—playing in *Uptown New York*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing in *Son Daughter*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—playing in *Three Came Unarmed*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *No Man of Her Own*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—playing in *The Animal Kingdom*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Island of Lost Souls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 78*)

◆ **Consult this handy list when you want to know what a player is doing** ◆

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN!

ETHEL

JOHN

LIONEL

BARRYMORE

The Royal Family of the American Show World

Madman, saint or devil? Was he one or all of these?

You hear it everywhere...whispers from the West gather like a storm... underground reports travel across the breadth of America...ONE OF THE GREATEST PICTURES OF ALL TIME IS COMING! The vast resources of M-G-M, the money, the talent, the genius of the most celebrated producing company on earth are focused on the creation of a mighty entertainment.

RASPUTIN

with RALPH MORGAN • DIANA WYNWARD

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky • Screen Play by Charles MacArthur

Heir to the throne of all Russia —yet only a boy in his mother's arms!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH!

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

THE BIG FLASH "The Big Flash" is the signal for a long, sustained clapping of hands—for it brings back Harry Langdon, the wistful-innocent comic, to two-reel comedies, where he once reigned as king. And this trial effort is so successful that he has just been handed a contract for a series. He is a downtrodden assistant janitor in a newspaper office, who has a flair for taking snapshots, and gets orders, first, to photograph a gangster's sweetheart and then a big robbery. With a minimum of dialogue and some skillful pantomime, he carries out his assignments with sly humor. And he has two helpful companions in Vernon Dent and Lita Chevret. (Educational)

SCRAM Returning to short comedies again, after "Pack Up Your Troubles," Laurel and Hardy have evidently tried to see how many laughs they could cram into twenty minutes. This time they are tramps, who are released from jail on a rainy night and told to scram out of town. Outside, they come upon a cheerful souse and, always helpful, offer to see him home. But he takes them to the wrong house—to the house, in fact, of the judge who ordered them out of town. They are just beginning to enjoy themselves, after many difficulties, when he appears on the scene. Uproarious slapstick of the kind that doesn't make you tired, unless laughter wearies you. (M-G-M)

TIP, TAP, TOE To see Hal Le Roy do his fancy footwork on any Broadway stage, you would have to pay a fancy price—and here you have it as part of your movie program. (No extra charge.) He is presented in a fifteen-minute miniature musical comedy, with his pert partner, Mitzi Mayfair—and his nimble feet do everything but talk. He's a window-trimmer in a department store who has an urge to go on the stage and can't keep his feet still either at work or when making love. He even dances to the altar. You see him step from all angles, including glimpses through a glass floor. One of the best in a series starring Broadway celebrities. (Vitaphone)

NOW WE'LL TELL ONE Charley Chase, that skinny chap with the silly mustache, gets into a brand-new kind of trouble this time. No fooling—the scenario writers have actually discovered a new comedy plot. He accidentally acquires a belt that has the faculty of turning a person into a couple of other people. And considering that he is in pursuit of his girl, it isn't much help to find himself changed into a motorcycle rider, a boxer, an inebriate and a classical dancer. But he gets his reward in the end, when the girl's family turn into high divers. Fast and furiously funny. The name of the pretty girl is Muriel Evans. (M-G-M)

OFF HIS BASE This is the first of a series of short comedies that offer something new. There is going to be a comedy built around each big American sport, one at a time—giving you a good idea of how each game should *not* be played. And what more natural than to start with the Great American Game—baseball? An excellent cast puts it over with real pep and polish. Chief among the players are Russell Gleason, Lucille Gleason, Eugene Pallette and Peggy Montgomery (who is "Baby Peggy," now grown up). This first in the series promises a succession of high-class novelties, built around Pallette and Russell Gleason. (Educational)

EASY STREET There are plenty of old-timers who will tell you that there have never been any short comedies to touch the ones in which Charlie Chaplin made his name. And here is your chance to check up on their claim—the first of a dozen reissues of famous Chaplin two-reelers, with the new additions of music and sound effects. (But no talking, for Charlie's pantomime speaks for itself.) "Easy Street" is that slapstick riot in which Charlie was converted from a tramp into a cop by a Mission girl (Edna Purviance)—and then drew the beat of the toughest street in town. Still very, very funny, with Charlie doing some unique missionary work. (RKO)

OLD NEW YORK Johnny Walker, who used to entertain you in silent pictures, is now turning out a series of short laugh numbers, based on some of the earliest efforts of movie cameras. Needless to say, he doesn't appear in them—but he's the one who resurrected them. This one is particularly amusing, giving you an idea of the New York of thirty years ago. You start on the Bowery (where a fire wagon makes way for a brewery wagon) and follow the wood-burning elevated trains up Broadway, and thence to the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight. A barrage of witty comment from Lew Lehr makes the tour hilarious, particularly at the ringside of the fight. (Educational)

THE TOY PARADE "The Toy Parade" was designed for the Christmas week movie crowds. Watch for its appearance on the program of your favorite theatre, and be sure to send the youngsters. Better yet—take them. For if you can still remember how you used to imagine your toys were alive, you should get at least synthetic delight out of this cleverly contrived, cleverly photographed novelty about some toys that come to life—with a tin soldier as the hero, a ballet-dancer doll as the heroine, and a jack-in-the box as the villain. There is comedy, as well as mischievous romance. One of those pictures that make you say, "The movies are clever." (M-G-M)

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By J. E. R.

Afraid to Talk—Strong film fare—an exposé of the third degree and gangsters in politics, with Eric Linden the convincing young victim of both. (Univ.).

Air Mail—Grade A aviation thriller—mixing melodrama, romance and a couple of death-defying flying rivals, Ralph Bellamy and Pat O'Brien. Its primary appeal is to the youngsters (Univ.).

The All-American—A football hero (Richard Arlen) uses his popularity to make an easy living, and touches the fringe of racketeering—but stages a comeback. Unusual football film, featuring several All-American stars. (Univ.).

Clark Gable has "menace" again and Jean Harlow steps into a boisterous rôle in their rapid-fire comedy drama, "Red Dust"

A Bill of Divorcement—John Barrymore does the greatest acting of his screen career, as the insanity-tainted husband of Billie Burke and father of Katharine Hepburn, whose work has made her a star overnight. Intense and semi-tragic emotional drama—one of the year's best (RKO).

Blame the Woman—Adolphe Menjou and Claude Allister, as a couple of smooth crooks, are outwitted at their own game by pretty Benita Hume. An English-made comedy that clicks at intervals (Principal).

Blonde Venus—Marlene Dietrich suffers and suffers, by selling herself to the highest bidders, in order to aid her small child and invalid husband (Herbert Marshall). A bit sordid and slow, but Marlene's more dazzling than ever (Par.).

Cabin in the Cotton—Born a po' white, Richard Barthelmess has a chance to be rich white—and his sympathies are torn between the two classes and between Dorothy Jordan and Bette Davis. Interesting, but not exciting (F. N.).

Chandu, the Magician—A burlesque thriller, in which Edmund Lowe escapes a variety of horrible deaths by knowing a thing or two about "magic." The humor saves it from being hokum, and turns it into a novelty (Fox.).

Divorce in the Family—Jackie Cooper as the innocent victim of the divorce of his parents (Lewis Stone and Lois Wilson), and his mother's second marriage (to Conrad Nagel). Nothing new, but the acting is excellent (M-G-M).

Faithless—Tallulah Bankhead's best picture, presenting Robert Montgomery as her co-star and lover, for whom she is Willing to Sacrifice All—even during a depression. A woman's picture (M-G-M).

False Faces—This picture will give you a high pulse-rate, the next time you think of having your face lifted. Lowell Sherman convincingly shows you how plastic surgery can be turned into a racket (World Wide).

The Golden West—George O'Brien in another Zane Grey story—more elaborate than any previous ones. George has plenty of fighting to do—first on the side of the Indians, then against them (Fox).

Hat Check Girl—Sally Eilers checks hats in a speakeasy and wins a millionaire (Ben Lyon), in a comedy romance that rises out of the ordinary in a few surprise scenes (Fox).

Hell's Highway—The first of a flock of films exposing the tortures that chain-gang prisoners endure. Richard Dix and young Tom Brown, as convict-brothers, make it a compelling, but heavy melodrama (RKO).

Hot Saturday—Nancy Carroll hasn't done anything except be a warm-blooded member of the younger generation, but small-town scandal-mongers almost wreck her life. An "old" story pepped up a bit (Par.).

Life Begins—The drama of motherhood at last reaches the screen both vividly and powerfully. The setting is a maternity ward; the mothers-to-be are of all types. The chief and most poignant of them is Loretta Young (F.N.).

Madison Square Garden—Colorful comedy drama woven around the world's most famous sports arena, with Jack Oakie at his peak as a prize-fighter who's too honest for his own good. This one packs a real punch (Par.).

Maedchen in Uniform ("Girls in Uniform")—A memorable study of young girls—and particularly one motherless girl—in a strict Prussian academy. German-made, with English sub-titles, and as real as life itself (Krimsky-Cochran).

Magic Night—Jack Buchanan, who was Jeanette MacDonald's leading man in "Monte Carlo," stars in a tuneful English musical comedy laid in the Vienna of 1914. And he's worth seeing (U. A.).

The Monkey's Paw—The owner of this sinister paw will be granted three wishes, but each will be accompanied by disaster. A horror tale with an ending that lets you down, featuring Bramwell Fletcher and C. Aubrey Smith (RKO).

Movie Crazy—Harold Lloyd gives a fast-moving, side-splitting version of the difficulty of getting into the movies. The laughter is well-nigh continuous (Par.).

Night Mayor—A political satire loaded with dynamite, about a playboy mayor of a big city who proceeds on the theory that Barnum was right. Lee Tracy makes the rôle a devastating one (Col.).

The Old Dark House—Ten people are marooned by a storm in a house of horror, presided over by a mysterious old lady and her mad butler, who happens to be Boris Karloff. The unusual happenings will raise the hair on your head (Univ.).

Once in a Lifetime—The bewildered Hollywood of the early talkies takes an uproarious kidding. Witty dialogue, sublimely ridiculous situations, and a fine cast headed by Jack Oakie and Aline MacMahon make it a hit (Univ.).

One-Way Passage—A fugitive murderer (William Powell) and a society girl with heart trouble (Kay Francis) keep death waiting while they find love. A poignant love story, beautifully acted, but marred by too much side comedy (W.B.).

Payment Deferred—Something new in horror tales—being a graphic insight into the horror of conscience, with Charles Laughton—one of the year's sensations—as the undetected murderer. Acting that will stay with you (M-G-M).

The Phantom of Crestwood—A smooth, well-told mystery drama, in which a high-handed gold-digger (Karen Morley) meets an end that points the finger of suspicion at several men. Ricardo Cortez solves the mystery (RKO).

Nancy Carroll spends a pleasant afternoon with Cary Grant, and afterward has to battle a scandal in "Hot Saturday"

The Phantom President—Introducing George M. Cohan to the talkies in a dual rôle—as a cold, dry candidate for President and his double, a warm-hearted medicine show man, who campaigns in his place, with Jimmy Durante as his manager. Durante steals the show, which is grand and glorious nonsense all the way (Par.).

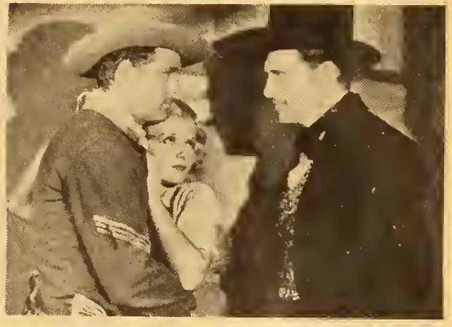
Rain—Again that outcast lady, *Sadie Thompson*, meets the missionary whose passion for religion is really suppressed desire. The story, now familiar, lacks suspense, and Joan Crawford, though vivid, just isn't *Sadie*, somehow. Walter Huston steals the picture (U.A.).

Smilin' Through—The year's most romantic picture. It tells two stories—one a love story of 1868, and the other its modern sequel. Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Leslie Howard all have dual rôles—and all are at their best (M-G-M).

Strange Interlude—Eugene O'Neill's powerful study of a woman whose ideals get in the way of her happiness loses some of its intense irony on the screen—but it still is unusual. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are the frustrated lovers (M-G-M).

They Call It Sin—A small-town girl (Loretta Young) almost lets a big city cheat her of real romance. Mild entertainment, with the title a puzzle (F.N.).

Thirteen Women—By the subtle power of suggestion, a half-caste (Myrna Loy) wreaks some potent revenge on girls who have snubbed her. It takes both Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez to end the reign of terror (RKO).



Charles Farrell and Ralph Morgan have some words over Joan Bennett, in the suspenseful romance, "Wild Girl"

Three on a Match—Three school girls (Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis) enter each other's lives again ten years later—with Warren William the magnet. Good melodrama, with Dvorak arousing your emotions (F.N.).

Tiger Shark—An unusual triangle melodrama laid aboard a fishing boat, and involving Edward G. Robinson (with a claw for a hand), Richard Arlen and exotic Zita Johann (F.N.).

Trailing the Killer—Now that you've seen the jungle in action, get a look at a home-made animal picture—with an amazing wolf-dog tracking down the panther-murderer of a rancher's sheep. You'll remember the fight between the two, and the dog's battle with a big snake (World Wide).

Virtue—Carole has it after her marriage to Pat O'Brien, but he can't forget her past until both of them have gone through some melodramatic sufferings. Below par (Col.).

Washington Merry-Go-Round—This one lifts the lid right off the slightly soiled game of politics—showing the almost hopeless efforts of a somewhat dumb, but honest Congressman (Lee Tracy) to remain honest. A bitingly amusing melodrama, with Tracy again One Of The Best (Col.).

Wild Girl—Not as modern as its title indicates. Joan Bennett is a mountain lass of Civil War days, who dodges love until Charles Farrell appears on the scene, kills a man, and needs her help to escape. Starts slowly, but picks up speed and has suspense (Fox).

The MOVIE CIRCUS

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By FRANK MORLEY

OUR big report this month has to do with the striking manner in which Hollywood suddenly has gone night-club-conscious. It's all due to the unprecedented success of Barney Hyman's "Club New Yorker," with Jean Malin drawing out all kinds of people who used to think nights were good for sleep—but who know better now Tallulah Bankhead, Billie Dove and Harriet Parsons, the columnist, are having a sort of three-cornered duel, giving them all lessons in some real staying up. The insomniacs!

Malin seems to be going over even better with the local crowd than he did in New York. The Hollywooden-heads just adore the way he insults them during his floor show. Which just goes to show that after a sugar diet a little salt is *the cats*. Malin, sweepingly, has done away with the silly custom of introducing celebrities. "If you think I'm going to introduce any of you, you're crazy," he snaps. "You know who you are—why should I tell you?" And logical, at that.

THOSE other grand entertainers, the Rocky Twins, also are having a vogue similar to the one they enjoyed in their own town—Paris. Paul Rocky has been figuring out why Paramount bestowed the name "Cary Grant" upon one of its up-and-coming young men. He deduces thusly: "The first part is because it sounds like Gary Cooper, no? And that last part—well, haven't you a famous general here named Grant?" Ah there, posterity!

SPEAKING of night-clubs reminds us of Warren Hymer, who was so good in "Madison Square Garden," sitting in a spot with some friends. Suddenly one of the girls became a bit annoyed with her boy-friend. Grabbing him, she bit off a piece of his ear. For a moment Hymer stared at the poor mutilated fellow, then yelled: "My God, if this gets out I'm through in pictures!"

FOR sheer "screwiness," however, let's point out the action of the player who came home from a party with a bag of fruit. This he hung over a chair and put his trousers in the ice-box!

THAT defy of the Four Marx Brothers to the Four Mills Brothers for a polo match is none too sane, either. The challenge is typically Marxian: "Perhaps a typographical error made your game polo instead of pool. We can play either as well as we can sing 'Sweet Adeline.' If it's true you can't leave New York, we challenge for a game in Hollywood. Such a contest is about all that can get the four of us together at the same time. Then we can talk over our next story—or just talk and forget the story as we have on our previous pictures."

Hansom is as hansom does. Joan Blondell, looking a bit like Harpo Marx, takes William Powell for a ride (of the pre-gangster variety) between scenes of "Lawyer Man," in which they co-star for the first time

A SMARTY announcer at a recent opening thought he would trap Harpo. When the silent Marx arrived the silly held out the microphone and announced that at last Harpo would greet his public. Harpo came forward, whistled shrilly, and sauntered blithely away. Just try and catch that zany!

ANOTHER of those comical fellows is Al Jolson. The other day he nearly ran down a pedestrian, who promptly yelped: "What's the matter—are you blind?"

"Looks that way," Al retorted. "We missed you."

SNAPPISH answers bring to mind the line of the director who recently approached Ethel Barrymore—herself—with the question: "Who would you prefer to be—Duse or Bernhardt?"

"I'd prefer," Ethel answered grandly, "to be Ethel Barrymore."

"Unfortunately," the director returned with equal acidity, "you are!" And stalked away from The Presence.

HOLLYWOOD doesn't always respect fame, even that of its very own. Louis B. Mayer, the celebrated head of M-G-M was recently introduced at the dance marathon as Leo B. Mayer!

AND Johnny Weissmuller had to be introduced to Spanky, the four-year-old of Our Gang, as "Mr. Tarzan." The parents explained that "Spanky doesn't care much about names as a rule, but he's just crazy about Tarzan. If we introduce you as Johnny Weissmuller, the man who played Tarzan in the picture, it will disillusion him." And an illusion, these days, is something, Johnny agreed.

MR. TARZAN'S boss, Mr. Mayer, has for some time been supporting a company in the far North—Woody Van Dyke and his expedition, filming "Eskimo." Down from the Arctic now filters the breathless news of the manner in which that frozen-in-crowd settled its disputes. Van Dyke has fixed up a walrus tusk as a cribbage board, and all arguments are settled by a game of cribbage. Good humor invariably is restored, Woody declares, but he doesn't add why.

In fact we are inclined to be about as dubious regarding cribbage as a cure-all, as we are regarding the testimony of the afore-mentioned Ethel Barrymore that Calvin Coolidge, despite his well-earned reputation for silence, is one of the cleverest humorists in the country! An old friend of the ex-President, she says that among close acquaintances he is a raconteur—yarn-spinner to you—of the first water. Okay . . . but we'll have to claim that from his newsreel appearances he never would amount to much as a movie actor. Doesn't talk enough.

LA BARRYMORE, however, should be a good judge of snappy lines. She certainly has one, herself. The other day, ferinstance, a brilliantly garbed crowd of Russian officers and nobles stood on the Tsarkoie Selo set during a review scene in "Rasputin."

"Your eyes are supposed to follow the regiment," instructed Richard Boleslavsky, the director. "See that marker on wheels? It will be pulled along at just the right speed." The cameras turned. The marker moved immediately after—and there was a loud squeak.

"It appears," Ethel remarked calmly, "that you'd better put some axle grease on the regiment."

(*Continued on page 73*)

A Dramatic Exposé of Graft-Ridden Politics!

CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTS

"AFRAID TO TALK"

WITH

ERIC LINDEN

SIDNEY FOX

BENTON CHURCHILL
LOUIS CALHERN
EDWARD ARNOLD
TULLY MARSHALL

A Scarlet City *Unmasked . . .* Lovers torn asunder by the murder-lust of men who stopped at nothing to gain their ends . . . Two young hearts pitted against ruthless tyranny, in the picture that *will* THRILL *you* to the core!

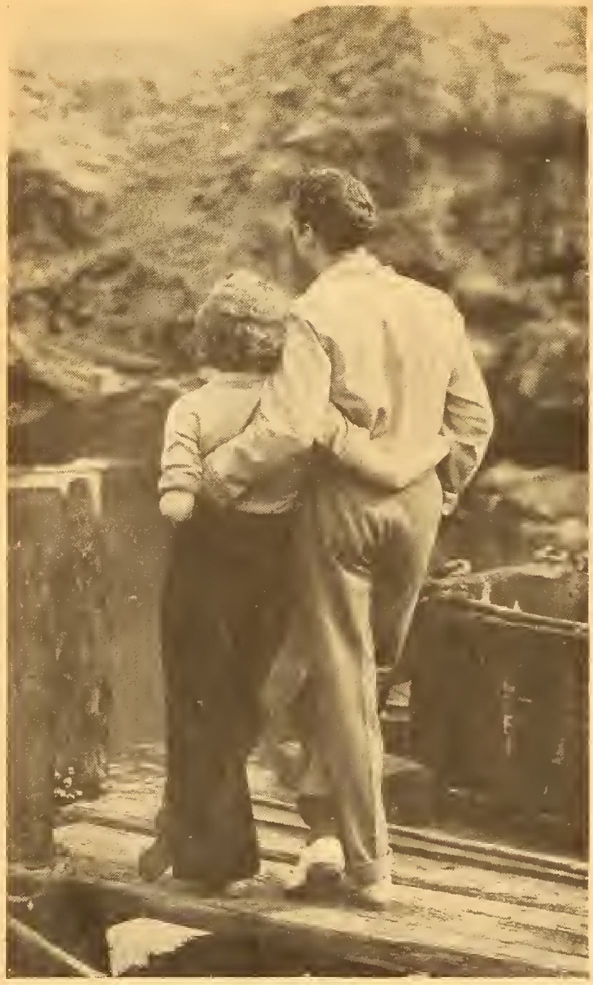
Adapted from the stage play "MERRY GO ROUND" By George Sklar and Albert Maltz

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Directed by Edward L. Cahn

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA *Carl Laemmle President* 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By
MARION
MARTONE

1. By their backs you should know them. Come now, this is an easy one, who are they?

2. Who is Eleanor Holm's guardian while she is staying in Hollywood making pictures?

3. What is the name of the screen player who recently filed a petition in bankruptcy?

4. Can you name the member of the Social Register who has signed a movie contract?

5. How did Lupe Velez prove that she was serious about settling down?

6. Do you know the actress, popular for her mother rôles on the screen, who recently died?

7. What was the reason a red-headed screen player gave for wearing a blonde wig recently?

8. Can you name the blonde who refused to play in James Cagney's comeback picture and the brunette who is playing the feminine lead?

9. Who is the pretty blonde who was unsuccessful in her effort to keep her marriage a secret?

10. What have the Fredric Marchs named the baby they have just adopted?

11. To whom does Hollywood suspect that Clarence Brown, the director, will be married soon?

12. And now, which is the latest screen pair awaiting a visit from the stork, according to Dame Rumor?

13. Do you know George Raft's latest crush and the name of his favorite actress?

14. Who has been suggested as a possibility for decoration by the King of Sweden?

15. Name the motion picture star to whom a son was born on October 26th.

16. Can you name the Hollywood couple who have come to the parting of the ways?

17. The father of what two movie stars was seriously ill recently?

18. Why did Pauline Starke bring suit against a well-known director and producer?

19. Who is the popular screen star who made her screen début as the leading lady of a dog star?

(*Answers to these Questions on page 86*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

Movie Star Calendar

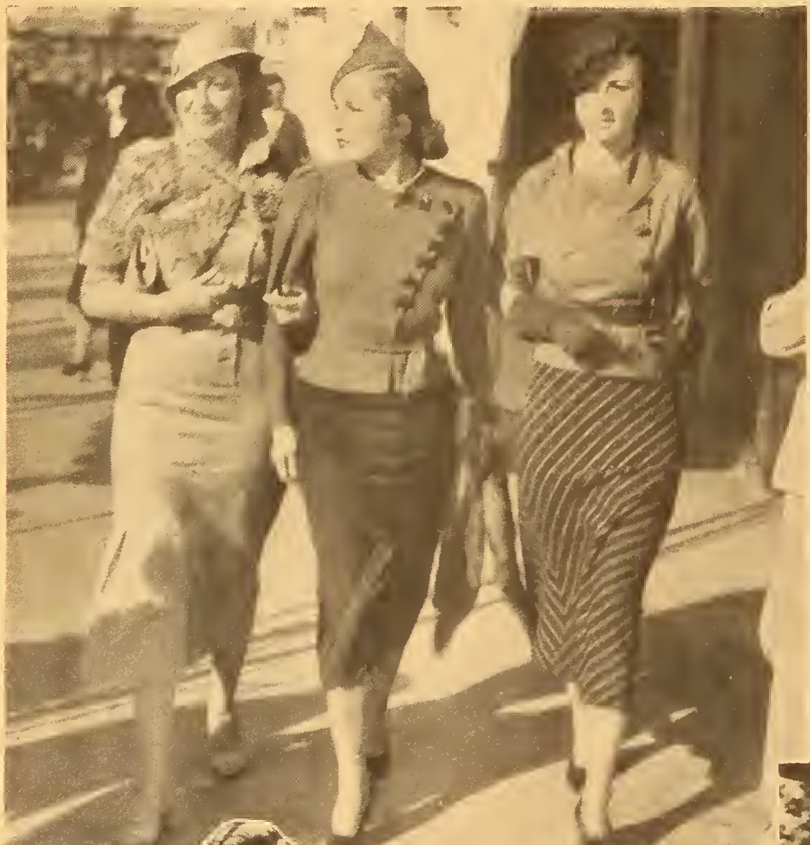
Dating Them Up Through Past Events

JANUARY, 1933

By JOSÉ SCHORR

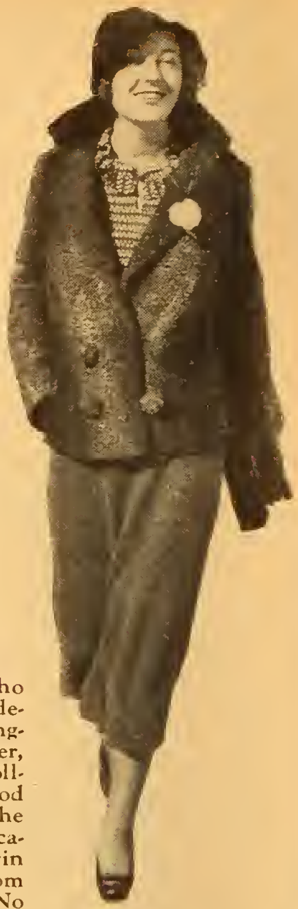
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
1 22 days ago **Harry Richman** said **Clara Bow** and he would marry today. Wonder who's kissing him now? (1929)	2 **Frank Fay** and **Barbara Stanwyck** want two children to be named Kenneth and Michael. (1929)	3 **Lois Moran** says she can't marry. She can't choose only one man from all the nice ones she meets. (1932)	4 "I am going to marry with that so sweet boy, Randolph Scott, next week!" announces **Lupe Velez**. (1932)	5 **Frank Fay** and **Barbara Stanwyck** still want two children to be named Keneth and Michael. (1932)	6 **Ann Harding** tells Valentino she won't wear scanty clothes in the movies because she is so easily shocked. (1924)	7 Bad men make **Lita Grey Chaplin** walk home. Steal her car and $16,000 in jewels. (1931)
8 **Greta (Garbo) Gustafsson** is working in a Stockholm barber shop patting lather on the customers' faces. (1918)	9 **Ben Lyon** is learning how to play bridge for Bebe's sake. (1929)	10 **Jimmy Durante** is sick from eating shrimps and rice pudding. (1929)	11 Genevieve I. Digott sues **Fatty Arbuckle**'s night club because a waiter dropped a table on her toe. (1929)	12 The worm turns. **Marian Nixon**'s husband locks his step-mother-in-law out. (1931)	13 **Tallulah Bankhead** returns to America. Says Englishmen are divine but prefers an American for husband. (1931)	14 **Gilda Gray** divorces Gil Boag because he threw books at her by way of saying good-night. (1929)
15 **Pola Negri** and **Charlie Chaplin** go to Santa Barbara to marry but decide to wait. (1923)	16 **Lili Damita** says she does not like millionaires and "poor men talk too much of love." (1929)	17 **Doug Fairbanks** phones Mary from Japan. Says it's raining. Mary says it's sunny in New York. (1931)	18 Burglars return **Carmel Myers'** wedding ring when she says she is an expectant mother, but keep $20,000 loot. (1932)	19 **Alice White**'s new contract requires her to remain a brunette of natural auburn hair until told different. (1929)	20 "I'm through with the movies!" says **Connie Bennett**. Will devote future to being Phil Plant's wife. (1926)	21 The movies come out of their infancy. **Mary Pickford** cuts her curls. (1928)
22 Jack Dempsey is teaching **Estelle Taylor** how to drive his Chrysler. It looks like love. (1928)	23 **The Tibbetts** deny their estrangement almost one year before **Lawrence** marries his next wife. (1931)	24 Ray, **Joan Crawford**'s Kansas City sweetie, says: "I won't stand in your way. Go and become a star." (1921)	25 **Mary (Imogene Wilson) Nolan** returns to America on the arm of her new boy friend, Nils Asther. (1927)	26 **Florence Jessel**, George's first, second and third wife doesn't like his old car and makes him buy a Rolls. (1931)	27 You can't win! The U. S. Marshal clamps a lien on **Bert Woolsey** for $40.00 of overlooked taxes. (1931)	28 **Gloria Swanson** says she married the Marquis because she wants four more babies. (1925)
29 **Jean Harlow** and Charles F. McGrew break up because he raged in public when she asked for a set of fox furs. (1931)	30 **Dorothy Mackaill** uses seven crates of lemons to remove her Hawaiian tan in time for her new picture. (1929)	31 **Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gable** will call him Clark if it's a boy. (1901)	 Greta Nissen's birthday is January 30	 William Haines' birthday is January 1	 Kay Francis' birthday is January 13	 Tom Mix's birthday is January 6

On the West Coast or the East Coast—They Can't Get Away from the Cameras!

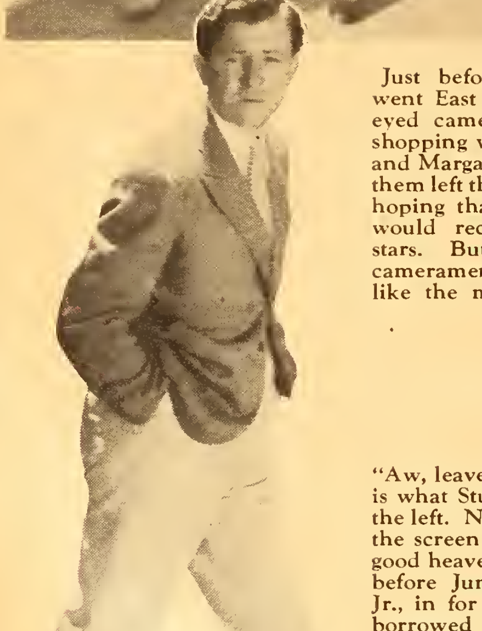


Wide World

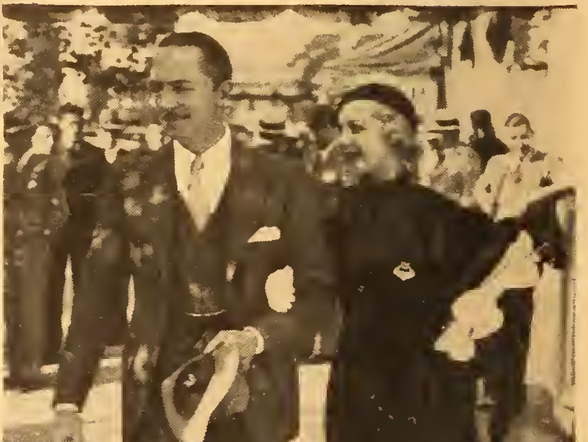
Just before Jeanette MacDonald went East for a holiday, an eagle-eyed cameraman spotted her out shopping with Lili Damita (center) and Margaret Lindsay. All three of them left their smoked glasses home, hoping that without them no one would recognize them as movie stars. But you can't fool these cameramen. All three girls seem to like the military effect in jackets



Dorothy Mackaill, who has been making a vaudeville tour with her singer-husband, Neil Miller, looks happy to be strolling down Hollywood Boulevard again. She resumes her screen career by trying to win Clark Gable away from Miriam Hopkins in "No Man of Her Own"

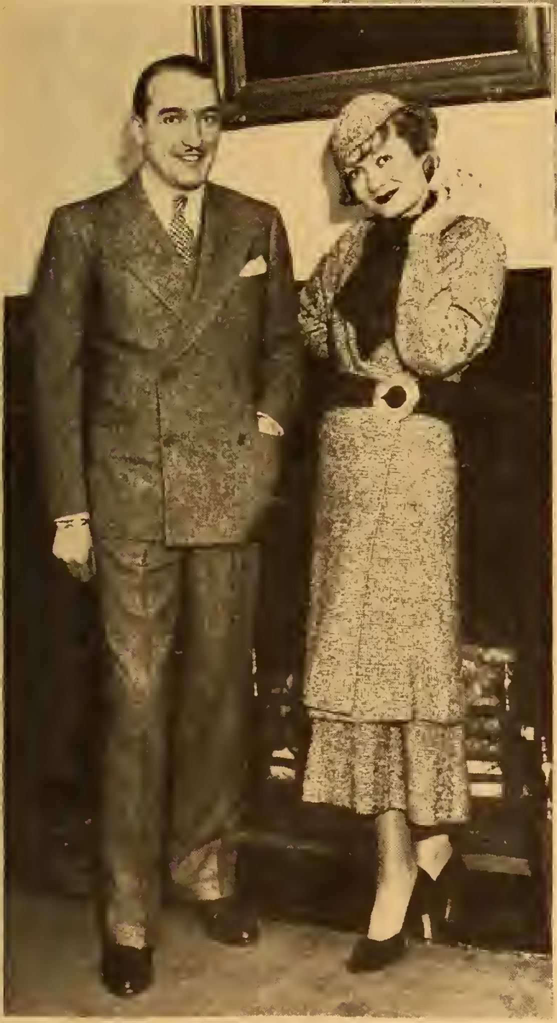


"Aw, leave a guy alone, can't you?" is what Stuart Erwin is grunting at the left. Not that he's as grouchy off the screen as he is comic on—but, good heavens, he wants to get home before June Collyer tucks Stuart, Jr., in for the night. Fox has just borrowed him from Paramount for "The Face in the Sky"



William Powell and Carole Lombard have just waded through a line of autograph-seekers outside their favorite restaurant—and if they don't watch out they'll run into another cameraman. Such is married life in Hollywood!

New York, following Hollywood's example, also has a Cocoanut Grove to dance in now—and here are Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado at the opening. By the time you read this, they'll probably be Mr. and Mrs.—for they were engaged when this was snapped. 'Tis said they'll be in a Broadway musical comedy together this winter



The Marquis and the Marquise de la Falaise (Constance Bennett to you) arrive in New York for a visit —and can't dodge the cameras even there. Connie went East to be with her sister, Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey), who was awaiting old Dr. Stork. Then back to Hollywood went Connie to make "World's Champion"

Acme

Left, Fifi Dorsay is oo-la-la-ing George Raft — and George is asking her to translate; he doesn't parlay-voo fronsay. All between the acts of a big benefit show for the Mt. Sinai for Invalids in Los Angeles. Several other stars also entertained

Cordelia Biddle *today*...Cordelia Biddle *nine years ago.* Her skin lovely now as then —How does she care for it?

CORDELIA BIDDLE IN 1923, *when she was pronounced one of the twelve most beautiful women in America. She cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.*

CORDELIA BIDDLE TODAY, *lovelier than ever! She says, "Pond's Two Creams completely care for my skin."*

Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson,

the former Miss Cordelia Biddle, is the mother of two boys in their teens. She tells frankly just how she keeps her youthful freshness.

"I HAVE never stopped being interested in doing things! I swim and ride horseback and dash around as much today as when I first came out.

"And I have never lost interest in caring for my skin! I keep it fresh and vital by the same rules I followed years ago."

As she tells you gaily about her way of life—her way of caring for her skin, Cordelia Biddle looks amazingly like the very same lovely young thing who talked about keeping the skin "exquisite" with Pond's just nine years ago.

As you look at that clear transparent skin, you simply refuse to believe that Cordelia Biddle spends most of her life in the open.

"My rules boil down to two things," she says. "Keeping my skin *clean* . . . And *protecting* it.

"Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the first rule. It is deliciously light. Goes right into the skin, and takes out every speck of dirt.

"You can't swim and golf and skate and ride horseback, season in and season out, and keep a nice skin unless you use some *protective*.

"That's where Pond's Vanishing Cream comes in. I don't know what's in it. But I do know my skin has never got rough and out-of-doorsy."

For a Simple Home Beauty Treatment . . . Here's the famous Pond's way that is used by hundreds of women: First, *cleansing*—Pond's Cold Cream followed by the soft, absorbent Pond's Tissues; then *stimulating*—Pond's Skin Freshener patted on briskly; then *protection and finishing*—Pond's Vanishing Cream—and to it your powder clings for hours!

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.

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Please send me (check choice):
Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Music rhythmed for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network

SALLY EILERS

A penny for your thoughts, Sally! Can it be that you are wondering, like everyone else, why you and James Dunn haven't been starred together since your hit in "Dance Team"? And wondering, maybe, if it's really true that you and Jimmy are soon going to make "Bad Boy"—a sequel to "Bad Girl"? Or are you plotting ways and means to steal "State Fair," despite its all-star cast, on top of your triumph in "Second-Hand Wife"? The world would like to know!

JOHN BARRYMORE—
A SELF-REMADE MAN

1932 has been a big year for John Barrymore. A year ago, he seemed to be in a film rut and was pondering a return to the stage. Instead, he became a free-lance star and, with a succession of strong rôles, has rebuilt his prestige until to-day it is at its peak. Also, he has become the father of a son. And, in "Rasputin," he is playing with both brother Lionel and sister Ethel for the first time. (You see him as Prince Paul above.) Now he steps out alone again in "Tapaze," and then in "The Public Be Damned," and in "The Moon and Sixpence," which has been long-awaited

Bachrach

KATHARINE HEPBURN

She has beauty, glamour, ability and a mind of her own. The girl has everything! In fact, she looks like the answer to moviegoers' prayers. She became a star overnight in "A Bill of Divorcement"—not by ballyhoo, but by public acclaim. Now she's making "Three Came Unarmed," with Joel McCrea as co-star

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

At the left, young Doug looks as if he has a headache—which is how he must have looked when he and Joan Crawford were summoned back from Europe, where they were enjoying a "second honeymoon" in celebration of three years of marriage. But down below, that famous Fairbanks grin is very much in evidence, and he even feels jubilantly acrobatic (à la Doug, Senior)—for the summons that brought him back was for the title rôle in "Parachute Jumper." There's nothing he likes better than an aviator rôle! Remember him in "The Dawn Patrol" and "Chances" and "It's Tough to Be Famous"?

Fryer

SARI MARITZA—
GAY, BUT DANGEROUS

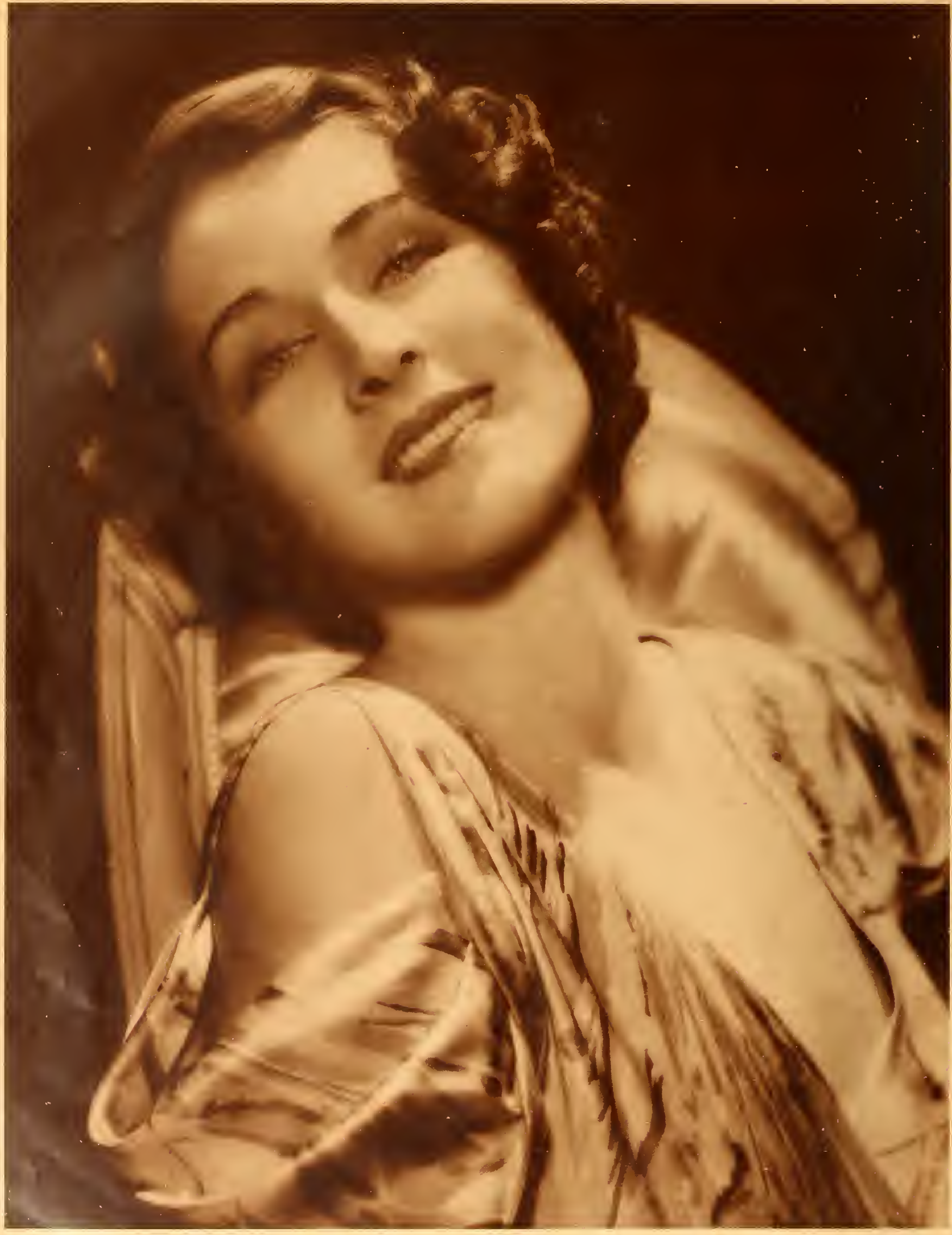
Ever since Sari Maritza arrived on these shores, she has been a bit of a problem to Paramount. She looks oh, so exotic—and yet she's oh, so vivacious! So what kind of rôles should the youngster have? With much hesitation, she was first cast as a Soviet home-wrecker in "Forgotten Commandments." She stood out like Lenin's tomb in Red Square, but the rôle wasn't exactly her type. So next the little girl who is displaying such a perfect row of teeth below was cast as a light lady, as at left, in "Evenings for Sale." And now it looks as if everybody knows what parts fit her—for she is being rushed, pronto, into "Luxury Liner"

Misunderstandings will happen, even in the best-matched couples —but Ronnie seems to be replying to the hurt look in Kay's eyes by quoting Ernest Dowson's famous line, "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion." All of which gives you a tip-off that there is a bit of irony behind the title of "Cynara"—the first picture to bring this smooth team together since "Raffles"

KAY FRANCIS
AND
RONALD COLMAN

FOR THE LOVE OF LILI!

Strong men swoon at the mere glimpse of those long Damita lashes and those bright French eyes. And, truth to tell, even producers have been a bit dazed all these years—for they have just discovered that her real name is "Lili," not "Lily." They like it better—it's more exotic, more like the girl, herself. Above, you see her as the woman who is a match for "The Match King" and, left, as a Brooklyn girl with movie ambitions, in "Goldie Gets Along." She's becoming Americanized!



Hurrell

Norma looks romantically dreamy and supremely contented. And why shouldn't she be? Isn't she the star who has provided the greatest contrasts of 1932—being the year's most sophisticated heroine in "Strange Interlude" and the year's most romantic heroine in "Smilin' Through"? Everyone is talking about her. In the story opposite you'll learn what her co-workers say of Norma!

NORMA SHEARER

A Heroine to Other Stars —That's Norma Shearer!

In an impromptu popularity contest at M-G-M, Norma won hands down. And here are the reasons why—revealed by rivals like Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow, fellow-players like Robert Montgomery and Lionel Barrymore, executives, directors, photographers, designers, hairdressers. Read what they say and know Norma as she really is

By GLADYS HALL

IN old-fashioned boarding schools—and in new-fashioned ones, too — there are sometimes votes taken for the most popular girl in the school. Probably no kind of poll could mean so much as this ballot of one's schoolmates, who are also one's fellow-workers, competitors for honors and positions, living in close contact. The nearest thing to such a vote is one taken in a movie studio, star-ridden, fiercely competitive, where jealousies burn like Autumn bonfires and compliments either sting with poison or sicken with insincerity.

So far as we know, such a vote has never been taken until now. We spent an entire day on the M-G-M lot asking, just off-hand, what star the various players and directors and publicity people and hairdressers and designers think the most of, and what they have to say about this Most Popular Girl. This is no mystery story, so we'll tell you right off the bat who got the Big Hand—the one and only Norma Shearer.

And once that was obvious, we asked these various co-workers on the lot what they thought of Norma. We asked them to scrap their inhibitions, forget "policy," to tell the simple truth about what they really think of her. As Norma herself, essentially forthright and honest, would want it to be told.

Norma in her latest and greatest picture, "Smilin' Through"

Hedda Hopper once said to me, a long while ago, "Norma Shearer is the smartest girl who ever came to Hollywood—make no mistake about that. She had planned her life and the way she intended it to be before she ever set foot in this town. And she has allowed nothing to interfere with her success, nothing to swerve her from her goal. She doesn't know the meaning of the word 'detour.' Things that would have hindered or perhaps stopped other girls, she has converted into the stuff of more success. She has never been touched by a breath of scandal. She is pre-eminently successful, both personally and professionally, and greater glory hath no woman than this—"

Why Jean Admires Norma

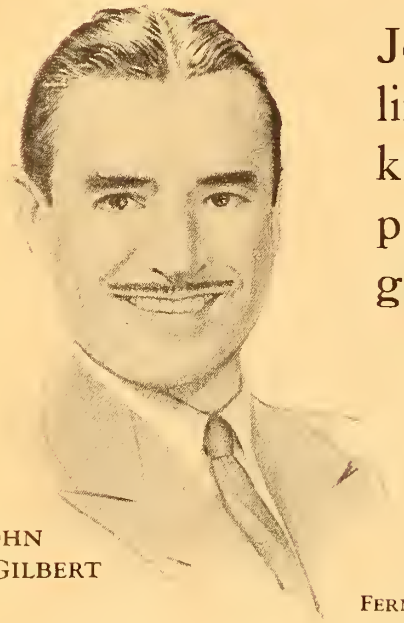
A FEW days ago, just before she went down to the Pantages Theatre with her mother to see her film, "Red Dust," *Jean Harlow* said to me, "If I could be like any other girl in the world, I'd be like Norma Shearer. *Honestly.* I *could* say anyone else, but *I mean Norma.* Every woman in the world would like to be like her, I believe, but very few ever are. She pursues one line of thought and adheres only to fundamentals. She doesn't clutter up her life with a lot of

(*Continued on page 66*)

JOHN GILBERT Breaks His Three-Year Silence

John is so happy (for the first time in his life) that there are some things he can't keep to himself any longer. He's a new person, inspired by Virginia Bruce, who gladly gave up her career to be "just Mrs. John Gilbert"!

BY ELZA SCHALLERT



JOHN
GILBERT

Drawings By
FERNANDO DELGADO

AFTER almost three years, John Gilbert has broken his sphinx-like silence about the thoughts and emotions of John Gilbert—and his sudden change can be traced directly to his recent marriage to Virginia Bruce, his leading lady in "Downstairs."

He has, until now, absolutely refused to speak for publication—because he has been so depressed over the turn his career took after the talkies came in, not to mention the fact that he has been through a depressing romantic interlude and a stock market crash. In fact, everything seemed to go wrong for John for a while. But now he says:

"For the first time in my life, I understand the meaning of being peacefully happy. I have never known it until now. Virginia represents to me the composite of the perfect wife, sweetheart and friend. I feel honored by her presence, flattered by the fact that she loved me sufficiently to marry me. Believe me, that is a new experience for me.

"I have often weathered the torment, the confusion, the uncertainty of romance; but the ultimate in human experience—the surety, the peace of true happiness—has been fulfilled only through Virginia."

He told me this in his "bungalow" on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. The word "bungalow" needs explanation, lest it might be interpreted as a small, low-ceilinged, makeshift cottage or a portable dressing-room. John's "bungalow" harks back to the grand days of picture-making, when stars were kings and queens in their own domains, and the world and the producers and directors and scenario writers paid regal homage to them. A long, wide living room, furnished with an eye to color, comfort and design, heavily beamed, with a cathedral ceiling, and a bright-hued circular staircase of tile leading to upstairs rooms and baths—this was John's "bungalow" and the setting for our talk.

The New Gilbert Speaks:

"For the first time in my life, I understand the meaning of being peacefully happy. I have often weathered the torment, the confusion, the uncertainty of romance; but true happiness has been fulfilled only through Virginia.

"She announced to me that she was going to give up her career in pictures—she had made up her mind she could not be successfully married to me and pursue a successful career simultaneously. I had absolutely nothing to do with this decision on her part.

"It takes an awfully smart and level-headed girl to look that far ahead, and a girl who has fine ideals.

"There is nothing in the world I desire more at this time than to be free from responsibilities for a while—to play, to travel, with Virginia as my companion.

"She came into my life at the very moment when I was prepared to understand and fully appreciate her high qualities. I might never have appreciated her five years ago.

"The future? Don't ask me. Wait till the time comes. Dramatic work has been my life work—I can't escape it."

Their "Substitute Honeymoon"

HE had come in from Malibu Beach, where he and Virginia had taken a house, in order to get away from John's Beverly Hills home (to which a wing has now been added), Hollywood, the studios—everything, for that matter—and to be alone. These two are very much in love, you know. And until they recently left for Europe, they had not had anything approaching a real honeymoon because Virginia had to go right on working the day after their marriage. Malibu, however, has its compensations in the autumn. One can really enjoy the sea because the throngs who invade it all summer, the thousands of relatives and guests of the residents, are nicely ensconced in their Beverly Hills homes or points East of the Rockies, for the winter.

This was the first time I had seen John for a long time. I had been at the party given in honor of Virginia and John a few nights before by Sharon Lynn and her husband, Barney Glazer, scenario writer, but John and Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer and Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper and other celebrities were having such exciting hands at bridge that it would have been dangerous to have discussed anything but bids and trumps.

Virginia didn't get to her own party until nearly midnight because she had been working on "Kongo" and simply could not be excused earlier. She wore a white satin gown that night that emphasized her statuesque lines, her pale gold hair and her serenely blue eyes. She reminds me a little bit about the eyes of Vilma Banky in the days when Vilma made "Dark Angel" with Ronald Colman.

Virginia Bruce has a decidedly spiritual countenance, and her great serenity and poise stimulate the memory with phrases from Rosetti's "The Blessed Damozel." Physically, also, she is a counterpart of the Rosetti drawings. Unlike the typical anemic, pencil figure of Hollywood femininity, she has the curve of line and gentle fullness of the unknown models who posed for the famous Madonna paintings.

John Gilbert says: "Virginia represents to me the composite of the perfect wife, sweetheart and friend. I feel honored by her presence, flattered by the fact that she loved me sufficiently to marry me. Believe me, that is a new experience for me." He is convinced he is in love for the first time

MRS. JOHN GILBERT

Proves She Is "Extraordinary"

THE romance of John and Virginia began during the filming of the picture "Downstairs," written by Gilbert, starring him, and presenting him in a brand-new character—that of a romantic, amusing villain—with the critics tossing their hats in the air over the fact that John had "re-found" himself.

"Virginia is such an extraordinary girl!" John commented with an emphatic gesture, as he pulled himself quickly out of his chair, picked up a cigarette from a low table in front of the fireplace, lighted it, walked a pace or two, and then continued with the conversation. John is one of the most tense persons I have ever known. He simply cannot sit still for any prolonged period of time, unless he is at a party or in the theatre,

(*Continued on page 85*)

Are Your Favorite *Really What*

Is Garbo a different person off the screen? Fairbanks as athletic, in private life? Is Ruth Kliegs, or John Gilbert less romantic, or Joan tell the truth about

By FAITH

ARE your favorite stars really what they seem on the screen? Are they the parts they play? The answer is, with very few exceptions—yes. And here is the evidence to prove it—evidence that will help you to know the stars better than you have ever known them before.

You know that the object of almost every fan letter is an attempt to find ou what the stars are really like when they remove their greasepaint and park the bag of tricks in their dressing-rooms. The purpose of most people who rea screen magazines is to search for honest, real-life portraits of their favorites, and not mere chromos of the imagination.

Is Garbo really as Sphinx-like, as inaccessible, as husky-voiced as she seems? Is Mary Pickford really as fine and wholesome and sincere as her screen rôles are Is Gable, off the screen, the dominant, virile man's man and woman's man w see him in the shadow? Or do they wear masks for their hours on the movie set? Do they take off their characters with their make-up? *Do their shadows lie or— tell the truth?*

Their shadows tell the truth. And so, if you really want to know what th stars are really like, if you care to meet them *as they are* and face to face—go t see them on the screen!

When you sit down and think this over, as of course you will, you will discover that I am right.

Ruth's Real-Life Romance

LET'S begin with the case history of Ruth Chatterton, who has lately been in the public prints because of her second romantic and highly sophisticated marriage to George Brent. Isn't this precisely the sort of thing Ruth does on the screen right along? And hasn't she done in real life exactly what her shadow would have done, exactly what her shadow *did* do in "The Rich Are Always with Us"—and in the same way? I mean, it was a civilized affair all the way through—with an ending as happy as a movie ending.

Long before Hollywood or the hinterlands knew anything about the Chatterton-Brent romance, Ralph Forbes knew *all* about it. There were no secret meetings, no mid-Victorian deceits, neither hysterics nor reproaches nor any fodder for tabloid consumption. Here were three highly civilized people, caught by the eternal triangle, and they behaved about it *exactly as they would have behaved abo it if they had been doing it as a story on the screen.*

Ruth Chatterton maintained her Empire Theatre voice, her drawing-room ma ner. Ralph Forbes, in the rôle of the understanding husband, remained the slightly diffident English gentleman. George Brent's kindly personality underwent no sensational change. The "dialogues" between the three concerned might hav been written for one of the drawing-room dramas in which they all excel. The were, and they still are, friendly. A fine understanding tempers what might have been savagery in less subtly cultivated people. Now, shortly after the new marriage, Ralph dines with them occasionally, and three friends have emerged from what could have been an acrimonious triangle.

Top to bottom, Greta Garbo has given her screen heroines the characteristics of th off-screen Garbo; Douglas Fairbanks goes athletic even at Pickfair parties; Ruth Chatterton has just solved a triangle problem as one of her heroines would; Maurice Chevalier, an exception, is different away from work, but Janet Gaynor has grown to be like *Diane* of "Seventh Heaven"

What's a Kiss Between Screen Lovers?

Neil Hamilton has kissed sixty-seven different ladies in his romantic screen career—which means that he has known sixty-seven different kinds of kisses. That qualifies him as an expert on the subject. And if you take it from Neil, Helen Hayes' kisses are the most real—and Joan Crawford's the most tempestuous!

By SONIA LEE

Top to bottom, Joan, Helen, Connie and Clara—all of whom kiss differently

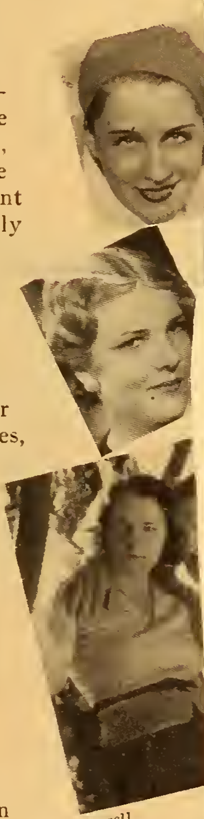
IT has been Neil Hamilton's enviable duty to embrace and kiss the most glamourous ladies of the screen—from Clara Bow to Constance Bennett—in his role as one of the most popular leading men in films. To him it has been a pleasant duty—and a lucrative one. Imagine getting paid for kissing Joan Crawford!

And Mrs. Hamilton, a non-professional, seeing her husband embracing some glamourous lady on the screen, smiles and says, "Well, it does pay the rent." It's the tolerant comment of a happily married wife.

Sixty-seven ladies kissed. Sixty-seven reactions. For a kiss isn't just a kiss. It tattle-tales on the participants. Their idiosyncrasies, their likes, their dislikes—even their philosophies of life—may be disclosed in that torrid moment when the hero takes the heroine in his arms. It's as enlightening, as revealing, as the remarks of rival political parties about each other.

"It isn't the easiest thing," Neil Hamilton declares, "to forget the personal equation in a love scene. You remember a hundred things about the lady in your arms that never are and never were in the script.

"When I was making 'Strangers May Kiss' with Norma Shearer, the thought kept popping into my mind: 'Now, old man, this is a producer's wife—this is Mrs. Irving Thalberg—this is your boss's wife—she might think you're fresh, if you kiss her with the gusto the rôle calls for.' So in our rehearsals, I put up my hand and kissed that instead. We practised that scene over and over again. It just didn't



Hurrell

**Norma S
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Neil w
M**

Will CHAPLIN Ever Allow His Sons to be *Movie Stars?*

Charlie, himself, was a child actor—but he went to court last summer to prevent the appearance of his two small sons, Charles, Jr., and Sydney, in a picture with their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin. Did he object because they are so young, or because he doesn't approve of their acting? Does he, himself, have plans for their futures? Here is the whole inside story obtained from Chaplin, himself!

WILL Charlie Chaplin ever permit his two sons, Charles Spencer, Jr., 7, and Sydney Earl Chaplin, 6, to become movie actors? Has the stellar comedian of the screen drunk so deeply of fame that he feels it would be better for his children never to taste of it? Can it be possible that the creator of one of the films' most celebrated characters, if not the most celebrated, believes the medium that elected him for a spectacular career is unsuitable as a future life for his "heirs apparent"?

phere to surround these technical circumstances, however, because it so emphatically brought out that he didn't think a film studio was a place to raise the kiddies.

Has He Plans for Them?

EVER since that time, people have been curious as to whether or not Chaplin has definite ideas about his children's future, and what he would like them to grow up to be. Does the comedy king look forward to their becoming civil engineers, lawyers, doctors or statesmen, or even

By
EDWIN SCHALLERT

butchers or bakers? Will he exert an influence on their destinies? In a word, is Charlie, the whimsical and elusive in all matters, suddenly to acquire a great parental urge, and be transformed into a proud and diligent father, inspecting, overseeing and worrying assiduously about his offspring?

Charlie saw his youngsters recently for the first time in two years. It was his first genuine opportunity to judge their developing boyish personalities. And Charlie very proudly commented to me during the course of conversation: "They're wonderful boys—very smart and clever." He was literally beaming when he said it.

He had taken them on a tour of Hollywood, visiting his friend Douglas Fairbanks, and had shown them off with great gusto. They had lunch with him, and went out to his home—only the second time, so far as anybody knows, that they have been there since the separation from Lita five years ago. She wa

New marriage rumors in Chaplin's life link him with Paulette Goddard, platinum-blonde newcomer

From all accounts, it was a happy da
the children. Charlie is just the sort to
of boys of six and seven years of age. Ev
ask him for autographs, as they do
get a laugh or two. He knows how to a

COAST FLASHES News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

LAST month, Garbo was rumored to be buying a Swedish island. Now she's reported to have intentions to "hide away" in a hut on the Mediterranean island of Majorca. Hollywood doubts both rumors. She has a film contract to fulfill.

The Cagney contract battle has ended with mystery as to the exact amount of salary Jimmy will get hereafter. If, as a trade paper has it, he was implored by the studio "to look downcast, so that the movie colony would think he had lost," he hasn't exactly lived up to his agreement. He wears a broad grin! The consensus of opinion seems to be that Jimmy got less than he asked, but received more than he had been getting. His first picture will be "Hard to Handle."

GARBO'S first signed story has appeared in a national weekly magazine—and was Hollywood taken by surprise! There was little new or startling about what the Great Garbo had to say about marriage, but the fact that she has broken her long silence is NEWS. News to the M-G-M publicity boys, as well. We hear that they have been secretly planning to have Garbo talk upon her return (shortly after Christmas)—to interviewers.

BRUCE CABOT, the hero of "King Kong," is That Way about Sandra Shaw, Cedric Gibbons' niece and Dolores Del Rio's niece-in-law, who is now an RKO starlet. And Eric Linden is beauing Phyllis Fraser, Ginger Rogers' niece, around. Phyllis is one of RKO's "Little Women." And George Raft seems to be specializing these days—taking out Shirley Gray, Jack Oakie's leading lady in "Uptown New York," as his dancing partner.

The flaming Clara Bow will soon be back with us on the screen. And her first picture is plenty hot, if we are to believe the stage hands on the "Call Her Savage" set. After one long and ardent kiss from Monroe Owsley, they tell, Clara remarked, "That was wonderful!" Responded Mr. Owsley courteously, "Thank you. I enjoyed it myself." Gilbert Roland, who once was a Bow suitor, gets his big talkie break as her leading man.

CLARA BOW is reported to have declared that when "Call Her Savage" is finished she will probably say goodbye to acting. But Fox has an option for two more Bow pictures, and intends to exercise it. The change in the It Girl is amazing. She has twice the poise she used to have. (See page 32.)

ARTIST'S MODEL NOW TOM MIX'S LEADING LADY

THE John Gilberts are now honeymooning in Europe, and Hollywood is hoping John has a better time than on his two previous trips. The first was a wedding trip with Ina Claire, which was spent, so reports have always had it, in gazing at monuments and public buildings. The second was a jaunt on the same boat with Lupe Velez, which holiday seemed to meet with disaster in Paris. Virginia Bruce has not quit the movies for good, being a canny girl. But she has been given a two year leave-of-absence.

JEAN SMILES AGAIN

ean Harlow is trying to put tragedy ehind her by working hard—and trying smile once more. Here she's greeting a friend on the "Red Dust" set

EAN HARLOW has said that she doesn't want to go away anywhere to forget the Paul Bern tragedy, and that ll she wants is "work, work, work." aving finished "Red Dust," in which he co-starred with Clark Gable, Jean is ow preparing to do "Nora," an original tory by Anita Loos, who wrote "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and adapted "Red-Headed Woman" to the screen. Her rôle in "Red Dust" was made much more sympathetic after tragedy swept lown upon Jean, and "Nora" will keep p the good work.

Jean, by the way, is seriously thinking f darkening her famous hair. According o the camera experts, she photographed etter in "Red-Headed Woman" with dark frame for her face. But Jean oesn't intend to go "red" again; she'll brown, if anything.

# of the Studios

LATEST
BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

BOBBE ARNST, petite dancer-wife of Johnny Weissmuller, wept openly when granted her divorce decree and, when she removed her wedding ring, sobbed out, "It hasn't been off my finger since Johnny put it there." The spectacle of heart-break at a divorce hearing is rare in these days of friendly divorces. She gave Johnny his freedom by charging mental cruelty.

It is now being rumored that Bobbe knew that Johnny's interest was elsewhere, but didn't know just where until recently. Lupe Velez is absolved of all suspicion of stealing Johnny's heart. She shrieks, "That other woman was sending Johnny over to swim in my pool to take attention off herself! I theenk I go over some day and pull her hair. Bobbe and I are good friends now. We talk together on the telephone every night."

AND SHE DISLIKES IT!

Estelle Taylor, whose sentiments are "dry," has to pretend otherwise as Clara Bow's young mother in "Call Her Savage"

A LAWYER announces that Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver, who married in 1928, have come to the parting of the ways—and a couple of days later Kathryn announces that it is news to her and that she will fight any divorce action! Looks like a repetition of the Dempsey-Taylor conflict. Lenore Ulric and husband Sidney Blackmer, on the other hand, are in perfect agreement. They're separating, says Lenore, but not divorcing. She doesn't want to marry again.

Wm. Grimes

PALS Both waiting to be assigned to new pictures, Johnny Weissmuller and Jackie Cooper are killing time together. And if they can play this well as tennis partners, why not give them a try as picture partners?

THOSE stars who aren't expecting babies seem to be adopting them. Lupe Velez now is the legal "mother" of Joan Del Valle Velez, who was formerly her niece. Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay have adopted a baby boy. Miriam Hopkins has done likewise. And so has Slim Summerville. Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise now have a three-year-old son. Polly Moran has just acquired a 16-year-old son.

The Fredric Marchs (Florence Eldridge) are crazy about Penelope, aged ten weeks. Freddie, who voiced some doubt about adopting a baby, is even more excited than Florence, who is taking entire care of the small newcomer, herself. But they won't take Penelope's picture—for two reasons. The adoption papers won't be final for a year, and they fear the parents might recognize their baby and change their minds. Then, too, "We want her to lose that new look," says Freddie.

FIRST, Mae West's pet monkey almost swallowed a diamond she was thinking of buying—and then bandits held her up and demanded "those rocks." The "rocks" consisted of a $12,000 diamond necklace, a $3,000 diamond bracelet, and a valuable ring. *Diamond Lil* was also carrying $3,400 in her purse . . .

THE Mae West robbery, followed a few days later by Dorothy Mackaill's having a $1,000 ring stolen, finds Hollywood now under heavy guard. The day is past when stars announce "robberies" to get publicity; they are afraid the publicity might reach the wrong eyes. These burglaries were announced by the police.

Other picture people who have been robbed in recent months are Carmel Myers, Zeppo Marx, Constance Talmadge, Jeanette MacDonald, Josef von Sternberg and Raymond Hatton.

Stars who are under constant guard as the result of threats or burglary scares are: Marlene Dietrich, Ruth Chatterton, Lita Grey Chaplin and her two children, George Bancroft, Marion Davies, Ann Harding and her little girl, the three Harold Lloyd children and Jackie Cooper.

The make-up men are busy as bees in Hollywood these days—trying to see who can invent the worst-looking rôle. So far, Boris Karloff's mummy that comes to life takes the prize. It takes three and a half hours to put on this mask of mud and clay in "The Mummy," and it makes his face so tender that shaving is torture. Hollywood wonders if he is following in Lon Chaney's footsteps and suffering physically for his art

DANCING GIRLS PUTTING BEST FOOT FORWARD

Longworth

Slowly, but surely, music is coming back to the screen—and that means that chorus girls have screen work again. Here are some young and shapely beauties being put through their paces by Busby Berkeley for "Forty-Second Street"

MARIE DRESSLER has really reached the pinnacle of success. She recently turned down an offer of $12,000 a week for a ten-week personal appearance tour, just in order to stay at home. "Tug-Boat Annie" is her next.

Talk about newcomers never having a chance in Hollywood! Here's a lady named Diana Wynyard who has seized the prize feminine lead in "Cavalcade" from the movie ladies (see page 42). And here's Boots Mallory, from the Follies, threatening to make a big hit in "Walking Down Broadway." And Phyllis Barry, heretofore unknown, gets a big break in "I Am a Fugitive."

SPEAKING of Marie Dressler, another rival has appeared on the scene in the ample person of Henrietta Crosman, signed by Fox to do the gold-star-mother picture, "Pilgrimage." Marie's other rivals are May Robson and Alison Skipworth . . . And here comes Eugenie Leontovich, who created the rôle of the dancer, *Grusinskaya*, in the stage version of "Grand Hotel." New York critics (the meanies) claimed that Garbo didn't rival Leontovich in the rôle . . . Lily Pons, the beautiful young French prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, also is listening to movie offers . . . Jeritza, the Met's leading star, is on her way to Hollywood . . . And Kate Smith is to be starred in "Moon Song," by Fannie Hurst.

NO sooner had James Cagney's rebellion ended, than Warners had another rebel on their hands in the person of Carole Lombard, borrowed from Paramount to play opposite Jimmy in "Hard to Handle." Carole didn't like the rôle. Paramount stopped her salary, but a couple of days later put her back on the payroll and said that maybe Carole was right. Mary Brian substituted.

SCORNS THE HIGH HAT

No one can accuse sensational Katharine Hepburn, who dresses in a style all her own, of wearing "the high hat." Here's her newest "lid"

THIS month's picture news is studded with names of players who are getting breaks they have long deserved. For his good work in Paramount's "Phantom President," Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante is going to be starred by M-G-M in "The Rear Car," as soon as he and Buster Keaton finish "Buddies." Miriam Hopkins, already a star in the public mind, is to be starred officially after she finishes "No Man of Her Own" (with Clark Gable), "Sanctuary," and "The Song of Songs." Vivienne Osborne is being starred in "Tars and Feathers" for her good work in "Men Are Such Fools." Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville, two famous picture-stealers, are being co-starred in "Beauty and the Brute." Raquel Torres, the little Mexican girl who hasn't been seen in many moons, returns as The Girl in the Wheeler-Woolsey comedy, "That's Africa."

QUEEN OF STENOGS

Bachrach

Dorothy Wilson was "crowned" that by co-workers, for rising overnight from a typewriter to leading movie rôles!

VINCE BARNETT, who has made a good living by affecting disguises and hiring himself out to "insult" friends of Hollywood practical jokers, now has a real contract at Universal. "So I don't suppose I'll have to do much more insulting," mourns Vince.

Disguised as an Italian nobleman, he did his last job by telling Clark Gable that he (Clark) wasn't so hot. "You think you are a sex menace, yes?" sneered Vince. "Well, in my countree, they would laugh you off the screen. I can make lofe better than you!" It was almost one of those Famous Last Words.

SUDDENLY stricken with appendicitis in New York, Lilyan Tashman underwent an emergency operation, from which she had to be revived with oxygen. But she was strong enough the next day to beg her worried hubby, Edmund Lowe, not to step out of his current picture to fly East to be with her. Lilyan, who got her start as a Follies girl, is deeply imbued with the theatrical belief, "The show must go on...." In quick succession thereafter, Thelma Todd and her short-comedy co-star, Zasu Pitts, were rushed to hospitals, seriously ill. Also Bette Davis.

Back To "Bondage"

Lilian Bond thought she'd steal off to New York for a holiday, but she was detected en route, and brought right back for "Hot Saturday!"

RAMON NOVARRO is so delighted with the new modernistic house that he had built for himself from his own sketches that he is seriously thinking of becoming a house-builder on a large scale as a sideline to movie-heroing, just as William Haines has become an antique dealer. It is Ramon's first bachelor home. Hitherto he has led the life of a patriarch, surrounded by his mother, father, brothers, sisters, two aunts and a grandmother.

Ramon is now playing the *Prince* opposite Helen Hayes in "Son Daughter," the Chinese play Lenore Ulric did on the stage. And did you know that Helen has been offered so many good rôles that she has decided to remain in Hollywood, far from Broadway, for at least a year?

Famous Blonde Back

Manasses, Vienna

Vilma Banky is "coming back," strangely enough by going abroad to the Alps—there to make "The Rebel" for Universal

PRETTY FRANCES DEE may be lonely with Charles Boyer away in France, but she has been seeing quite a bit lately of Fred Perry, the English tennis player. Internationally minded, that's Frances!

ELISSA LANDI saw husband J. C. Lawrence off to England, after his brief visit, with a Wild West party—at which her drawing-room was transformed into a bar of the old days, with pictures of race horses, old-time prize fights and burlesque queens on the wall, and the floor covered with sawdust. "I'm quite in love with Hollywood," declared Mr. Lawrence, a lawyer, "but there are people in London who'll spend the winter in jail if I don't go back."

Meanwhile, those who have previewed "The Sign of the Cross" are raving about Elissa as the Christian girl. Next she is playing opposite Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader."

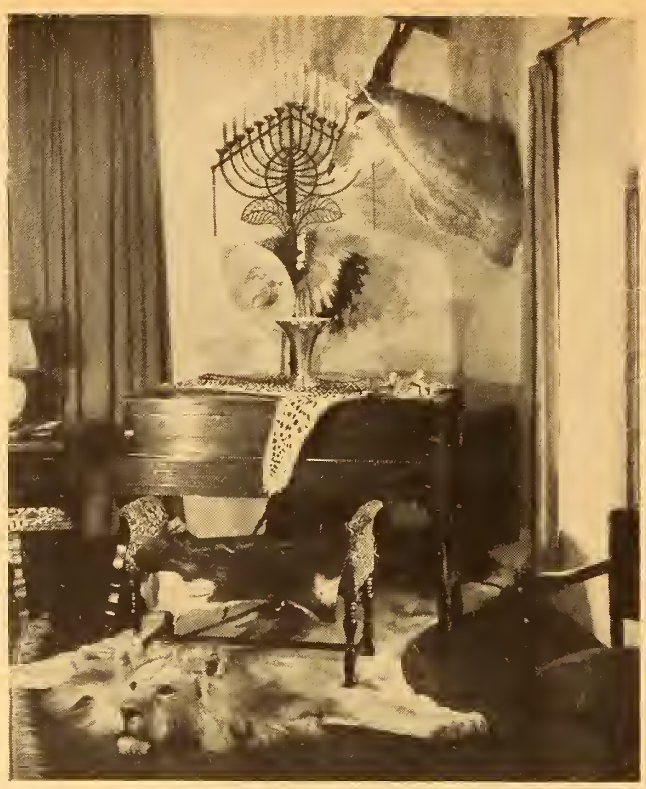
The latest romance rumor in Hollywood is that Pauline Goddard, Charlie Chaplin's platinum blonde companion and next leading lady, may secretly be Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin now. The records of nearby towns in California, Nevada, Arizona and Mexico are being searched by newspaper sleuths, who, meanwhile, are keeping the other eye open for a surprise elopement. A new Chaplin marriage would be big news.

BIG parties seem to be coming back. Perhaps the stars are trying to put Old Man Depression on the run by putting money in circulation. The Fredric Marchs' Victorian evening must have given work to hundreds of dressmakers,

(*Continued on page 69*)

Aha! Cantor Is Cheating At A New Game!

Between scenes of "The Kid from Spain," Eddie Cantor amused himself by playing "Skoops." You play it with four little rubber balls, stand back *twelve to fifteen feet*, and bounce the balls in front of the board so that they'll jump into the numbered cups



GARY COOPER Brings the *African Jungle* to Beverly Hills

NEXT to Madame Tussaud's Wax Works in London, the most interesting and at the same time the most frightening spectacle of the modern world is probably Gary Cooper's new house. The decorations are late African in period, and are guaranteed to scare the bejeezus out of any slightly cock-eyed sightseer who might have the misfortune to get locked in after closing time.

Gary's big game hunt in Africa is a thrice-told tale by now, but its tangible results have only recently been affixed to the walls of his house in Beverly Hills, and they came as something of a shock to his friends, whose first reaction was that a lion is all right in its place, but its place isn't in the parlor.

You walk on pelts, sit on skins, and run the danger of bumping your head if you get too close to the wall in Gary Cooper's new home (top). But Gary claims that all his animals have "mild, friendly expressions"—like the geranoukie to left and right

They soon found out their mistake. This house is the first place Gary has ever had in which he hasn't had to consider anybody else; and anyone who doesn't like his lions can go and call on somebody else. Moreover, everybody does like them, as soon as Gary, himself, has performed the introductions. He creates a sympathy between beast and guest that soon makes you feel a positive affection for the twenty-five antlered creatures that follow you around the room with benign eyes.

"I took this house simply because it had a living-room big enough to hold my heads," Gary said, looking with supreme and slightly defiant satisfaction on his enormous roomful of trophies. Your first impression is of being entirely hemmed in by antlers, and with every step you take you trip over some prostrate animal. But as Gary moves from one to another, explaining their points, each head begins to take on a personality. It was fun to see how many I could recognize, after the past year's comprehensive course in animal pictures.

Gary's Stuffed Menagerie

A PAIR of graceful impalla (they were in "Africa Speaks"), which, if alive, could leap almost the length of the room; two oryx, or is it oryxes, very smart-looking beasts with black vertical stripes on their necks and sharp, straight horns (see "Congorilla"); a couple of eland, which are big like a steer and even homelier; a topi, whose coat is an intriguing rose-taupe shade; a brush buck; water buck; the Grant

You've heard about Gary's famous big-game hunt in Africa—but you haven't heard until now what became of all the beasts he shot. He has taken a new house in Beverly Hills just to have room for them all—and now lives in an animal kingdom, where Africa does everything but speak. (P. S. The girl Gary marries will have to like lions in the parlor)

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

gazelle and Thompson gazelle (affectionately called a "Tommie" by Gary); and a collection of small fry with slender necks and frightened noses, including steinbuck, reedbuck, dick-dick, geranoukie, and clip-springer, the tiniest and perkiest of the lot. And I won't be held responsible for any of these names.

Out in the patio was a great big comfortable wildebeest, giving the domestic touch—the sort of patient animal the children would play around and lovingly annoy. Every room in the house has its quota of skins or heads or hooves to bear up under.

Oryx

Topi

"Don't you think you'll ever get tired of having them around?" I asked as we ate lunch under the shadow of the Grant gazelle.

"I don't think so," Gary smiled. "They aren't at all threatening. The Jonas Brothers in Yonkers, who mounted them, have given them very mild, friendly expressions."

Reedbuck, native spears

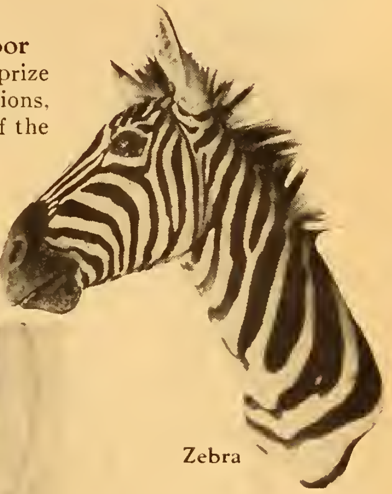
Wildebeest

These brothers, artists in their line, make annual trips into the jungle to get photographs of the animals in various moods and positions, so their work will be entirely lifelike. Their specialty is making nice gentle faces that are guaranteed not to give nightmares to the customers. Gary's brood just look faintly surprised, to find themselves gazing down on Mary Pickford, Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg, and other Hollywood and Beverly Hills phenomena.

Lion

Lions Guard His Door

Of course, the two prize exhibits are the lions, who stand on each side of the door, their beautiful heads looking utterly alive, and their unmounted skins wrapped around the pedestals, making the feet with their wicked claws look limp and almost pathetically harmless.


Zebra

"This is the one I killed with the first shot," Gary said, stroking the left-hand lion companionably.

Everything you sit on is covered with a skin of some kind—the hind ends of the creatures up on the wall, as well as zebras, cheetahs, and various other forms of the cat family. In one corner is a handsome screen made of zebra, which, I am informed, is considered a very smart piece of furniture in Europe.

"I'd like to have a chair upholstered in zebra skin," said Gary, "but ladies with thin dresses put in sort of a restless evening when they have to sit in one, because a zebra hasn't a very caressing hide. So I had to give up that idea."

That is about the only thing he has denied himself. He has wart hogs' tusks, which he's thinking of having made into handles for his car doors. And ashtrays of gazelles' hooves. At odd moments you're apt to come upon some lion's skull,

(*Continued on page 81*)

We Nominate *for* STARDOM

DIANA WYNYARD

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

FRANK LLOYD, director of "Cavalcade," says of Diana Wynyard, "She is the one woman in the world who can properly portray *Jane Marryot* on the screen. We searched the world over for the right woman and found her right here in Hollywood." The woman who was to portray that rôle in Noel Coward's great play of patriotism had to fulfill many requirements. She had to have emotional ability. She had to be typically English. She had to be maternal by instinct, if not by experience. She had to be a lady—a person of refinement. She had to be stately and able to be young at the beginning and age gracefully to look and act sixty-two at the end.

Diana Wynyard was born in London, so she is English. She was born in an aristocratic district, so she is a "lady." She has been acting in London with great success, so she has "emotional ability" and training. She is five feet, six inches tall, so she is "stately." She has brown hair, blue eyes, and a pink-and-white complexion and is undoubtedly "good-looking."

We Believe in Her

Because we understand that, although she wanted to return to the stage after her first picture work (as the *Grand Duchess* in "Rasputin"), the studio kept raising her salary to tempt her to remain. *Because* she has made her own way without "pull." *Because* she admits she is more interested in her career than in marrying. *Because* she has personality, talent, poise and beauty. *Because* Metro plans to give her the lead in "Reunion in Vienna," which Lynn Fontanne played on the stage. *Because* Hollywood has already proclaimed her a sensation.

SERIES NUMBER 9

As MOTION PICTURE'S newest Nominees for Stardom, DIANA WYNYARD and PRESTON FOSTER join a small, select company of new players who are doing big things on the screen.

Those we have previously Nominated for Stardom are:

- Gwili Andre
- Tala Birell
- Ann Dvorak
- Katharine Hepburn
- Aline MacMahon
- Lyda Roberti
- Gloria Stuart
- Dorothy Wilson
- George Brent
- Bruce Cabot
- William Gargan
- Dick Powell
- George Raft
- Randolph Scott
- Lyle Talbot
- Robert Young

From their first screen rôles, all sixteen of these young players have shown the kind of talent that makes stars of unknowns. All of them are now listed for big rôles in big pictures.

Watch for their names on pictures—for you may be sure they will give you good acting. And check up on our prophecy of stardom for Diana Wynyard by seeing "Rasputin" and "Cavalcade" and for Preston Foster by seeing "I Am a Fugitive" and "Women in Prison." There are more Nominees coming!—Editor.

PRESTON FOSTER

WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL

PRESTON FOSTER comes from the same background as Clark Gable—namely, a Pennsylvania Dutch boyhood. He resembles the Great Gable in other respects, also, being tall and broad enough to carry his two hundred pounds with a swagger. He has unruly hair, bushy, surprised-looking eyebrows, and a boyish grin.

Preston's history has been that of a man who is always at home when Opportunity knocks. He started on a musical career by packing phonographs in a New Jersey factory, and then went on to radio singing. The manager of the Philadelphia Opera Company heard him and promptly hired young Foster to sing villains.

From that Preston drifted to Broadway. Grand opera was all right, but the salaries could have been larger. So he became a stage actor. And director Mervyn Le Roy, dropping in to see "Two Seconds" on Broadway, saw a future on the screen for the muscular riveter in the play. Now, Preston Foster is in Hollywood, headed for the screen heights.

We Believe in Him

Because he has played in seven pictures in six short months, with the importance of his rôles constantly increasing until he is now Barbara Stanwyck's leading man in "Women in Prison". *Because* he has done such dramatic work that Hollywood has forgotten he was there once before to play small rôles in two musical comedies. *Because* of the sensation he created as *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile." *Because* he is happily married to a non-professional. *Because*, though he has had a variety of careers, he is still in his twenties, with time for plenty to happen to him still.

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming

PRESTON FOSTER

The first time Preston entered the movies, he was a singer—and faded when musicals did. But this time he's a startling dramatic actor—the kind the movies want for big rôles in big films. He's Barbara Stanwyck's hero in "Women in Prison"

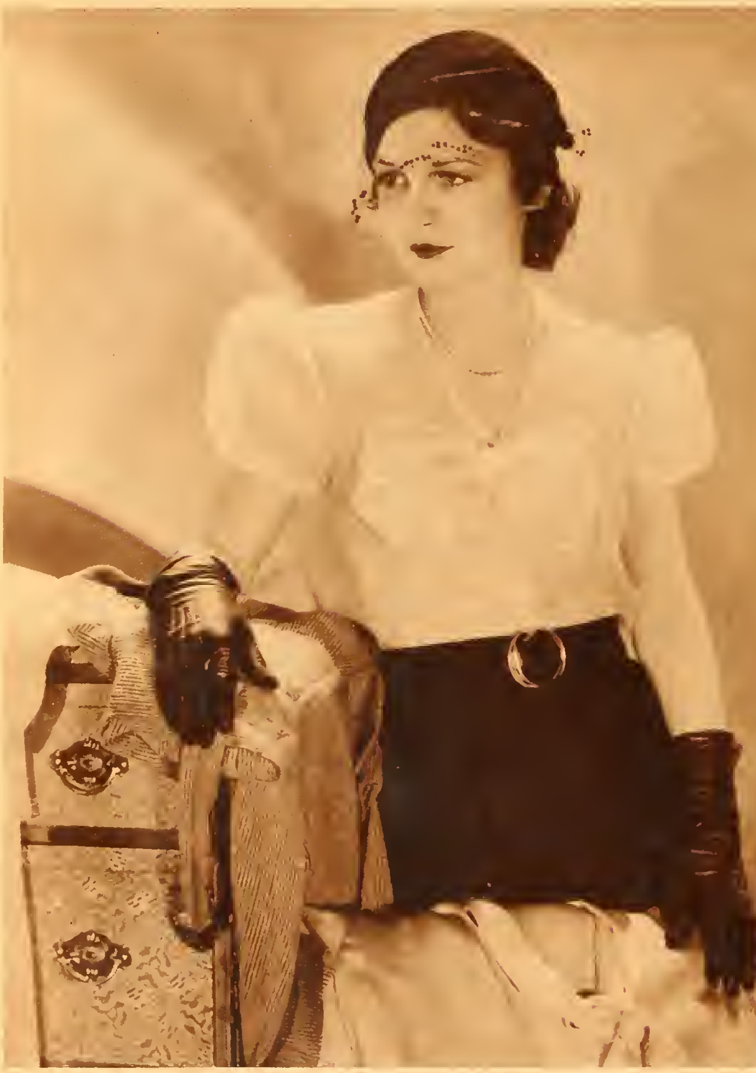
Phyfe

DIANA WYNYARD

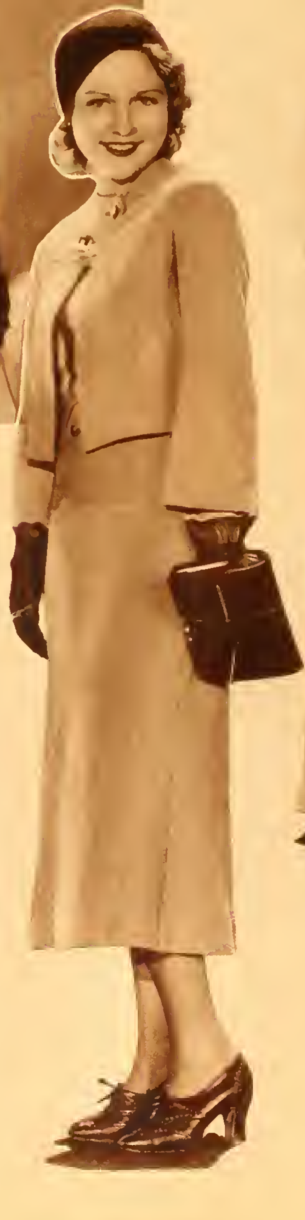
Director Frank Lloyd calls this English newcomer the one woman in the world who could do justice to the rôle of the heroine in "Cavalcade"—one of the new season's biggest pictures. With this start, how can she miss stardom?

Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites

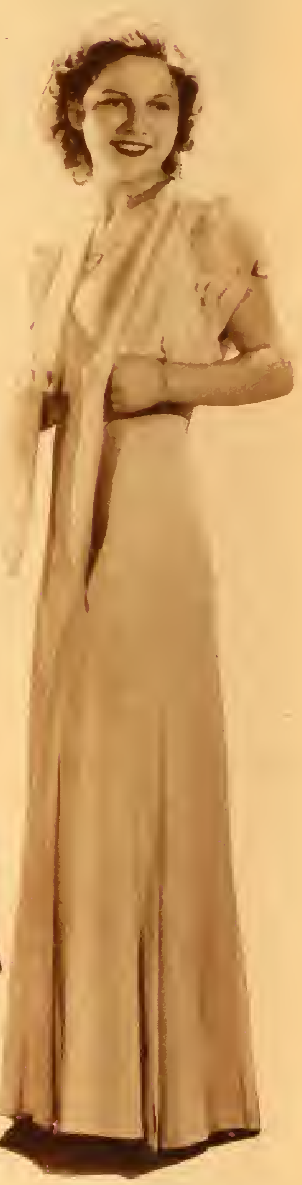
PHYLLIS FRASER DRESSES TO GO PLACES



"Don't burden yourself with a lot of unnecessary costumes when you are traveling," is the sane advice Phyllis Fraser gives you. Above, you see her standing next to her trunk, as the well-dressed traveler should look. She has taken off her jacket of black lapin to show you the cute white crisp organdie blouse with puffed sleeves and a bow. The accessories are black

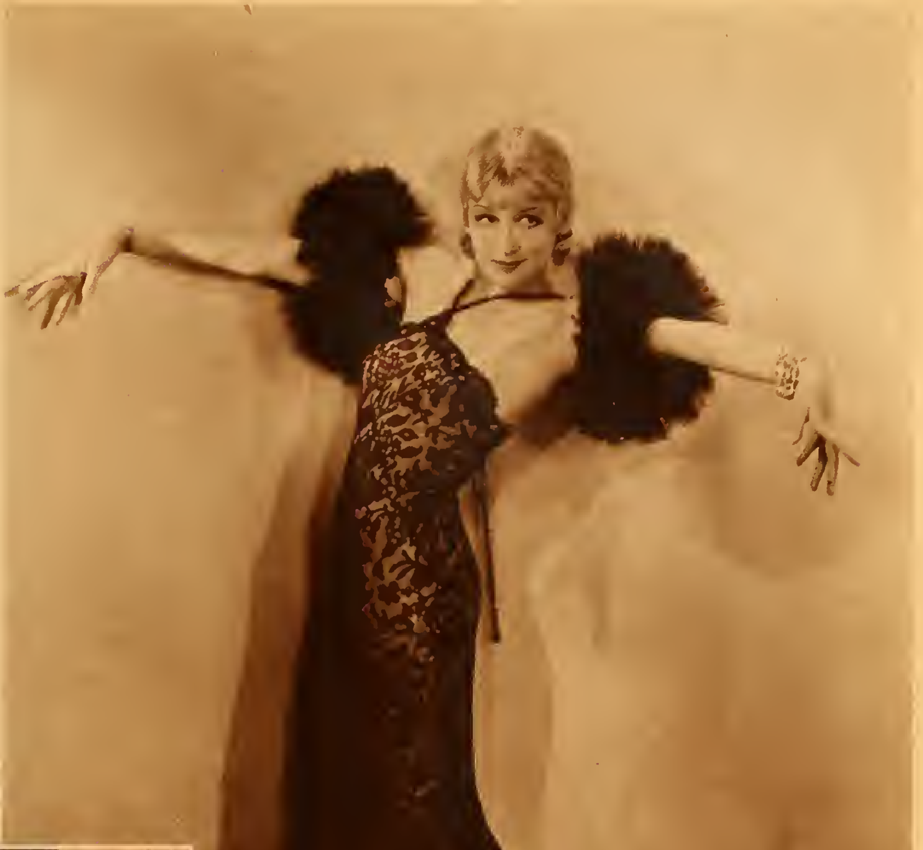


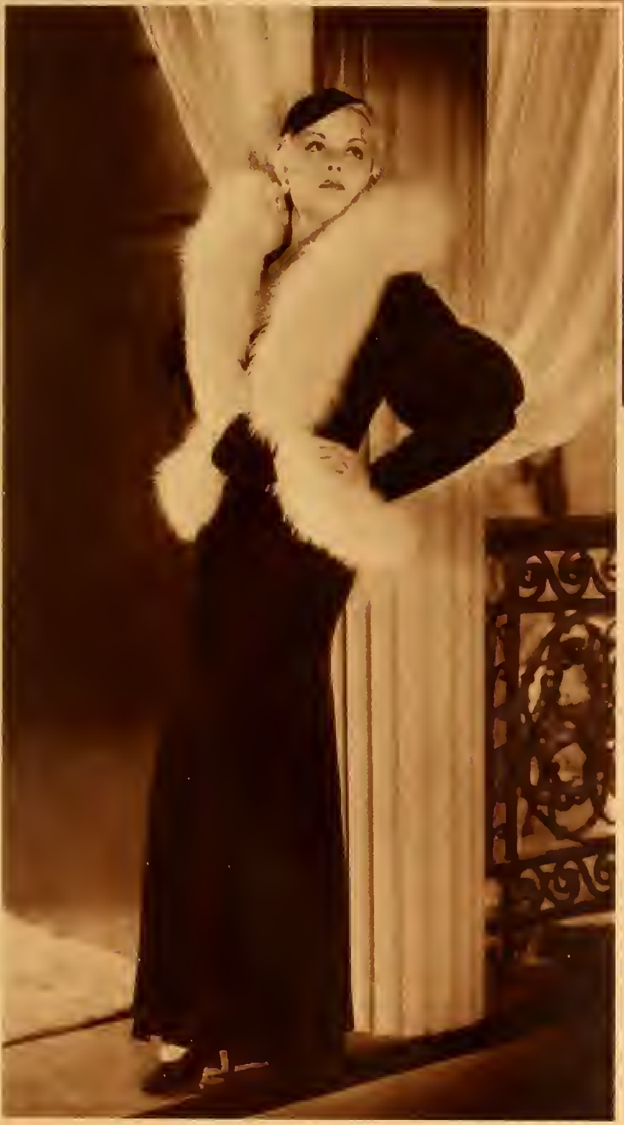
A ribbed wool suit in gray tones is presented at the right, and Phyllis wants you to take particular note of the way the jacket buttons up at the neck. The skirt has a fitted hip yoke and inverted pleats in front, back and sides. It has a white knitted sweater-like blouse with matching gray trim



The blue crêpe dress at the extreme right serves two purposes. It is primarily a dinner dress, but when the little jacket is removed, it may be turned into a striking gown for evening wear. The tiny jacket which, when worn, makes it a dinner dress, ties in front and has rows of ruching on the sleeves

YOU LOOK TWICE AT GRETA NISSEN AND JOAN MARSH IN THEIR NEW EXOTIC MODES





Greta Nissen in "Rackety Rox" plays a colorful rôle in this smart gown of black lace, the daringly low bodice of which is held in place by means of jet beads. Black maline in huge ruffs makes the arm decorations—which will be used so much now that everyone is aspiring to wear the modish shoulder width

◆

Beautiful white fox fur borders the short coat of the stunning black chiffon velvet ensemble worn at the left by Joan Marsh. Except for the fashionable puff above the elbow, the sleeves are snugly fitted to Joan's arms and the coat is held together in front with a bow of the black velvet

"Okay, Zasu Pitts," says Lew Ayres, "you can't fool me any longer with those bewildered rôles you play. You know what it's all about, all right. Isn't that MOTION PICTURE you're reading?" And Zasu, in that wan drawl of hers, begs, "You won't tell, will you, Lew, that this is how I sorta keep up with these here movie stars?" And Lew's promising—only he's pointing out that she may be the most famous picture-stealer in the business, but she hasn't stolen any march on him. He has just finished reading the magazine from cover to cover, himself!

There's a CUMMINGS-Out Party Ahead for Connie

When she was still in her crib, Constance Cummings promised her mother she'd make a name for herself some day. She's twenty-two now—and almost a star already, without benefit of Cinderella luck. She just worked hard and wouldn't let the movies change her!

By TERRENCE COSTELLO

Connie is a rare girl. Not only because she "failed" in her first screen chance, and then went ahead to become one of the screen's most dazzling young persons. But also because she hasn't let sudden fame change her. Her old friends still recognize her, and Connie still recognizes them!

SHE was born Constance Cummings Halverstadt in Seattle, Washington, May 15, 1910. And now, twenty-two years later—red-headed, regular, and with vitality that has borne her rapidly and triumphantly through "Movie Crazy," "Criminal Court," "Washington Merry-Go-Round" and "Night After Night" in the past few months—she is the latest girl from the New York stage to find the celluloid ladder just a high-geared lifter-upper. Which is entirely right and proper (though a bit strange in a city of Cinderella successes), for this girl Connie has pointed toward the top of the theatrical heap since she was eight years old, and younger.

Younger . . . because her mother—Kate Cummings, the concert soprano—relates that when she asked Connie, then in the crib stage, "Is my baby going to make a name for herself some day?" the young lady made a vigorous, though necessarily speechless affirmation by waving her diaper.

That diaper has been Connie's good-luck emblem ever since. When she got her first stage engagement, in the chorus of "Treasure Girl," in New York, Mrs. Halverstadt brought it to her dressing-room, lace-edged and initialed. And with her it has been ever since, steadily increasing in value in its owner's opinion as its owner's professional elevator continued to swing on up, up to where the stars are.

The "Treasure Girl" job was the first return from the investment that started with Connie's dancing lessons at eight. Then her goal seemed to be a dancing career. Her ideal was Pavlova, and when the great Russian danseuse was booked to appear in Seattle, Connie prepared for the event for days. But the day before the concert, she was taken with appendicitis, and her first view of Pavlova was postponed for five years.

During this time she had been working steadily with her dancing, and after viewing the Russian performer, she worked even harder. When her elementary education was completed in Seattle, and in Coronado, California, she studied at the Cornish School. In 1928 her mother took her to New York and placed her under the tutelage of Albertiere, the dance master, for instruction in character and interpretative work. Connie studied with Albertiere until she was nineteen, then decided that she had better be up and about this business of a career—and marched down to Times Square and caught on with the "Treasure Girl" Company. And that started it.

Connie's next New York appearance was in "The First Little Show," that well-remembered opus which featured Clifton Webb, Fred Allen and Libby Holman, the dark-starred wife of the late Smith Reynolds. The success of this piece, which started something of a vogue along Broadway, was as much a surprise to Connie as it was to everyone else.

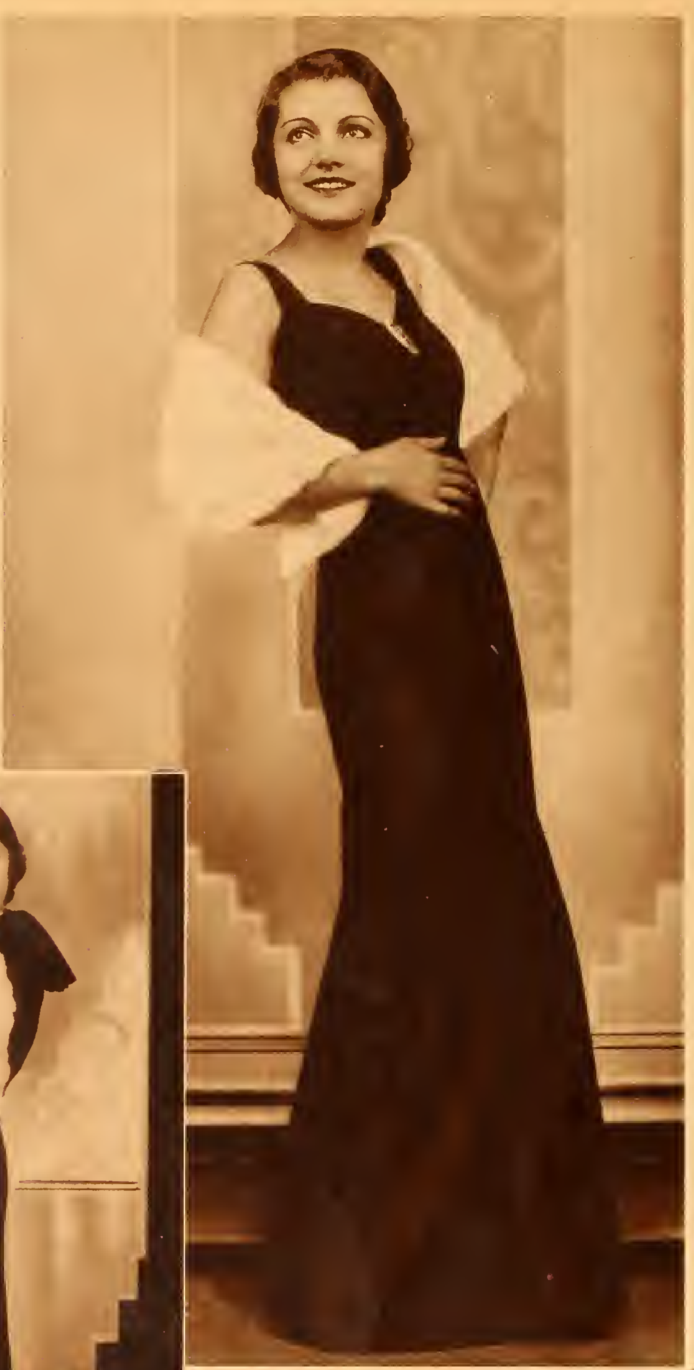
"The plan was for an inexpensive little production of the intimate type to run for a few weeks over the summer. But it was so smart and clever, and contained such an abundance of good material, that it proved the hit of the year. Which just goes to show that a proper use of brains—"

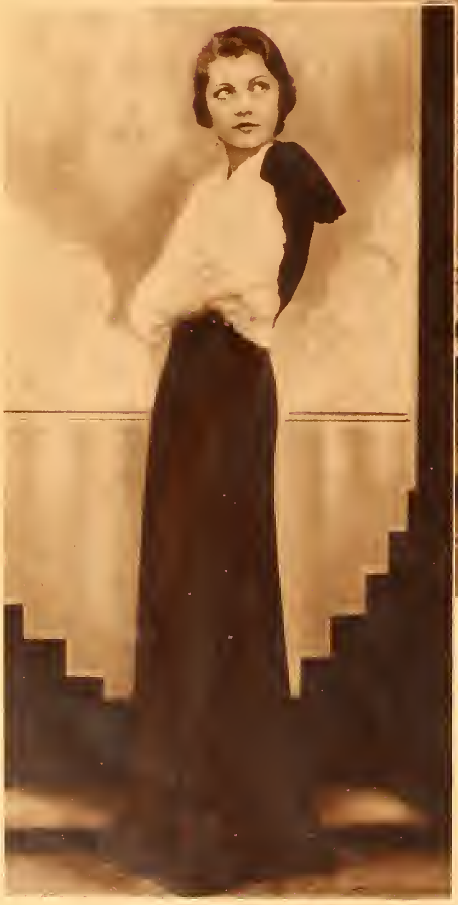
Little Miss Cummings didn't feel that she was using her brains sufficiently in the furtherance of her career. This she set about remedying. In her next berth, "This Man's Town," she found herself lost in a mob of twenty people. Whereupon she went to the author, Willard Robertson—whom you will recall as Jackie Cooper's father in "Skippy" and "Sooky"—and blurted out her troubles. Robertson, a kindly and sympathetic man, wrote a line into the show for her—and so during the run of "This Man's Town" audiences nightly were more or less electrified by Constance Cummings' rendition of her part. Which was: "Have you a match?"

(Continued on Page 79)

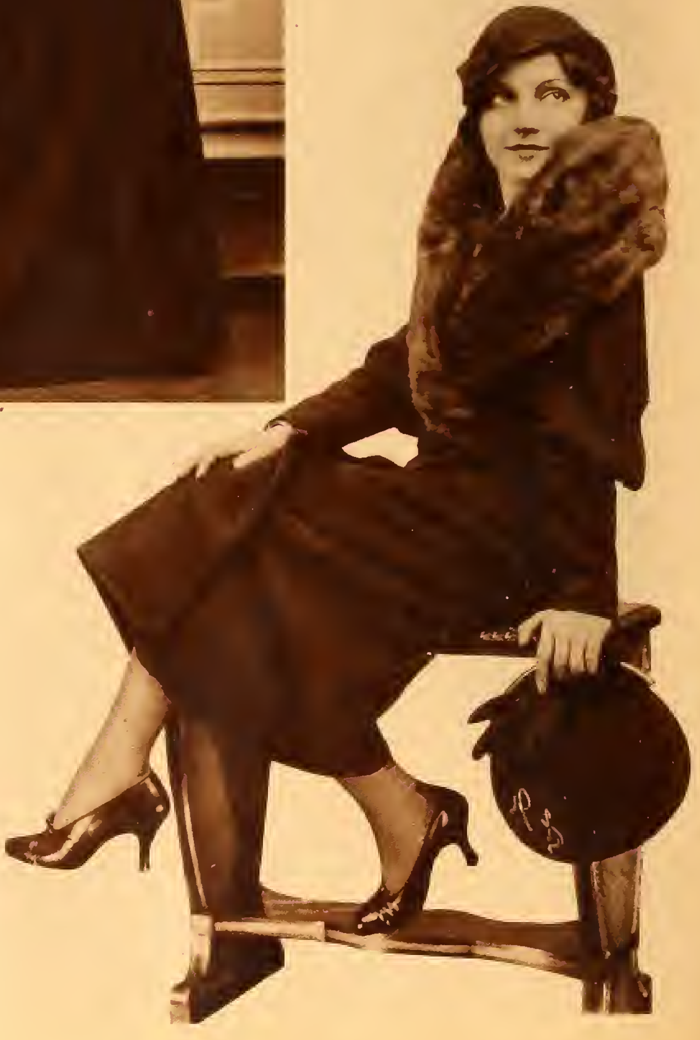
PHOTOGRAPHED
EXCLUSIVELY FOR
MOTION PICTURE
BY
OGGIANO-MITCHELL

GOWNS BY
BERGDORF-
GOODMAN



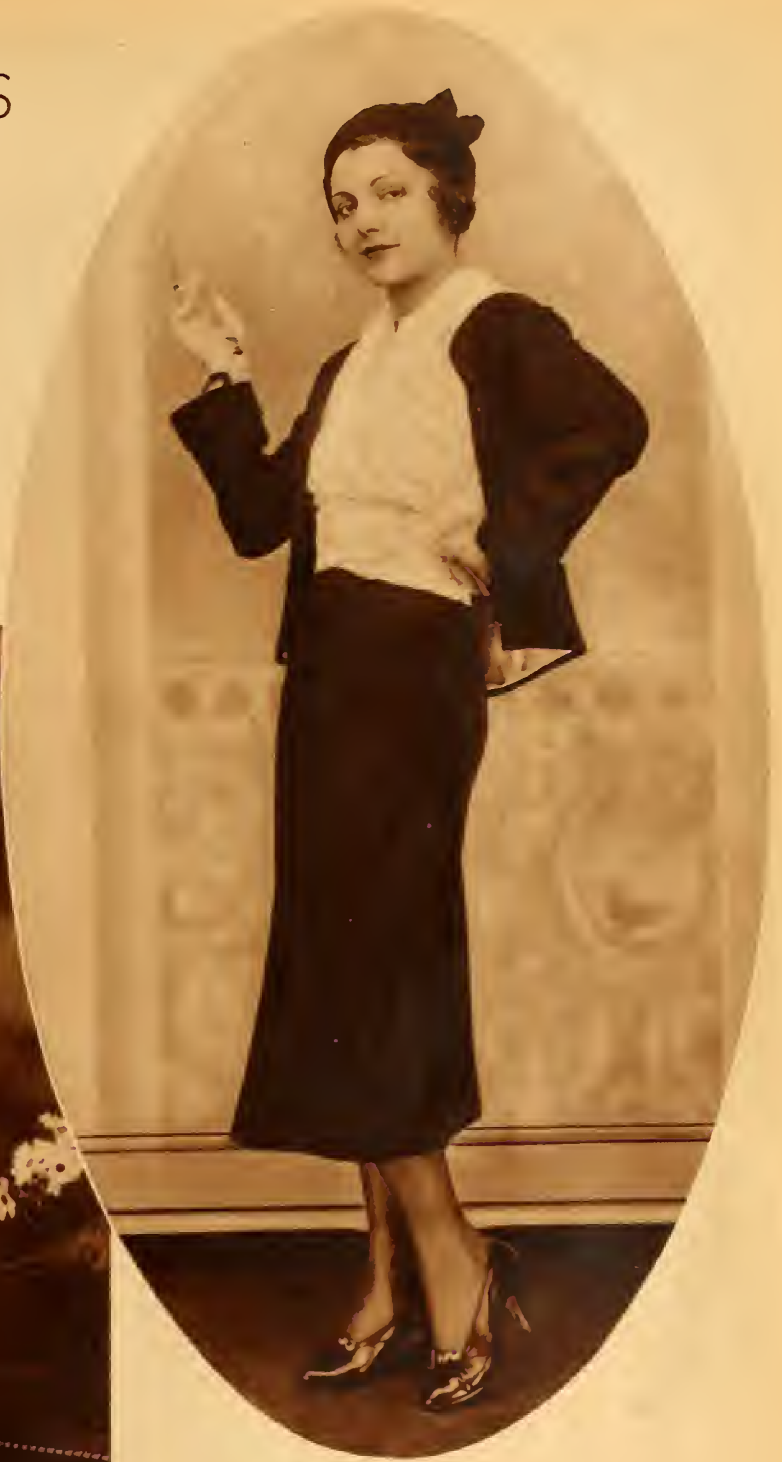


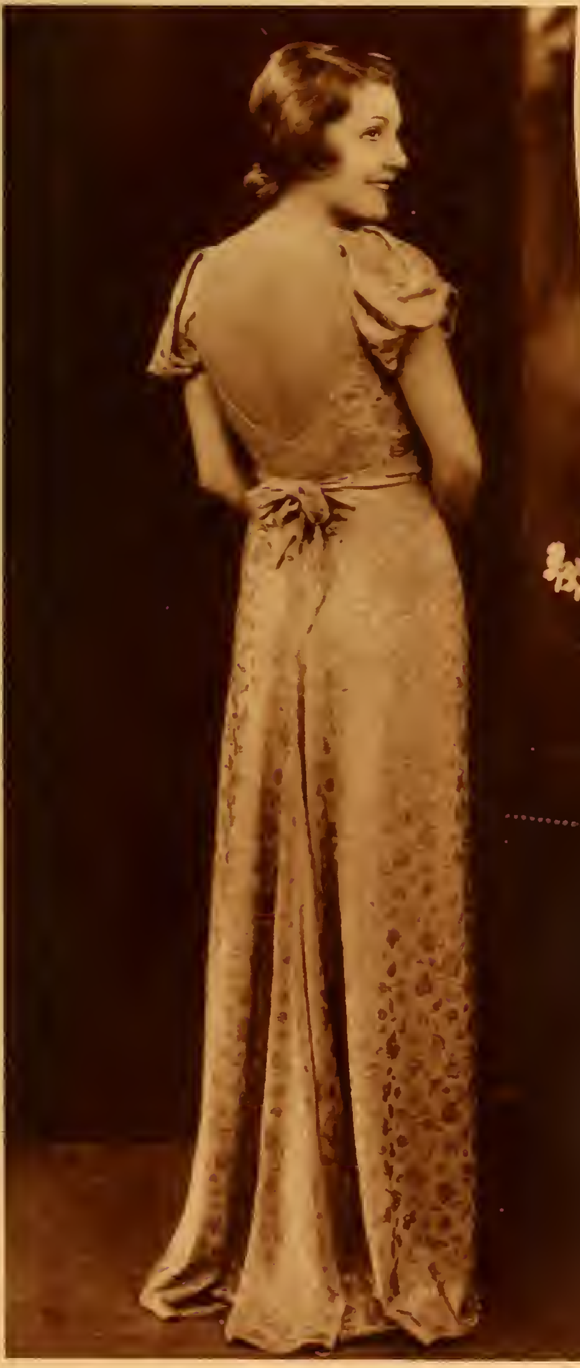
Paris has decreed that it is smart to be formally gowned in corduroy, jersey or broadcloth and that is why Peggy Shannon's gown and the back of her short wrap are fashioned in broadcloth. The snowy ermine front of the wrap ends where the epaulet effect of the wrap starts. At the extreme left, Peggy has wrapped herself in it to show you the effect. It makes a stunning evening ensemble in black and white



Attired in tones of brown, Miss Shannon combines smartness and warmth. The coat is made of brown rough woolen material which is so popular this winter, and it has a luxurious collar of rich dark mink. All her accessories are brown, and we would like to call your special attention to the shape of her woolen bag, which bears her initials

PEGGY SHANNON'S SHOULDERS WON'T BE COLD IN HER NEW WINTER OUTFITS





Peggy Shannon can well afford to light a cigarette and act nonchalant in this chic suit of black woolen material, which has a waistcoat of white ermine. And, if you must know, the back is also of fur, permitting removal of the jacket, which has a white satin lining. If you are considering copying Miss Shannon's suit, remember that white lapin is just as effective as white ermine

Miss Shannon looks charming in the informal evening frock of royal blue and gold brocade lamé that she is wearing at the left. The little puffed sleeves are very youthful, and the draped fullness of the long skirt in back gives this evening gown that graceful and sophisticated air. "False Faces" (World Wide) is the title of her newest picture

Fryer

This is how Ruth Chatterton looked on the day that she talked so frankly and so refreshingly to Gladys Hall about second marriage in general, and about her own—to George Brent—in particular. (You can't miss the interview opposite.) And this is how you will see her in the title rôle of "Frisco Jenny," in which the First Lady of the Talkies takes a vacation from the rich-are-always-with-us theme and is a commoner again—in the 'quake-stricken San Francisco of 1906. And—surprise of surprises!—James Murray, not George Brent, is her leading man!

RUTH CHATTERTON'S *Own Story* of Her Second Marriage

The famous actress, whose entry into pictures made screen acting what it is to-day, reveals that she never believed in "love at first sight" and then fell in love with George Brent just that way. Her first marriage (to Ralph Forbes) lasted eight years. This second marriage, she feels, will last a lifetime

BY GLADYS HALL

Ruth points out that she and her second husband, George Brent, are still good friends of Ralph Forbes, her first

GEORGE BRENT

RALPH FORBES

RUTH CHATTERTON and I sat in the midst of an earthquake and talked about Second Marriage—hers, in particular. The earthquake, a studio reproduction of the San Francisco fatality of some years ago, was being generated for her current picture, "Common Ground" and I must say that the Almighty never directed one more realistically than William Wellman did that afternoon. Ruth talked to me and then, when called, went into the midst of crashing ceilings and falling mortar and collapsing floors and risked her life and limb and saw her "father" meet disaster and then returned to me again.

From Ruth's Heart

"When I say 'love at first sight,' I do not mean I was first attracted to George because of his physical appearance. No, it was because he is fine and idealistic. Fineness and idealism are not to be found in every man to-day.

"I want to pay a tribute to my first marriage—and my first husband. No one can know how fine Ralph Forbes has been and is. I think the fact that we are friends, all three of us, says more than any words of mine can say.

"We were happy together as a congenial brother and sister are happy together.

"Let no one tell you that a second marriage is less thrilling than a first. If anything, it is more so. I was more excited this time.

"I can't say that second marriage has changed me in any fundamental sense. I still want the things of life that I have always wanted. Only now I have found the person who wants and cares about the same things I do."

And it occurred to me that she has handled this second marriage of hers very much as she handled our talk of it that day. So many women might have collapsed in the midst of the débris and confusion that a broken first marriage can create—if you will let it. But, for Ruth, there was no débris and no confusion. She stepped as smoothly, as fastidiously from first marriage to second as she might step in her own drawing-room, from one rug to another, in formal attire, civilized, imperturbable and completely charming.

"Let's begin at the very beginning," I urged. "Was it 'love at first sight?' *Is* there such a thing?"

"I'm afraid it was," Ruth laughed—and the laughter was the happy laughter of new love when all the world is glorious and young. "And I who say so am and have always been a cynic, not believing overmuch in anything or anyone. Certainly not believing in 'love at first sight' or any of the other old

(*Continued on page 64*)

They've Battled the Depression —That's Why They're Stars Now!

BY CHARLES GRAYSON

DID you ever pause to consider just what is the *real* reason behind the past year's tremendous success of the Gables, the Cagneys, the Rafts, the Robinsons and the Joan Blondells of the celluloid world? The *real* reason, and not the explanation of "Sex" that is usually given? Recall that there are many other people in the profession who are much more exotic than the above crowd. But are they enjoying the success of these newcomers? If you think so, just look over the box-office reports!

The truth is, a look at financial returns has not been an unpleasant task in certain quarters during recent months—and the reason is one that you'd suspect, perhaps, last of all. None other than our old friend, The Depression!

Local insiders recall that when the great blight fell on American business, and all over the land the consequent retrenchment made theatres begin to flatten like uncorked champagne, it looked as if a very, very bad time had set in for the motion picture industry. But just to show you that there is something, after all, in that ancient adage about a silver lining to every cloud and the sun shining tomorrow—at least two of the major companies can directly attribute their biggest money-making bets to the general low state of national feelings! For with everyone feeling a bit down, we all have flocked to those pictures in which appear people who are cocky, confident, thoroughly assured and evidently masters of every situation in which they find themselves, forcing the breaks to come their way.

Phyfe

You've heard about the "sex appeal" of Joan Blondell (above) and James Dunn (left) and Clark Gable (below). But that doesn't explain their success. They've come up because adversity could not get any of them down! They've dramatized the self-confidence everybody wants!

Went After Go-Getters

WARNER BROTHERS, beyond all their competitors, have been the shrewdest and most active in capitalizing this increasing tendency on the part of theatre-goers—to their own financial betterment and the raised good spirits of the country at large. They appreciated that a picture in which a fighter—a man or woman with a "sock," to use the town's phrase—appeared, was something of a national highball. And that is why through their pictures you see the gay parade of Cagney, Robinson, Blondell, George Brent, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Warren William, Ann Dvorak, Bette Davis, Frank McHugh and Aline MacMahon. Each one of whom constantly and completely demonstrates that he has everything under control at all times. And now they have Paul Muni to add to their roster.

Metro was not tardy in realizing that it had a natural in Clark Gable. From the first small, but smash appearance he made in "Dancing Daughters" to the one that "set" him in "A Free Soul," down to "Red Dust," he has gone marching valiantly ahead, shoving aside all obstacles with a stubborn and charming nonchalance. While all those who have been perplexed and baffled and somewhat defeated by their own problems have taken counsel and help from his example—and have been incited to do likewise. Either that, or they have been cheered by the thought of there being someone in the world—even a world of make-believe—with enough backbone to go after what he wants.

The new favorites are the boys and girls who act as if they're out to conquer the world, and aren't going to let any common, ordinary hard luck stop them. In other words, they have been the cheer leaders in the battle against those depression blues. Think it over and ask yourself: "Isn't this the real reason why I'd walk a mile to see Gable—or Cagney—or Joan Blondell or Jimmy Dunn?"

Edward G. Robinson (left) won stardom because his characters get what they want or die in the attempt

James Cagney (right) wisecracked and punched his way up, as a type the world couldn't beat

Eric Linden (right) is rising fast because he represents cocksure youth, who knows how to get along

Why They've All Gone Upward

WALLACE BEERY has clambered up to stardom since the depression, because he packs a punch in both fists, and yet is as human as they come. Joan Crawford's amazing rise started by her proving that, depression or no depression, she had the stick-to-it-ive-ness to get what she wanted. Jean Harlow came up on the crest of the wave, even in unsympathetic rôles, because people secretly admired her daring, when caution was the general watchword. Jackie Cooper came up like a rocket not only because he was a great little actor, but because he was a spunky youngster, not a wistful one. Marie Dressler and her salty never-say-die spirit have been what the public has been crying for. And the fact that she has just appeared in an anti-depression comedy, "Prosperity," proves that the company knows the reason for Marie's raging popularity.

Fryer

Aline MacMahon is a type who always knows what to do, and when to do it, in any situation. That's why America claps hands for Aline. George Raft is suave, with a hint of menace—a type who *makes* the breaks come his way

The other companies were, of course, not long in seeing what gold mines Warners and Metro had in their players of hard-berled, confident rôles. A great wave of "second Gables" set in. Remember the signing of Bruce Cabot, Creighton Chaney, Noah Beery, Jr., and Weldon Heyburn? None of these young men has panned out particularly well, but not through any specific faults of their own. Undoubtedly gifted in their own rights, they were confronted by the enormous task of being a "second" something that was so unique as to startle the entertainment world. It seems as improbable that there will be a second Gable as it does that there will be a second Chaplin or Mickey Mouse.

And the same holds true of Cagney. Indeed, Jim is so individual in his appeal that there hasn't been any marked attempt to launch a second Cagney. But the tendency at which the producers are shooting—tempted by the box-office returns of hard-hitting, self-reliant men who help brace the backbone of audiences all over the country—persists. At present Universal is putting much faith in Onslow Stevens, who appeared to such good advantage in "Once In a Lifetime." And, incidentally, the company's biggest drawing-card is Tom Mix, known everywhere as a two-fisted fighting man.

He Has What It Takes

JUST the other day a young actor hitherto unknown to fame hopefully told me that an independent producer was considering starring him, because he was "a sort of cross between Cagney, Raft and Jimmy Dunn." To my pardonably startled expression he explained that he was said to possess "Cagney's cockiness, Raft's menace, and Dunn's sweetness." I fear I was a bit uproarious with my hybrid friend, but later I realized something of what must have been in the producer's mind. For the boy unquestionably has that one thing—self-assurance—common to all the up-and-coming screen stars.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Gabriel Moulin

Above, a composite photograph of Garbo in the San Francisco hotel room which is now famous as "the room Garbo slept in." It has become a shrine, like "the houses Washington slept in." Right, the Fairmont Hotel and beyond, the Mark Hopkins, two favorite stopping-places of screen stars

Moulin

By
DOROTHY
CALHOUN

Where You'll Find the STARS at *Play*

This story about the attractions that San Francisco offers to the movie stars is the sixth of a series about the places next-door to Hollywood where they can relax and forget work and worry. These are the places where they are likely to be just themselves.—Editor.

SAN FRANCISCO is where the stars go when they have those big city blues and can't spare the time to go to New York.

Los Angeles, so the hard-working Chamber of Commerce reveals, is a city of one million, two hundred and thirty-three thousand population. San Francisco boasts a mere six hundred and thirty-seven thousand. And yet the Broadway-bred movie players find comfort for their city-hungry souls, and relief from their homesickness for metropolitan surroundings, by fleeing from what many of them consider an overgrown village in the South, to the Northern city built on the seven hills overlooking the Golden Gate.

When the stars go to any of the resorts, they are still film stars on vacation. When they go to San Francisco, whether for shopping or for football games or plays or simply for a rest, they find seclusion in the incurious crowds. Strolling down Market Street, they can almost imagine themselves back on their beloved Broadway, with the smells of the city mingling with the salt tang of the sea.

Its gown shops and department stores remember the hectic visit of Maria Alba, Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," as she rushed from one to the other, hastily collecting a wardrobe to take to the South Seas at an

SERIES NUMBER 6

San Francisco:

The nearest substitute for the metropolitan attractions of New York, where the movie stars shop, see plays, wander through Chinatown, and lose themselves in the crowds

Ewing Galloway

Above, the University of California stadium at Berkeley, San Francisco suburb, where Hollywood football fans journey for many big games

Right, Kenneth Mac Kenna, one of several stars who vary their movie work by playing on San Francisco stages

Ewing Galloway

Above, Market Street—San Francisco's Broadway—where many stars shop. Clara Bow bought her wardrobe for "Call Her Savage" here. In the distance is the Ferry Tower, the gateway to Oakland

Ewing Galloway

Above, San Francisco's famous Chinatown, where several movies have been filmed and where many stars, like Mary Pickford, like to "explore." Left, George O'Brien and his father, formerly police chief of San Francisco

hour's notice. Its theatres have been honored by personal appearances of Maurice Chevalier and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and other stars; its harbor has echoed to gay parties aboard movie yachts, and Russian Hill, the abode of Bohemia, numbers many picture people among its guests.

San Francisco has never forgiven Los Angeles for incorporating Hollywood into its city limits. "If we took in Oakland," it says, "we'd be bigger than Los Angeles. It's Hollywood that has made that sleepy town into a city." And so, loyally, San Francisco pretends to sniff at Hollywood and Hollywood stars

(*Continued on page 72*)

Good Luck or Bad Luck—BEBE and HARRY Can Take It!

By SONIA LEE

STARDOM in Hollywood is built on quicksand. One bad rôle, an ugly bit of gossip, a minor human weakness often is enough to topple the enthroned into oblivion. Few who have reached the heights and who have faltered and fallen have had the courage to tackle again the hazardous road to Fame. They can't start the climb with the shining faith of the struggler. They know the heartaches and disappointments, the fickle illusions that face them.

To struggle back to former glories demands a superlative courage, an ability to withstand the rebuffs of skeptical producers and directors, the intestinal fortitude to take it on the chin! There are now two formerly predominant stars who are seeking a new path toward their once-held unassailable places: Harry Langdon and Bebe Daniels.

Langdon of the baby-face, whose comedy has the divine quality of pathos, is the man who, three brief years ago, was classed with Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. He recently returned to Hollywood to take a supporting rôle in Al Jolson's new picture, "Happy-Go-Lucky," and is making two-reelers for Educational as the first step to re-establishing the name which once magically packed theatres.

Hollywood gossip gave him a reputation for autocracy that was as annihilating as it was undeserved. As a result Langdon's morale was undermined. He lost faith in his own judgment and that sure artistic comedy touch which had spelled success at the box-office. In addition to that, Langdon ran into personal complications concerning his marriage—and it added to his bewilderment. His money was gone, his prestige was shattered. He turned to vaudeville, deserting motion pictures—the field he loved.

He appeared in two talkies—"A Soldier's Plaything" and "See America Thirst"—but began to think he wasn't going to get a real comeback chance unless he started producing some two-reelers, himself, when the "Happy-Go-Lucky" offer came along. Those who have seen the preview say he gives Jolson a merry run for first honors.

Not Bitter About Hard Luck

ANEW, an objectively philosophical Langdon will tell you to-day that nothing matters very much—neither fame, nor wealth, nor luxury. But, strangely enough, he is neither embittered nor prosaically resigned. He knows how to take it.

"The trouble with me," he declares, "was that I was pushed through pictures too fast. I made 'Long Pants' in exactly ten weeks, while Chaplin was taking two years to make one feature and Harold Lloyd an entire year. But I was turning them out without preparation—without giving situations a chance to mature, or to be worked out with the infinite care comedy requires.

"When superlative praise was given to 'Long Pants,' I knew the curtain was slowly coming down for me. The extravagant terms critics used were in reality a death knell for me. I knew, if no one else realized at the moment, the fundamental weakness of the picture—and the difficulties under which it was made.

"I had been talked into producing my own pictures—and they were financially fatal. I trusted directors and writers, and business managers. When I needed every bit of energy for a scene before a camera, I was harassed by business squabbles and by internal strife—as unnecessary as it was selfish. The worries of management destroyed my peace of mind—I couldn't concentrate.

"There's no doubt that fear of criticism licked me. If I had gone ahead, depended on my own judgment, insisted on a schedule of picture-making that would permit me to do good work—I would have continued to be Harry Langdon, the star.

"If once you have succeeded, you can do it again"—that's the slogan of Harry Langdon and Bebe Daniels, and they're out to prove that it's true. A run of hard luck took Harry out of the limelight three years ago, and Bebe has toppled from the heights five times and come back four. And they're happier now than ever before!

Stardom Doesn't Matter Now

"AS it is, I am starting back. Pictures are where I belong. I don't especially care if I'm never a star again. I pity people who grub and grab—the actors who think the world has come to an end if they're not in every close-up.

"I am much happier now—I'm down to earth, to the essential values of living. I enjoy having carpenters shake me by the hand. I get a thrill when the prop boys greet me with the old familiar 'Hello, Harry.' I didn't have that friendliness when I was a star—I haven't had it since those happy and peaceful Sennett days. Somehow, stardom isolated me, removed me from human contacts.

"In reality I don't care how small my rôles are, as long as they give me a chance. And I hope to have time for other things, for art lessons and music and books. I am not afraid of people any more—or even injustice. I've regained my old assurance, my faith in myself. If it's in the cards that some day my name will again be important—that's fine! If not—I'll be content."

Harry Langdon learned in those days when he was medicine-show minstrel, circus clown, balancing artist and vaudevillian, how to take the tricks of life. He laughed at Fate and its obstacles. He kept on going. Fighting. When he finally achieved his desire to go into the movies, his pantomime had that sympathetic eagerness which endeared him to a laugh-hungry world. Fame handed him the short end of the stick when he was at the top.

But he hasn't forgotten how to win.

Or how to take it on the chin—and grin!

Bebe Lost Stardom Five Times

WHILE Langdon has seen himself deposed only once, Bebe Daniels has been forced to step down from the heights no less than five times. Five times, during that fine and honorable career of hers, has she made the heart-breaking journey from stardom to supporting parts—or found herself in the status of a girl who couldn't get a job after her name had flickered in electrics.

"I gave up my job after playing with Harold Lloyd in two hundred and four comedies because I wanted to do drama," she explains. "But no one would take a comédienne seriously. Finally, Cecil De Mille gave me a contract. And eventually I starred in Realart pictures. The company went to the wall and I was left high and dry.

"Then I was asked to support Valentino in 'Monsieur Beaucaire.' My demotion from stardom hurt. I didn't know what was wrong—why I didn't get another chance to be a star. But I took the rôle, and eventually I was a star again. Before talking pictures came in, I had hit the toboggan from stardom four times.

"You know what the talkies did to many of the silent stars. We were relegated to the ash heap. We couldn't be any good, producers reasoned—wrongly it proved. We couldn't talk.

"I was under contract when this revolution in the industry came. But I didn't get a talkie test—nobody cared enough to find out if I knew how to talk or not. Other companies were unaware that I hadn't had a chance, and they concluded that my tests had been bad, and that my contract-holders were shielding me. One offer after another from producers fell through—even before money was discussed or a test given me. My company didn't take up my option. I was out in the cold again.

How She Won "Rio Rita" Rôle

"THEN Bill Le Baron at RKO signed me for four pictures. Without a test. On faith. 'Rio Rita' was in preparation. I begged for the leading rôle. I felt as if my life depended on my making that picture. And finally Mr. Le Baron gave it to me. He declared that he had confidence in me—that no person with as much enthusiasm for a part and such a keen desire for it could possibly give a bad performance.

(*Continued on page 89*)

Why We Have Adopted a Baby

Fredric March reveals why he and Florence Eldridge have welcomed a Little Stranger into their home, how she has changed their lives already, and what their plans are for their new daughter, Penelope

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

Fredric March is the latest of several stars who have recently adopted children, and the emotions he relates in this interview are no doubt shared by all the others. These new Hollywood "parents by proxy" are Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, Lupe Velez, Constance Bennett, Miriam Hopkins, Wallace Beery, John Miljan, Slim Summerville, Polly Moran and—less recently—Neil Hamilton. Farther back in Hollywood history, Harold Lloyd and Gloria Swanson adopted children to be companions to their own children.—*Editor*.

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge searched for a baby until they found one they could believe was really their own

OKAY, all you Blessed Event columnists—here's a new rumor for you: Another woman has come into the life of Fredric March! The whole town's talking! For the past few weeks things have been this way with Freddie:

There's a gleam in his eye that wasn't inspired by the seductive Claudette Colbert in "The Sign of the Cross" or by Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through." There's a grin on his classic profile that hasn't anything to do with any studio triumph. There's a certain gal's name on his lips and it isn't "Florence" (Mrs. Fredric March to me, too). Let's not make any more of a mystery of it. Fredric March is crazy about a new girl named Penelope.

She's a brown-haired siren with the largest gray-blue eyes that ever looked out of a nursery bassinet. She's a milk-fed vamp who has turned the March home inside out and upside down and then righted everything again, just because of her being there. She's a pink-and-white autocrat, who, with one wave of a chubby fist, has practically ruined the March standing as prompt dinner guests. In fact, the Marches are sort of ruined as any kind of guests at all. In only a few short weeks Freddie has become *that* sort of a father and Florence Eldridge March is *that* kind of a mother. When friends see them coming, they say: "We know! The baby did the cutest thing! She stuck her fist in her mouth!"

They are so darn excited about the advent of little "Penny" that there is something a little wistful about it, as there always is in some great happiness that has been a long time in coming. You see, the Fredric Marches have wanted a baby for so long. . . .

Five Years of Disappointment

"FOR five years," said Freddie, "we've wanted a baby more than anything else in the world!"

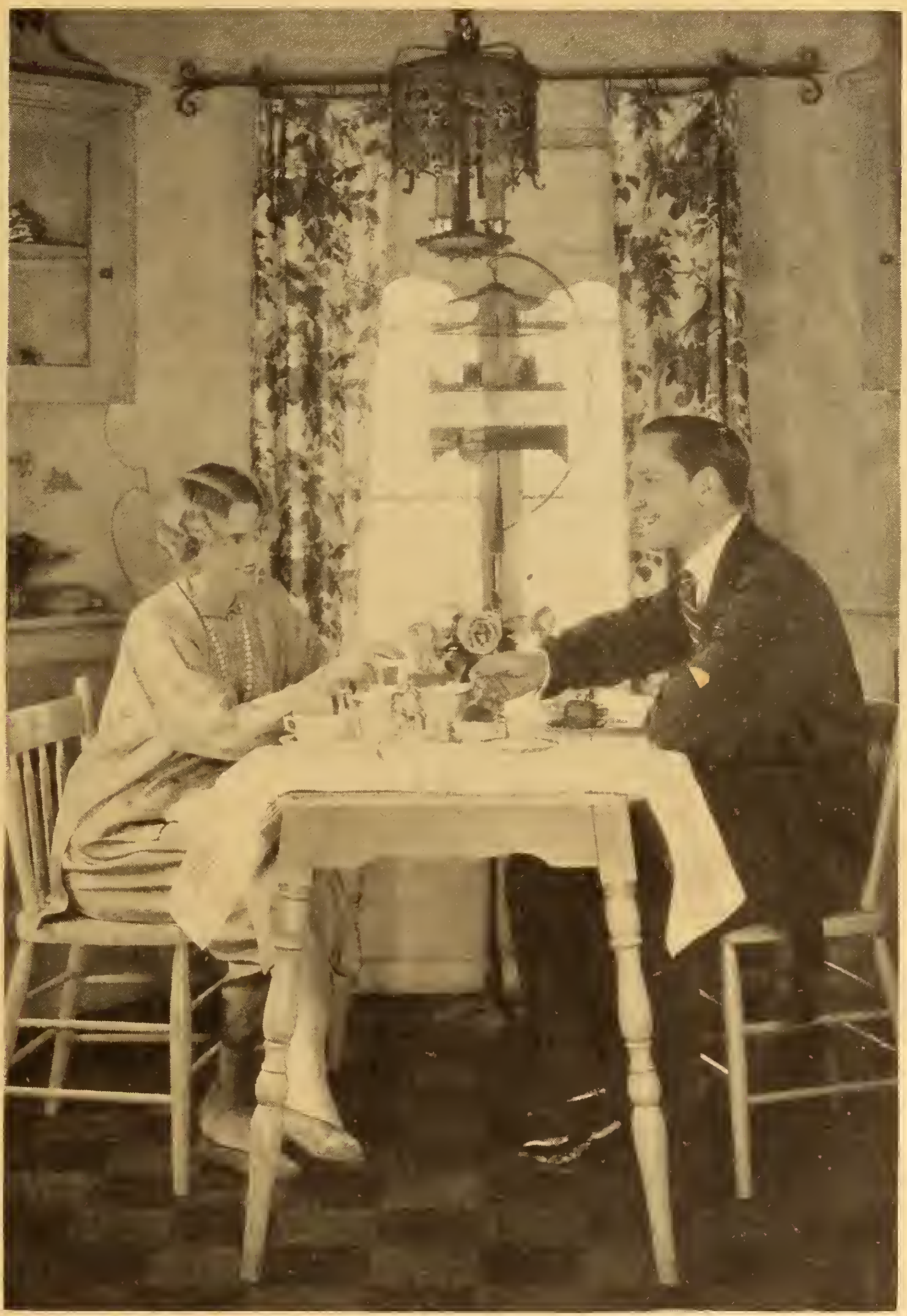
We were sitting in a borrowed dressing-room over at Paramount. (Freddie's was being "done over in something light.") I was sitting in a lounge chair and he was alternately sitting and standing. When he would get too excited about Penny, he would spring up, looking very much like the cat who had swallowed a couple of canaries. Freddie just can't get over Penny. He can't get over the fact that they were lucky enough to find her "of all the babies in the world."

"It's funny about adopting a baby," he said. "I mean about your attitude before—and after. Since the second year of our marriage Mrs. March has been urging that we adopt a baby. At first I wasn't so sold on it. You know how the average man is—or don't you? I kept hoping, expecting, thinking that we would have one of our own. Even after three or four years I still had the hunch that we would have a boy-child. I kept begging Florence to wait . . .

"Some of our friends said it wasn't fair. 'It's that German streak in you,' they would accuse, 'that age-old masculine vanity of wanting MINE . . . MY OWN.' That wasn't really true. I think I've proved that by adopting this little girl and I still have the hunch that some day, sometime *we are going to have that little boy of our own*. Call it a hope, if you will, but it's there.

Needed a Child in Their Home

"BUT, suddenly, I woke up to the fact that waiting, even another year, wasn't fair to Florence. She was growing restless and nervous. For the past two years she has submerged her acting career to mine. It wasn't any grand gesture on her part, either. She wanted to make a home. She has needed a



Florence and Freddie are going to tell Penelope she's adopted, just as soon as she can understand. And you'll like the way they are planning to tell her

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March won't be taking breakfast by themselves much longer. There will be a little high-chair between them, and another mouth to feed!

child. Last Spring we agreed that if there wasn't the hope, the expectancy of a baby of our own this Fall, then we would adopt one."

Freddie sat down rather suddenly and lighted a cigarette.

"It's funny, the ideas you have when you make up your mind that you are going to adopt the child of other parents. I've heard that a great many people are afraid of blood, or the background of the parentage, or that they may never come to love the child as though it were their own. Those are supposed to be the common fears of adoption. But that wasn't the case with Florence and me. We knew that we could love the right baby as dearly as though it were our own. *Our great fear was that we might not be able to find a baby that we could believe was our own!*

"I mean—before we found out about Penny—there was another baby. A little boy. Florence, who had wanted to adopt a boy from the beginning, had been interested in this youngster since the first week of his birth. I remember the day we went to see him. He was a cute little tike, too—but my heart sank into my boots. I knew when I looked at him that I could never believe that little baby was ours. You see, both of us are brunettes and this little fellow was a blond. He wasn't what I had always visualized our son would look like. And I wanted, above all things, a baby that might have been our very own—if we'd been lucky.

Almost Picked a Boy

"BUT Florence was quite sold on the idea of this little boy. I know she would launch into long discussions about what we would name him. We agreed that if we adopted him he would

(*Continued on page 75*)

By

WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

of Sing Sing Prison

Left, Warden Lewis E. Lawes, who approves movies for the inmates of Sing Sing prison, above. In the foreground is the new bird shelter; behind it is the old cell block; on the hill are the new buildings

I Am a Movie Fan!

The Warden of America's most famous prison and author of "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" is all for the movies—both for himself and for his prisoners. He isn't against crime pictures, either, if they're the right type. What he looks for first is good acting, and then stories that pack realism. He'd rather see he-man adventure than sexy romance—and wonders why screen wardens never smile!

WHEN a well-known lecturer gave an illustrated travel talk at Sing Sing before the inmate body, he received a great surprise when the introductory line of his picture was flashed on the screen. It read: "Come with me to that exotic land—India!" The prisoners were with him in spirit, but prison regulations forbade any one of them taking him literally. However, they demonstrated their good intentions by thunderous applause and vociferous cheers.

Sing Sing inmates, indeed, compose a remarkable audience. And I think that something of their enthusiasm, while viewing motion pictures with them in the prison movie theatre, has helped to create within me a real fondness for pictures. I am a movie fan.

I prefer the present-day picture, rather than the product of a year or two ago, when there were but two popular types—romance and sex, with a predominance of both elements, which in my opinion reacted against the producers in the minds of the discriminating audiences.

Movies and this flower garden relieve the gray monotony of life for Sing Sing prisoners

My picture-going is not confined, by any means, to the prison movies. While not a first-nighter, I manage to keep up fairly well with the current attractions.

I have often been asked if the so-called crime pictures are harmful, especially as to their effect on Sing Sing inmates. Gang pictures that suggest crime are harmful, there is no doubt—especially the type that makes a hero of a gangster. Not to show any underworld pictures is a mistake. Any subject handled in a healthy manner is interesting. But there should be the constant current of thought that crime cannot succeed. In short, the gang picture may be a real instrument toward preventing crime, through an interesting and intelligent educational portrayal.

What recent pictures

(Continued on page 71)

From First to Last, KIRKLAND'S a REBEL!

He hated school, and succeeded in having himself tossed out of every one he ever attended. To help an actress who had been fired, he got a whole company to walk out. He created a furore by staging the big love scene of "Romeo and Juliet" just as Shakespeare, himself, dared to do it! And in Hollywood, you may be sure, Alexander Kirkland will rebel against rôles that don't give him a chance to be real!

By JERRY LANE

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND is a blond young rebel. Intensely alive. Norma Shearer saw him and selected him *pronto* for one of the two male leads in "Strange Interlude." He made Clark Gable, the other lead, look to his acting laurels. Maybe you'll get an idea of what he's like when I tell you he is the only man who has dared to make a bedroom scene of the second balcony act in "Romeo and Juliet!" And he did it so cleverly that Walter Hampden, who has been on intimate terms with Shakespeare for some twenty odd years, told him he had never actually understood the play until he saw the way Kirkland presented it!

His full name is William Alexander Kirkland. Named after his grandfather, the famous old Rear-Admiral of the United States Navy. The one, you know, they called "Red Bill." He was a rebel, too. Couldn't understand laws that didn't have any real sense to them, any more than Blond Bill can.

Young Bill hated school. He despised the petty restrictions that had no meaning for him. He has the unique record of being thrown out of every school he ever attended. He wanted to paint . . .

That's what comes of being born in Mexico City of Irish and Spanish parents. It puts zip in the blood—and very often artistic craving that won't be stilled. Bill couldn't talk English until he was eight. To his Irish grandfather that was treason, pure and simple. The old gentleman had an extremely colorful vocabulary, so it isn't astonishing to learn that the first American words Bill spoke were: "I speak English, you damn' fool!"

At Exeter, where he was taken after a quick exit from a Long Island school, the headmaster said they *might* consider

(*Continued on page 82*)

EDMUND Gives the LOWE-Down about Being a Movie Star

For ten years, while "sensations" have been flashing and fading, Eddie Lowe has kept his grip on stardom—and is one of the highest-paid actors to-day. There must be an explanation. And Eddie modestly comes through with several. They're worth hearing!

By NANCY PRYOR

THERE are two kinds of movie fame. The "sky-rocket" brand that has hurtled such hysterically popular men as Clark Gable, George Raft and Johnny Weissmuller to the screen pinnacle of the moment is one of them. The other kind is the slower, steadier, saner movie celebrity of Edmund Lowe, who has been pocketing about four thousand dollars of Hollywood gold every week for more than eight years!

Clark Gable can't appear in public that he isn't in danger of having his clothes torn off. On the other hand, Eddie may retain a reasonable amount of modesty among his women admirers.

George Raft has the excitement of a colorful and guessed-about background to keep public interest in him at white heat. Eddie's background is chiefly made up of school days at Santa Clara College and stock days at the old Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles.

Johnny Weissmuller stands for adventure and physical prowess. Eddie lives the life of a prosperous and social business man.

Yet something tells me that Eddie will be suavely robbing banks (for screen purposes, of course) or "sezzing you" to Victor McLaglen for several years after these respective gentlemen have flared and faded, just as he has done for the many years before you ever, ever heard of these new boys.

If it is true that Hollywood stardom is a tough business, then Eddie Lowe, of his own, and Lilyan Tashman fame, has it pretty well on the spot!

Went Out on His Own

AT a Hollywood time when most actors were feverishly clinging to their contracts and praying for renewals, Eddie calmly refused to re-sign with Fox until his terms were met. During the period when "free-lancing" threw cold fear

(*Continued on page 76*)

Edmund Lowe's Hints

Edmund Lowe is one of the highest-salaried actors in Hollywood. He has outlasted "screen sensations" of the moment for more than ten years. His recipe for beating the Hollywood racket is:

"Don't let them tack a slogan on you . . . such as 'the great lover' or 'Valentino successor.'

"Vary your screen characterizations.

"Don't be typed on, or off, the screen. It's great to be a social success in Hollywood, but remember that the master-of-ceremonies is seldom invited to play a rôle in the picture he introduces at a première.

"Get away from Hollywood at least three times a year and keep your perspective."

EDMUND LOWE AND LILYAN TASHMAN HAVE PRIVACY IN THOSE BEVERLY HILLS

If anyone wants to look in on Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe at their home on Linden Drive, he'll have to get a step-ladder—and beware of the dogs. They spend most of their daytime spare time in their rustic garden. For, unbeknown to most people, they are back-to-nature addicts

Above, Lilyan Tashman is recuperating from her recent nearly-fatal appendicitis operation, in the shady patio of their home. At right, Edmund and Lilyan, popularly called "the best-dressed couple in Hollywood," wander along their garden paths. They're an outstanding example of a husband and wife who know the secret of how to succeed in marriage, though both have careers. They have been married more than ten years

Ruth Chatterton's Own Story of Her Second Marriage

(*Continued from page 51*)

sentimental legends. But it was simply one of those instantaneous mutual vibrations that are—well, simply—*right.*

"When I say 'love at first sight' I do not mean, oddly enough, that sight had very much to do with it where I was concerned. I was not at first attracted to George because of his physical appearance, glad as I am now that he is so satisfactory to look at. But that was really not what I saw about him at first. I daresay that if anyone had asked me what he looked like in those first days, I could not have told them.

"No, it was *an inside thing* that caused me to fall in love with George as I did. It was because he is fine and idealistic and completely untouched by this life of acting. Fineness and idealism are not to be found in every man to-day. I watched him after his great success in 'The Rich Are Always With Us'—the fame and publicity and head-turning things that were happening to him—and there was not a nick made in the man. And I knew, then, that what happens to so many actors could never happen to him—he would never become less the man as he became more the actor.

"A friend of mine described him as one of those strong, silent men you read about in the best English novels—and never meet. *But I met him.*

"Before I talk too much about my second marriage, I want to pay a tribute to my first marriage—and to my first husband. No one can know how fine Ralph Forbes has been, and is. I think the fact that we are friends, all three of us, says more than any words of mine can say. George and Rafe go hunting and riding together. Rafe dines with us frequently. When I went away last summer, just prior to our divorce, he saw me off on the train; and when George and I returned to Hollywood together, Rafe met us then.

Were "Like Brother and Sister"

"DURING the past few years of our married life—our *successful* marriage, despite the friendly divorce—Rafe and I have been like brother and sister far more than like husband and wife. We were happy together as a congenial brother and sister are happy together. We had *fun* together. We were amused. We never bored one another. That seemed to me, then, to be sufficient. I was very far from being unhappy. Quite the contrary. I never for one instant thought of myself as a misunderstood wife or lacking in any way anything I should have. I believe it would always have been sufficient—for me, at least—if I had not instantly and wholly fallen in love with George. And who can help a thing like that?

"I have been described, occasionally, as the type of woman who likes to 'attract men' and then discard them. Absurd. During the entire eight years of my married life with Rafe, I never knew another man existed in an emotional sense. And during my whole life any man who has been my friend is still—my friend.

"I know that Rafe is my best friend and I think that he would call me his. He has told me that he will not remarry without first consulting me. We discuss together, still, all of his problems and plans. But, life or love or what-have-you simply took the three of us by the napes of our necks, gave us a good thorough shaking out, and set us down in the places where we belong and in the proper juxtapositions.

"It was very amusing—the first real conversation George and I ever had together. We talked violently against marriage, any sort of marriage, for either of us. We were arguing from different premises, but the basis was the same. George had had an unhappy first experience and he was thoroughly disillusioned about women, disliked them, distrusted them. I had had a very happy experience and yet I still held to the belief I'd always held—and still do, on the risk of being thought insane—which was that I did not want marriage for myself, did not believe in it, instinctively wanted to shy away from any tie that binds. And so we sat for hours growing more and more heated and vehement and anti-marriage. Perhaps we were a bit too vehement.

Didn't Wed from Loneliness

"AND then, when we both realized that, almost on that first day, during that first talk, the absurd thunderbolt had hit *us,* and after I had 'gone to Rafe' in the best modern-drama fashion and Told Him All, I left for Europe and had a perfectly glorious time traveling about by myself. I often wished that George were with me, of course, but I am a very self-sufficient person. I enjoy being by myself. I am never lonely.

"I motored through Spain alone, toured the Austrian Tyrol, and visited Marseilles and walked alone through the most notorious and polygot port in the world, with amusing experiences. To this day George turns Black Irish when I tell him of my night walk through the port of Marseilles. I never thought of danger. I have no fear of anything I can see and touch and name. In London and in Paris I lunched and dined with old friends—G. B. Stern and Somerset Maugham and Louis Bromfield and his wife and A. J. Cronin, who has done me the great honor of dedicating his latest book to me.

"And eventually I drifted home, not altogether sure whether I really wanted to marry again or not. I decided, quite suddenly, that I did and that I would. It was five o'clock of the morning after Rafe had 'phoned me from Los Angeles to say that our divorce was final and to give me his blessing or the equivalent. I 'phoned George, woke my friends and my Aunt Ada, who were stopping at the hotel with me, and we motored up to Westchester and were married at high noon.

"Let no one tell you that a second marriage is less thrilling than a first. If anything it is more so. *I* was more excited this time. I was more frightened. The more we know of life, I think, the more we fear it: the things it can give—the things it can take away.

In "The Crash," George Brent played Ruth Chatterton's ardent husband—and their real-life marriage was the sequel

What Second Marriage Means

"THE Unknown is exciting, of course, but is there anything more exciting than a previous experience with a new person, a familiar road with a stranger? And we, who seem to belong together so perfectly, have yet a great many things to learn, the one about the other. There are so many things to talk about that we have never yet had time for; there are so many things to do together we have never done; there are so many places we want to go—

"I can't say that second marriage has changed me in any fundamental sense. As I have said, I am a very self-sufficient person. I still want the things of life that I have always wanted. I still care about the way of life that I have always cared about. Only now I have found the person who wants and cares about the same things I do.

"And that is, actually, the only sane reason for second marriage—to find the person who cares for and wants the things you do, who asks life the questions you ask it and hopes for the same answers.

"I believe in this second marriage of mine. There is no one who can really foresee what time will bring or what it will do. But, right now, I believe with all my heart that we have something sound and permanent and for as long as we both shall live. We are the same kind of people. We care about the same things, in small ways as well as in large. Neither one of us wants, or expects, to stay indefinitely on the screen. Both of us want to have a farm. A real farm, not a de luxe plaything. We both love growing things, things we have planted with our own hands. Both of us are of the stage and screen, and yet I believe that for neither of us has the greasepaint penetrated nor the sound of applause become a vital necessity.

Their Present and Future Life

"WE both love to travel and when Hollywood is no more for us, that is what we shall do first. We want to go to Bagdad. I want to show George the Germany I know, and he wants to show me the Ireland that is his. We plan to be at home in many places . . .

"We both love music. A large part of our evenings now, either at home in Beverly Hills or here in the studio bungalow where we live during the week when we are working, we listen to symphonies and opera on the radio or the phonograph. We both love books and read many things aloud—things we especially love and want to share. We're trying to play chess.

"We both love a home and will always have one. Neither of us wants children—at least, not yet. I never have felt the maternal urge—an offshoot, perhaps, of my original shrinking from things that tie. We both care for solitude and neither of us cares for parties—George even less than I, if that is possible. We both dress for dinner every evening and like preserving the civilities of life wherever we may be.

"I believe that we are happy. I believe that we are *perfectly* happy. If this is not happiness, then I do not want happiness."

Blondes PARTICULARLY MUST FIGHT SKIN DRYNESS

New vitamin ingredient (Element 576) in Woodbury's Cold Cream feeds dry skins, guards against lines

"Blondes fade early," they say... usually their fine skin fades from dryness. And many women with dark hair also have this same quality of sensitive skin.

Do you have that tendency to dryness? Then care for your skin with Woodbury's COLD Cream. For Woodbury's is the only cream which contains Element 576 . . . a new ingredient never before used in a face cream. For months, Woodbury skin specialists have been experimenting to apply the new science of vitamin-nourishing-oils to the making of Woodbury's Creams. Thousands of tests on skins of every type show that Woodbury's COLD Cream (with the new Element 576) *does more for the skin than other creams.* It penetrates deeper . . . cleanses deeper to prevent blackheads . . . lubricates deeper to quench dryness. And Woodbury's COLD Cream does more than cleanse and lubricate . . . it *enriches* the tissues . . . supplies the youth-element for which the skin hungers and without which it fades.

Use Woodbury's COLD Cream on YOUR skin . . . morning and night, and after exposure. You will SEE its effect in a few days. Your skin will be softer and smoother; will have that velvety bloom that thrills the touch . . . Use Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (as powder base) to protect your skin from drying dust and exposure.

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Woodbury's Creams

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A Heroine to Other Stars—That's Norma Shearer!

(*Continued from page 27*)

non-essentials, as most of us women do. Her sense of values is perfect and she keeps it so."

Lionel Barrymore said, out of the mouth of the macabre *Rasputin*, "Most intelligent, most clever and therefore most interesting woman in town, this Norma Shearer. She has charm and she has organization ability. Rare, very rare combination. She has ordered her life, both personal and professional, with the high-powered ability of an executive, yet she has never ceased to be—a woman. Most women of Norma's capability would have jutting jaws, flat-soled shoes and run a chain of restaurants."

And *Wallace Beery*, encountered in the commissary, said, "Norma has the most straightforward, cordial handclasp of any woman I have ever met. To a man, this tells a whole story, of character, of type, of purpose. She looks you straight in the eye when she talks to you—and she looks life straight in the eye, too. That's why it has come to grips with her!"

Ralph Forbes said, "Well, just in the course of conversation and without any chance to think it over, I should say that Norma is the most human and the most unspoiled of any star in the business. The most *real* as a person. In a world of grease-paint and make-believe, this quality is arresting and astounding."

Calls Her "Self-Made Star"

DIRECTOR *Robert Z. Leonard*, who has megaphoned Norma through so many of her successes, said, "Norma, in my opinion, deserves all the success in the world. Having known her since she started in silent pictures, I have watched her with great admiration overcome many obstacles and by her own will-power and perseverance rise to the coveted position she now enjoys—a self-made star in every sense of the word."

Marie Dressler said, "Norma is almost superhuman in her ability to make decisions and then *carry them through*. The first part is comparatively easy. Any one of us can sit lazily in an easy chair and make yards and yards of decisions, which we then do nothing about. The second part is the hard part, the part requiring stamina and strength—the carrying them through. This second part takes a more-than-woman.

"When, for instance, Norma was expecting her baby, she was determined that that baby should be the *healthiest* baby it was possible to bring into the world. And she allowed nothing to interfere with the regimen her doctor laid down for her. She wouldn't eat a mouthful of anything unless it was on her diet. That baby was her job and she gave to it everything she had of heart and mind and soul. That is Norma. She is the same in every one of the capacious and generous and triumphant aspects of her life."

Joan Crawford, in her dressing-room, enjoying a very bad cold, said, "Norma makes life bright and more *hopeful* for every girl in the world, and particularly for girls in pictures. She has proved what can be done on the screen in every sort of way. She originally played nothing but sweet, romantic rôles and she went from them to such sophisticated and complicated parts as in 'The Divorcée' and 'Private Lives' and so on. From both kinds of parts she emerged triumphant. Perhaps because of good taste, which never deserts her in any characterization. In 'The Divorcée,' 'Strangers May Kiss' and 'A Free Soul,' she won sympathy for unsympathetic characters.

Joan's Highest Tribute

"THEN, she had a baby and she emerged from that experience more beautiful, younger, slenderer, richer and more gifted in her work than she was before. She is a pathfinder and a challenge to all of us girls who may be inclined to evade some of the experiences of life because of fear. Girls who say, for instance, 'I'd like to have a baby, of course, but my dears, my *career*—.' Whenever I think of having a baby, and I do, and whenever I feel a little bit afraid, I think of Norma and am ashamed of myself. Norma is unafraid and that's a beautiful and a *swell* thing to be."

Robert Montgomery happened along, in knickers and sweater and scarf, and said, "This is so sudden—sure, it's Norma who gets the biggest hand. No one out here is as much fun to work with as Norma is. Why? you ask. Because she's *a nice person*." (Bob's highest phrase of praise.) "Because she has a sense of humor and it doesn't desert her on the set. She has a light enough touch to take the sting out of work. We've made four pictures together—'The Divorcée,' 'Strangers May Kiss,' 'Private Lives' and 'Their Own Desire'—and we're still speaking. That's the big pay-off."

At the opening of "Strange Interlude," Norma shared the spotlight with Sid Grauman (left), creator of Hollywood's famous premières, and Irving Thalberg

A magazine writer once wrote of Norma that she is not really beautiful, having neither lustrous, improbable orbs nor waves of honey-gold hair nor some of the luscious charms exploited by other, and usually lesser stars. None the less, this writer said, Norma manages to be the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and is so acclaimed by everybody everywhere she goes. There is a little story in this, too—a little story of the everyday, even-as-you-and-I, normal little Canadian girl who has taken the stuff of life and with her clever hands, dictated by her cleverer brain, molded it nearer to her heart's desire.

Poses Only When in the Mood

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL, portrait photographer on the lot, to whom come, in profile and full face, the Garbos, the Crawfords, and the Harlows, said, "Norma only poses when she is in the mood—which is the only time she should pose. And when she does, she is very thorough about it. She knows exactly what she wants and she does what she wants without one erring move. Her ideas about her pictures are as clean-cut and as beautifully defined as her features are."

Jean Hersholt said, "Norma—Norma is the most courteous of all the stars, a lovely thing in woman. She never passes anyone by without saying, 'How do you do?' She has charming, smiling eyes when she greets you. And it is the actor's greatest blessing to work with her. She always rehearses anywhere from ten days to two weeks before the start of a picture. She knows what it is all about before she ever begins. It is a pleasure and a benefit to any actor to work with her. I am sincere in this, I really mean it. It is, apart from all else, a form of considerateness that is rare and delightful."

John Miljan said, "As a woman, Norma is about as far from what the actress is as one can well imagine. In private life, she is the typical housewife and mother. She might be the wife of any little bookkeeper in the country. When she walks into her own home the actress *is gone*, she is not an actress at all any more. She bosses the servants, always graciously, she plans the menus, she takes competent care of the baby—she is like any respectable wife anywhere in the world. That's why she's *real*."

In the publicity department they told me, "You can't sell Norma anything. With other stars we may say, 'Such-and-such a magazine or paper wants a two-page layout of something or other.' It doesn't go. Nothing *vague* goes with Norma Shearer. She is the most thorough star we ever have to deal with. But when there is anything definite to be done, anything positive, Norma cooperates to the very limit."

Has Patience for Detail

SITTING in his golden-yellow atelier, *Adrian*, designer of all the lovely gowns worn by all the lovely Metro ladies, told me, "Miss Shearer has a terrific patience. More than any other woman I have ever worked with, she possesses this rare attribute. She is also terrifically thorough. She has a passion for detail. Nothing is too small, too trivial for her to give her undivided attention. A seam, the set of a sleeve, the fraction of an inch of length to a gown, this way or that—she is absorbed in these minute details.

"She also changes her mind, very frequently. I mean, we may decide that a certain gown shall be white. By the time Norma has walked from my shop to her dressing-room she has decided that it will be black. We will no sooner have discussed this decision and hung up than she will ring again and hold out for the original white. She sponsors woman's inherited right to change her mind.

"Also, I think that Miss Shearer has done what many American women long to do, but can't. She is, essentially, a reserved and a restrained person. She is most convincing in sports clothes and severely tailored things. But in her pictures she has been able to release her reserves and her restraints by wearing the most daring of gowns. A very good release, I should say. Ivory and brick are her two best colors—the vital shades for her type."

Milton Brown, photographer of "stills," told me, "Miss Shearer cooperates every minute of the time. She never sits around and waits to be told what to do. Too much initiative for that. And when an idea is formulated, she gets it before we do, every single time."

Danny Gray, Metro's Editor-in-Chief of films, told me, with a helpless wave of his very competent hands, "I can't say enough, that's my trouble." And when Danny Gray speaks so, you believe him. He's terse and unexcitable and matter-of-fact. He said, "But I like to see Miss Shearer in pictures like 'Smilin' Through.' The kind of things she did when she began. I've always felt that's where she belongs—in the lovely kind of things."

Never Becomes "Temperamental"

EDITH HUBNER, head hairdresser (for fourteen years) on the Metro lot, said, "Miss Shearer is never temperamental, and it is my belief that if a woman is going to be temperamental, she will be that way about the dressing of her hair. She never demands the impossible. She is never, apparently, in a hurry—a very unusual thing in a hairdresser's experience. And I have never, in all my experience, worked with hair so exquisitely and so perfectly kept. She is never temperamental and she is never impatient, as I say, but this doesn't mean that the doing of her hair is not very important to her. It is. She attaches as much importance to it as she does to the type of gown she may wear. Miss Shearer never loses sight of *detail*—that's why the whole is so perfect."

Neil Hamilton remembers the days when Norma Shearer and he worked as photographers' models in New York. He remembers the first letter he ever wrote her—about her performance in "He Who Gets Slapped." He laughed and said, "She didn't answer it—but she *did* remember it, which is even more remarkable. She told me so, when we worked together later. She has the most amazing memory of any woman I have ever known. I dislike seeing her in pictures like 'Strange Interlude' and 'Private Lives.' Perhaps because Norma is, to me, the perfect mother type, fine and outstanding and immaculate. And despite her splendid maternity, she is the only star I have ever known who does not boast about her amazing feat in producing a child. Norma never talks about her son except to say that she is grateful for his perfect health. She is always prompt on the set. She is completely unspoiled and real and natural. I don't really know what more one performer could say about another, or one man about one woman. And the point I want to stress is that *I mean it*."

And now comes the really big comment, with *Mr. Louis B. Mayer*, himself, saying this, "I have watched Norma grow up from a girl to the splendid actress, wife and mother she is to-day. Down here at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we think so much of her that we married her into the family so that she could never get away from us. She is the sort of girl young men dream of as a sweetheart and older men would like to have as a daughter. Norma is that rare combination of brains and beauty, sweetness and practicality."

Norma is 'way up near the top among the stars who are most popular at the box office, and in 1930 the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences selected her as the best actress of the year, for her performance in "The Divorcée." Her screen popularity is assured.

They say no man is a hero to his valet. Certainly few stars are heroines to other stars. I believe that Norma is. I believe that, apart from policy, pride, good nature or any other extraneous matter, these men and these women meant what they said when they looked me in the eye, enthused and eager, and spoke their pieces about Norma Shearer.

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HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear skin, come when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, charm. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

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Sal Hepatica keeps you internally cleansed the *saline* way. It first flushes away the wastes and poisons which clog the digestive tract. But because it is not an ordinary laxative, but a saline—it rids your blood-stream, too, of poisons! It cleanses and purifies your system!

It is for this reason that Sal Hepatica combats colds, headaches, rheumatism, and skin-blemishes. It contains the same salines as do the health springs of Wiesbaden and Aix. It is *America's* great saline!

Tomorrow morning—start with Sal Hepatica. In a short time you'll feel better. Then—your eyes will brighten, your skin will freshen, there'll be new lightness in your step. Your whole point of view will brighten up because your system has been purified!

CONSTIPATION

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The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

SIX HOURS TO LIVE

Good Picture, Misses Greatness: A good picture which might just as well have been a remarkable one. The novelty of the idea of a man brought back from death for six short hours has so many dramatic possibilities it is to be regretted that none of them were utilized. Warner Baxter, as the diplomat about to cast an unpopular vote in a League of Nations assembly, gives an excellently shaded performance. After his "death" at the hands of rival politicians there is a strong sense of strangeness in his aspect and voice.

Miriam Jordan as the girl whose love he wins too late has a colorless rôle which she does ornamentally, at least. Irene Ware is striking and sensational in her bit as the woman of the streets. But director and scenario writer missed the point that should have been obvious—that a man would come back from Death with a different slant on Life, and undo the mistakes he has made.

KONGO

Lurid, But Acting Saves It: The old Chaney melodrama, "West of Zanzibar," is served up here in new guise, but with all its incredibilities and crudenesses intact. Horror piles on horror as the legless trader, played with little of the Huston subtlety by Walter Huston, furthers his horrible scheme of revenge on the dead wife he believed unfaithful, by subjecting her daughter to every depravity and vice of the East.

The daughter, whom Virginia Bruce makes a piteous and ghastly figure, is proved at the end to be his own. Conrad Nagel rather runs away with the sympathy of the picture as the dope-ruined doctor who loves the girl. Lupe Velez has a gaudy bit as the half-breed girl.

Without the splendid cast it would be hard to take the lurid story and its more lurid lines seriously. But go see it, and discover what good actors can do to a pretty hopeless story.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Don't You Dare Miss This One!: No sooner has one decided that Lubitsch must have used up all his clever little tricks of sophistication than he proves that his supply is inexhaustible. The beginning of this gay and slightly naughty story of two charming thieves and one lovely heiress to a perfume factory sets the keynote with a romantic gondola slipping along a Venetian canal while the gondolier sings "O Sole Mio" as he—collects the garbage! From that moment one clever touch after another bids for your smile or chuckle.

Herbert Marshall makes a dashing rogue; Miriam Hopkins, as his light-fingered sweetheart masquerading as secretary to his secretaryship, and Kay Francis as the perfume widow who hires Marshall to manage her fortune, are thoroughly captivating. Backgrounds, costumes, dialogue all adorn a picture that must not be missed.

SILVER DOLLAR

Sincere Picture—Robinson Excellent: Edward Robinson does a remarkable piece of work as the simple miner who becomes a silver multi-millionaire, effulgent spender of the Nineties, grandiloquent patron of the people and Senator, only to share the fate of the silver on which he built his life. The development of the demagogue, from the miner who dreams of greatness, and his piteous and bewildered fall from power, are beyond routine praise.

Aline MacMahon, as the wife of his early struggles, is unerring throughout, and in their last meeting touches genius. Bebe Daniels is breathtakingly lovely, if not always quite convincing, as the second wife. The settings and costumes are remarkably faithful to Americana. You must not miss this sincere and fine picture.

It is particularly refreshing to see Robinson, one of the screen's best actors, getting away from sordid rôles.

SCARLET DAWN

Good Melodrama of Russian Revolution: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has grown a mustache and cropped his hair in back for this melodrama of a young Russian aristocrat who attempts to dodge capture in the Revolution by posing as a peasant. It has suspense.

The story gets off to a jerky start with scenes of gay Moscow life; newsreel shots of Revolutionary mobs give a synthetic effect; and the story goes pure movie for a time when a pretty American heiress (Sheila Terry) appears on the scene, and Lilyan Tashman, a Baroness who has turned to crime, almost inveigles Doug into duping the girl to buy some fake jewels. But the close, when the emigres meet again, is authentic drama.

Young Doug is excellent as the daredevil escape artist. Nancy Carroll does sincere work as a peasant girl who worships him inarticulately. Their scenes together are the high spots of the picture.

THE BIG BROADCAST

Good For Radio Fans: Done in a sort of jazztime rhythm, this farce-comedy of the crooner, Bing Crosby, played by Bing Crosby, the misanthropic millionaire, portrayed by Stuart Erwin, and a stenographer from the radio station, (Leila Hyams) is mostly entertainment for radio fans. Bing's fiancée, played with bangs by Sharon Lynn, has just turned him down, Stuart has just been shaken for ten thousand by a Texas widow—so they decide to commit suicide. From this they are saved by Leila who persuades Bing to return for the Big Broadcast, and cajoles Stuart into buying the bankrupt broadcasting company.

Kate Smith, Cab Calloway's orchestra, the Boswell Sisters, the Mills Brothers and Donald Novis in person are shown doing their well-known stuff. A rare sequence at the close in which Stuart tries to substitute for Bing at crooning ends a fair picture in good humor.

(*More Reviews on page 74*)

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

decorators and workmen. They had the front of their home altered for the occasion to look like a house of the period. Three rooms were redecorated and refurnished to look the part, and the costumes were very becoming and really forerunners of the present trend of fashion. Kay Francis ought to be able to wear that lovely bustled evening gown with the tight basque this winter.

KATHLEEN BURKE, 19-year-old Chicago girl, who won Paramount's nationwide contest to find a "Panther Woman," has shown herself a wise young woman. Though her winning of the prize rôle in "The Island of Lost Souls" included a five-week stay at the Ambassador Hotel, Kathleen preferred to room with Gail Patrick, another contestant. Now that the picture is finished, she is going to make a twelve-week tour of the principal cities of the country with it. Will she then return home or will she find other screen rôles waiting for her? "I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life," said Charles Laughton, which represents the feeling of the seasoned for a prize-winning newcomer.

SPEAKING of Charles Laughton, he also said, "Life is just a bowl of Boris Karloffs," as he embarked for Catalina Island to play the mad doctor in "The Island of Lost Souls" (adapted from H. G. Wells' fantastic thriller, "The Island of Dr. Moreau"), in which the other players are made up as humans with animal characteristics.

Charles has just finished playing Nero in "The Sign of the Cross" and recounts the disadvantages of representing a Roman degenerate. "They had a scene of me having my toenails gilded," explains Charles. "But I struck—I wouldn't let them do more than one foot. A few days later I went to the Beach Club. It was hot and I delighted at the prospect of a swim. But suddenly I remembered the foot with the gold toenails. I thought, 'Ye gods! I can't go in! I'm half a sissy!' "

THE opening of two new night-clubs of the more sophisticated type puts Hollywood definitely on the map as being a real town. But the question is: "How long will these clubs, with their female impersonators, gigolo dancers, and decadent decorations, hold the interest of the stars?" Already one club has had to take off the cover charge. Hollywood, despite its occasional goings-on, is essentially a nine o'clock factory town whose whistle blows at seven a.m.

ZEPPO MARX won the big race. He had challenged Phil Berg to a contest to decide which of their two foreign cars was the speedier, and the race was held at six a.m. in the dry lake bottom of Muroc Lake. If you can believe it, there were many movie stars there to watch it, too, even at that hour. Some simply stayed up a little later on the night before. One resourceful hostess chartered a bus and took her dinner-dance guests out to the race. Ben Lyon was timekeeper.

JUNE COLLYER ERWIN has shown the world that a lady may have a baby and still look ravishingly beautiful all the time. 'Tis said that she plans an early return to the screen. She and Stuart have named the baby Stuart, Jr., though his papa calls him

(*Continued on page 77*)

"LIFE SAVERS help you lose weight *faster*"

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Nine times out of ten when a new client comes to me she starts to tell me her ideas on reducing. I end that quick. I tell her she's paying me $100 a half hour not to talk to me . . . but to listen!

One of my pet annoyances is the woman who tells me what a martyr she is in denying her appetite for sweets when she's on a diet. There's nothing heroic about that! It's plain ignorance. The body always needs enough sugar. But in reducing . . . it's vital! It's Number Three on my list of reducing rules . . . last, but not least!

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Loretta Young, *now appearing in "They Call It Sin," a First National Picture.*

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Are Your Favorite Movie Stars Really What They Seem?

(*Continued from page 31*)

As she began to deepen and develop, as love and marriage came to her, her work on the screen showed that deepening and development. She did "Paid" and new rumors started, to the effect that in Joan would soon be found the greatest dramatic actress of the screen. She showed evidences of thought and maturity and drama because she was living these things in her personal life. She made "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton," and the burning ambition growing in the heart of Joan was obvious to you who watched. She has made "Rain" and that ambition has become as startling as a fire, as sharp as a signal at sea. She is what she is in real life—you see her, *in person*.

Mary Pickford plays, has almost always played, the parts of wholesomeness and sweetness on the screen. She has also played the part of wholesomeness and sweetness at Pickfair. She has stood for a sort of aristocracy, for all the decent things. There is a saying in Hollywood, "If anything should go wrong at Pickfair, it would be a death-blow to the industry." When Mary played *Kiki*, it turned out to be an unfortunate choice. Because Mary was not being herself as *Kiki*. We all knew that we were not seeing the real Mary Pickford—and a mask has never yet taken the place of the human face.

Doug Always Himself, Too

THE real Mary, the Mary who earned and who has kept the title of "America's Sweetheart," earned that title and kept it because she was showing you her heart. The heart of the Mary who is interested in her home and her husband, interested in religion and all forms of advanced thought, interested in the bringing up of her young niece, in all charities and philanthropies and especially those that have to do with her Own People, the people of the screen. The heart of the Mary who mixes with the Best People and loves all people; whose great devotion to her dead mother will never die; who is as fiercely loyal as a sister, no matter how often that loyalty is tried; the Mary who dresses conservatively, who reads good books and surrounds herself with charming and cultivated things.

When you saw Mary in the rôles that fitted her, when you saw her as the golden-ringletted child, you were seeing the real Mary Pickford—the little girl who never grew up—because to grow up so often means that the flower turns sere at the petals and Mary, the golden child, still freshly lives in the woman who greets her dinner guests at Pickfair with a shy smile and gardenias in her hands.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., on the screen also is Doug, Senior, off the screen. He plays no mummer's part when he sails off on Magic Carpets or betakes him, as now, to darkest China, to consort with pig-tailed bandits and track down legends and invade ancient temples. I, myself, have seen him vault over chairs and shinny up chandeliers while discoursing on his morning golf and tying his gay cravat with his agile brown hands.

He really is, truth to tell, something of an exhibitionist. He really is a soldier of fortune, a knight errant, an adventurer hunting big game, an explorer into the dark corners of the earth, an Aladdin rubbing a Genii's lamp with restless, eager fingers. When you have seen Doug, Senior, on the screen, you have done better than if you had met him in the white drawing-room at Pickfair. For there, on the screen, he is, necessarily, within range of your vision. In the flesh you would have to be something of a gymnast and a contortionist to keep pace with him. You are not seeing an actor when you watch Doug on the screen. *You are meeting the man himself.*

Lupe Velez, so tempestuous on the screen, is now a fond "mama" in private—having adopted her six-year-old niece

Pola Tempestuous Anywhere

THE warm case of Pola Negri was, and is, a striking example of what we are talking about. Pola has been a stormy petrel in Hollywood. She is violent, passionate and cataclysmic on the screen; she is violent, passionate and cataclysmic in life. She dramatizes herself quite as much behind her own front door as she does behind the front door of any scene in any picture.

Recall her pallid face and silver storm of tears at the bier of Valentino? There were dramatic scenes during the course of her tempestuous romance with Chaplin. She married and then divorced a Prince. She stages scenes for interviewers that might have taken place during the days of Versailles, when scribes went a-scribing to the ante-chambers of the Josephines and the DuBarrys. She fills hotel bedrooms with strange tropical fruits and gives to casual callers the feeling that they are being presented at a court of some Catherine the Great. No, when you see Pola, you are not seeing an actress. You are seeing the woman, herself, acting as she always has, in public or in private, for the camera or for the family circle.

I could go on indefinitely, making it plain to you that you have met the people of the screen in the flesh. I could point out that Jack Oakie, funster and life of the party on the screen, is similarly a funster and the life of the party off the screen.

Are They Real Actresses Then?

I DON'T know what this connotes. It may mean that the Garbos, the Crawfords, the Negris, *et al*, are not actresses of the schools of Maude Adams, the late Minnie Maddern Fiske and Ethel Barrymore. For certainly Maude Adams, saddened and quiet and mature, was not really the ever-young and ever-joyous *Peter Pan*. Nor, I am positive, was Minnie Maddern Fiske ever the slightly ribald *George Sand* with a black cigar in her mouth. Nor is that quiet lady, Ethel Barrymore, the cullud lady she gave us last on the stage in "Scarlet Sister Mary." But whatever this may prove or indicate, the aforementioned Chattertons and Crawfords and Pickfords *are the people they play*. They are not fooling you—*because they are not acting*. They are introducing you to their real selves without benefit of masking or deception, which may be the finest art of all.

One more striking case occurs to me—that of John Gilbert. John's rôles were most successful when he was the most reckless, the most debonair. That was because, in such parts, John was being himself. A gallant lover, unfit for the carpet slipper or the nursery light; the Great Lover who, in real life, threw off the shackles of matrimony, not once but three times, when those shackles dimmed his lustre as a Romantic. This man who thrice forsook the home and the hearth, who stormed the portals of Garbo's guarded heart, who married Ina Claire on the impulse of a few meetings, who followed in the exciting wake of Lupe Velez for a brief while, who has recently and romantically married again—this John Gilbert was the John Gilbert you met and knew on the screen when he was making "The Merry Widow," "The Big Parade" and the other successes of his most famous days. You don't need to meet John—*you have met him.*

Became Their Screen Selves

SOMETIMES, I think, *they become the parts they play*. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, for examples. I feel sure that Janet would never allow scandal or divorce or any ugly thing to touch her, because her rôles on the screen would be also touched and stained. Janet and Charlie stand for un-modern Youth, for valentines and First Years and the tender, story-book things. They play those parts. They *are* those parts. They know that they have to be.

There are one or two exceptions. One is Maurice Chevalier. *The Smiling Lieutenant* on the screen, or the naughty tailor in "Love Me Tonight," off the screen Maurice is all but unrecognizably different. He is staid. He is quiet. He is as un-naughty as any man you could well imagine. Even in this matter of his divorce, he is far less the wandering *Smiling Lieutenant* than he is the substantial citizen. For I've a very good idea that this parting is not because of any French Ma'amselle nor any lady of the Hollywood haunts, but merely the desire of Chevalier to have an heir.

Clark Gable is another exception. Because, despite the tremendous build-up he has been given on the grounds of sex-appeal and a devastating charm for women, Clark is far more really *a man's man*, loving fishing and motoring and camping, preferring overalls and a spot under his car to evening clothes and night-clubs. Clark is one actor about whom every other says genuinely admiring and affectionate things. His dominance, his virility are all there—but on the screen they are directed toward women, and off the screen they are the qualities that make him more beloved of men.

Now ask yourself the question. Are they the parts they play? And isn't the answer—"YES"?

I Am a Movie Fan!

(*Continued from page 60*)

do I like best? That is easy to answer.

I am quite fond of the screen adaptation of the book, "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," naturally. The producers have done a good job, in my opinion, in the manner they have transferred the book to the screen, cleverly assimilating and breathing into life the motif of its pages. And I sincerely believe that it is a picture that one will want to see a second and a third time.

"Hell Divers" interested me a great deal. "Bring 'Em Back Alive" was good. And "Tiger Shark" intrigued me. Do not get the idea, though, that because I mention the above titles I do not like a story of romance, good love interest—and comedy relief. "Life Begins" has an absorbing theme. "Back Street" possesses all the elements to interest.

I have always admired Charlie Chaplin and what he represents. The world is the better for his kind of pictures. Tom Meighan typifies for me another kind of actor and the subjects he best portrays. I wish we might have more of Meighan. I am for Douglas Fairbanks for his kind of human stories, and for his athletics and historic representations. I could see again and enjoy Edward G. Robinson and that bantam actor, James Cagney. Wallace Beery, to me, is a real man and he loses not a bit of his vitality on the screen.

I must confess that I was disappointed when I learned that James Cagney would not play the part of *Tom Connors* of "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing." But, after witnessing the work of Spencer Tracy in the rôle, I am certain that a better substitution could not have been made.

Wishes "Wardens" Would Smile

MY recent viewing of so-called prison pictures has brought to me certain portrayals of prison officials. Naturally, I noted the work of the actors who created the part of the warden. My reaction is not wholly critical, but I found myself wishing that a mite more humanness might have been observed. It is not always the province of a warden to function within prison walls with a long-drawn-out countenance. Some wardens do smile—occasionally. Arthur Byron does a good job in "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing."

Among the women stars, it would be difficult for me to mention any one for special preferment. There is a certain type who, for me, holds no interest. It is my opinion that a woman star can make or mar an otherwise good picture, while an indifferent male actor is but secondary with a good story. Bette Davis, the *Fay* of "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" is a bright spot in an otherwise practically all-male cast.

The principal interest to me in the movies is, first, the acting; next, the impressions of life it gives me. If the setting is inaccurate, the work of the men and women who impersonate the characters may counteract its effect. Then the story. I may be carried along in a way to cause complete forgetfulness that it is only a picture, but if the story proves absurd, then my whole evening is spoiled.

I have noted a gradual, but nevertheless forward movement in the movies in the past two or three years. And may I add that I believe it may be due to some extent to the foreign invasion. There is no doubt but that directors and stars from abroad have helped to "tone up" our pictures. Certainly there is no lack of talented actors and directors from other countries in the United States forming an important part of the picture industry in Hollywood.

Please do not think that I could underestimate any of our own people. I merely

(*Continued on page 73*)

"PERFECT SOAP FOR WOOLS"

INSTANT PURE SUDS WITHOUT USING DANGEROUS HOT WATER

One of the worst things you can do to lovely woolen fabrics is to get them by mistake into *too hot* suds. IVORY SNOW is perfect for washing wools. *It dissolves instantly in* LUKEWARM WATER!

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Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 55*)

—and to be too cosmopolitan to stage demonstrations for them. In San Francisco, movie stars feel as they do in New York or London or any other big metropolis. And they like the feeling.

When George O'Brien's father was Chief of Police in San Francisco, several attempts were made to treat the movie crowd from the South as celebrities. Motorcycle escorts met them at the trains and escorted them to their hotels, cameras clicked, and hats were waved along the way. But when O'Brien, Senior, was appointed to Governor Rolph's cabinet, the practice was abandoned. Nobody minded—except the film stars' press-agents.

When the huge Fox Theatre was opened near the City Hall, trainloads of stars were imported, with the usual lights, microphones and hullabaloo of a Hollywood première. Yet the streets about the new Fox Theatre were hardly more crowded than usual that night. When Hollywood takes its stars to San Francisco—it has to take the ballyhoo, too!

A new restaurant tried to attract attention to its opening by inviting several dozen film celebrities to attend. Though the fact that they would be there on the opening night was well-advertised, the dining room was only half-filled and there were no excited crowds to obstruct traffic and cheer the stars' triumphant "entrance." The master of ceremonies had a bad half-hour trying to arouse interest in the guests of honor. The paying guests had not come there to see "movie people." They wanted to dance, and dance they did. The m. c. determinedly raised his voice. He had guests to introduce and he was going to introduce them. Finally, some impatient diner threw a roll. In a moment the place was bedlam. The picture crowd left in haste, and the near-riot was stopped only when the orchestra started a noisy number. The opening was a fizzle and the restaurant soon closed.

Garbo's Room Now a Shrine

AS usual, Greta Garbo is the exception. San Francisco admits a curiosity in Greta. Registering as "Miss Gustafsson" at the Fairmont Hotel—the oldest and most historic of the city's hostelries, and sister to the gay, modern, young Mark Hopkins Hotel, with which it is connected by a tunnel under the street—Garbo escaped recognition for one entire day, during which she no doubt took a long walk in Golden Gate Park and communed with the bears. Then an eagle-eyed reporter spied her and the chase was on. Newspapers sent their staffs to camp in the lobby. Photographers from the press surrounded the entrance. They worked regular eight-hour shifts, but they didn't interview the Swede. With the assistance of the hotel management, she made a clean fadeaway. But they will still show you "the room Garbo slept in," which may in time become as historic as those that George Washington slept in.

Both the Fairmont and the Mark Hopkins have adopted the slogan "no information," and they mean it. You can spend a week or a year in either hotel and even your best friend won't know. It is rumored, but not confirmed, that Ann Harding stayed at the Mark Hopkins following her Reno divorce. If so, she undoubtedly wore the black wig in which, as "Rosie Grey," she completely fooled Hollywood at the opening of "Strange Interlude."

Perhaps the reticence of the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont merely complies with the tradition of their site. They stand side by side on Nob Hill, so named because the homes of the "Nobs" or "Nabobs" (early California slang for millionaires) once stood there. From their windows the stars can look out over the Golden Gate. Besides the Fairmont and the Mark Hopkins, San Francisco boasts two other famous and popular hotels—the St. Francis and the Palace. It was in the Palace that President Harding died.

They Act There and Shop There

MANY Hollywood stars have played on the stages of the Curran, the Majestic, and the Alcazar Theatres in San Francisco. Kenneth MacKenna has just returned from a several weeks' run of "The Bride the Sun Shines On." Bebe Daniels, in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," received almost as cordial support from the audiences of the Alcazar Theatre as from those of the El Capitan in her own home-town. Ian Keith, Ralph Forbes and other movie celebrities have played the town. And in every case a trainload of friends and "rooters" have gone up the Coast from Hollywood for the opening night of the play. It might be a "first night" at the Grauman's Chinese or the Carthay Circle when a movie star appears on the San Francisco stage.

Though Los Angeles will be grieved to read this, many of the stars, feminine gender, prefer to shop in San Francisco, as being more metropolitan and featuring Paris designs. Clara Bow purchased her entire wardrobe for her screen return in "Call Her Savage" on Market Street. Norma Talmadge has always bought her clothes in San Francisco. Jean Harlow was on a shopping visit in the Northern city just two weeks before the Paul Bern tragedy.

In one of San Francisco's huge department stores, Mary Pickford was recently lost for several hours. She had journeyed North with Douglas Fairbanks to see him off on his latest trip to the Orient, and suddenly found herself without gloves. So she thought that she'd slip out from the Mark Hopkins, all by herself, and buy a pair. When she hadn't returned at the end of an hour, Doug, always fidgety when Mary is unexplainably out of his sight, began to pace the floor. At the end of another hour, he had 'phoned the police. They finally located Mary as the tiny center of a huge crowd of shopgirls and customers, all trying to shake her by the hand (the new gloves were ruined) and get her autograph. San Francisco's "indifference" to movie stars has some exceptions!

Chinatown a Favorite Spot

MARY, by the way, loves to wander through Chinatown. (And San Francisco's Chinese quarter is one of the most famous in the world.) She hires a guide like any tourist, and visits the tea shops, bazaars and joss houses, acquiring rice-paper packages and scattering smiles. "Missee Plickford come slumtime," Chinatown admits. "Also allee samee Chollie Chaplin." Lon Chaney used to wander there, and near the docks, to study character.

In the twisting, balconied hillside streets of Chinatown, many scenes in the *Charlie Chan* series were filmed. Clara Bow's "The Fleet's In" was also partly made there. Richard Barthelmess did scenes for "Broken Blossoms" and "Son of the Gods" in these same sinister, secretive streets. These alleyways were copied for the sets of "The Hatchet Man" more recently.

The lobby of the Fairmont Hotel was once a favorite locale for "Monte Carlo" sequences. "Passion's Playground," featuring Katherine MacDonald "the American Beauty," was made entirely in the Fairmont and on the grounds. Douglas Fairbanks has scampered up and down the gold staircase to the grinding of movie cameras. The same lobby knew the breathtaking glamour of Valentino as, in white satin, he enacted the courtly *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Von Stroheim lived at the hotel for weeks while making "Greed" and used San Francisco as his set.

Even in Hollywood, the sight of movie cameras and of men and women in greasepaint will draw a crowd of curious onlookers in a minute. But in San Francisco the citizens murmur, "Just making movies," and pass on. San Francisco would like to forget that it once made a bid to become the capital of filmland, before the fogs—which the natives humorously describe as "smoke"—sent the movie-makers to the sunnier climate of the South.

Novarro Forgets He's a Star

DIFFERENT stars journey to San Francisco for different reasons. Ramon Novarro has friends in the Russian Hill section, and among them he is not a famous movie star, but a young musician who takes the long four-hundred-and-fifty-mile trip to attend a symphony concert. Wallace Beery flies up in his 'plane, just for the trip. The Robert Montgomerys, the Fredric Marchs, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford, Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, Dorothy Mackaill and husband Neil Miller are ardent football fans and attend all the games in the North, going up on the "rattler," with a gay party all the way. Harold Lloyd, a good Shriner, rides in all the processions at Shrine conventions there. Ina Claire and Ruth Chatterton attend all the new theatre productions.

The three Barrymores have been frequent guests at the Mark Hopkins since the day when they all assembled under one roof at the time when their uncle, John Drew, was stricken on a San Francisco stage. John Barrymore was in San Francisco during the 1906 earthquake. Reading in a newspaper that his nephew was early on the scene with the rescue squad, John Drew remarked drily, "Hm, it took an earthquake to get him up at that hour."

But though polite to their famous guests, the San Franciscans are a bit vague as to exactly who they are. Which is doubtless good for the soul of a Hollywood movie star. Introduced to Richard Arlen after a football game last year, a hotel press-agent looked him over and asked, "I've seen you somewhere before. Didn't you try to sell me some advertising?"

Hollywood also has interested itself in San Francisco because of California's most famous prisoner—Tom Mooney, who is serving time in San Quentin for a bomb outrage of several years ago, a crime of which he has steadfastly insisted he was innocent. The late Paul Bern was one of Hollywood's heaviest contributors to the Mooney cause.

Actors have always been exiles in Hollywood, cheerful exiles, some of them even happy exiles, but always a trifle uneasy in the small-town life of great Los Angeles. To be sure, Hollywood has its skyscrapers and restaurants, its night-clubs and speakeasies, but the "feel" of a great city is missing. A glance at a partial list of the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont guests from Hollywood tells the tale of what San Francisco has to offer them. John and Lionel Barrymore, Lawrence Tibbett, Harpo Marx, Ruth Chatterton, Irene Purcell, Marie Dressler, Ina Claire, Pauline Frederick, Bert Wheeler, Buddy Rogers, Richard Barthelmess, Frank Fay and Billie Burke. As "France" was graved on the heart of Mary, Queen of Scots, the hearts of every one of these bear one word—"Broadway." And San Francisco offers the nearest substitute.

I Am a Movie Fan!

(*Continued from page 71*)

wish to say there undoubtedly has been inspiration in the importations of stars and directors from England and France, from Germany, from Sweden, and from the great republic to our South. They have added corroborative detail, if I may paraphrase a well-known line, to an already interesting industry.

In Sing Sing, the purpose of motion pictures is primarily one of health. Of course, they have educational and recreational values—a valuable antidote to the monotony of prison life. Necessarily, we maintain a strict censorship of subjects.

The programs are selected, under my supervision, by an entertainment committee of Sing Sing's Mutual Welfare League, whose chairman was formerly well-known on Broadway. A low rental rate is available from the producers and distributors.

We do not always get the current attractions at the same time as do the moviegoers on the outside. It is not necessary, for most of my charges are here for a long time.

Perhaps, at some future time, a writer for the movies may become an inmate in Sing Sing. If he does, he may write the real movie saga. We have poets here in Sing Sing. Why not a scenario writer? Read this adaptation of one of poetic mind who might, in time become a scenario writer:

"*Stone walls do not a prison make,*
A poet once did sing.
He must have been a blooming fake;
He didn't know a thing.
Perhaps 'twas true as he did say,
Even under inspiration;
But the stone and bars they use to-day
Make a damned good imitation."

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

WE all like our little joke, I understand, but don't some of these things called jokes sometimes get just a little too jokish? Look at Buster Keaton, appearing at the stay-up places for the past weeks now in the full-dress regalia of an admiral, the same being part of the gag regarding his "land yacht"—the home on wheels which he started using after his divergence from his wife, Natalie Talmadge. Now Buster really is an admiral. He has just received a formal appointment as such to the staff of Theodore W. Metcalfe, lieutenant governor of Nebraska.

WE do get a snicker, however, from the way in which the piano-player at BBB's Cellar outwitted the prohibition enforcement officers during a recent raid. The Federals stalked in, and refused to remove their hats. This irked the ivory-pounder, and he went into action with "The Star-Spangled Banner." And off came the offending hats.

To Tell You the Truth Dept.:

THELMA TODD sleeps in a bed nine feet wide . . . George M. ("Phantom President") Cohan left Hollywood with the rather cryptic statement that "Paramount and I never will forget each other!" . . . Herbert Marshall plays good poker . . . while Sam Goldwyn loses plenty backing up his delusion that he plays good bridge . . . Gary Cooper is known in Japan as "The Sweetheart of the World" . . . And the favorite food of our old friend, Jimmy Durante, is cornflakes, while his present argument is that the next President should be an appetite with a man around it . . . Okay, Schnozzle! . . . And that is real milk (200 gallons of it) that Claudette Colbert bathes in, in "Sign of the Cross."

$3 worth of protection against colds for $1

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

YOU may be attracted by price-cuts on ordinary antiseptics. But don't be misled. No price-cut can equal the saving Pepsodent Antiseptic brings you. For Pepsodent is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—by adding water you make it go three times as far—get three times as much for your money and greater assurance of escaping winter colds and germ infections.

Two kinds of antiseptics

Remember, there really are only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth wash that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill dangerous germs within* 10 *seconds.*

Don't fool yourself by diluting old-type antiseptics. Your health is too important—also, consider the importance of a pure, sweet breath. Choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted with two parts of water. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be sure! Be safe—and save money!

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds
Head Colds
Smoker's Throat
Bad Breath
Mouth Irritations
Irritations of the Gums.
After Extractions
After Shaving
Cuts and Abrasions
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
"Athlete's Foot"
Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 68*)

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

Peppy Picture Holds Your Interest: George Raft, whose great ability to maintain a frozen face under the most trying circumstances brought him sudden screen fame, proves here that he can act as well. In the scene where, as the night club owner, he tries heroically to behave like a gentleman to win the love of the pretty society girl (Constance Cummings) he shows decided ability as a comedian in the polite manner.

Alison Skipworth, as the elderly school teacher whom he hires to teach him to talk grammatically, and Mae West, newcomer from Broadway's brightest lights, add to the hilarity of this scene, which is the high-light of a rather commonplace gangster opus. Mae, by the way, wins a sure place in the Kliegs with this first picture. The atmosphere of a gaudy night club, pretty girls, charming gowns and plenty of roving action keep the interest from slipping for a moment.

RACKETY RAX

New And Different And Funny: The owner of a tough night club drops in at a college football game and is amazed at the amount of money to be made in this highbrow racket. He promptly purchases a bankrupt college and forms what he plans to be an invincible football team from the yeggs and toughs of his gang. The sequences showing this team in scrimmage are as funny as anything we have seen on the screen for many a day. But when this team meets its first opponents the fun almost gets out of control. For the second team is likewise composed of gunmen sponsored by a rival gangster! It's something as new in the line of entertainment as Victor McLaglen is new in the line of college presidents. The two girls featured in the cast are "molls" of the football racketeers and have nothing to do except look pretty. See this by all means as a refreshing novelty.

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN

Amusing All The Way—See It: Though it was Stuart Erwin who learned about the ladies, it was Susan Fleming and Alison Skipworth who taught him his lesson. That Skipworth lady is exactly what audiences have been crying for. As the elderly out-of-work actress who guarantees to teach the self-conscious young bookworm, appalled by his inheritance of millions, to acquire poise and self-confidence she is priceless—an eloquent rival of Marie Dressler.

Grant Mitchell, as the solemn butler who is unwillingly drafted to help with the dramatic lessons, almost steals the picture in places. And Stuart himself, dumb and slow as ever, is at his best, hiring a pretty adventuress at a job auction, painfully chanting "The Fall of Paris has *begun*" and blundering into a charming love affair with the girl who set out to shake him down. An amusing way to spend the evening.

PENGUIN POOL MURDER

Acting Puts It Over: Murder in an aquarium with strange creatures of the deep gawping at the murderer through the glass sides of their pools is something novel in the movie scheme of things. The setting and the strange characters weave an uncanny spell, which turns to horror as, with the amazed school ma'am, we watch the body of a Wall Street broker, whose crooked manipulations have ruined many people, plop head downward into the penguin pool.

Better than the unraveling of the plot, which holds very little of surprise or suspense, are the eccentric gyrations of Edna Mae Oliver, who deserts her schoolroom to become an amateur detective, and the delightful dumbness of Jimmy Gleason as the man from headquarters. These two, to a large degree, and with adroitness, lift what would otherwise be rather a tame murder mystery into the realm of first-class entertainment.

SPORT PARADE

McCrea Fans Will Like It: Faintly reminiscent of several contemporary pictures which follow the fortunes of a college football hero in after-life, this story hardly adds to the reputation of Joel McCrea, or in fact to anyone connected with its scenarization or direction. With William Gargan, his college buddie, Joel has gathered all the honors of classroom and gridiron and after graduation determines to cash in on his college fame. His chum chooses another road, that of hard work.

In accordance with the best traditions of Ben Franklin the honest worker—a newspaper reporter—wins advancement and the love of a pretty girl (Marian Marsh) while Joel has to pawn his gold football to eat. The complications come when the drifter steals the girl from his best friend. Following well worn scenario paths the McCrea ingenuousness and good looks make it worth seeing for McCrea fans.

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG

One You'll Remember—Well Done: Here is a sincere and honest exposé of a punishment system which seems oddly medieval to modern eyes and yet is in full force in certain sections of the Union today. So painstakingly has this been directed that it hardly seems like a motion picture so much as a photographing of Life itself.

And Paul Muni, as the man dogged, relentlessly, by the Law for a crime which he did not commit (that seemed a weakness of the plot) is a living and breathing and suffering figure, through his escapes, tortures; through his painful struggle upward to respectability and at the end when he knows that "no one can do anything to help him."

The close is so poignant that it hurts, with the gradual darkening of the fugitive figure and his bitter cry from the shadows, "I'm going to steal—" It will leave the sensitive onlooker depressed.

Why We Have Adopted a Baby

(Continued from page 59)

be called Tony March after that crazy fellow, *Tony Cavendish* of 'The Royal Family.'

"When the little fellow was about two months old, we had just about made up our minds to take him. Then, suddenly, they told us about Penny. The minute we saw her, we *knew*. This was our baby!

"I'll never forget the first time we saw her. She was about three weeks old and I guess it sounds sort of silly to say it, but it seemed that she wanted to be with us, too! She'd look at us and sort of grin. Everything about her was right! Her hair was dark, her eyes were dark blue. I knew from that first time that she was ours!

"Of course, it wasn't as easy as that—just taking her home, I mean! There are ten hundred complications about adopting a baby. With the people who handle it for you, it's not a case of your deciding you want the baby; it is whether or not *they* decide you are the kind of parents for her.

"*We do not know who Penny's parents are!* We do not want to. We know enough of the necessary details to know the general class of good, wholesome background she comes from. But actual names, and so on, we do not know. It is much better that way.

"From the moment Penny came to live with us we have known her by only one name—Penelope March." He grinned, "We call her 'Penny March . . . and pound foolish.'

Will Tell Her She's Adopted

"A GREAT many of our friends have asked us what we intend to do about telling Penny that she is adopted. They have suggested that perhaps it wouldn't be necessary ever to let her know that she isn't our own.

"*But Florence and I are going to tell her she is adopted as soon as she is old enough to understand what we are saying.* We are going to tell her because we know it will make her happier. If we lied to her, and made her think she was our own, how could she ever have any confidence in us when she found out differently? And I don't believe such things can, or should be hidden. On the other hand, suppose we tell her this:

"'Of all the little girls in the world—and we had them all to choose from—we wanted *you*. You were the sweetest and the dearest and the one we loved the most.' I think I know youngsters well enough to know that would make her proud! I've known several homes with adopted children and I know that there is no such thing as an inferiority complex when the parents have been honest with the child. To the contrary, it promotes the opposite. They know they are there because they were wanted, and loved!

"You can't imagine the difference her coming has made! I'm sorry we waited this long to adopt a baby—except that, if we hadn't, we wouldn't have this particular little Penny. It has given my wife the greatest happiness she could know. Honest, Florence is a grand mother, for an amateur.

"She knows all there is to know about feeding and baby routine and all that sort of thing. And yet she's not silly about it. She's not bringing Penny up by a book, but by heart. She's swell about it. She'd rather watch Penny eat a meal than attend the swankiest party in Hollywood.

"*Some day, soon, Penny is going to have a brother!* If not a child of our own, and I believe it will be, then we will adopt a little boy. You see," said Mr. March, "we Marches are going in for parenthood on a large scale!"

A COLD
Passes Thru 3 Stages

And It is Far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third Stages!

A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.

Fourfold Effect for Immediate Relief

The wise thing to do when you feel a cold coming on is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine stops a cold quickly because it does the four necessary things. It opens the bowels. It kills the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That is the treatment you want—complete, thorough and effective. Anything less is toying with a cold.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is absolutely safe to take. It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It comes in a handy, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get a box today and keep it handy as the "stitch in time."

LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE
EACH TABLET CONTAINS 1 GRAIN ACETANILIDE
For Colds & Simple Headaches
LBQ
THE FIRST ORIGINAL COLD TABLET
PRICE 30 CENTS
Paris Medicine Co. St. Louis Mo.
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES SINCE 1889

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE

Edmund Gives the Lowe-Down About Being a Movie Star

(*Continued from page 62*)

into stellar hearts, Eddie snagged off three swell starring rôles on studio lots already well stocked with contracted male attractions. While the innermost secrets of private life are being pried from other screen lovers of the hour, Eddie is allowed to lead his highly civilized social life as a citizen in good standing in Malibu and Beverly Hills. And, what's more, he has made them like it. Fox came through with another contract for Ed.

Pinned down as to the details of how he has managed to make the movies sit up and mind for more than ten years, Eddie merely looks modest—and sunburned. When he burns, he breaks out in a large crop of freckles. The ladies in the booth next to us in the Beverly Hills *Brown Derby* were simply fascinated by Eddie's freckles. "I swear," said one of the housewives, "they're bigger than little Tommy's." This unfortunate summer-outbreak is the only jarring note in an otherwise urbane personality. Eddie Lowe, off screen, is not any one of his hard-boiled Marines. He is rather the Edmund Lowe of "Transatlantic" and other smooth, highly polished performances.

He looks on the suggestion that he has beaten the Hollywood game more in the light of luck, rather than as any deliberately successful accomplishment on his part.

Has Escaped Being Labeled

"I'VE been lucky," he said, "in that they haven't grown tired of me. Thanks to many diversified rôles, I've never stood for one particular thing on the screen. I mean it has never been 'Edmund Lowe, The Great Lover, In . . . '. Or 'Edmund Lowe, Valentino Successor.' I think if there is a secret of beating this Hollywood game it is this:

"*Keep away from slogans! Don't let them hang a trademark on you.* The public has a funny reaction to something that is definitely labeled. Though the public, itself may pin the label on an actor, in time, after the first glamour of hero-worship has worn off, it assumes an 'Oh, Yeah?' attitude."

Eddie didn't need to mention any names to prove this point. John Gilbert, "The Great Lover," flashed to mind. And Lew Cody, "the butterfly man," and Buddy Rogers, "the darling of the debs." Not to mention the great list of "Valentino successors."

"Have you noticed," continued Ed, "how often even the great advertising companies switch slogans on the commodities they are trying to sell to the public? They know that if they hammer home too much on one particular selling point it causes resentment in the mind of the purchaser. This holds true for actors, as well as for cigarettes.

"There was a time following 'What Price Glory?' when I was afraid I was hitting along in hard-boiled rôles too regularly. I was afraid of it, and finally managed to convince Fox that I should do something else. They saw my point of view and 'Transatlantic,' and 'Chandu, the Magician' were among the pictures that have helped to balance the 'sez you' rôles.

Varies Off-Screen Life, Too

"THERE is another little thing, too, which I believe is important," said Ed, "and that is to avoid typing yourself *off* the screen, as well as *on*.

"After all, Hollywood is a small town. Through the medium of newspapers and magazines and publicity departments, what you are personally is as well known to the producers and the public, as the rôles you appear in upon the screen.

"If an actor is a man-about-town off the screen, producers and directors begin to think of him in terms of man-about-town rôles. Or consider the case of Conrad Nagel. Conrad has so long been the respected and admired spokesman for the entire industry that it has seldom occurred to any producer that he could be cast in anything but gentlemanly rôles. Before he got the rôle of the tough gentleman in 'Hell Divers,' Conrad had to deliver some good round oaths into the microphone—and even then the producers didn't believe him too much. He has been doing gentlemen most of the time since.

"There are those who will tell you they believe that a certain comedian and a certain director master-of-ceremonied their way out of Hollywood studio contracts.

Avoids Overdoing Anything

"I THINK the secret lies," he went on, "in not doing anything *too much!* It is true that on a few occasions I have been invited to be master-of-ceremonies at picture premières—and accepted. But the events never came very close together. When I found I was being invited to master-of-ceremony too many pictures into Hollywood, I decided not to accept any of them!

"This, too, is important: an actor should try to get away from Hollywood at least two or three times a year. A vacation will give anyone an entirely different outlook on things that had seemed so all-important in Hollywood. But best of all for a sane and sound perspective is a personal appearance tour. I got the kick of my life recently when I went appearance-ing and met and talked with the men who actually buy and exhibit the pictures. They don't know or care who is a social success in Hollywood, or who isn't. They know actors not only by name but by good-round figures," laughed Eddie. "The rounder the figure in box-Office numbers, the greater the actor.

"Lilyan and I are both hoping to make several short personal appearance tours next year—literally flying around the country. At first, Lil had awfully cold feet about this flying business. She was just a little scared of the idea of a transcontinental flight. But I kidded her out of it. After all, we travel a lot and you can even get in a rut on a train . . ."

And keeping out of ruts is Eddie's own idea of beating the Hollywood game. What's more, it works!

Here's something you never saw on the screen—girls crowding around Boris Karloff, and Boris grinning! This all happened before the girls became Egyptian temple maidens, and before Boris put on his masterpiece of make-up in the title rôle of "The Mummy." In this weird tale of a mummy that comes to life, Universal rewards its hard-working horror expert with stardom

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 69*)

"Bill." "Thirty babies!" is the proud boast of the Hollywood stork this last year. And Helen Twelvetrees Moody's new son makes thirty-one.

RICHARD and Jobyna Ralston Arlen registered in the last five minutes of possible time—but they registered. And so did most of the other players, many of them voting for the first time this year. The town has been very politics-conscious for months. But Nancy Carroll's observation was, perhaps, the explanation of the situation. "I don't know much about politics," smiled Nancy at the Stadium, after Governor Roosevelt reviewed the Hollywood Electrical Parade, "but I'm sure that Mr. Roosevelt will be the handsomest President we ever had."

GEORGE M. COHAN'S broadside of criticism about the way movies are made still rankles in Hollywood's mind. He claimed the script he was working on was changed several times, and that after he had learned one set of lines they were changed so that he had to learn new ones, with the result that he seldom had a clear idea of just what he was doing. Studios are taking steps to gag others who have a tendency to point out defects in the business. But George holds the record for plain speaking to date. Yet Hollywood secretly admires people who don't "yes" it. We'll be willing to wager that Yankee Doodle Dandy is asked back again.

ONE of Cohan's complaints, that the dialogue is changed continually, seems borne out by several recent productions. "Rasputin" has had the most dialogue trouble, but several other companies have been held up, waiting for the script. One day the cast of "Kongo" dropped over on the set of "Red Dust." Someone demanded, "What are you here for?" The reply was: "To see if we could borrow a little dialogue."

THE time-honored sport of naming the beauties in Hollywood has a new adherent in Ivan Dujan, Jugo-Slavic painter, who says that Garbo is the nearest approach to classic beauty on the screen. "It is sex beauty that brings in the cash at the box office," he adds, "so that is what they seek."

MADAME LISBETH VON KRAUSZ, Viennese designer, who has aroused the wonder and admiration of our smartest ladies by smoking a black pipe at places where the film great assemble, is here to name "Hollywood's best-dressed woman." Which hardly seems fair, with Lilyan Tashman recovering from an operation in New York.

THE GEORGE BRENTS were first announced as about to co-star in a picture. Now George is being torn—professionally speaking—from his bride and sent to Paramount, her old company, from which she parted without too much cordiality a year ago. (He's going to make "Luxury Liner" with Sari Maritza.) Among the things Hollywood wonders about is: "What do Ruth Chatterton and Loretta Young talk about when they meet on the lot, if anything?"

A NEW platinum blonde with much the same features and personality as Jean Harlow has appeared on the Columbia lot

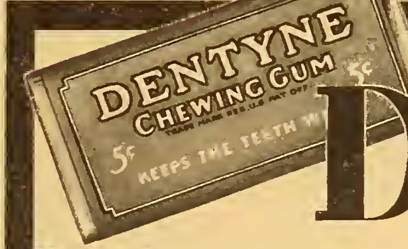
(*Continued on page 87*)

Help nature save your mouth health

Right in your mouth is the best formula for mouth health — the salivary fluid. But slowly, modern conditions — mental strain — noise — haste, are stopping the flow of this precious fluid. When this flow is no longer sufficient, widespread tooth decay, bad breath, unhealthy mouth conditions prevail.

Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum made especially to help this condition. Tests show that the healthful mouth fluids start up as soon as you chew Dentyne. The full normal flow cleanses your teeth, checks mouth acids, refreshes the mouth. Dentyne is delicious — refreshing — healthful.

NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING



Chew delicious Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

"They Say . . ."

KILLED BRUTUS

Brutus was a good dog, the friendly, tail-wagging, smiling kind of dog. Wanting to be petted he jumped upon the lady, who was frightened. The person she told this to said Brutus had jumped and snapped. The next person said Brutus was frothing at the mouth. Some boys saw Brutus and threw stones. Brutus ran. "Mad dog! Mad dog!" the boys cried. Brutus was cornered and shot.

From Gossip to scandal is a short step, and heaven help the person or thing against whom the public mind is poisoned.

Successful merchants and manufacturers are those who realize the mischief that can be created by "They say." These business men, determined to say the truth, themselves, about their own merchandise and service, employ advertising to protect themselves and the public from half truths, from falsehoods and from the common variety of ignorance that works havoc among the very best of intentions.

These merchants and manufacturers are under no delusions. They know they cannot tell untruths about their products and get away with it because there is nothing that will bring ruin so fast and sure as to turn the bright, white light of publicity on inferior wares or unsatisfactory service.

Advertising forces manufacturers to compete for your trade and your dollars. It compels the offering of better merchandise, better service, fair prices.

You can trust the advertisements in this magazine and the responsibility of the advertisers who use our space.

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Jolson, Al—recently completed *The New Yorker*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jones, Buck—playing in *Reckless Romance*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Judge, Arline—playing in *Sweepings*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Karloff, Boris—playing in *The Mummy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—latest release *Speak Easily*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kennedy, Merna—playing in *Laughter In Hell*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keeler, Ruby—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Keene, Tom—playing in *Cheyenne Kid*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *Air Hostess*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kohler Fred—playing in *Wild Horse Mesa*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Laughton, Charles—playing in *Island of Lost Souls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 MarathonSt. Hollywood,Cal.

Linden, Eric—recently completed *Just a Woman*—Radio Pictures Studios,780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *No More Orchids*—Columbia Pictures Studios,780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Hell to Pay*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *Grand Slam*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—recently completed *Rackety Rax*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—latest release *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mallory, Boots—playing in *Handle With Care*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Joan—playing in *Speed Demon*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maynard, Ken—playing in *Drum Taps*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—playing in *Three Came Unarmed*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McHugh, Frank—playing in *Grand Slam*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Hell to Pay*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—recently completed *A Farewell to Arms*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Miljan, John—playing in *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *Oh Promise Me*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morley, Karen—playing in *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Blondie Johnson*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Muni, Paul—latest release *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*—Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, James—playing in *Air Hostess*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nissen, Greta—recently completed *Rackety Rax*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Here comes a real Garbo rival! Above is Greta, herself. At the right is Eugenie Leontovich, who created the rôle of *Grusinskaya* in the Broadway version of "Grand Hotel." In that particular rôle, New York critics ranked her above Garbo

Nixon, Marian—playing in *The Face In the Sky*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Son Daughter*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Edward J.—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Uptown New York*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Canyon Walls*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Laughter In Hell*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Oland, Warner—playing in *Son Daughter*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Malley, Pat—playing in *The Penal Code*—International Studios, 4376 Sunset Dr., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Pallette, Eugene—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pichel, Irving—playing in *Island of Lost Souls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *They Had To Get Married*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Powell, Dick—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Powell, William—recently completed *Lawyer Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Under-Cover Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—recently completed *Silver Dollar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Ginger—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roth, Lillian—playing in *Ladies They Talk About*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ruggles, Charles—playing in *Madame Butterfly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—playing in *Wild Horse Mesa*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shannon, Peggy—recently completed *False Faces*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—latest release *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Madame Butterfly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Ladies They Talk About*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stevens, Onslow—playing in *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *Laughter In Hell*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Summerville, Slim—playing in *They Had To Get Married*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Talbot, Lyle—playing in *No More Orchids*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Pleasure Cruise*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Todd, Thelma—playing in *Air Hostess*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *The Penal Code*—International Studios, 4376 Sunset Dr., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—recently completed *Phantom Fame*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tyler, Tom—playing in *When A Man Rides Alone*—International Studios, 4376 Sunset Dr., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Hell to Pay*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry B.—playing in *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Son Daughter*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Warren, Harry—playing in *42nd Street*, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wheeler, Bert—playing in *That's Africa*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—playing in *The Mind Reader*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Woolsey, Robert—playing in *That's Africa*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *The Wax Museum*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Grand Slam*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

♦ **Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here** ♦

There's a Cummings-Out Party Ahead for Connie

(*Continued from page 47*)

With such a start—coupled with the fact that she had done some amateur work in San Diego when she was still in high school—her next engagement was somewhat larger in scope. It was for a bit in the second act of "June Moon." And in addition she understudied every part in the show but the window-washer's. Then one matinée, Max Siegel, the boss, let her take the lead—which Linda Watkins was playing—to see if she could handle the part well enough to carry it on the road.

Strangely enough, Connie rather resembles Linda both in appearance and in an utter disregard concerning clothes. Again, both girls are outdoorish—swim, ride, tennis and golf—and lack hobbies, phobias, and great enthusiasms. Both care for Scotch terriers, the piano, food and no jewelry—and for both "June Moon" proved the opening to pictures.

Linda came on to Hollywood a little later, but the matinée at which Connie replaced her happened to be caught by a dramatic critic, and the next day the *Sun* carried such a burst about her that one of Mr. Goldwyn's agents thought, "This must be the girl we're looking for!" Further investigation in the form of an interview convinced him—and Connie climbed on the train to Go West and be Ronald Colman's leading lady in "The Devil to Pay."

She was excited by the movie chance, but she was just as thrilled by the opportunity of heading the road company of "June Moon." What she wanted more than either of these engagements, actually, was more Broadway experience. Connie loves the legitimate theatre, and wisely felt that she needed considerable more training before being able to insure the claim to it that she had marked out for herself. She had seen too many girls spoil good breaks through a lack of preparation, and she was determined that this shouldn't happen to her.

Refused to Turn Blonde

BUT it did. After several weeks on the picture, she was released and her scenes retaken with Loretta Young in the part. This was due partly to her unfamiliarity with picture technique, her refusal to have her hair bleached, and the fact that then she did not know how to dress for the screen. Coaching, unquestionably, would have remedied the first and last of these faults, but the studio was irked by her refusal to go blonde in order that she might contrast better with Colman.

It might be explained that this balking on Connie's part was due to the great wave of advice that inevitably pours down on a new arrival. Connie has Scotch blood, and when the conflicting, if well-meaning deluge arrived, hers was a characteristic Scotch reaction. She simply wouldn't have any of it. She would be as is—or not at all!

"One of my newly-acquired acquaintances even went to the trouble of making an appointment with a dentist, and then tried to induce me to let the dentist put some strange kind of dye-shellac on my teeth to make them whiter than their natural color. Imagine—whitening teeth! Chemicals on them—over the enamel! Not for me! I wasn't in love with a career to that extent!"

Connie also prefers her hair in its own natural red-gold state. When she wouldn't change it, the studio had her wear a wig. This, together with her wrong clothes, formed a combination considered somewhat below the beatific standards required of a leading lady for the elegant Mr. Colman. Connie was relieved from the picture, and her option was allowed to lapse. And that is why Harry Cohn of Columbia, and not Samuel Goldwyn, now holds the contract of one of the screen's currently most popular young ladies.

For a time after the United Artists fiasco, things looked dark for the cinematic career of one C. Cummings. "I was," she puts it, "one of those girls who was a potential star when she stepped off the train—and three weeks later just a girl again. Disappointed? Say!" Then her agent arranged a test at Columbia for "The Criminal Code."

Waited 13 Hours for Chance

CONNIE arrived at the studio at ten in the morning, and from then until eleven that night sat around, trying to keep her heart from choking her. By the time that everything at last was ready for the test, she was so keyed-up that she made an excellent showing in a scene with Walter Huston. So she got the job, a long-term contract, and was well started on her celluloid way—for once she proved what she could do, she hung up a record of fourteen pictures in two years!

She also has hung up something of a Hollywood record by not having changed a bit from the girl who not so long ago was operating in a dance-set. She's a Wampas Baby Star of last year, and on the high-road to being a real star—but her "a's" haven't become any broader, she still knits, and her face is still freckled. She still is heartfree, likes to sit around and talk, humorously and long and punningly.

Connie's progress has been an orderly, normal one, founded on the solid rock of hard work. Indeed, normalcy all along the line is her most pronounced characteristic. She eats heartily, but with no marked preference in foods. She has no superstitions (other than the diaper totem), complexes or inhibitions. She reads constantly and is fond of music, and her tastes in both are excellent. She likes to go dancing and likes parties among friends, but she avoids the great messy rodeos of the "Have-you-met-the-host-yet?" sort. She likes both dogs and cats, sunshine and wet weather, driving fast and lying on the beach, leisure and work—even as you and I and Aunt Emma.

After "The Criminal Code," Connie went rapidly from "The Last Parade" to "Traveling Husbands," "Lover Come Back," "The Guilty Generation," "Behind the Mask," "The Big Timer," "Attorney for the Defense," "American Madness," "Movie Crazy," "The Last Man," "Criminal Court," "Washington-Merry-Go-Round" and "Night After Night."

In this last opus George Raft, as the speakeasy proprietor, makes a remark regarding how much he admires the way Connie, as a customer at one of his tables, "sits there." And it is pretty sitting, indeed, that Connie is doing these days—much to the delight of all of us who like to see a regular, hard-working and fair-playing girl going on up to the heights where she deserves to be!

Did You Know That--

There have been romance rumors about Constance Cummings and George Raft, whose leading lady she was in "Night After Night"—but that Connie asks plaintively, "Can't an actor and actress lunch together even a few times without being rumored engaged?"

When he looks at you what does he see?

ARE you as enchanting as you'd like him to think you? Or does he see a faulty complexion, when you lift your face to his?

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They've Battled the Depression—That's Why They're Stars Now!

(*Continued from page 53*)

The list grows daily: Constance Cummings and Katharine Hepburn, straightforward and uncompromising as a pair of black eyes; Lee Tracy, speedy, gabby, witty, cocky, as certain of himself as a Liberty bond; William Gargan, the big Irish redhead, given to battle and standing upon his husky legs and defying the world and all its woes in a hard, bellicose fashion; Joel McCrea, having his biggest year, a strapping boy who, everyone senses, can take care of himself at all times; Charles Laughton, playing madmen, fiends and murderers, but always with such power as to push his fellow players right off the screen; George Raft, suave, yet always making me remember a remark Jimmy Cagney made one night: "Women like a threat in a guy. They like to feel that at any moment he's apt to haul off and flatten them!"

The depression has given the public a taste, too, for actresses who have force of character, rather than just plain, ordinary beauty. Helen Hayes is the outstanding example of the type who knows what her emotions are—and doesn't give them up. She gives realism; she subjects her own personality to her rôles so that, unlike many stars, she never plays herself; in other words, she acts. And the depression, with its tightening of purses, has taught moviegoers to shop around for good acting. Miriam Hopkins, whose rise has been sudden and sure, fits into the same classification. Likewise Barbara Stanwyck. These are no wishy-washy girls. They know what they are about. There is an aura of self-confidence about them that cannot be confused with mere vanity.

Favorites Holding Their Ground

AND see who is standing out among the established players! Fredric March, going on from his mad, dauntless characters in "The Royal Family" and "Laughter" to vigorous heights of characterization. There never is any suggestion of weakness about Freddie's work. And the same is true of Richard Arlen, on the same lot. On the screen Dick gives the same impression that he does in life: that he wouldn't hesitate an instant in taking a slug at anyone who looked a bit cross-eyed at him. The same holds true for Richard Dix. Norma Shearer and Constance Bennett are two of the few women stars who have found new worlds to conquer.

Paramount shows an increasing tendency toward more pronounced masculinity in its men. In the past few months it has released several blond youths whose attraction is based on charm rather than virility. Big Randolph Scott, sunny and friendly as a May morning, although held to be one of the best bets in the business, nevertheless is not making the headway of his dark and rather dour pal, Cary Grant.

This company had a great moneymaker with that team of rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can hearties, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. Considered by many to be through as a duo, they did so well in "Guilty as Hell" that they are likely to be paired as long as the public cares for the spectacle of two big mugs with a wallop, scrapping, arguing, getting a kick out of life.

This last is the main appeal of Fox's James Dunn. At no time does Jimmy give the continued impression that he cares a whoop whether school keeps or not. His gay, joyous nature yields the same impression as does that of Chevalier. And so terrific is their box-office appeal that the oh-the-agony-of-it actors have been forced into obscurity by their vibrant, cheerful personalities.

Wistfulness Is Vanishing

THE day of the merely pleasant screen thespian seems definitely to be past, so far as the newcomer is concerned, at least. It is no secret that Charlie Farrell does not draw as he used to, although when teamed with Janet Gaynor the old pull still continues. Barthelmess definitely has outgrown the shy boyish rôles that made him famous, as "The Cabin in the Cotton" proved. His onetime successor, Gardner James, has vanished entirely from the screen—as has that other exponent of wistful whimsey, Gareth Hughes.

RKO's Eric Linden is the prime exponent of assured youth. Strange as it seems, Eric loathes those cocky, conceited rôles that he is forced to play; but so long as those who make his salary possible—you and you and you—continue to get pleasure out of him in them, it seems that he will go on doing them.

And if for a moment you think that the public does not react to pictures of young men who know their way about, let me point out that the aforementioned Warner Brothers recently made up with the rebellious Mr. James Cagney and have brought back the hold-out to the picture-making fold at a salary whose size is a secret jealously guarded.

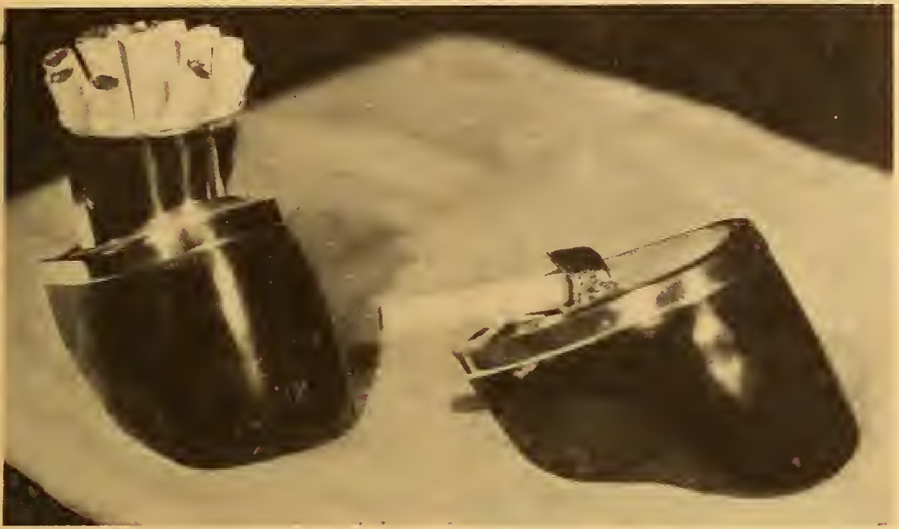
The Warner heads are good business men. They know the value they have in their smart little Mick, just as well as he does. They also know what they have in merry Frank McHugh, buoyant Junior Fairbanks, the shrewd, ironical and poised Aline MacMahon, and Edward G. Robinson, the hardest "gangster" who ever used a powder puff. And you never hear rumors that they may not renew the contract of Joe E. Brown, who at present is mouthing the succulent news that his humor has made him the company's biggest money-maker!

Laughter—we have to have it these days. Laurel and Hardy all over the world are going like nine bonfires, and the other Roach comics, like Zasu Pitts and Thelma Todd and Our Gang, are doing nearly as well. Vitality—we need that, too, in the swirl of modern living. Courage—most of all we need fortitude to face the trembling bridge of these perilous times. And that is why we are rising to cheer those people of pantomime whose shadow-selves give us lessons in all three!

Proving again how close love is to hate, Tala Birell, the Laemmles' Viennese discovery, determines to end Melvyn Douglas' indifference—with a knife—in "Nagana." The girl who got her American film start as the peasant-wife in "The Doomed Battalion" is an adventuress in equatorial Africa in her second picture

Gary Cooper Brings the African Jungle to Beverly Hills

(*Continued from page 41*)



Gary Cooper brought back even the hooves of some of the animals he bagged. Here are an unusual cigarette container and ash tray made of gazelles' hooves. Incidentally, Gary is now going back to the jungle—on the screen—in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," laid in India

lying about the place. He has a pair of them that have been washed with a bronze finish, intended for book ends, but they proved to be too big for any normal-sized book, and are now reposing on each side of the fireplace. He has an auto robe of dick-dick, and a couch cover of brush buck—at least fifty skins sewn together. And so on through the list of African fauna.

He Denies He Bought Them

SOME of Hollywood's skeptics have rumored that most of Gary's trophies were bought on the way home, in the manner of the traditional fisherman. This idea Gary received with a mild form of indignation.

"I actually shot many more than I have here," he explained. "I wanted to bring back the best specimens I could get, so as I shot better ones, I threw away the old ones I'd been keeping. Of the little animals, I shot only one of each, for a specimen—except one or two Grant gazelle I shot for eating."

He looked around the room, and pointed out the large robe of brush buck, anxious to be specific.

"I had that made in Nairobi, and I bought the skins—that and the dick-dick auto robe. I wasn't going to bother to go out and shoot fifty of them. But that's all I bought. There wouldn't be any point in filling your house with things you bought. And besides, you can't buy lions. Anyone who has a good head wants to keep it, because it's a trophy. I could go to a zoo and get bigger and better lions than these, but the point is that I shot them. It reminds me that I really did go on a hunting trip once.

"This lion"—he kicked the skin at our feet—"is no good at all. It's a young lion with hardly any mane, but I get a kick out of it because it's the first lion I ever shot. That skin over there is just an average lion, and I'd never think of buying it if I wanted to impress people."

He looked up at the two native spears that hang over the fireplace.

"I bought those spears," he said caustically. "I didn't go out and kill the natives in order to get them."

As a matter of fact, only a goose would accuse Gary Cooper of insincerity in any form. Whatever his faults are, that will never be one of them. The charge of being high-hat has been thrown at Gary by many Hollywood onlookers since the Countess Frasso came out to visit Mary Pickford, and the one-time cowboy moved up into the upper crust of picture society. It seemed significant to everybody because he wore a derby hat, or a scarf around his neck instead of a necktie. In some mysterious way they recognized his possession of a monkey as a sure sign of the ritz. And when he started going to Del Monte for week-ends, they "knew" he had lost his head completely.

This accusation sends Gary's loyal business manager into a frenzy, and he's always ready to do battle with anyone who seems to resent Gary's rise in the world.

"You have no idea," he fairly screamed at me, though I agreed with him perfectly in the first place, "how Gary was imposed upon, and what horrible people hung around him and took advantage of his good nature. When a man finally rebels and tries to get away from people he never should have spoken to in the first place, they call that high-hat. Isn't it possible for a man to wear a derby hat, and still be the same as he always was?"

As I never did think the derby had done Gary any harm, I didn't bother to answer. But if there are any deluded people who still imagine Gary is high-hat, his house should convince them of their mistake, once and for all. No once can possibly call that an expression of the Park Avenue attitude. If Gary had gone in for an all-white drawing-room with chenille trimmings, there might be some cause for alarm. But as long as he chooses to live under the antlers, we can be sure the old Gary is still intact and unspoiled.

Incidentally, Gary ought to feel right at home in his new picture, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," which he is making with Clive Brook, Fredric March and Richard Arlen. This exciting he-man drama is laid in India, which, as everyone knows, is addicted to jungles. First thing you know, it will probably give Gary the urge to add some Asian trophies to his present awesome collection!

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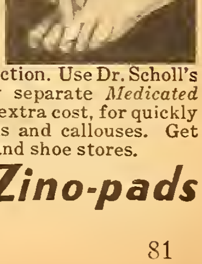

From First to Last, Kirkland's a Rebel!

(*Continued from page 61*)

entering him if his Spanish and French were good. He saw to it that they weren't. His mother said nary a word, but when they were in the compartment of their train, she reached for her hairbrush . . .

Preferred Whaling to Schooling

IT was when he was attending Taft School that his sorely-tried family began to speak of him as "a throw-back to the Admiral." Which suited him perfectly. The Admiral was his idol. He got disgusted at having to park toothbrushes at just the right angle in cups and he ran away. A private detective, hired by the school to trail him, picked him up just as he was boarding a whaling vessel at Salem. Somehow, he managed to stick after that. For a few years, anyway. But they made the mistake of giving him charge of the school paper. He began the Ivy Ode with: "Thank God, this hell is o'er" and wrote an article advising the abolition of conscience.

While the teachers were still sputtering over that, he committed another sacrilege. Claire Ames, sister of the late Robert Ames, had come up for the school dance and Bill took her out in his roadster. It was a swanky Packard roadster because his family happened to be in funds at the time. (He says they're the kind of family who either have everything or nothing.) As a sort of magnificent gesture, he parked the car in front of the school and smoked a cigarette. Smoked it deliberately and slowly. The next morning his friends helped him pack his luggage and all the students were hanging out the front windows as he drove away . . .

A cocky, spoiled kid? I think, rather, he was so eager for life that four walls couldn't contain him. He's the kind that colors existence for the less inspired of us, who makes of it an exciting adventure instead of prosaic routine.

That kind is usually generous to a fault, too. Have you ever noticed it? Young Kirkland thought nothing of giving his last nickel to a friend and his bride—which left him stranded on the Riviera. And what did he do about it? He simply walked up to the famous old Benedictine monastery of Monte Casino, which meant a half-day's climb up a zigzag trail, and stayed there two months! He had always wanted to do that anyway. They have one of the largest and most noted libraries in Europe.

Lived the Monk's Life

WHAT'S more, he lived the life of the monks, sleeping in a small cell, getting up at five each morning. After the first two days he decided to eat with a minor friar in the kitchen because he felt less of an intruder then! He'd get bread and put it on his window sill so that he could watch the birds stream down there all day long. And he'd paint. He was living an idyll—after some pretty hectic times.

You see, there had been five thousand dollars to his credit when he arrived in Paris—money saved from his engagements in stock companies. The summer following his dismissal from Taft, the fortune of the Kirklands vanished, so Bill hied himself to Broadway. In no time at all the Theatre Guild saw unusual possibilities in him. They put him in "R.U.R." (He'll probably have the lead in that play about *robots*, now that it has been bought for the speakies) and it wasn't long before the New York critics could spell his name without a moment's hesitation.

But one fine morning he got to thinking of Paris in the springtime. To think is to act with Bill. Ten days later he was ordering "café et brioche" in the Café du Dôme. His five thousand iron soldiers did a rapid disappearance act. Funny how fast money goes when you travel. . . .

He had a grand time when he was on top. He had an even better time when he was broke. That's technique in the art of living for you! Bill found a charming cottage beside the Mediterranean. (He always lives in charming houses; never hotels. Right now he has one fronting the Pacific.) A pal of his had married without a bank balance, so Bill invited the couple to share his cottage. When the cupboard was entirely bare, they held a conference. The bride possessed a number of brilliant scarfs and a pleasant singing voice. Bill had several white linen coats. The simple thing to do was to form an act. Then W. A. Kirkland went to the manager of the largest hotel in Nice, told him they were famous in America and that they had just composed some new musical numbers. They would do him the honor of trying out the numbers in his hotel.

When Alexander Kirkland studies his lines, he believes in being comfortable. He's "grinding" now for "Call Her Savage"

It worked! Bill couldn't sing, but he did his best. They gathered enough money to ship the bridal couple back to America, Bill donating his share to do so. It was then he went to the monastery. It's impossible to say what might have happened next if he hadn't received a check from home. That enabled him to return to his Broadway haunts and Eva La Gallienne signed him for one of her road companies.

Led a Minor Revolt

BILL had worshiped Eva from afar ever since he was a small boy, but that didn't prevent him from sending her the hottest wire she probably has ever received. The company was playing in a small town and without any apparent reason an old actress in the cast, who had been finding it hard to get work, was let out. Bill got the company to rebel if she was not re-instated. He kept the wires humming with little result, so the cast disbanded. Eva sent him a scorching wire, intimating that he would never find another job on Broadway. Four months later he had the lead in the Theatre Guild production of "L'Aiglon."

And then came the opportunity to take over a little theatre in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, for eight weeks during the summer season. That had been a pipe dream of Bill's. The rental was two thousand dollars. He didn't have it, but in less than two days he had raised it. With a partner he went up and pretty soon all the Guild people were making the three-hour trip to Stockbridge to witness the performances.

They made money for both the directors of the theatre and for themselves that first year. The second year they did even better. On sheer nerve, Bill would go around before the season opened to such stars as Margaret Anglin and O. P. Heggie and talk so enthusiastically about the theatre that they would offer to play an engagement there for one-third their usual salaries!

It was during the third summer that Bill got his big idea. They'd present a realistic production of "Romeo and Juliet." They'd present it as it was presented in Shakespeare's time. (He had discovered some original manuscripts in the Metropolitan Museum.) The way he figured it, here were two warm-blooded Italian kids swept away in a grand passion. It was throbbing *human* drama. It didn't call for sing-song speeches and graceful poses.

Had to Play *Romeo*, Himself

BILL couldn't find a *Romeo* who wouldn't dramatize himself, so he played the part himself. He speeded up the tempo, made the play starkly *real*. The dress rehearsal went so badly that he drove around for hours afterwards, wondering if he shouldn't burn down the theatre . . .

But on the opening night they received twenty curtain calls. It was that kind of production. The second balcony act they played in bed. Because Bill had learned that was the way it was played before Queen Elizabeth. The scene opened with him putting on his doublet on the edge of the bed while *Juliet* spread her curls out over the pillow. It wasn't sensationalism, it was realism Bill was after. But *Juliet*, in the person of Edith Barrett, was so steeped in Shakespeare tradition that she objected strongly to the bed angle. He had to hold her back during every performance even while he made love to her!

Naturally, the town fathers objected strenuously. They had no ear for the ravings of the critics and famous artists. The directors of the theatre objected even more strenuously when they found they were not to get their usual percentage that season. All the money had been spent on costumes and settings.

Bill was in disgrace—in Stockbridge. On Broadway he was eulogized. He grinned with that infectious, amiable grin of his and settled matters by sailing for California. In the few months he has been here, he has worked in nine pictures—"Surrender," "Stepping Sisters," "Almost Married," "Charlie Chan's Chance," "Dance Team," "The Devil's Lottery," "Strange Interlude," "A Passport to Hell," and the new Clara Bow picture, "Call Her Savage." You're going to hear a lot about this Kirkland from now on.

The only revolution he has staged since arriving has been with the Fox studio gatemen. Bill can't understand why he's forbidden to drive through the Santa Monica Street gate. It's a worn-out rule. So he doesn't heed it. That gate is three miles nearer his beach home than the other one, so why waste gasoline? He waves a hand at old "Uncle Joe," custodian of the sacred gate, and sails through before he can be stopped.

A happy rebel—that's Alexander Kirkland. One of those who carry a flaming banner through life. And how Hollywood loves 'em!

Will Chaplin Ever Allow His Sons to Be Movie Stars?

(Continued from page 35)

he believes that they should "have an opportunity of a normal and natural development until they have attained the age at which they, in their own discretion, can determine for themselves what profession or business they may be best fitted for, and which they desire to follow." No position of a parent could be more simply and directly defined, or be more modern.

Doesn't Rush His Decisions

CHARLIE is not the sort to urge anything quickly to its destination, and this probably will pertain to his children, insofar as any influence he may exert over their future goes. In his picture-making, for example, Charlie has ideas of the goal that he desires to achieve, but he doesn't ever admit knowing all the means that are going to be used to get there. His whole professional life has reflected inspiration. And those who are expecting him conventionally to forecast the entire future of his children far in advance will be doomed to disappointment. Perhaps he may not see them again for weeks or months. His friends know only too well his peculiar recluse habits (which cause him at times to shut himself off from everybody) and the great freedom and informality that he always pursues in his life.

Take the Chaplin panorama of the moment. Just lately he has been more unattainable than usual because he has been working on a story of his trip abroad. Between times he has endured much suffering at the dentist's, and that's no fun at any time! His other interests have been a very few friends, and notably the beauteous, statuesque, platinum-haired Paulette Goddard. *Toujours* romance with Charlot!

Miss Goddard seems to be Chaplin's most ardent devotion in many a day. Indeed, there are pretty strong rumors that it may turn into a marriage. Charlie was often on the set of "The Kid from Spain," starring Eddie Cantor, when Paulette was dancing, starting her career as one of the primary ladies of the ensemble. He is glimpsed at the Hollywood cafés, nearly always with her.

Paulette is of the more sophisticated type, in direct contrast to various Chaplin ladies of the past. She is also reputedly very well-to-do (she rides in a Hispano-Suiza to and from the studio), having had a substantial settlement from a prior marriage to a young lumber king.

Signs of Real Romance

WHETHER or not Charlie is really in love with her is purely conjecture. There have always been fair ladies in his life, and so far he has married but two of them. However, he bid Paulette a fond farewell at the airport when she set forth for New York at 3 o'clock one morning. (Now that's devotion!) I witnessed the adieux, myself, as I happened to be seeing some friends off, myself. At first, it looked like a platonic parting, for the two merely linked fingers for a moment, and then Miss Goddard slipped into the sky liner.

But the 'plane was delayed for a matter of fifteen minutes, and so, after a slight lapse of time, Miss Goddard returned to where Charlie was standing, and whispered something in his ear, and he put his arm around her as she did so. Then, as a final flourish, he drew her close and kissed her goodbye. In the cool gray morning he stood and watched the 'plane depart, waving a bit wistfully. Maybe, therefore, it *is* the great new romance!

Charlie will make a picture soon, but he is especially proud right now of his attainments as a literary man.

"I am studying style," he recently declared to me. "I am fascinated by the nuances of construction, the words, of every book I read. I'm getting so I don't enjoy books any more," he smiled, "because I'm dissecting them as I read.

"Writing the story of my trip, which is to appear in a national magazine, has been a big job. It will run fifty thousand words when the editing is completed. And the last part of it is infinitely harder than the first part." (Chaplin was completing his final five thousand words when I talked to him.) "I imagine it's the steady and continuous concentration on the same subject.

"I have no ghost writers"—a fact that has caused Chaplin's friends to marvel at the speed with which he has turned out this new and pretentious undertaking. "I am doing this myself, writing some of it, dictating to a typist part of the time, so that I can actually see the words as they appear on the paper. It is a most interesting experience, and I hope my friends will find it interesting, too, because it will not only be a story of the travels around the world, but also of observations, and perhaps some reflections on past experiences."

This last was said rather significantly. Is Charlie by any chance composing a confessions story under the disguise of a travel narrative?

May Play a New Rôle

IN his picture work, Chaplin seems to feel that he is on the verge of a turning point in his career. He is talking now of both a serious and a light picture, either one of which he may choose to do next. "If I make a serious picture and appear in it, this will mean that I will abandon the Chaplin character in the film," he said.

Charlie's views on the talkies have modified. He still believes that the silent pictures were and always will be a purer form of art, and he is well satisfied with the results of "City Lights," but he expresses the belief that the talkies have justified themselves because of their entertainment. He hasn't determined whether his next picture will be mute or audible, but if it is audible you can look for the character change—or else he will direct without acting. Who knows but what the comedy character of the baggy pants, huge shoes, derby hat and cane may vanish?

In any event, Charlie is not going to work the paternal urge overtime, I predict. Fundamentally, he has no immediate control over his children and, besides, the undercurrents of his feeling and philosophy are deep, and he won't let the world know about them. He never indulges in any cheap theatricalism about his devotions.

Inherently, Chaplin probably feels, regarding his children's movie careers, that he is entitled to the possession of the name that he has built up, and that for business reasons it would not be advisable to permit it to be capitalized by others. Perhaps another Charles Chaplin, even a small Junior, on the screen would be too direct competition. Douglas Fairbanks years ago, I believe, also opposed Doug. Jr.'s, entrance into pictures.

Time alone will tell how Charlie feels regarding his children in the more deeply psychological way. It is sufficient, perhaps, for the moment that he beams when he talks about them, and that he doesn't want them to be fledgling movie stars.

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Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 6*)

"The Big Broadcast" Has Rhyme and Reason

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—In a time of short bank accounts, and long faces, it's pretty swell after a hard day's work to see something like "The Big Broadcast." What an array of talent! I sat spellbound while the Boswell Sisters, Kate Smith, the Mills Brothers, Donald Novis and a host of others cheered me up. Of course, I'd heard most of them over the radio, at one time or another, but now that I've seen what they look like, it will lend a new interest to their programs.

The story could very well stand by itself —not like most of these musical pictures which are so disconnected that Philo Vance couldn't find the plot, but this has reason as well as rhyme, and works easily to a natural climax.

Stuart Erwin as the disillusioned oil man from Texas is a riot and Bing Crosby as the crooner is great. He can act as well as sing and, believe it or not, he's good to look at, too. Leila Hyams fills the feminine lead pleasingly and, all in all, it's darn good. It got my vote and I think it will get yours, too. *Eleanor R. Marsh.*

A Call for More Pictures Like "Smilin' Through"

ALPENA, MICH.—I have just recently seen Norma Shearer and Fredric March in "Smilin' Through." Why not give the public more such beautiful romances?

It was a pleasure to see Norma Shearer play the part of a good, wholesome woman, worthy of the love of a man like Fredric March. For so long Miss Shearer has portrayed the part of "anybody's woman" that she was beginning to appear to me as a little tarnished. However, her portrayal in "Smilin' Through" carried her back to the top with a new burst of glory.

If more pictures such as this would be placed before the youth of America, love would be looked upon as something sacred instead of a cheap plaything that can be broken to bits and tossed as de, feeling that there will be plenty more where that came from. *B. G.*

Adolphe Menjou and his actress-wife, Kathryn Carver, smiled in unison when they returned from Europe a few months ago. Now they're "incompatible"

Both Excellent Pictures

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Two high-lights for me last week were seeing "Horse Feathers" and "Grand Hotel" both for the second time. I adore the theatre but, in my opinion, the stage could not have been as effective a background as is "Horse Feathers" for the inimitable Marx Brothers. The opening scene of the picture, with Groucho singing, "No matter what it is, I'm against it" nearly did serious damage to my appendix scar.

Splendid, that in "Grand Hotel," so many stars were brought together shining, in their portrayals, with almost equal brilliance. I thought my favorite, Joan Crawford, infinitely more alluring, more convincing because her acting was restrained. John Barrymore, whose occasional artificiality detracts from his great ability, was sincere, unaffected and lovable. Wallace Beery (whose perfect German accent I applauded) and Lewis Stone gave their finest talents, as they always do in every production in which they appear. Lionel Barrymore, in perhaps his greatest characterization — a statement one hesitates to make recalling the varied rôles to which this genius has given his keen understanding, his with-all-his-heart enthusiasm. And Garbo. The true artist, always. Giving all of herself, distorting the beauty of her face that it may truly express certain emotions. But when she smiles, there seems to be a halo around her indescribable loveliness. *Helene Newton.*

Just for a Change, Wouldn't It Be Fun?

OAKLAND, CAL.

Instead of courtship with maidens demure,
Sir Baxter pitted against Greta's lure?

Or Buster Keaton with Chevalier's grin
And Tallulah happy, minus all sin?

Then Marlene's lady with the flimsy soul,
I'd like to exchange for a mother rôle.

And don't you think it would be truly smart—
An overalled Menjou in a Tom Mix part?

And Connie Bennett in a gingham gown,
Or Rosco Ates as a man-about-town?

And not content when I'd done all that,
Please, could I feed Mickey Mouse to our cat? *Eva Dunbar.*

Exaggerated Southern Accents

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Whether it brings laughter or tears, no matter what the theme, I can enjoy a picture if the director knows his business and does not leave any glaring errors to offend my sense of balance.

Hollywood has many excellent directors and they have certainly developed to a fine art the business of producing pictures.

One thing, though, that gives me an acute pain is the invariable, mistaken conception of how Southern people talk. Educated Southern people do not talk in the drawling, sloppy way the directors have them speak in pictures. They do not say "you-all" meaning one person. They do not talk like darkies—or Negroes—if you prefer. It isn't fair to portray them as slovenly people dropping G's and under-emphasizing R's with careless disregard. The average Southern voice is soft and musical, but it doesn't necessarily follow that the enunciation is not distinct or the diction not clear.

Besides creating make-up for the stars, Max Factor has original ideas in other directions. Here is his "Lady of the Cameo" float in the recent Motion Picture Electrical Parade

To my sorrow, I have seen many a picture where a Southern girl will be introduced talking like a "cawn field niggah," instead of the well-bred, cultured débutante she is supposed to represent. *Anne McLemore.*

Films Lack Background

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It may not appear important at the moment, and perhaps it never will reach the state of major significance, yet it must be admitted that motion pictures are failing to build up a background like that already enjoyed by the legitimate theatre.

By a background, I mean the development of families old in their association with the films; families whose sons and daughters bask for a time in the glory established by their parents, and then strike out to set their own marks.

This something possessed by the stage and not by the screen is intangible perhaps, but then its value, too, is intangible, even though its worth is nevertheless real.

It may be argued that age has not as yet come to motion pictures, but the absence of any indication pointing toward the development of that air of romance with its resulting glamour pierces the lack-of-time argument.

The stage fosters and encourages the children of its great, while, strangely enough, the screen shies clear of performers bearing well-known names.

It is a matter of record, for instance, that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., secretly considered changing his name during his early attempts to enter motion pictures. This despite the fact that the Fairbanks-Pickford union, carrying the Fairbanks name, could claim distinction for long-sustained association with the films.

The more prevalent "here to-day, gone to-morrow" condition occasioned by overzealous producers in forcing stars answers the demand for newness and novelty. But steady, unhurried climbing develops artists from whom may grow Royal Families for the Films. *C. P. Fitz Patrick*

John Gilbert Breaks His Three-Year Silence

(Continued from page 29)

where social decorum may require a placid air. He is as tenuous as a fine thread of steel wire and as highly sensitized to vibrations.

"Here's an example of her character, her reasoning," he went on. "She is only twenty-two and I think she showed exceptional judgment. Certainly more than I ever would have shown at her age. After finishing 'Kongo,' in which she has a strong acting part, by the way, she announced to me that she was going to give up her career in pictures and that she intended to state her desires and intentions to Irving Thalberg the next day. The reason was that she had made up her mind she could not be successfully married to me and pursue a successful career simultaneously.

"I had absolutely nothing to do with this decision on her part and it rather knocked me over because, after all, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer think very well of her talents and have signed her on a nice contract. She really had just made a good start in her career and suddenly, just like that, she decided to give it all up for the sake of marriage. It takes an awfully smart and level-headed girl to look that far ahead, and a girl who has fine ideals, old-fashioned ideals—sound, substantial.

Wants a Long Honeymoon

"NATURALLY, her decision made me exceedingly happy . . . and why not? There is nothing in the world I desire more at this time than to be free from responsibilities for a while—to play, to travel, with Virginia as my companion.

"After all, I have worked consistently for a good many years; I have made considerable money, I have lost considerable—but I still have enough left to forestall that terrible menace in all of our lives, the hungry wolf at the door. Thank God, I have had sense enough to force myself to do some saving!

"Virginia is different from any girl or woman I have been in love with . . . or . . . ah . . . thought I was. She came into my life, my consciousness, at the very moment when I was prepared to understand and fully appreciate her qualities, her high virtues. I might never have appreciated her five years ago. For the reason that I wasn't at that time willing to admit that the fundamental, simple truths and tenets that have kept civilization going for two thousand years were the inescapable laws of life that we have to follow in order to survive.

"That may sound like a naïve, simple statement of fact which every schoolboy should know. But it takes most of us a lifetime to recognize it and then apply it to living. I presume my life has been somewhat tempestuous—it hasn't been altogether calm and uneventful exactly—but I know now that the sound, substantial, simple things in life are the best. And that the rule of the big majority is the one we eventually have to follow, no matter how much we try to dodge it. All the stress and bother about sophistication and 'artistic temperament' and 'yearnings for the unattainable,' are a lot of arty bunk.

"The famed institutions of learning, of scientific research, the great libraries and art galleries of the world, the mighty engineering projects that have made commerce, were created through the efforts and the visions of sound, sane men and women with constructive minds."

Will Let the Future Decide

I ASKED John what he planned for his future work after his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expires, which will be when his next picture is finished. He is a many-talented chap—this handsome, fiery, temperamental young man of around thirty-seven years. He would have made a magnificent crusader—he has such a passion for living and doing. John can act, he can write and he can direct. He has done all jobs ably and well.

"Don't ask me," he said. "Wait until the time comes. There is always something exciting to do in the picture business or in the theatre. Dramatic work has been my life work—I can't escape it.

"But I want to tell you something else about Virginia that I almost forgot. She's a grand person because nobody can fight with her. Not even I! I'm used to argument. I love it. Who doesn't like a good, hot argument over some provocative point? But Virginia is too sane, too well-balanced to fight over anything. And the point is, she is almost always right. In a verbal contest, she looks at me calmly, smiles cryptically or with assurance and walks away.

"Did I tell you she has a wonderful family, too? For the first time in my life I have inherited a family and, believe me, I love it. Her mother and father are gorgeous, real folks, and her brother is a swell guy. We play tennis all the time."

I have known John Gilbert for a long time. I have observed him at close range through all phases of his picture career, with its many ups and downs—its highest point of brilliance during the silent days of "The Big Parade" and "Flesh and the Devil," and its abatement with the coming of the talkies. And I have known him during two of his matrimonial adventures—one with Leatrice Joy, clever, fine girl, and the other with Ina Claire, brilliant woman and consummately clever stage actress. I also knew him during the romantic Greta Garbo interlude.

And through all of these years I have had the picture of the most truly, genuinely temperamental actor Hollywood has ever known, one of its most highly-gifted sons, whose talents for one reason or another have never been realized to their fullest depths. And I also have the pleasant picture of a man who continues to command one's respect consistently from year to year.

But as volatile and temperamental as a March wind John will always be. Perhaps Virginia Bruce is the one woman and wife who could completely understand John and make him happy, as well as herself.

A few years ago John Gilbert was almost the prototype of the artist character in Somerset Maugham's novel, "The Moon and Sixpence." To-day, with his new philosophical trend, he is in many respects like *Lewis Alison* in Charles Morgan's "The Fountain," ever seeking "the contemplative life."

And always, somehow, I feel that John Gilbert is capable of deep, great constancy. Yet from somewhere there is an echo of:

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion . . ."

Did You Know That--

Tom Mix recently suffered his forty-eighth movie injury, when he broke three ribs as his horse fell on him in a fight scene—and that he was back at work in ten days?

Elissa Landi recently spent a month in Canada, so that she could re-enter the United States under the immigration quota—and that all other foreign players have to do likewise every so often?

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. The Gaynor-Farrell combination is the only movie team that could present such a charming back view as the one pictured on page fourteen. However, on this page, they have turned their heads so that you can get a view of their profiles and so there will be no doubt in your minds that it is Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, who are teamed again in "Tess of the Storm Country."

2. Eleanor Holm, the Olympic swimming champion, who is making pictures for Warner Brothers, is only nineteen; therefore, it is proper for her to have a chaperon while she is in Hollywood. Eleanor has an excellent guardian in the person of the socially prominent Mrs. Antonio Moreno, with whom she is making her home.

3. Bela Lugosi of "Dracula" fame filed a petition claiming bankruptcy with the U. S. District court recently, listing his assets at $600 and his liabilities at about $2900.

4. John Davis Lodge, who is the grandson of the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of the famous blue blood Massachusetts family, and who has just signed a movie contract, is reputed to be a real find. After being prevailed upon to take a screen test, Mr. Lodge was discovered to be a perfect camera subject and possessing an excellent recording voice, which, coupled with his cultured English, makes him a screen asset.

5. The flirtatious Lupe, who threatened to stop being "wild" and settle down, amazed everybody in Hollywood by adopting a little girl to prove she is serious about this settling down business. The six-year-old child to whom Lupe will play mama is the daughter of Lupe's sister, Mercedes, who lives in Mexico. The child's name was Joan Del Valle, but Lupe has changed it to Joan Velez.

6. Belle Bennett, who will always be remembered for her mother rôles on the screen—especially that of "Stella Dallas"—is dead at the age of forty-one. She suffered a breakdown recently on a vaudeville tour, and was taken to the coast to spend her last days.

7. Nancy Carroll says she hasn't been going around disguised as a blonde because of choice, but she has had to wear the wig over her own hair, which is a lovely shade of red, because her hair was burned by a careless operator while getting a permanent.

8. Carole Lombard was loaned by Paramount to Warners for the female lead in Jimmy Cagney's picture "Hard to Handle," but Carole said the rôle was unsuited to her and refused to play it. Mary Brian is now his leading lady. This is Cagney's first picture since his famous salary walk-out and it seems to be named very appropriately. It was previously called "Bad Boy."

9. Adrienne Dore, who was "Miss America" of two or three seasons ago, before she started making pictures for Warner Brothers, was secretly married to Herbert Kelley for almost two months before their friends and the newspapers found out about it.

10. Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, say they have named their adopted daughter "Penelope" and that their pet name for her will be Penny. The story on page 59 tells you more about the baby the Marches have adopted.

11. Rumors circulated around Hollywood have it that Alice Joyce, who is being divorced from James Regan, Jr., will be the next Mrs. Clarence Brown. This will be Alice's third marriage, since she was married to Tom Moore before she married Regan. Clarence Brown was divorced from Ona Wilson.

12. John Gilbert, popular screen lover, and his wife, Virginia Bruce, also of the screen, who have been spending their delayed honeymoon traveling through Europe, are the two who, according to rumors, expect a blessed event some time after they return from their trip.

13. George Raft, who was lifted to cinematic heights by his rôle of the dapper gunman in "Scarface," is paying very special attention to Constance Cummings, Columbia's red-haired player and his leading lady in "Night After Night." However, according to George, Billie Dove remains his favorite motion picture star.

14. According to the *Dagens Nyheter*, a Swedish newspaper, Garbo's admirers in Sweden, where she has spent several months with her family, have nominated Greta for decoration by King Gustaf with the royal gold medal and have called her one of their "foremost ambassadors."

15. A son was born to Helen Twelvetrees, who is Mrs. Frank Woody off the screen, on October 26th, in Brooklyn, New York. Because Helen wanted her baby to be born in her own home-town, Helen left Hollywood several months ago to await the long-legged bird at her mother's home in Brooklyn.

16. Adolphe Menjou, screen star, and his wife, Kathryn Carver, stage and screen actress, have separated and announced that they will be divorced. The Menjous were married in Paris in 1928. Mrs. Menjou has just recovered from a nervous breakdown.

17. Richard Bennett, the veteran actor, who is the father of Constance and Joan Bennett, both popular movie stars, is recuperating at Palm Springs, Cal., from a serious attack of pneumonia.

18. Pauline Starke, movie player, brought suit against James Cruze, director and producer, in an effort to collect $6050 which she claims is due her as salary. Her complaint states that three years ago she was employed by Cruze at a salary of $1500 per week and dismissed after working only four days. However, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is trying to settle the matter out of court to the satisfaction of both parties.

19. Helen Hayes, one of the finest stars on the screen today, started her screen career by playing a rôle in support of Jean, the dog star that was the late Rin-Tin-Tin's predecessor. This information was not dug up by anyone wishing to be catty, but Helen tells this bit of news about herself.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 77*)

in the person of Lillian Miles. She is a local girl. You'll soon have an opportunity to judge for yourself about the resemblance, as she has just finished her first picture, "Plain Clothes Man," starring Jack Holt.

RICHARD CROMWELL at last has looked at a girl more than once—or even twice. She is Dorothy Wilson, with whom he played recently in "The Age of Consent." We hear that Dorothy is just recovering from a very sad romance—the man she was in love with having died last summer.

HOLLYWOOD is in the throes of a "chain luncheon" charity scheme. The purpose is to raise money for the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and some of the biggest stars in the business are sponsoring it, though it is said to have been started by Bessie Love. A hostess invites ten guests to a luncheon, each guest paying a dollar for her lunch; and each guest promises to give a luncheon inviting nine other guests, each of whom in turn is pledged to give a luncheon with eight guests. A director's wife tried to send in five dollars, in place of giving a luncheon to five people—and was told that her share of the responsibility of breaking the chain would be fourteen hundred dollars. They expect to raise more than a hundred and forty thousand dollars as the result of the initial luncheon for ten!

A HOTEL near Hollywood is planning a unique service for its guests. This swanky place will see to getting a Mexican two-weeks divorce for guests staying the two weeks at the hotel, and the charge for the service will just be added to the bill, like breakfast-in-bed or ginger ale sent up to the room! No movie stars have yet succumbed to the temptation.

"I JUS' think my mummy doesn't like me any more and my daddy's mad at me and I cry," explains four-year-old Gayle Kornfield, the crying child in many recent pictures. Over at Educational there is an entire company of "Baby Stars"—the oldest four, the youngest less than a year old—

(*Continued on page 90*)

Who says you have to be an actor to break into the movies? Harry Warren and Al Dubin, who are writing the musical numbers for "Radio Girl," play a couple of publishers in "42nd Street"!

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What's a Kiss Between Screen Lovers?

(*Continued from page 33*)

are holding in your arms a woman who has written books, who has a historical background. And that knowledge imposes a certain restraint on the man who must make her respond to his emotion. For that very reason, a kiss becomes a certain mechanical reaction, and it is difficult to give it the impetuous ardor it requires.

"While Elissa Landi dries up the wells of emotion with her mind, Clara Bow used to do it with her physical unconcern to a kiss. Kissing the flaming 'It' girl left you absolutely cold. Screen love never used to mean much to Clara. She never took anything seriously; she didn't feel deeply in the days before her marriage to Rex Bell. Love scenes were a routine—a kiss was only a contact of lips, with no meaning to it. It held no kick, no stimulus. She was utterly impervious to every sensation. Life for her had been a series of sensations—and one more or less, before the camera, was all in the day's work.

"To kiss Mary Brian, a man has to overcome a sense of shame first. She is so utterly innocent, so utterly unspoiled and without sophistication, that love scenes with her become spiritual in quality—they have a certain detachment from reality. They personify ardent youth, and the glamour of first love. She kisses as sweetly, as shyly and as unpretentiously as a butterfly brushing a flower. I have never been able to overcome the feeling that I have really no right to kiss Mary Brian in make-believe before the camera.

Helen's Kisses the Most Real

"HELEN HAYES is the most successful in the creation of reality. She makes the ecstasy of the moment exist. Her tenderness, her gentleness, her power to submerge herself in the character she is playing is the most perfect of any actress on the screen, in my estimation. She is a truly great artist. She sweeps you along with her —not into a drama critically watched by director and crew—but into life itself.

"She is the one person who can, in even the most intimate scene, make you forget that before you is a relentless camera registering with precision the quirk of an eyelid—every expression of your face and your body. You live that story; you experience the emotions, vitally and deeply, of the character you portray, because playing with you is a consummate actress too great to act. Your response automatically becomes electrically real. There isn't even the lingering thought of 'This is a fine scene. It'll go over.'

"On the other hand, love scenes with Bebe Daniels are merely a presentation of unemotional emotions. She is a splendid actress—and knows thoroughly the business of acting. But the mechanics of a scene are ever present in your mind when you are playing in one with her. She hasn't the abandon of a Crawford—or that overwhelming reality of a Hayes. But she does have that thoroughly wholesome detachment which makes a stage kiss exactly what it is—a stage kiss!

"Love-making before the camera isn't just a pleasant pursuit for a rainy afternoon. I always feel embarrassed and nervous and sensitive. It's like marching in a parade with a top hat and B.V.D.'s.

Connie Is Sympathetic

"WHEN I was making 'What Price Hollywood?' with Constance Bennett, we had some rather intimate scenes to shoot. Pajama scenes. Bedroom scenes. Farcical situations which had to be carried through with dignity. They were a test for any player. And if it hadn't been for the fact that Connie was invariably and extraordinarily sympathetic, that she always realized what a spot I was in, I don't think we could possibly have got through them as well as we did.

"After all, a man doesn't look or feel the conquering hero in pajamas. Particularly when there are a couple of extras in the background laughing at yesterday's joke. You have a horrible feeling that they're laughing at you—and the spectacle you make. It's always easy to play with Constance Bennett because she is so thoroughly *en rapport* with your nervousness. She is always a working comrade anxious to minimize every difficulty—and makes you feel wholly at ease in every situation.

"In the old silent days, when I was playing opposite Esther Ralston, kiss scenes had no terrors for me because of Esther's insatiable clowning as a prelude to them. 'Now let's make this hot, Neil,' she'd say. 'Let's give the customers a run for their money. And after all, you have kissed ladies before.' It was a grand way to remove every restraint. Registering a kiss wasn't a very serious business. It was fun—something like the childhood game of 'Post Office.'

"Incidentally, I am always anxious to make love scenes first, particularly so if I have never met the star and the other members of the cast before. They invariably serve to break down restraint and a certain stiffness. For a kiss—even if it's only for the good of the play—does abolish a tense reserve, and quickly establishes communication between the personalities, between the man who kisses and the lady who is kissed. From then on, the other scenes are easier to make—and ring more true. At least, I have found this to be true."

His Philosophy of Love

NEIL HAMILTON, in the pursuit of his profession as one of the screen's most popular leading men, has kissed many leading ladies. Cold-blooded females who could create an illusion of matchless beauty. Stars who writhed and stormed because their make-up was destroyed in a kiss scene. Temperaments of every description. Good actresses and bad ones. And out of it all, he has developed a definite philosophy of love:

That women respond to gentleness in love.

That the lover who knocks a woman down will eventually lose out. For women have become too civilized and too independent to permit the primitive joy of being mastered to outweigh their modern reaction against personal abuse.

That glamourous love is not enough; that it must have basic steadiness, and mental companionship, and an understanding of each other's failings and virtues.

That audiences may temporarily rave over a cave-man—but they remember the adroit and more sensitive lover.

There are fashions in love, declares Neil Hamilton, as there are in clothes. What is good love technique on the screen to-day may be archaic tomorrow. The false posturings and violent emotion portrayed on the screen ten years ago are a signal for a chorus of laughs when shown in a theatre now. And that's because, as a nation, we lean toward the practical, and a certain honesty—whether it is in business or in love. But there is, nevertheless, a deep-rooted sentiment in all of us.

And that is why, when the hero kisses the heroine, the audience is satisfied—even though they know that in the background of that kiss there was a grinding camera, a crew of electricians, and a hard-to-please director.

Good Luck or Bad Luck—Bebe and Harry Can Take It!

(*Continued from page 57*)

"'Rio Rita' made two million dollars. I was a star again and I had justified the faith placed in me—and renewed my faith in myself. But then came those indifferent pictures—those uninteresting and untrue rôles that had haunted my career. I couldn't refuse to make those pictures, not after the great chance I had been given. I made them. And because the pictures were made quickly, because the stories were mad and bad, because you're only as good as your last picture—I started hitting the skids again.

"Fortunately, my baby came along then. Aside from the spiritual values motherhood brought me, there were other values for me. It gave me a year to think—to consider my career as a whole. I had always been too busy to analyze the reasons for failure and now I suddenly discovered what had been the underlying cause of every one of my débacles. It was miscasting.

"I am primarily a comédienne, not an interpreter of drama. I can do colorful, fantastic things like 'Rio Rita,' and I had departed from my particular sphere. Failure was inevitable.

"As a matter of fact, I don't want to star. I would much prefer a part I want to do than carry the weight of a production on my shoulders—with an inadequate, indifferent rôle, doomed before its beginning.

Glad She Suffered Setbacks

"SUCCESS means more to me now than it ever has. Yet I am glad I've been a 'failure' so many times in my life—it has given me a stability, a strength of character which no one develops without disappointment and heartbreak.

"But little things don't bother me now. I can take a smaller rôle and be happy. When the first setback came, it wrecked my pride and my faith in myself. But now I know there is a place for me in pictures.

"After all, I've been in the business since I was eight years old. Certainly, I must have a certain ability and knowledge or I wouldn't have lasted all those years. And come back as many times as I did. It isn't that I want to hang on. But 'Rio Rita' had been a tremendous, glamourous success—and you can't be good once and terrible the next time. If that first talkie of mine hadn't clicked, I would have stepped out gracefully—called finis to my picture career. I would have known that I didn't belong. But I do belong!

"It certainly isn't money that determines me to stick. I can make infinitely more on the stage and over the radio. Money, after all, isn't important. I don't care about yachts or jewelry. And you can eat only three meals a day and have only one roof over your head.

"But pictures are the thing I've done all my life—they are the business I know. I don't want to be out of it. I don't even care if I am given character parts, as long as they are true and have substance."

Bebe Daniels is now making "Radio Girl" for Warners. It is a return to her own type of screen rôle—and those who know declare that a greater artist, a greater Bebe Daniels, will flash on the screen in this picture. But if it should miss the high and unwavering standard this girl sets for herself—

"Failure isn't bitter. It puts you on your toes," says Bebe Daniels—the girl whose courage has taken her through five "failures," to renewed success!

Constance Bennett has a suppressed desire—to play in "Little Women"!

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 87*)

making a series of "baby burlesques" of feature pictures. The Bonus Army baby who nearly died from being gassed when the B.E.F. was evacuated from Washington has just been signed for the movies. And she was signed before they discovered that she was this famous baby—which "fact" gained them oodles of publicity.

LEE TRACY stayed away from the *Phantom Fame* set for several days "inexcusably," according to the studio, which claims that the delays cost them seven thousand dollars. Once, report has it, he simply said he didn't feel like working that day. But his doctor says Lee is sick. Anyhow, the Motion Picture Academy is going to hear both sides. They're inflated over their success in bringing James Cagney and Warners together.

IT took Governor Roosevelt to get the movies to dramatize unemployment. For months, people who have heard that the movies are supposed to mirror the times have been muttering, "Oh, yeah? To look at the movies, aside from the newsreels, you'd never know ten million Americans are out of work." But then Governor Roosevelt coined the phrase "the forgotten man," and the phrase stuck. This "forgotten man' became something more than a lamentable accident; he became a dramatic flesh-and-blood person. A person worthy of a scenario. Columbia is beating the other companies to the tape with a picture called, oddly enough, "The Forgotten Man," and starring Jack Holt, who, ironically enough, is one of the most consistently employed heroes in the business.

THE youngsters of America are going to have a collective lump in their collective throats when they read this item. "Tony," Tom Mix's famous horse, is leaving the screen for good—and being put out to pasture for the rest of his days. He is twenty-three years old; that is the only reason. Wonder if he'll miss the excitement of leaping through fires, jumping across chasms, racing along precipices, galloping down embankments, chasing villains, rescuing heroines? And all that he cost Tom in the first place was $17.50! Tom hates to see him go, too. Tom says, "I'll never find another one like him this side of the Happy Hunting Ground."

THE Richard Bennetts were the unluckiest family of the month. Richard has been recuperating from pneumonia in the dry desert air of Palm Springs, while Mrs. Bennett (who is the actor's second wife and stepmother to Connie and Joan) underwent an abdominal operation at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

ACCORDING to all the reports, Constance Bennett has a suppressed desire—namely, to play in the talkie version of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women." And if you can believe all you hear, the urge was prompted by Norma Shearer's sensational success in suddenly reverting to a sentimental rôle in "Smilin' Through" after a series of highly sophisticated rôles. Connie fell to wondering if she, too, hadn't played enough sophisticated rôles to make a similar reversal on her part a wise move. At the present writing, her studio doesn't think so—and is scheduling Katharine Hepburn for the rôle, as soon as she finishes "Three Came Unarmed."

THE unusual Miss Hepburn, who is as independent in her actions as she is in her clothes, has just made an unpleasant discovery: that this business of being a movie star is one-fourth acting and three-fourths enduring a barrage of publicity. She likes the acting part, and she can't find any words strong enough for the publicity part. She says it's nobody's blankety-blank business what her private life is like; she's on the screen to act, not to be a holiday for curiosity hounds. Garbo may think the same things—but Garbo doesn't have the vocabulary of La Hepburn.

Tom Brown, who did some mighty suffering, for a young chap, in "Hell's Highway," is stripped for action now in Jim Tully's yarn, "Laughter in Hell," out at Universal City

WHETHER Hollywood believes it or not, Garbo actually has retreated to the island of Majorca. (For only a short rest, before she runs the gauntlet of the reporters again on her way to Hollywood.) And the reason she selected Majorca above all other places as a place where she would find peace and solace has the reporters in stitches. It's a writers' colony! The house that Greta has rented is a very old one, and a good healthy walk from the nearest neighbor's.

MAE CLARKE, whose breakdown several months ago won everyone's sympathy, is all recovered physically and is well on her way to recovering her lost screen place. Her breakdown, you remember, was caused by overwork and by her unwillingness to rest between pictures. Here was another girl, like Joan Crawford, whose ambition would allow her no relaxation—only Mae's constitution gave way under the terrific strain. Her contract lapsed in the months she was forced to rest, and she returned to the screen a free-lance. She has done a couple of films for independent companies, and now comes a real chance again in the leading feminine rôle of Columbia's "Acquitted."

ON top of staging a search for a Panther Woman, Paramount raked the United States for a lad to fit the title rôle of "King of the Jungle." (Whisper—what they were looking for was another Weissmuller!) After testing practically every he-man in Hollywood, Olympic athletes, Georges Carpentier, the French boxer, and numerous other lads with regular features and impressive biceps all over the country, the studio picked Buster Crabbe as their man. Like Weissmuller, he is an Olympic swimming champion—young, handsome and muscular, though not so tall as Johnny.

BY the time you glimpse this, Buddy Rogers may be back in the movies. He's anxious to come back—he has had the change he felt he needed—and a certain studio is anxious to have him. And, from all reports, Buddy and this studio are agreed about one thing, anyway: namely, that he'll have virile rôles if he signs up. Buddy's convinced that it was, the series of sweet-and-simple rôles he had that put his popularity on the skids.

ALICE JOYCE, so far as known, was the only movie star domesticated in Reno when the Nevada banks declared a twelve-day holiday, tying up most of the funds in the big divorce town. Checks were no good, for no one would—or could—cash them. At that, it must have been a novel experience for Alice, who was there to seek a friendly decree from James Regan. The romance rumors link the name of Alice with that of Clarence Brown, director of many of Garbo's biggest successes.

WHEN Conrad Nagel was elected president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences a few days ago, the other candidate most prominently mentioned for the post was Irving Thalberg. In other words, Conrad won out over his boss at M-G-M.

FILMING of "Madame Butterfly," starring Sylvia Sidney, was interrupted for a few days for an unusual reason. Sylvia had developed blisters on her face from heavy make-up (she plays a Japanese girl)—and close-ups just were impossible. Her leading man, by the way, is Cary Grant, who is coming up fast.

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